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OCTOBER, 1930

THE MIDDLESEX YEOMANRY

(Extracted from the recently published "Historical Records of the Middlesex Yeomanry.")

The Uxbridge Yeomanry Cavalry.

For the veriest beginnings of the Middlesex Yeomanry it is necessary to go back to a meeting of citizens of the small Middlesex town of Uxbridge, held in March of 1797, when several resolutions were passed for the formation of a military association. This force was to consist of both cavalry and infantry. Many of these armed associations were formed in various parts of the country in this year for Napoleon was daily expected on the English coast. The Marquis of Titchfield, Lord Lieutenant of Middlesex, wrote to the Secretary of State, offering the services of the "Military Association," as it was called, but for some unknown reason, only the cavalry portion of the force was raised. At this time, the Earl of Berkeley still hunted his enormous country from London to Bristol, and Uxbridge was happily situated in the Harrow Vale—a vale of large pastures and few coverts. Although so near London, it was a splendid bit of country, and full of wealthy and well-mounted farmers, so there was no difficulty in raising a hundred well-mounted yeomen.

Sir Christopher Baynes, Bt., of Harefield Place, near Uxbridge, was the commandant of the "Uxbridge Yeomanry Cavalry," and Uxbridge and Elthorne and the surrounding country were the recruiting grounds for the corps. The two troops were exercised and had their field days on Uxbridge Moor. In 1801, the corps "was disbanded when the fear of invasion was dissipated." It is hard to say what uniform was worn, but they were armed with swords and pistols.

In 1830, after the Napoleonic wars, trade was bad all over the country, and riotous bands of unemployed marched through the country districts, destroying machinery and burning ricks. In December of that year, Charles Newdigate Newdegate and Hubert de Burgh, Esquires, received permission to raise a squadron of Yeomanry Cavalry to hold these bands in check and preserve the public peace. Forty-seven gentlemen of the neighbourhood were enlisted, and the Uxbridge Yeomanry Cavalry was once more in being. The services of the Regiment were accepted by King George IV on December 10th, 1830, in a letter from the Home Secretary. The date of this letter is of interest, as it is the true birthday of the present Regiment; the careless gentlemen who bungled out the table of precedence of Yeomanry regiments at the War Office took January 8th, 1831, as the official birthday.

The conditions of service could not call the yeoman beyond the boundaries of the neighbouring counties, and their duties were to assist the civil power; to-day, the Yeomanry may be sent abroad, but must not be used to aid the civil power. The uniform consisted of a double-breasted Light Dragoon coatee of dark green, with the collars, cuffs and tails turned up with black facings. The men wore heavy brass shoulder-scales, very dark blue overalls with a red stripe, and a broad topped Light Dragoon shako of dark green cloth, with a brass Maltese cross, in the centre of which were shown the three seaxes of Middlesex. The motto was appropriate: "Pro Aris et Focis." The establishment was two troops of forty men each, one commanded by Captain Commandant Charles Newdigate Newdegate, the other by Captain Hubert de Burgh, their lieutenants being

Thomas Clerk and Thomas Hemming, Esquires; they were armed with swords and flint-and-steel pistols. The first training of the new corps was held during the spring of 1831 at Uxbridge, the drills taking place on the common, seven days' training being performed; occasionally a drill was done at Newdegate Park or Hillingdon Park.

On December 7th, 1831, "an alarm was given, and the bugler sounded for all to assemble. In less than twenty minutes they were on the march, the Cavalry at full gallop." The occasion for this prompt turn out was a fire near Stoke Poges, but the assistance of the U.Y.C. was not required. In 1832, "the Uxbridge Yeomanry were on more than one occasion employed to aid the magistrates in the preservation of the public peace," but unfortunately no details can be found of these services. In 1834 Captain de Burgh assumed command, and the corps was reduced to one troop of forty-four men, as the countryside was now in a more settled condition. The corps was often called upon during the first twenty years of its existence to perform escort duty, Uxbridge lying in the route of several Royal progresses. The first time that the corps was thus honoured was in 1834, when King William IV passed through the town on a visit to the Marquis of Westminster. The noble marquis entertained the yeomen as liberally as their Royal master, and when the time came for the return journey, they were a little uncertain as to the way. Finally, the Royal cortege found itself in the middle of a ploughed field! The men of the escort would often boast that no other corps in the Empire could reverse the front of a Royal cortege in a ploughed field without overturning at least one of the carriages.

After providing an escort for Queen Victoria in 1837, the Queen personally thanked Captain de Burgh, and complimented him on the speed at which they had travelled—8½ miles in 35 minutes—and the smart appearance of the men, and ordered him to give a dinner to the corps at her expense.

A report in the "Times" of June 1st, 1843, reads: "The two troops were inspected by Lieut-Colonel Brunton, of the 13th Light Dragoons, who said that he was highly pleased

with the appearance and condition of the corps; the field movements surpassed his utmost expectation; the cleanliness of the accoutrements was highly gratifying to him; and that too great an encomium could not be passed. A new brass band of thirteen performers renders this a very attractive corps of Yeomanry Cavalry."

During 1844 the corps was called out on riot service, and performed "efficient and gallant service." Here again, further details are not available. About this time, Mr. Newdegate laid out an excellent race-course on his Harefield Park estate, for the Uxbridge Yeomanry races, and the first meeting collected an enormous crowd—over 10,000 people. These races encouraged the better type of horse in the corps, and it was soon one of the best mounted Yeomanry regiments in the country.

Carbines replaced the old pistols in 1848; the Chartist Riots caused the Regiment to be assembled in that year, but they were not required.

In 1855, "this somewhat fashionable troop of Yeomanry Cavalry" was recruiting about half its strength in London, and the next year, tunics were worn instead of coatees, and a black helmet of the Prussian style replaced the shako. Ten years later the corps had increased to three troops, of about fifty men each, two of which were recruited in London. The remarks of the officers inspecting the corps during the latter half of the 19th century were almost always very complimentary.

The Middlesex Yeomanry Cavalry.

In 1871 a fourth troop was raised, and the title changed to the "Middlesex Yeomanry Cavalry," and the next year Colonel de Burgh resigned and became the Regiment's first Honorary Colonel. He had commanded for 38 years. Hussar uniform was introduced this year. Up till now the Regiment had always trained at Uxbridge, but in 1878 training took place in Richmond Park, and the Headquarters were moved from the "Chequers" at Uxbridge to the Edgware Road. In 1880 the Regiment trained under canvas, the first Yeomanry Regiment so to do.



Landing at Suvla, August 18th, 1915



Mena Camp, Christmas, 1915



During the next few years, by sheer hard work, the Middlesex Hussars forced its way to the first place amongst the Yeomanry regiments. For years the Middlesex's only rival to the premier place was Colonel Edwards' 2nd West York Regiment, and some years afterwards Colonel Crichton's Hampshire Carabiniers. In 1884 the Queen granted the additional title of the "Duke of Cambridge's Hussars," His Royal Highness being at that time Commander-in-Chief. In 1893 the Regiment was billeted in Brighton. Old members' accounts of this training are amusing, but unfortunately unprintable.

South Africa.

In January, 1900, the Imperial Yeomanry companies for South Africa were formed, and the 34th (Middlesex) company consisted of about one-third old Middlesex yeomen, and two-thirds men with horses who joined for the war. Major Henry Dalbiac was in command, and Lord Denman, the present Honorary Colonel of the Regiment, was a troop leader, or section leader, as they were called. Sergt.-Major George Roller was also in the company. He is one of the outstanding figures in the history of the Regiment; he had been a yeoman for twenty years, he was a well-known G.R., an extremely gifted artist, and a very gallant and efficient soldier; he still hunts. A second company, the 35th, was shortly after formed from the Middlesex Hussars, Captain Firmin being in command, and these two companies, with two from Kent, were commanded by the Middlesex's colonel, Colonel Kenyon Mitford. The battalion sailed in February, and the next month the 62nd company was raised, and in 1901 the 112th, both from the "Duke's Own." The work of the Imperial Yeomanry is too well-known to warrant a detailed account here; plenty of hard work and much sickness were their lot. On May 25th, 1900, Major Dalbiac, in advance of General Rundle, was ordered to occupy Senekal, which was accomplished without resistance. Shortly afterwards, a heavy fire was opened on the Middlesex company from the kopje above the town. Dalbiac and his party (thirty strong) charged from the south-west corner, but were compelled by a withering fire to dismount 100 yards from the

enemy. Dalbiac was killed, and only six men escaped. Sergt.-Major Roller galloped up from the led horses, and rescued a wounded man, carrying him off on the front of his saddle under a heavy fire. He was recommended for the V.C., but declined to give evidence, and he was awarded the D.C.M. and given a commission.

The years in South Africa were spent in trekking and fighting; and the only other engagement of the Middlesex Yeomanry which warrants a fuller notice, was the famous Tweefontein disaster on Christmas morning, 1901. Their lines were at the top of the cliff, and they were the first regiment to meet the Boers' charge. The Middlesex and Kent regiments stood their ground and fought desperately; they were surprised and outnumbered three to one, and many were shot down as they came out of their tents. The Middlesex suffered three officers and eighteen other ranks killed, and ten wounded. De Wet took 202 yeomen prisoners.

Mention should be made of Clementi-Smith, a sergeant-instructor of musketry in the old "Duke's Own." He was commissioned, awarded the D.S.O. for "extreme gallantry" as a lieutenant, and on October 4th, 1901, when his right arm and shoulder had been shattered, shot from the left shoulder until he was killed. In all, seven companies were sent to South Africa from the Middlesex Yeomanry headquarters, and the casualties were eleven officers and eighty-nine men killed and died of sickness.

Colonel Mitford received the C.M.G., and there were also awarded in the Regiment three D.S.O.s and two D.C.M.s. 1900-1914.

The History of the Middlesex Yeomanry from 1902 up to the Great War is that of the yeomanry force in general. The Regiment no longer stood out above the other Yeomanry regiments, not on account of decreased efficiency on their part, but on account of the increased efficiency of the other regiments. In 1908 the Territorial force was formed, and the title of the Regiment was changed from the Middlesex Imperial Yeomanry (Duke of Cambridge's Hussars) to the 1st County of London

Yeomanry (Middlesex, Duke of Cambridge's Hussars). The change of title was unpopular, and members of the Regiment continued to call themselves the Middlesex Yeomanry. The old uniform, including full-dress (or "lion-tamers"), was restored in 1910, on Colonel Duncan taking command; khaki and "blue" had been worn since the South African war.

The Great War.

On the outbreak of war the Regiment was in camp at Moulshford, Berks. After returning to headquarters to mobilize, they moved to Hounslow and then to Streatley, where training continued in ideal weather. The Regiment now consisted of three squadrons, and every man had volunteered for service abroad. Colonel Duncan was taken fatally ill, and Colonel Sir Mathew Wilson, late of the Xth, took command. Colonel Lord Denman raised the second line Regiment, which was ready for service nearly as soon as the first line, and Major Cherry commanded the third line. In November the first line Regiment moved to Norfolk, and on April 14th, 1915, they embarked for Egypt, and camped at Moascar until August. On the 14th, 16 officers and 320 other ranks sailed for Suvla Bay, where they landed on the 18th. On the 21st the attack on Ismail Oglu Hill took place, and the Yeomanry Division (in reserve) accomplished their famous march across the Salt Lake plain to Chocolate Hill. The Middlesex Hussars were the leading regiment of the leading brigade, and they escaped comparatively lightly from the Turkish guns. The Turk probably ranged on the leading regiment and those following suffered most severely from the effect of their fire.

An attempt to push forward from Chocolate Hill was repulsed with loss, and that night the Regiment was withdrawn; so ended their first fight of the war, and the last at Gallipoli. 56 casualties were suffered from a strength of 250.

Until November 2nd the Division suffered from snipers, heat, flies and dysentery, and the "Duke's Own" left Gallipoli under 50 strong. They rested at Lemnos for a fortnight until training started again, and Christmas found the 2nd Mounted Division at Mena Camp, near Cairo. The adjutant, Captain

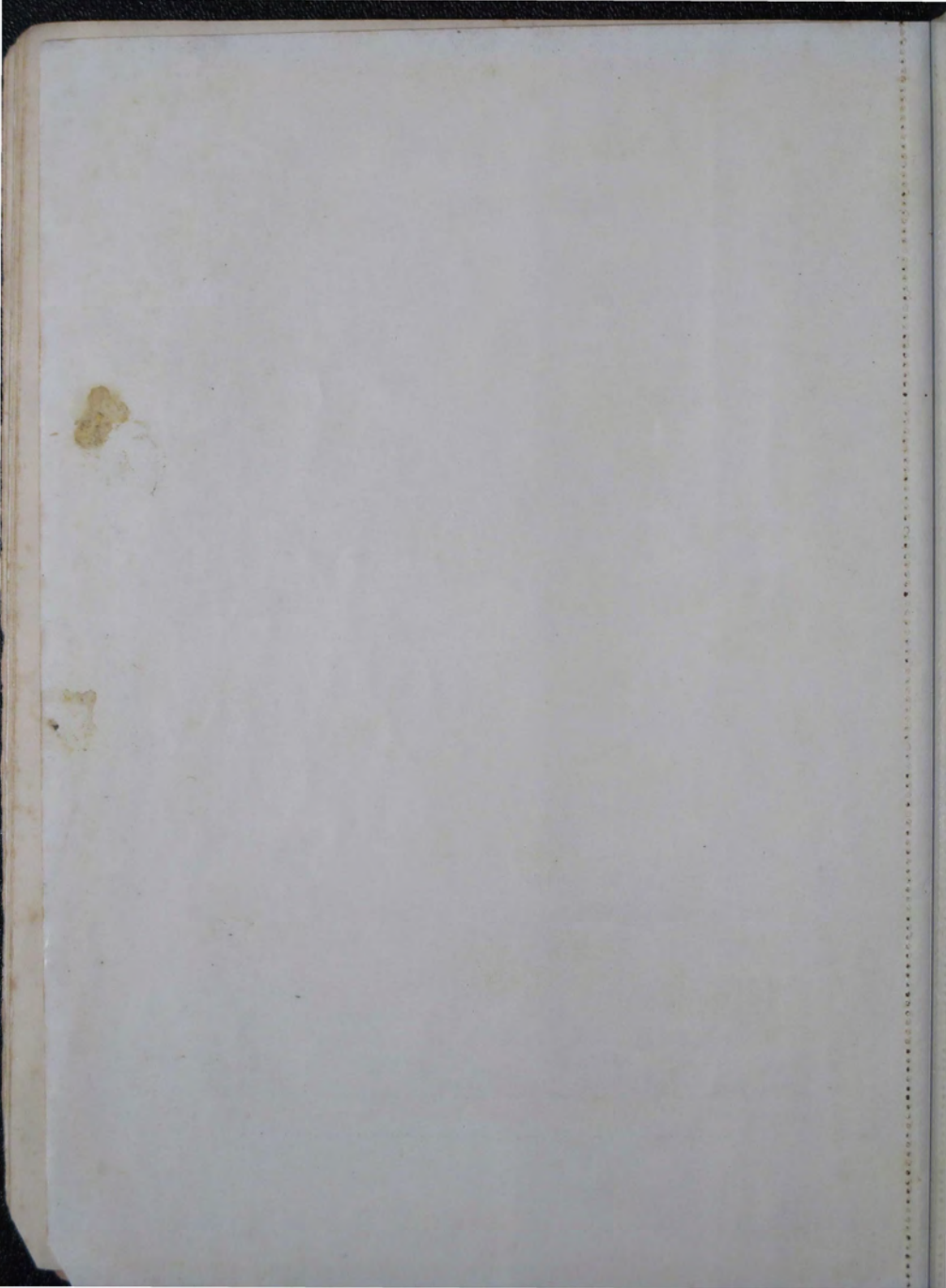
Neilson, took command of the 7th (Midland) Brigade of the 2nd Mounted Division, and remained in command of them at Salonica for the rest of the war. In March the Regiment moved to Shallufa, in defence of the canal. Various expeditions went out from here and from Geneffre to harass the Turk, with varying success. On November 6th the Regiment left the canal for Salonica. They were posted about five miles north of Lake Doiran, at the villages of Galleni, Gola, and Richmond Camp. It was a bitter winter, and everyone got into a dugout of some sort. In February of 1917 the Yeomanry stood by for a break through during the infantry's attack on the Grand Couronne, but the long lines of stretchers coming back told of failure. The Regiment went back to Irikli in March, and in June they left Salonica for Alexandria, and thence to El Ferdan on the canal. In July they trekked up Palestine, and on reaching Abasan, relieved an Australian brigade in reserve; on August 18th the Middlesex Hussars moved into the line at Shellal. A month later the brigade was relieved by Australians, but they returned to the line on October 26. Lord Allenby was completing his preparations for the third battle of Gaza, and the night of the 26th found the Middlesex Hussars holding an outpost line El Buggar—point 720—point 630. An excellent and detailed account of the action fought next day by two weak squadrons of the Middlesex Yeomanry against 3,000 enemy infantry and 1,200 cavalry, with guns, appeared in the CAVALRY JOURNAL of October, 1921, so there is no need to repeat it here. The post at 630 held out all day against repeated attacks; the Turk could register his guns on 720, and after a stubborn defence lasting seven hours, during which infantry attacks and cavalry charges were repulsed with heavy loss, the post was overwhelmed, and only four men escaped. Captain McDougall at 630 was awarded the D.S.O. Major Lafone and Lieut. Van Den Bergh, the officers at 720, were killed, after fighting with the utmost gallantry. The enemy's last infantry attack was repulsed by one man with a Hotchkiss and two rifles, after the officers were dead. 300 enemy dead lay round the position, and Lafone was awarded the V.C. after death.



Men for I.C.C. learning to ride, May, 1916



Watering at Wadi Esani, before Beersheba, August, 1917



This was the most important action ever fought by the Middlesex Yeomanry, and Lord Allenby in person congratulated the Regiment next day—the day before his great offensive.

On November 5th the Brigade moved out to take part. On the 8th the Division was a part of "Barrow's Detachment," and the Roughriders and Middlesex Hussars attacked Tel Mejadil, but after an action lasting all day, the enemy could not be dislodged, and the Division rejoined Desert Corps in the main pursuit. By the 12th the Turk had established a line of resistance El Kubeibe—Beit Jibrin, and the next day the Bucks Hussars made their famous charge. The Middlesex Yeomanry captured Zernuka and Jebna, and the next day were involved in a holding fight outside Ramleh. By the 16th the great pursuit was over, and there was time to rest. On the 18th the march into the mountains commenced, the Regiment being in action on each of the four following days. On the 24th Yeodiv bore the brunt of the enemy counter attacks, and on the 27th and 28th the Regiment was heavily engaged, being relieved on the 29th.

During these operations there were awarded in the Regiment one V.C., one D.S.O., five M.C.s, four M.M.s, and three D.C.M.s.

Askalon was reached by Christmas, and the Regiment rested until the Es Salt raid on April 24th, 1918. After this they remained in the Jordan Valley, in intense heat, until July. Colonel Lawson, M.C., of the Bucks Hussars, took over the command of the regiment in June, Sir Mathew Wilson returning home to perform his Parliamentary duties. July was spent in Philistia, August back again by the Jordan, and by September 18th the Division was concentrated at Selmeh.

Battle of Megiddo, and final Destruction of the Turkish Armies.

The infantry attack on the coast was successful, and the 4th Cavalry Division poured through the gap, to cut off the Turk at Damascus. On September 20th, near Afule, the Regiment captured 33 officers and 451 other ranks and material. The next

two days were spent at Beisan in the Jordan Valley, and on the 23rd the IIth Brigade, with the Middlesex Hussars as advance guard, moved south along Jordan to cut off the VIIth Turkish Army. A large force of enemy was encountered at Makt Abu Naj. The 29th Lancers charged and captured 800 prisoners; Jacob's Horse and the Hants Battery were subjected to a heavy fire from a concealed enemy battery. "C" Squadron, Middlesex Hussars, forded the river at Makt Fatahallah, and charged the guns, capturing four. The next day the Middlesex Yeomanry encountered an enemy advance guard of an estimated strength of 1,200, which attempted the passage of Jordan in two places. "A" Squadron attacked at Masudi, killing many and pursuing the column to the foot-hills. Captain Bullivant, M.C., the squadron leader of "B" Squadron was killed. "B" Squadron encountered 5,000 Turks in the hills, two miles south of Masudi. Pushing on with great dash, they charged repeatedly, killing many, and capturing 1,600 prisoners and several guns.

On the 26th the Regiment turned north, in excellent spirits. Four days later they joined up with Colonel Lawrence. On October 1st Damascus fell, and the fighting, so far as the Middlesex Yeomanry were concerned, was over. During October, the Regiment lost 25 men of sickness. On the 6th the Division moved on, following the 5th Cavalry Division in their march north. By November the Regiment was back in billets in Damascus, and it was not until April of 1920 that the cadre of the Regiment returned home.

Colonel O. C. S. Watson, who joined the Regiment several years before the War, left in 1916 to return to his old regiment, the K.O.Y.L.I.s; he was killed in action and awarded the V.C. after his death. He and Lafone were the two Middlesex Yeomen V.C.s of the War. There were also awarded in the Regiment three D.S.O.s, seven M.C.s, six D.C.M.s, eight M.M.s, and four foreign decorations. Thirteen officers (including Earl Kitchener, the Honorary Colonel), and 104 other ranks were killed in action or died of sickness.

After the War.

On the re-organization of the Yeomanry after the War, it

was obvious that the Middlesex Yeomanry would not be allowed to continue as Hussars, as they stood number 27 on the list. However, it was promised that they should remain mounted, and they became the signal Regiment for the Yeomanry Division. The old uniform and badges were allowed to be retained. With the true Yeomanry spirit to do whatever was asked of them as well as they could, the Middlesex Yeomanry threw themselves into learning signalling, and were thankful at being allowed to retain their horses. The establishment was cut down by half, and there are now only two squadrons. The Middlesex Yeoman of to-day is a busy man, for he trains as a cavalry soldier and also as a signaller.



*THE CAVALRYMAN OF ROMANCE**Brigadier Gerard in Real Life.*

By MAJOR T. J. EDWARDS, F.R.Hist.S.

PART 2.*

AFTER Austerlitz Marshal Augereau's Corps was encamped at Frankfort from which, in company with Lannes' Corps, it marched in October, 1806, against Prussia. On the 10th October Lannes came into touch with the Prussians at Saalfeld, under the command of Prince Lewis, with whom Marbot had associated a good deal when at Berlin a few months previously. Augereau's Corps was not required to be brought against the Prussians so the Marshal assembled his staff on a hill nearby to watch the combat. The Prince handled his troops very badly, and seeing his infantry being hopelessly broken up he put himself at the head of his cavalry and charged the French 9th and 10th Hussars. From his position Marbot saw his former associate of the Prussian Royal House suffer the indignity of being worsted and eventually killed in personal combat with a Sergeant Guindet of the 10th Hussars.

Marbot at Jena.

The next day Augereau's Corps moved towards Jena, and Marbot witnessed some touching scenes between his marshal and some of his former comrades in the Prussian service whom he had just captured. One of the Prussian regiments which was escaping from Saalfeld was that of Prince Henry, in which Augereau had served some years before as a sergeant and which now fell into his hands. The Captain and Sergeant-Major of the Company were the same as in Augereau's day and they were

*Part I of this article appeared in the CAVALRY JOURNAL for July, 1930.

astounded to see their former comrade a Marshal of France. Augereau treated them with great kindness and gave a sum of money to each man of the Company who had served with him when he was a sergeant.

The same evening Augereau's Corps moved into Jena, a part of which was ablaze, and here Marbot was involved in a situation in keeping with his romantic character. He was passing through the streets when screams reached his ears from a house nearby. He dashed in and made his way to a handsome suite of rooms where he saw "two charming young ladies of eighteen to twenty years old, in night-dresses, struggling with four or five Hessian soldiers belonging to the regiments which the Landgrave had sent to join the troops of the French 7th Corps (Augereau's)." Needless to say he drove out the soldiers and "then returned to the young ladies' rooms; they hurriedly put on some clothes" and bestowed upon him their "warm expressions of gratitude." One of the girls said to him with much energy, "You are marching to battle at the moment when you have just saved our honour. God will requite you; be sure no harm will happen to you!" He then tore himself away but rather spoils the chivalrous effect by mentioning the fact that the girls' parents had just returned.

Nothing exceptional happened to Marbot at the battle of Jena except that he was very badly "done in the eye" by a very ungentlemanly hussar officer of Prince Albert of Saxony's Regiment. Here is his own account of the affair: "At the moment when Augereau's Corps was attacking the Saxons, the marshal sent me to General Durosnel, commanding a brigade of chasseurs, with orders to charge the enemy's cavalry. I was to guide the brigade by a road which I had already reconnoitred. I hastened to place myself at the head of our chasseurs, who were dashing on the Saxon squadrons. These latter resisted bravely, but after a short *mêlée* were compelled to retire with loss. Towards the end of the fight I found myself face to face with a hussar officer in the white uniform of Prince Albert of Saxony's Regiment. I summoned him at the sabre's point to surrender, which he did by handing me his weapon. The combat

over, I was generous enough to give it back to him, as is the practice in such cases between officers, and I added that, although by the laws of war his horse belonged to me, I did not wish to deprive him of it. He thanked me warmly and followed me in the direction which I was taking to return to the marshal, to whom I looked forward to presenting my prisoner. But as soon as we were 500 paces from the French chasseurs, the con-founded Saxon officer, who was on my left, drew his sabre, laid open my horse's* shoulder, and was on the point of striking me had I not thrown myself upon him, although I had not my sabre in my hand. But as our bodies were in contact he had not room to bring his blade to bear on me, seeing which he caught me by my epaulette—for I was in full uniform that day—and pulled hard enough to make me lose my balance. My saddle turned round, and there I was with one leg in the air and my head downwards, while the Saxon, going off at full gallop, returned to what remained of the enemy's army. I was furious both at the position in which I found myself and at the ingratitude with which the stranger repaid my kind treatment of him. So, as soon as the Saxon army was captured, I went to look for my hussar officer and give him a good lesson, but he had disappeared."

After Jena, Napoleon occupied Berlin and in December, 1806, moved against the Russians, then occupying Poland. It was in connection with these operations that Marbot had an illustration of the severe discipline then existing in the Russian Army. On 26th December the French scouts reported a body of the Russians near Golymin and Marshal Augereau sent Marbot, with twenty-five mounted chasseurs, to go and reconnoitre it. He set out in the early afternoon, but as sleet was falling the light was very bad and consequently he found himself within twenty-five yards of a large body of troops before he noticed them. Not being challenged he was under the impression that it might be a portion of another French corps, but on shouting "Who goes there?" and receiving no answer, he sent his best trooper forward to ascertain exactly who they were. The trooper advanced

*This was the famous Lisette, noted later.

within ten yards of the body and on seeing that they were unmistakably Russian Cavalry, fired his carbine into them and retired. Then all of Marbot's troopers fired a volley into the mass and though they could see men falling as the result, not a word or cry escaped them. It was afterwards learnt that these Russians had become detached from the main body and were endeavouring to rejoin it under cover of darkness and silence, and strict orders had been given that if fired upon no man was to reply and if wounded he was to fall without a murmur. These orders they obeyed to the letter.

A general action followed later after which Marshals Murat and Augereau, accompanied by many generals and their staffs, sought shelter from the icy rain by establishing themselves in an immense stable near the town. There, each stretching himself on the dung-heap tried to get warm and to sleep, "for," says Marbot, "we had been on horseback more than twenty-four hours in this frightful weather—the marshals, the colonels, all the bigwigs in short, having, as was right, settled themselves towards the inner end of the stable, so as to be less cold. I, a poor lieutenant, having come in last, was compelled to lie down close to the doorway, having, at the best, my body sheltered from the rain, but exposed to the icy wind, for there were no doors. It was a disagreeable position when you add that I was dying of hunger having eaten nothing since the day before." But even this situation, hopeless and wretched as it appeared, had its compensations, as our hero admits—"But my lucky star came once more to my help. While the great men, well-sheltered, were sleeping in the warm part of the stable, and the cold was preventing the lieutenants near the door from doing the same, a servant of Prince Murat presented himself at the entry. I remarked in a low voice that his master was asleep. So he gave me a basket for the Prince, containing a roast goose, some bread and some wine, begging me let his master know that the provision mules would come up in an hour. Having said which he went off to meet them."

Consider the situation—the "big-wigs" all warm and asleep at one end of the stable, while four hungry, cold and tired

lieutenants were at the other. Would it have been kind to waken up the big-wigs for the sake of feasting off a roast goose? Here is the answer as far as Marbot and his three companions were concerned: "In possession of these victuals, I took counsel in a low voice with Bro, Mainvielle and Stoch, who had just as bad places as I, and were just as shivering and hungry. The result of our deliberation was that as Prince Murat was asleep, and his canteen was bound to come up before long, he would find something for breakfast when he awoke, while we should be sent off in all directions without any questions as to what we had got to eat; and that, in consequence, we might, without over-burdening our consciences, devour the contents of the basket; and we did so straightway. I do not know whether I may be forgiven for this page's trick; I only know that I have seldom made a pleasanter meal."

Owing to the bad weather the French cantoned on the Vistula and Marshal Augereau put up at Christka. "At Christka we celebrated the New Year's Day of 1807," writes Marbot, "which was near being the last of my life. The year began, however, very pleasantly for me, for the Emperor, who had not granted any favour to Augereau's staff during the campaign of Austerlitz, repaired his neglect by heaping it with rewards . . . several aides-de-camp were decorated while Lieutenants Bro, Mainvielle and I became Captains. I was all the more pleased by this promotion that I did not expect it. I had done nothing to earn it, and I was only twenty-four years old. When handing our Captains' commissions to Mainvielle, Bro and myself, Marshal Augereau said, "We will see which of you three will be Colonel first." It was I, for six years afterwards I was in command of a regiment while my two comrades were still only captains. But it is true that in that space of time I had been six times wounded."

Marbot and Lisette at Eylau.

The battle of Eylau (8th February, 1807) was the scene of one of the most thrilling episodes in Marbot's very full military life and in which his famous horse, Lisette, was really the chief

actor. In view of this a few words regarding this remarkable horse are necessary.

"Lisette belonged to M. Fingerlin, a rich banker; she was a lovely mare, easy in her paces, as light as a deer, and so well broken that a child could lead her. But this mare when she was ridden, had a terrible fault, and fortunately a rare one; she bit like a bulldog, and furiously attacked people whom she disliked, which decided M. Fingerlin to sell her. She was bought for Mme. de Lauriston, whose husband, one of the Emperor's aides-de camp, had written to her to get his campaigning kit ready. When selling the mare, M. Fingerlin had forgotten to mention her fault, and that very evening a groom was found disembowelled at her feet. Mme. de Lauriston, reasonably alarmed, brought an action to cancel the bargain; not only did she get her verdict, but, in order to prevent further disasters, the police ordered that a written statement should be placed in Lisette's stall to inform purchasers of her ferocity, and that any bargain with regard to her should be void unless the purchaser declared in writing that his attention had been called to the notice. You may suppose that with such a character as this, the mare was not easy to dispose of, and thus Herr von Aister* informed me that her owner had decided to let her go for what anyone would give. I offered 1,000 francs, and M. Fingerlin delivered Lisette to me, though she had cost him 5,000. The animal gave me a good deal of trouble for some months. It took four to five men to saddle her, and you could only bridle her by covering her eyes and fastening all four legs; but once you were on her back, you found her a really incomparable mount."

"However, since while in my possession she had already bitten several people, and had not spared me, I was thinking of parting with her. But I had meanwhile engaged in my service Francis Woirland, a man who was afraid of nothing, and he, before going near Lisette, whose bad character had been mentioned to him, armed himself with a good hot roast leg of mutton. When the animal flew at him to bite him, he held out

*A former German professor at Soreze when Marbot was there.

the mutton; she seized it in her teeth, and burning her gums, palate and tongue, gave a scream, let the mutton drop, and from that moment was perfectly submissive to Woirland, and did not venture to attack him again. I employed the same method with a like result. Lisette became as docile as a dog, and allowed me and my servant to approach her freely. She even became a little more tractable towards the stablemen of the staff, whom she saw every day, but woe to the strangers who passed near her! I could quote twenty instances of her ferocity, but I will confine myself to one. While Marshal Augereau was staying at the chateau of Bellevue, near Berlin, the servants of the staff, having observed that when they went to dinner someone stole the sacks of corn that were left in the stable, got Woirland to unfasten Lisette and leave her near the door. The thief arrived, slipped into the stable, and was in the act of carrying off a sack, when the mare seized him by the nape of the neck, dragged him into the middle of the yard and trampled on him till she broke two of his ribs. At the shrieks of the thief people ran up, but Lisette would not let him go till my servant and I compelled her, for in her fury she would have flown at anyone else. She had become still more vicious ever since the Saxon hussar officer, of whom I have told you, had treacherously laid open her shoulder with a sabre-cut on the battlefield of Jena."

"Such was the mare which I was riding at Eylau at the moment when fragments of Augereau's Corps, shattered by a hail of musketry and cannon-balls, were trying to rally near the great cemetery."

Marbot may be pardoned for giving such a detailed description of his wonderful mare as it was mainly due to her terrible ferocity that he accomplished what he did on this occasion.*

The scene in which Marbot had his thrilling experience was as follows:—The 14th Infantry Regiment had become isolated on a small hillock and was completely surrounded by overwhelming numbers of Russian infantry with numerous Cossacks

*"How the Brigadier Won his Medal" in "Exploits of Brigadier Gerard," by Sir A. Conan Doyle, deals with a great ride by Gerard from Rheims to Paris. The horse he rode was "a little grey mare, Violette." In the story he speaks of seeing "Lisette in Paris," but there is no clue to whom the name applied.

riding round on the outside. Above the fire and clash of arms the Eagle of the 14th can be seen. Napoleon, from an eminence a little way off, is a witness of this heroic struggle and determines to save them by ordering them to form square and retire from the hillock, while a brigade of cavalry would be ordered to assist their efforts. Now, someone had to take Napoleon's order to the commanding officer of the 14th at once—but whom?

Says Marbot: "It was impossible to carry out the Emperor's wishes because a swarm of Cossacks was between us and the 14th, and it was clear that any officer who was sent towards the unfortunate regiment would be killed or captured before he could get to it. But the order was positive and the marshal had to comply."

It was customary for the aides-de-camp to place themselves in a file a few paces from their general, and for the one who was in front to go on duty first, then when he had performed his mission, to return and place himself last, so that each might carry orders in his turn and dangers be shared equally. On this occasion a Captain Froissard of the Engineers was first for duty. He galloped off towards the 14th with the message and was lost to sight in the midst of the Cossacks and was never heard of again. The next was an officer named David; off he went and met the same fate as Froissard. "For the third time," writes Marbot, "the Marshal called, 'The officer for duty.' It was my turn. Seeing the son of his old friend, and I venture to say his favourite aide-de-camp, come up, the kind Marshal's face changed, and his eyes filled with tears, for he could not hide from himself that he was sending me to certain death. But the Emperor must be obeyed. I was a soldier; it was impossible to make one of my comrades go in my place, nor would I have allowed it; it would have been disgracing me. So I dashed off. But though ready to sacrifice my life I felt bound to take all necessary precautions to save it. I had observed that the two officers who went before me had gone with swords drawn, which led me to think that they had purposed to defend themselves against any Cossacks who might attack them on the way. Such defence, I thought, was ill-considered, since it must have

compelled them to halt in order to fight a multitude of enemies, who would overwhelm them in the end. So I went otherwise to work, and leaving my sword in my scabbard, I regarded myself as a horseman who is trying to win a steeplechase, and goes as quickly as possible and by the shortest line towards the appointed goal, without troubling himself with what is to the right or left of his path. Now, as my goal was the hillock occupied by the 14th, I resolved to get there without taking any notice of the Cossacks, whom in thought I abolished. This plan answered perfectly."

"Lisette, lighter than a swallow, and flying rather than running, devoured the intervening space, leaping the piles of dead men and horses, the ditches, the broken gun carriages, the half-extinguished bivouac fires. Thousands of Cossacks swarmed over the plain. The first who saw me acted like sportsmen who, when beating, start a hare, and announce its presence to each other by shouts of 'Your side, your side,' but none of the Cossacks tried to stop me, first, on account of the extreme rapidity of my pace, and also probably because, their numbers being so great, each thought that I could not avoid his comrades further on; so that I escaped them all, and reached the 14th regiment without either myself or my excellent mare having received the slightest scratch."

The 14th had sustained several cavalry charges and were surrounded by a rampart of dead and dying Russian dragoons and horses. Marbot delivered his message to the major in command at which time a Russian column was close at hand bearing down upon the unfortunate but heroic Frenchmen. * " 'I see no means of saving the regiment,' replied the major, writes Marbot; 'return to the Emperor, bid him farewell from the 14th of the Line, which has faithfully executed his orders, and bear to him the eagle which he gave us, and which we can defend no longer; it would add too much to the pain of death to see it fall into the hands of the enemy.' Then the major handed me his eagle. Saluted for the last time by the glorious

* As Marbot's account is so full of incidents, all closely packed together, it does not lend itself to being condensed, and so is given here verbatim from his memoirs.

fragment of the intrepid regiment with cries of 'Vive l'Empereur,' they were going to die for him. It was the *Cæsar morituri te salutant* of Tacitus,* but in this case the cry was uttered by heroes."

"The infantry eagles were very heavy, and their weight was increased by a stout oak pole on the top of which they were fixed. The length of the pole embarrassed me much, and as the stick without the eagle could not constitute a trophy for the enemy, I resolved, with the major's consent, to break it and only carry off the eagle. But at the moment when I was leaning forward from my saddle in order to get a better purchase to separate the eagle from the pole, one of the numerous cannon-balls which the Russians were sending at us went through the hinder part of my hat, less than an inch from my head. The shock was all the more terrible since my hat, being fastened on by a strong leather strap under the chin, offered more resistance to the blow. I seemed to be blotted out of existence, but I did not fall from my horse; blood flowed from my nose, my ears, and even my eyes; nevertheless I still could hear and see, and I preserved all my intellectual faculties, although my limbs were paralysed to such an extent that I could not move a single finger."

Meanwhile a force of Russian Grenadiers was bearing down on the unfortunate remnant of the 14th Regiment whose sole diet for several days had been potatoes and melted snow. "During this struggle," continues Marbot, "several of our men, in order not to be struck from behind, set their backs against my mare's flanks, she, contrary to her practice, remaining perfectly quiet. If I had been able to move I should have urged her forward to get away from this field of slaughter. But it was absolutely impossible for me to press my legs so as to make the animal I rode understand my wish. My position was the more frightful since, as I have said, I retained the power of sight and thought. Not only were they fighting round me, which exposed me to bayonet thrusts, but a Russian officer with a hideous countenance kept making efforts to run me through. As the crowd of combatants prevented him from reaching me, he

* As a matter of fact, Suetonius.

pointed me out to the soldiers around him, and they, taking me for the commander of the French, as I was the only mounted man, kept firing at me over their comrades' heads, so that bullets were constantly whistling past my ear. One of them would certainly have taken away the small amount of life that was still in me had not a terrible incident led to my escape from the mêlée.

"Among the Frenchmen who had got their flanks against my mare's near flank was a quartermaster-serjeant, whom I knew from having frequently seen him at the marshal's, making copies for him of the 'morning states.' This man, having been attacked and wounded by several of the enemy, fell under Lisette's belly, and was seizing my leg to pull himself up, when a Russian grenadier, too drunk to stand steady, wishing to finish him by a thrust in the breast, lost his balance and the point of his bayonet went astray into my cloak, which at that moment was puffed out by the wind. Seeing that I did not fall, the Russian left the sergeant and aimed a great number of blows at me. These were at first fruitless, but one at last reached me, piercing my left arm, and I felt with a kind of horrible pleasure my blood flowing hot. The Russian grenadier, with redoubled fury, made another thrust at me, but, stumbling with the force he put into it, drove the bayonet into my mare's thigh. Her ferocious instincts being restored by the pain, she sprang at the Russian, and at one mouthful tore off his nose, lips, eyebrows, and all the skin of his face, making him a living death's-head, dripping with blood. Then hurling herself with fury among the combatants, kicking and biting, Lisette upset everything that she met on her road. The officer who had made so many attempts to strike me tried to hold her by the bridle; she seized him by his belly, and carrying him off with ease, she bore him out of the crush to the foot of the hillock, where, having torn out his entrails and smashed his body under her feet, she left him dying in the snow. Then, taking the road by which she had come, she made her way at a full gallop towards the cemetery of Eylau. Thanks to the hussar's saddle on which I was sitting I had kept my seat. But a new danger awaited me. The snow

had begun to fall again, and great flakes obscured the daylight when, having arrived close to Eylau, I found myself in front of a battalion of the Old Guard, who, unable to see clearly at a distance, took me for an enemy's officer leading a charge of cavalry. The whole battalion at once opened fire on me; my cloak and saddle were riddled, but I was not wounded nor was my mare.* She continued her rapid course, and went through the three ranks of a battalion as easily as a snake through a hedge. But this last spurt had exhausted Lisette's strength; she had lost much blood, for one of the large veins in her thigh had been divided, and the poor animal collapsed suddenly and fell on one side, rolling me over on the other.

"Stretched on the snow among the piles of dead and dying, unable to move in any other way, I gradually and without pain lost consciousness. I felt as if I was being gently rocked to sleep. At last I fainted quite away without being revived by the mighty clatter which Murat's ninety squadrons advancing to the charge must have made in passing close to me and perhaps over me. I judge that my swoon lasted four hours, and when I came to my senses, I found myself in this horrible position. I was completely naked, having nothing on but my hat and my right boot. A man of the transport corps, thinking me dead, had stripped me in the usual fashion, and wishing to pull off the only boot that remained, was dragging me by one leg with his foot against my body. The jerks which the man gave me no doubt had restored me to my senses. I succeeded in sitting up and spitting out the clots of blood from my throat. The shock caused by the wind of the ball had produced such an extravasation of blood, that my face, shoulders, and chest were black, while the rest of my body was stained red by the blood from my wound. My hat and my hair were full of bloodstained snow, and as I rolled my haggard eyes I must have been horrible to see. Anyhow, the transport man looked the other way, and went off with my property without my being able to say a single word to him, so utterly prostrate was I. But I had recovered my mental faculties, and my thoughts turned towards God and

*The Old Guards' musketry seems to have been a bit shaky.

my mother. The setting sun cast some feeble rays through the clouds. I took what I believed to be a last farewell of it. 'If,' thought I, 'I had only not been stripped, some one of the numerous people who pass near me would notice the gold lace on my pelisse, and, recognizing that I am a marshal's aide-de-camp, would perhaps have carried me to the ambulance. But seeing me naked, they do not distinguish me from the corpses with which I am surrounded, and, indeed, there soon will be no difference between them and me. I cannot call help, and the approaching night will take away all hope of succour. The cold is increasing; shall I be able to bear it until to-morrow, seeing that I feel my naked limbs stiffening already? So I made up my mind to die, for I have been saved by a miracle in the midst of the terrible *mêlée* between the Russians and the 14th, could I expect that there would be a second miracle to extract me from my present horrible position? The second miracle did take place in the following manner. Marshal Augereau had a valet named Pierre Dannel, a very intelligent and very faithful fellow, but somewhat given to arguing. Now it happened during our stay at La Haussage that Dannel, having answered his master, got dismissed. In despair, he begged me to plead for him. This I did so zealously that I succeeded in getting him taken back into favour. From that time the valet had been devotedly attached to me. The outfit having been all left behind at Landsberg, he had started, all out of his own head, on the day of battle to bring provisions to his master. He had placed these in a very light wagon which could go everywhere, and contained the articles which the marshal most frequently required. This little wagon was driven by a soldier belonging to the same company of the transport corps as the man who had just stripped me. This latter, with my property in his hands, passed near the wagon, which was standing at the side of the cemetery, and, recognizing the driver, his old comrade hailed him and showed him the splendid booty which he had just taken from a dead man.

"Now you must know that when we were in cantonments on the Vistula the marshal happened to send Dannel to Warsaw

for provisions, and I commissioned him to get the trimming of black astrakan taken from my pelisse, and have it replaced by grey, this having recently been adopted by Prince Berthier's aides-de-camp, who set the fashion in the army. Up to now I was the only one of Augereau's officers who had grey astrakan. Dannel, who was present when the transport man made his display, quickly recognized my pelisse, which made him look more closely at the other effects of the alleged dead man. Among these he found my watch, which had belonged to my father and was marked with his cypher. The valet had no longer any doubt that I had been killed, and while deploring my loss, he wished to see me for the last time. Guided by the transport man he reached me and found me living. Great was the joy of this worthy man, to whom I certainly owed my life. He made haste to fetch my servant and some orderlies, and had me carried to a barn, where he rubbed my body with rum. Meanwhile someone went to fetch Dr. Raymond, who came at length, dressed the wound in my arm, and declared that the release of blood due to it would be the saving of me."

The members of Augereau's staff, including Marbot's brother, Adolphe, were soon round him attending to his wants, the kind Marshal giving many of his own clothes and placed him in his own sledge for his conveyance to Landsberg and thence to Warsaw, where he received further treatment which led to his recovery.*

As regards Lisette. The cold had caused the blood from her wound to clot, and prevented the loss from being too great. Marbot's servant found her and gave her first aid which enabled her to reach Landsberg. She passed the winter in the stables of M. de Launay, the head of the forage department.

This article might suitably close with Marbot's comment on the whole business. He says "Nowadays, when promotions and decorations are bestowed so lavishly, some reward would certainly be given to an officer who had braved danger as I had done in reaching the 14th Regiment; but under the Empire a

*Marbot gives details of the treatment he underwent but being so harrowing that they are omitted here.

devoted act of that kind was thought so natural that I did not receive a cross, nor did it ever occur to me to ask for it." But this is not strictly accurate because he did receive a cross for it twenty months later, and in a somewhat exceptional manner. It was on this wise—When Wellesley entered Portugal and had defeated the French at Vimiera, Napoleon collected some corps to oppose him. He intended to take Augereau to Spain with him if the Marshal had been found fit enough for a campaign. Napoleon therefore summoned Augereau to Saint Cloud and Marbot accompanied his Marshal. During the course of the conversation Augereau referred to Marbot's conduct at Eylau. "The Emperor replied: 'Marbot's conduct was admirable and I have given him the Cross for it! The Marshal having quite correctly declared that I had received no reward, Napoleon maintained his assertion and in order to prove it sent for Prince Berthier, the adjutant-general. He looked through the registers, the result of his search being the discovery that the Emperor, on hearing of my exploit at Eylau, had indeed entered the name of Marbot, aide-de-camp to Marshal Augereau, among the officers to be decorated. He had, however, not added my Christian name, not knowing that my brother was on the Marshal's staff as supernumerary; so that when the time came to deliver the patents, Prince Berthier, always very busy, had said, to save his secretary trouble, 'The Cross must be given to the elder.' So my brother got decorated, though it was his first action, and, since he was only on temporary leave from the Indies, and his regiment was at the Isle of France, he did not officially even belong to the Grand Army. Thus was fulfilled the prediction which Augereau had expressed to him when he said, 'If you come on the same staff as your brother you will do each other harm.' Anyhow, after scolding Berthier a little, the Emperor came towards me, spoke to me kindly, and, taking the Cross from one of his orderly officers, fastened it on my breast. October 29, 1808 (twenty months after the incident) was one of the happiest days of my life. At that time the Legion of Honour had not been lavishly given, and a value was attached to it, which since then it has unfortunately lost.

Decorated at 26! I was beside myself with joy. The good Marshal's satisfaction was equal to mine, and in order to allow my mother to share in it he took me to her. No promotion that I ever got pleased her as much. To complete my satisfaction, Marshal Duroc sent for the hat which a cannon-ball had pierced on my head at the battle of Eylau, and which the Emperor wished to see."

(To be continued.)



THE JAVA HUSSARS

By "HYDERABAD."

THIS corps seems to have been forgotten entirely, and a recent inquiry in "Notes and Queries"—probably the best medium for such research—has brought no information to light. None the less it deserves to be remembered, for it played an honourable part in Stamford Raffles' successful operations in Java; and was, in addition, probably the first regiment in our Eastern forces to be styled "Hussars."

Much of its history is obscure. It was raised in 1812—the month is not certain—and would seem to have been manned by volunteer sowars from the regular Bengal or Madras cavalry. Commanded by Captain L. H. O'Brien of the Madras Cavalry, in January, 1813, its establishment was two troops, and it had not then been absorbed into either the King's or the East India Company's armies. O'Brien received from his brother, then serving in the Madras cavalry at Hyderabad, a glowing account of the capabilities of the Deccani Horse, which he offered to procure between 13.3 and 14 hands and to deliver at Masulipatam, for shipment, at Rs. 320 each. As a result of this letter, Lieutenant John Campbell, remount purchasing officer in the Deccan, was ordered to furnish 120 horses for Java. Within two months he had dispatched 88 excellent remounts *via* Masulipatam.

The Java Hussars saw some active service in the pacification of various native potentates during the British occupation, and were disbanded about 1816 on the rendition of the island to the Dutch. A troop of Indian horse artillery was also formed in 1811 for service in Java, but was broken up on its return to India after the conclusion of peace.



By courtesy of the Parker Gallery, 28, Berkeley Square

JAVA VOLUNTEERS OR JAVA HUSSARS, 1815



The uniform is shown in the print reproduced with this note by the courtesy of the Parker Gallery of Berkeley Square, published in 1815; the jacket is blue and the head-dress red. The sources for the foregoing account are: "Memoir of the Life and Services of Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles," by his Widow, London, 1830; CAVALRY JOURNAL, October, 1929 (article by Major Hon. R. A. Addington on "The Remounting of the Madras Cavalry"); Services of the Bengal Native Army," Cardew, Calcutta, 1903.

It is possible that the celebrated cavalry leader Robert Rollo Gillespie had some hand in the raising of the Java Hussars. He had previously had much to do with the organization of the Madras Cavalry, and held the command of the troops engaged in the Java expedition. Further research into the services of this forgotten corps might show that it exemplified Gillespie's considered view of a model cavalry unit of the period. For the present, however, in the absence of full information, this must remain conjectural.





OLD CAVALRY STATIONS—NORWICH

By LIEUT.-COLONEL B. G. BAKER, D.S.O., F.R.G.S.,
F.R.Hist.S.

"GREAT noise was in the city," declares the chronicler, and many woke up and looked out of window. It was a peculiar sight, unusual even in the Middle Ages, that met their eyes. Some people recognized the charger, an old stallion that had carried Sir Thomas Erpingham in the French wars and was supposed to be a pensioner. There he was in hot pursuit of a fat little mare over the cobbles and under the projecting eaves. A fat little friar was urging the mare on to desperate flight, while a gaunt figure, armed *cap-à-pie*, swayed and clattered, and seemed to be urging the old war horse into a fury of passion. All four met and mixed up violently in a dark corner of the street, and then it came out that the figure in rusty armour, the "launce" tied to its wrist, was that of a corpse,

one friar John, of the same order to which belonged friar Richard, who bestrode the fat little mare. Blomefield gives the story as told with Rabelaisian gusto, by Thomas Heywood in 1624. It is said that the handsome Erpingham Gate is the price paid by Sir Thomas of that name, for the frolic which roused Norwich at such an early hour. Not but what Norwich was unused to the clatter of horses hoofs about the streets at all times of day and night. There must have been considerable noise and commotion in the place when the Danes "horsed" themselves hereabouts. They had come by invitation of their kinsfolk of the broads and marshes that stretch away to eastward, and had probably spent some time rounding up remounts from the country about Norwich. A likely country too, in those days, for the heaths and woodlands of West Norfolk surely produced the hardy little animal one associates with folk like the Icenii, and further south, a heavier animal forebear of the sorrel horse, was being brought up to bear the increasing weight of armour. By the 18th century this horse had developed its present day form, and pulling matches had been organized at Harlesdon which is in Norfolk. This horse is generally called the Suffolk Punch, the latter possibly on account of its undeniable sense of humour. No horse without that gift could have survived the leechcraft of former days. Every household had its store of "simples" as they were called, though the concoction of them can have been no simple matter, especially as certain rites had to be observed, the proper eve of a saint's day, or the state of the moon. Here is a "resait" for a sick horse; any kind of sickness would do. The first act is to blow a pipe of tobacco into his throat, the Suffolk horse as humourist, would consider this just master's fun. But master was serious, for half an hour afterwards he came with a drink compounded on following generous lines: "Boyle a quart of newe beere," it said, then you introduce two ounces of "Turptin" and six or eight gray "snailes." "Beat them with a spoonful of sope and a little chack (chalk) beaten all together with the white of an egg."

If after these attentions the horse trod on your foot here is the remedy: "Take a handful of Nettel crops and a handful of

Salt and a quantity of snails and beat them together and apply them to ye tread and drain it well. Then take Turpetin and Tare and white pitch and apply it very hot to the place." Under such treatment horse and man usually decided to recover with what dispatch they could. Yet to this day there lingers a belief in home remedies, as illustrated by a conversation between two farmers overheard in a motor 'bus. First Farmer: "Didn't you tell me you gave your old harse tarpentine for the staggers?"

Second Farmer: "I did, that I did."

First Farmer: "Well, I gave my old harse tarpentine for the staggers, and he died, that he did."

Second Farmer: "So did mine, that he did."

They are good with their beasts, are the East Anglians, and the term "horse-gentler" for "horsebreaker" is characteristic. Old 17th century records show that measures were taken to prevent the overburdening of pack animals, according to regulations relating to post horses, "said horses are not to carry any cloak bags, etc., of above ten pounds weight." The postal service seems to have been maintained half by the sheriffs and half by a levy of inn keepers and "tiplers," whatever these latter were they were not necessarily the formers' habitual customers. The hire of hackney horses in the city was fixed at 12d. for the first day, 8d. for each succeeding day, till their re-delivery, for which all strangers were to give security for their return, "and if the horse held not out his journey, the owner was to pay all charges of such default."

Old Cavalry Stations have each a distinctive flavour which seems to express one or other special branch of that arm. Ipswich is inalienably associated with Hussars since the Light Cavalry brigade concentrated there to train for the Napoleonic wars. Canterbury Cathedral enshrines the Golden Book of the 16th Lancers, Norwich has still about it a savour of Dragoon. Though this designation was unknown at the time, there was already something sedate, serious, dragoon-like about the twenty horsemen who went out to help King Henry VII against Perkin Warbeck. The city of Norwich had raised and equipped them, provided £40 for their maintenance, and the mayor himself had

seen them off with a suitable address: "Sirs, ye that be soldeours, I charge that ye kepe governauns amongst you by the weye." If any of them should "make frays, or stryves, or variaunces" with his fellows, then should he that "so mysdemened be taken out of his harneys and leyde in prison tyll the Kyng have said his will. And another hyred in his stede what so ever it cost." And with this warning the "soldeours" mounted their horses and rode away "ruled and governoured" by Captain Thomas Large assisted in their "Conduccion" by John Gowre. A brave sight they made, surely, in jackets of green and white over their brigandines plated and jointed like coats of mail.

The word Dragoon first occurs in the martial history of Norwich at the time of the Civil war. The city raised a couple of hundred dragoons for the Parliamentarians. This does not mean that Norwich was all for one side, but it seems that the Royalists being quite sure that all was well, or soon would be, took no heed to consolidate their position and were therefore suddenly upset by the revolutionary party. This is the way such things generally happen and will happen to the end of time. The Royalists, however, did not take their reverses quietly it seems, for we hear of Parliamentary volunteers bringing in by way of political argument, the great ordnance of the city, charged and all, pointed at the Guild Hall. It was unfortunate and caused unfavourable comment, that the cannonier when uncharging one of the pieces next morning accidentally let it off. By this manœuvre he sustained injuries as he deserved, but he killed and wounded some seventeen people, men, women and children, who were probably assisting as interested spectators.

Before the King came into his own again Norwich had become heartily sick of its soldiery; probably the Restoration was due to reaction from militarism as much as to any other cause. That was the only time this nation has ever experienced militarism and then in a comparatively mild form. But the dread of it lingers and shows itself on occasion in outbreaks by pathetic souls who can find nothing right in this world, especi-

ally in their own country. This feeling prevailed strongly in Norwich when the barracks were being built. The city had nothing but good to record of the regular troops within its walls, and indeed had reason to be grateful to the 16th Light Dragoons for their gallant and effective aid at a serious conflagration. In contrast to a certain churlishness exhibited by the sort of citizens whose indignation bubbles over in the Press, the "Mercury," the Norwich weekly paper, took its dignified stand by the side of the armed forces of the Crown. For some seventy years the "Mercury" had been all a newspaper should be to the city of Norwich, faithfully recording its doings. It gives the several changes of date before the 16th Light Dragoons were inspected on Mousehold Heath prior to being relieved by 7th Light Dragoons in 1792, and that an officer of the former regiment had shot the largest bustard ever remembered in Norfolk, its height was near three feet and its wings when extended were two yards and a-half. There was indeed a good deal to chronicle in those days, wars and rumours of wars, and their reaction on quiet folk at home. Some people went on with their pet occupation of smuggling, to discourage which cavalry acted with the Preventive Service along the coast, while others took a sterner view and joined the Militia. Among the latter the Hon. Horatio Walpole was gazetted Colonel of the Western Regiment of Norfolk Militia. In some cases this sternness of purpose was modified by pleasant surroundings, as the King found on his visit to Militia quarters during the period of annual exercises. His Majesty found it necessary to give a hint that the attendance of the Field Officer or Captain on duty for the week, would be quite in keeping with the "Discipline of War," as Fluellen would say. About this time too, when there was fighting to be had for anyone who wanted it, a Colonel Money "having received pressing invitations from each of the belligerent powers on the Continent decided to accept a command in the French Army." A year later, the "Mercury" notes that General Money resigned his command in the French Army on hearing of the approaching rupture between his native country and France. It would be interesting to know whether

any proper use was made of the experience gained by this officer during our country's struggle with Napoleon.

In October, 1792, the Norwich "Mercury" announced that "the very laudable and judicious plan adopted by Government of erecting barracks for the accommodation of the military and the ease of that useful class of men the innkeeper, we have the pleasure to say, is about to be carried into effect."

Upon this announcement those burghers affected with the militarism complex rushed into print only to provoke this dignified reproof: "How, in the name of common sense, can it be made to appear that the erection of barracks can, under such a government as ours promote the view of despotism, even if such an absurd intent could be admitted. Are we bound to keep more soldiers on foot because forsooth, they are commodiously housed; or do these carpers imagine that, in consequence of their good accommodations, they will multiply like rabbits in a warren?" Some of the cavillers argued that the men would become ferocious having fewer opportunities of effeminating their minds and enervating their bodies, to which the "Mercury's" repartee was "the truly brave are always humane." At this point there was no doubt loud and prolonged applause from all good subscribers.

Norwich began its regular Cavalry garrison in barracks, at the right of the line, and all regiments of British Cavalry with exception of the Household Brigade, have enjoyed the hospitality of this ancient city. On June 2nd, 1792, the paper announced that the 1st Dragoon Guards commanded by Colonel Howard "are arrived," and a week later we hear how the regiment fired a *feu-de-joie* in honour of King George III's birthday, and that his Majesty was dressed in a plain cloth suit as usual on his birthday." In the spring of the following year the "King's" D.G's. assisted at a Cathedral service as part of a general Fast with which the nation was preparing to meet the troubles that were coming thick about it.

As usual, these troubles were met in the characteristic spirit of sporting patriotism. There was unlimited enthusiasm and corresponding expenditure of energy. Marquis Townsend, who

had raised the Norfolk Rangers for the defence of the coast during the last war against the French, entertained his corps most elegantly at Rainham Hall. There was much military activity, Militia assembled from other counties, new corps were formed and enjoyed, some a brief, but all a joyful existence: Fencibles Horse and Foot, Norfolk and Suffolk Borderers, a very thrilling title, and other bodies of, in some cases, highly irregular troops. The Stage helped the good cause with a performance of "The Military Pantomime" on his Majesty's birthday; the critic considered the show a bit crude, but informs his readers that "the intent is to please."

During the protracted war with France a curious incident shed light upon methods which then were probably old, but which were revived in the Great War and held up as the latest thing in science as applied to war, they are summed up now in the word Propaganda. The French it appears tried it first on the Marines; perhaps they had been given this as a suitable address to which they might apply fiction. It appears that handbills were distributed to troops, and the Chatham Marines felt called upon to reply in dignified periods. "As we do not know who you are that have taken the liberty to address us as brethren, but from the tenor of whose Address we have every reason to disown as such," the answer begins: "You ask, Are we not men? We are men, we know it, and should the enemies of our king, our Country or Constitution ever oppose us, we will prove ourselves. You ask, are we anywhere respected as men? Yes, we are not only respected as men, but by many good men regarded as Protectors of our country. You say, wrong notions of Discipline have led us to be despised. We, as good soldiers, glory in proper discipline." This and more was signed by all the N.C.O.s of the Marines on behalf of themselves and all other ranks. Those who know the soldier will recognize this as the sort of language he uses when annoyed. Annoyance was also shown by the Enniskillen Dragoons at Norwich in less classic style, yet it carried conviction to the offender who appears to have been making inflammatory speeches. The lecturer heard that the Enniskillens were coming to have speech

of him and hid himself. In course of their quest the "Skins" wrecked a pub' or two, after which their officers induced them to return to barracks. There is no record of the language used on this occasion. N.C.O.s and privates of two troops of Norfolk Fencible Cavalry then quartered at Carlisle, gave practical demonstration of their loyalty. In a letter to Colonel Harbord, their C.O., they offered three days' pay from each N.C.O. and man (on conviction before a magistrate) to any person or persons who shall give information of any wicked attempts, either distributing money, seditious writings or persuasive language tending to excite or cause any disturbance in the said troops. They worked hard did all those gallant Fencibles and others, and some got their reward: a word of praise, a medal, a dinner. One Norfolk troop after inspection, dismounted at the request of the General, which was very nice of them. They were then thanked individually for their steadiness and exertion. Then the sporting parson Thomas C. Munnings, as Sergeant of the 4th Troop of Norfolk Yeomanry, was presented by his immediate comrades with an emblematic medal. These warriors could relax on occasion, and there is mention of a most "convivial soldierlike" dinner in the field, following a General's inspection. "After dinner some respectable characters joined this loyal troop."

Dragoons, Hussars, Lancers succeeded each other in the barracks under the slope of Mousehold Heath, and performed their military evolutions on the top of it. There were occasional gaps; from 1810 to 1814 there was no cavalry in Norwich, and in 1915 the Brunswick Hussars of the King's German Legion were called out to quell a tumult which had broken out on Castle Hill. For some reason or other the 8th Hussars when giving place to the Bays in 1823, left their snuff jar behind: a lacquered jar standing about three feet high with a crown on top and the regimental crest and motto displayed about its comfortably bulging middle. You may see that jar occupying a place of honour and surrounded by other souvenirs of old Cavalry days, in Miller's tobacco shop. A Highlander stands at the door scrutinising the folk that pass up and down London Street; he

seems to have done so since Miller's was established in 1802, when the 13th Light Dragoons were at Norwich. Again, during the Crimean War there was no cavalry regiment at Norwich, their place being taken by artillery. In this connection the "Gazette" of 1854 notifies that the command of the R.H.A. and Rockets for the campaign had been given to Lieut.-Colonel Fox Strangways, who had commanded the Rocket Brigade at the battle of Leipzig. For this he received the thanks of the allied Sovereigns on the field of battle. He was wounded severely at Waterloo, and must have reached the age of seventy by the time of the Crimean War. Promotion was evidently very slow in some branches, of this General Sir Robert J. Harvey was a striking instance. He was born at Thorpe, by Norwich, and died at his seat Mousehold House, in 1860, at the age of 75. There is a memorial tablet to him in the Cathedral, but in enumerating some of the decorations he won it only hints at the varied incidents of his career. Although he belonged to the 53rd Foot, he had passed some time in the 4th Dragoons, and it was the cavalry spirit that supported him on his ride in 1814 from Paris to Lisbon, 1,400 miles in fourteen days, carrying dispatches for Beresford when Wellington was Ambassador in Paris. A characteristic story is told of his arriving at Salamanca after the gates had been closed. He remembered the state of the defences when last he had seen them, rode to a gap in the wall of which he had a lively recollection, and there he found neither sentry nor anyone to prevent him from entering the city once more by the breach. During the occupation of Paris by the Allies after the 100 days' campaign, the Norwich "Mercury" was well furnished with items of news by correspondents. One told of how a short Captain of British Lancers had been rudely jostled by a tall Captain of French Lancers. The British Lancer according to national custom knocked the French Lancer down, as the latter had offered no apologies. The Frenchman wanted to fight it out with swords, the Englishman proposed pistols; as compromise they decided on settling matters with their "native" weapon the lance. So in knightly fashion they charged each other, and as the English officer

though short, carried more weight, the Frenchman was pulled out of the fray irretrievably damaged.

The Napoleonic wars, like all others, left an aftermath of trouble, distress, and discontent, and at times the Cavalry at Norwich had to aid the civil power by dispersing riotous crowds. But on the whole the citizens and their cavalry garrison got along very well together, the latter were so useful in cases of fire. As thankoffering for timely assistance at an alarming fire in St. Giles' the corporation presented £5 to the 9th Queen's Royal Lancers. It had previously sent a barrel of beer to the Barracks that the men might drink to the King's Health. This does not sound any too much beer, but it must be remembered that the regiment was split up into garrisons for Ipswich as well as Norwich, finding outlying posts along the coast, as smugglers were still as busy as they could be. On another occasion the High Sheriff, Lord Stafford, the Mayor, City Sheriff, Corporation, and everyone who was anyone, attended the funeral of the O.C. Scots Greys, Lieut.-Colonel Sir Thomas P. Hankin, who was buried in the Cathedral on 2nd November, 1825.

The watchful Norwich "Mercury," looking out for anything that should inform as well as entertain its readers, gives of the Crimean period an impression which contradicts some of the views we may hold on the affairs of those days. It seems to have felt that we had been jockeyed into the Crimean War by France, and with the deliberate purpose of holding us up to ridicule as a military nation. The British soldier, especially he of the cavalry, saved the reputation of our race, for no one was disposed to ridicule our army in view of the deeds done at Inkerman and Balaklava. A curious opinion is expressed in the "Mercury's" columns, as one generally held at the time, namely, that "until the Turkish infantry get a new musket and another set of officers, they will never appear to any advantage." And rather characteristic of Austria, it says that country was still making preparations for taking her part in the war late in 1854. The Crimean war, as indeed every other, served to bring out the best qualities of the British soldier not only at a

professional valuation, but regarding him as a citizen of a wide, perhaps wicked, but undeniably pleasant world. It is only about ten years ago that I was conducted with some show of veneration to inspect a tombstone at Constanza on the Black Sea shore. The inscription told the tale of an Englishman, an army surgeon, who having had charge of a hospital at Constanza, stayed on after the Crimean War. The stone said nothing of the man's sacrifice in exiling himself from home because the people about him had learned to turn to him in their trouble, neither were there any written testimonials expressing the esteem of the public. But there lingered still on the hot and dusty air a fragrance as of grateful memory to one of that strange race that comes out from the distant Isles to serve others.

"Norfolk not a foxhunting country?" This was a question put to the world at large through the columns of the "Norwich Mercury," and answered at once by the same correspondent. "If anyone doubt the possibility of seeing stout foxes and good hunting runs let him throw his quota into the Hon. Secretary's treasury and then forthwith purchase a well-bred nag and get without loss of time to the covert side." This was in reference to the pack established in 1856 as Norfolk Foxhounds and hunted in 1860 when above letter was written, by Henry Villebois. The same Henry Villebois who gave a stag called Sir Walter Scott to the Stag Hunt. A beast of very uncertain and savage temper was Sir Walter; if he saw two or three horsemen together he went straight at them, so they had to scatter in haste. The stag probably knew what little groups of horsemen meant and wanted to "get one in first"; you cannot blame him. As for stout foxes, if all the tales that are told of them in Norfolk are true, then indeed is the correspondent quoted above justified in his statements. The chase was very much the concern of the church in early days, and Bishop Losinga, the builder of Norwich Cathedral, expressly ordered that the privilege of hunting game at Arminghall and Thorpe, was to be reserved for the needs of the Bishop and clergy. So hunting of all kinds started under the best auspices. It was as usual of a very varied character, anything that was likely to give a sporting run, met with

appropriate attention. In Norfolk this mixed hunting seems to have lasted longer than elsewhere, at least it would be hard to find a parallel case to that of Charles Chaston. About 1873 this sportsman seems to have been Master of Harriers and of Stag-hounds at the same time. He hunted the country from the Waveney right up to Norwich, and Harvey describes the sort of variety entertainment Charles Chaston provided. The meet was at 10 in the morning, and the Master drove up to it with a large van containing two packs of hounds and the deer, all in separate compartments. The Master arrived wearing a green coat, while a red one was carried on the top of the van. He changed into this at midday when he would call off the harriers and treat his followers to a stag hunt. This hunt was indifferently called the Norfolk and Suffolk or the Waveney Stag-hounds and seems to have descended more or less directly from several old packs, Sir James Astley's who hunted the Melton Constable country, and the Westacre Stag-hounds who were busy about Swaffham, both in the first half of the 19th century.

The Cavalry seem to have started a pack of its own at about this time when Jack Anstruther Thomson of the 13th Light Dragoons in 1842 got his Cornet Gwynne Hughes to send for nine couples of the smooth Welsh sort, hounds with sharp noses and rather light of bone. "We wore red coats and blue bird's-eye neckcloths," says Colonel Anstruther Thomson in his *Reminiscences*. The Scots Greys took over the pack of the 13th Light Dragoons, but the kennels were, it appears, at Hadleigh in Suffolk, near which place Captain Lord William Hill of that regiment was killed by his horse bolting under a tree. From 1854 to 1856, Lord Suffield's Gunton Stag-hounds and his Fox-hounds at Dereham hunted throughout the whole county. "I was my own huntsman," said Lord Suffield, "and I went with the hounds wherever I was asked." The West Norfolk Fox-hounds, still going strong, seem to be the descendants of Lord Suffield's Dereham pack.

After the Crimean War, when Cavalry again came to Norwich, until 1883, the country within reach was being sufficiently well hunted by several packs, and the regiment in

garrison had plenty of choice in this line of sport. In Charles Chaston's heyday the 7th Hussars were at Norwich and H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught was doing duty with them. A change came in 1883 when for some sufficient reason the 4th Hussars took over the Norfolk Staghounds, using them first as Drag-hounds. The Kennels were first at Denmark Farm, Sprowston, and then close to the barracks at Norwich itself. The 19th Hussars hunted this pack for two years and then followed a glorious period under the 8th Hussars from 1890 to 1893. A sporting parson, Rev. Alfred Fellowes of Shottesham, declared, "I think Peter Clowes (Major R. L. Clowes at the time) was quite the best man we had in any of the regiments that had the hounds. The only complaint I ever heard against him was from the 'old slow tops' all of whom got left behind." A remarkable run is recorded again in Colonel J. R. Harvey's "Deer hunting in Norfolk" from the time when the K.D.Gs. took over the pack. The meet was at Haddiscoe Station, the run from Readham Market towards Fritton Common, Caldecot Hall, and back again to Fritton. Here the stag swam the decoy, ran on to Herringfleet, through Somerleyton Park to Oulton, back again to Blundeston and on to Corton where it went over the cliff into the sea. Here the chase was taken up by longshore boats and finished at Lowestoft where the stag arrived as passenger. The 7th Dragoon Guards had a memorable run in 1895 when the stag ran the field to a standstill on Fritton Common. But the South African War began what the Great War ended, and Cavalry passed out of Norwich, never to return to Mousehold Heath, beautiful especially when the gorse and broom are in blossom, and the cathedral and castle rise out of the smoke of the city. There is now something pathetic in the loneliness of Mousehold Heath where many generations of men and horses have gone about their work and pleasure together. The internal combustion engine is not sufficient compensation for the extinction of the horse and his rider.



*FURTHER PRINCIPLES ON SKETCHING FOR THE
TROOP OFFICER AND SECTION LEADER.*

By CAPTAIN H. B. ELLIS, M.M., 15th Lancers.

IN the January number of the CAVALRY JOURNAL I gave a short article on Elementary sketching. Very elementary principles of perspective were discussed and the student of panorama drawing was shown how to produce useful simple sketches by acquiring a knowledge of the first steps in drawing. The article referred to, although answering the purpose for which it was written, did not cover the whole ground of military sketching, especially where perspective is concerned.

In the following pages I have attempted to show those who are interested in the subject of panorama drawing, how to get round further principles of perspective, and those who have mastered the previous article, and are prepared to study the following principles, should be able to cope with any subject which may present itself in the field.

The method of how to measure objects by the aid of a protractor was fully dealt with in the previous article. I will therefore now confine myself to further principles of perspective and the method of finishing off a sketch.

Unless a drawing is executed in true perspective, it may convey a false impression. For instance, many people with no idea of perspective when drawing a level road receding away from them, invariably neglect the use of a vanishing point, with the result that the road in their drawings appears to be running up hill. Such a drawing when read by the commander to whom it is sent, would suggest that the whole country in front of the observer's position was on high ground, and should it be a sketch of an enemy position, the commander would possibly

come to the conclusion that the enemy's position was a strong one on high ground dominating his (the commander's) line of advance. It is therefore very essential that a sound knowledge of perspective should be acquired before anything else. A knowledge of perspective is not difficult to acquire, and I think the following principles cover all that is necessary as regards military sketching.

Parallel Perspective.

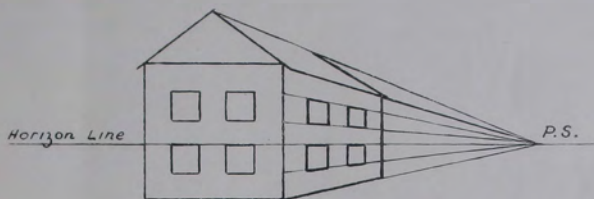
This has been dealt with in the January number, but it is necessary to briefly refer to it again, as it is invariably combined with other principles of perspective. When one side of the object to be drawn is square with the person producing the sketch, all parallel lines of the object receding away from him will appear to converge at the same point on the horizon known as the Point of Sight (P.S.). This point on the horizon in Parallel perspective is always to the immediate front of the sketcher. See illustration Number 1. Note that the gable end of the house is square to the front and that the lines of the roof, windows and wall on the side of the house all converge at the point of sight on the horizon line. All lines below the point of sight appear to rise up to it, and those above it appear to slope down to it. The same rule applies to all roads, railway tracks, telegraph wires, etc., which run directly to the front and on a level with the observer.

This is the most common form of perspective in use in military drawing, but there are however, two other kinds which constantly present themselves and which should be understood if good drawings are to be the order of the day.

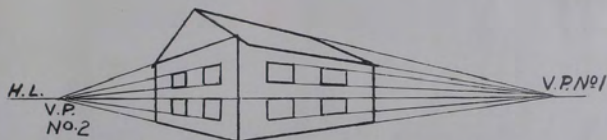
These other two principles are Angular and Sloping perspective. In my previous article I said that the vanishing point is always on the horizon line or eye level. Generally speaking this is true in all perspective with the exception of sloping perspective which will be explained further on.

Angular Perspective.

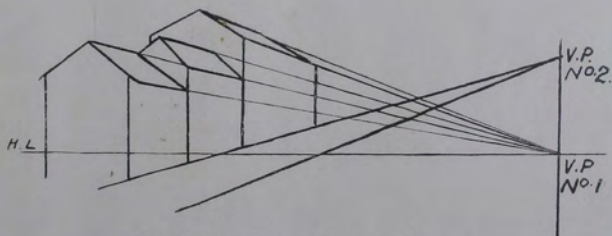
This term is applied to the drawing of an object not standing square to the sketcher. In all angular perspective the lines



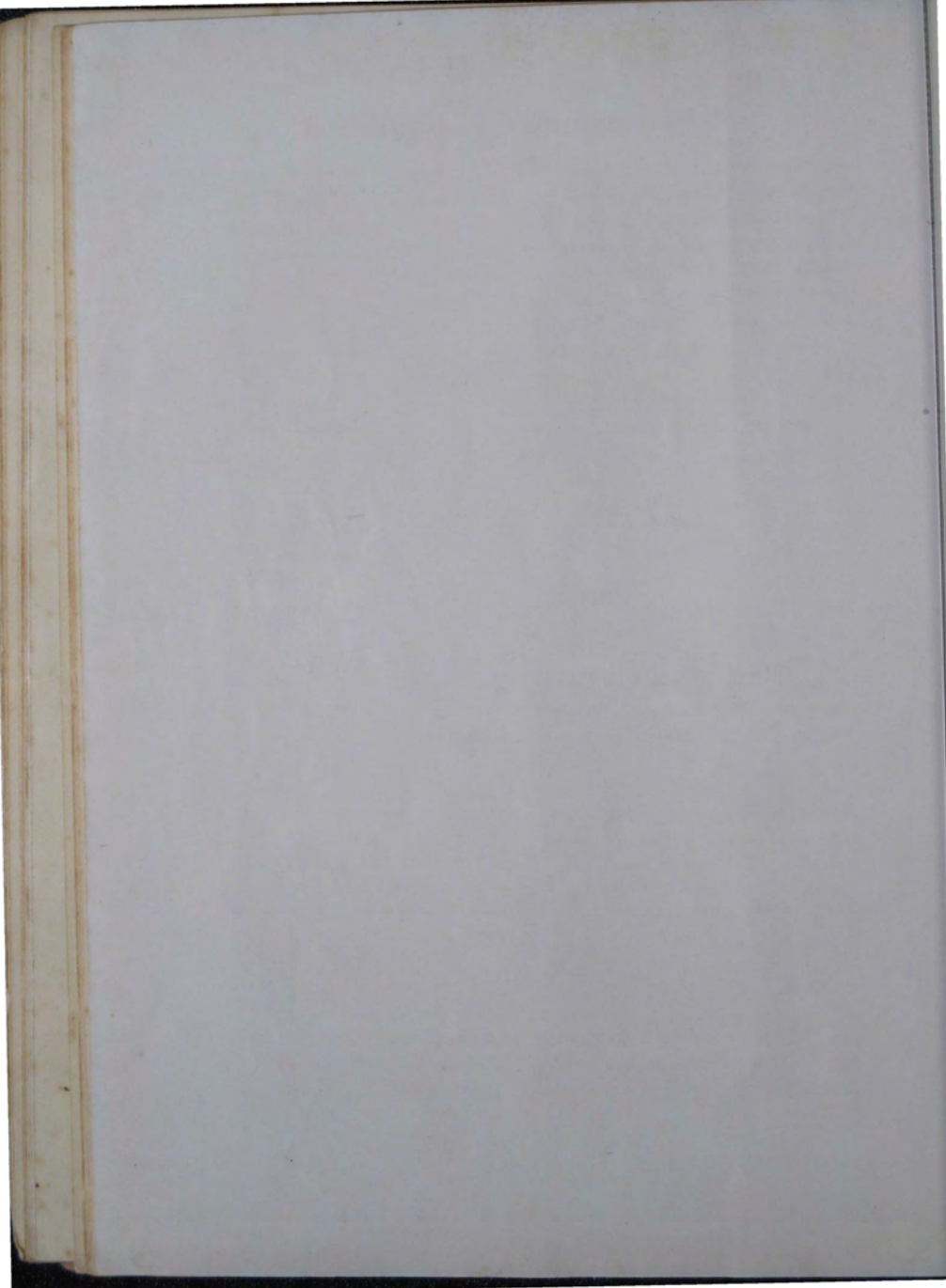
No. 1 parallel perspective



No. 2. angular perspective.



No. 3. Sloping perspective.



receding away from the observer will converge into two vanishing points both of which will be on each side of the object. In illustration Number 2 it will be seen that the house is not square to the observer. In all such cases there will be two vanishing points (V.P.). It might be asked at this point as to how one can define the points on the horizon line to which all parallel lines appear to converge. This is a very simple matter. Firstly if there is no visible horizon the observer must fix an imaginary one. This is done by holding your sketch book horizontally in front of you, moving it up or down until only the near edge of the book is visible, and not the sides. The sketch book in this position will give you the imaginary horizon which can then be sketched in lightly in its relative position on your paper. Vanishing points can now be defined by holding your protractor or piece of string, level to one of the receding parallel lines of the object to be sketched. You should then follow your eye along the string and note where it crosses the horizon line or imaginary horizon line. All lines parallel to the one measured will meet it at the vanishing point.

Sloping Perspective.

In parallel and angular perspective all lines receding away from the observer appear to meet at one of the vanishing points on the horizon line, but in sloping perspective parallel lines appear to converge at a point either above or below this line, and on a line drawn at right angles to the horizon line through the vanishing point of the object. Thus it will be seen in illustration Number 3 that the houses are standing on the side of a hill, the vanishing point of which is on the horizon line, and all the parallel lines of the houses appear to converge at this point. To give the effect of the hill, however, the sides of the road converge at a point directly above the vanishing point on the horizon line. To represent a hill running downwards the vanishing point of the road will be shown directly below that of the parallel lines of the houses which converge on the horizon line. Study illustrations Numbers 1, 2 and 3 very carefully and you will have very little difficulty in putting the principles of perspective into practice when attempting a sketch.

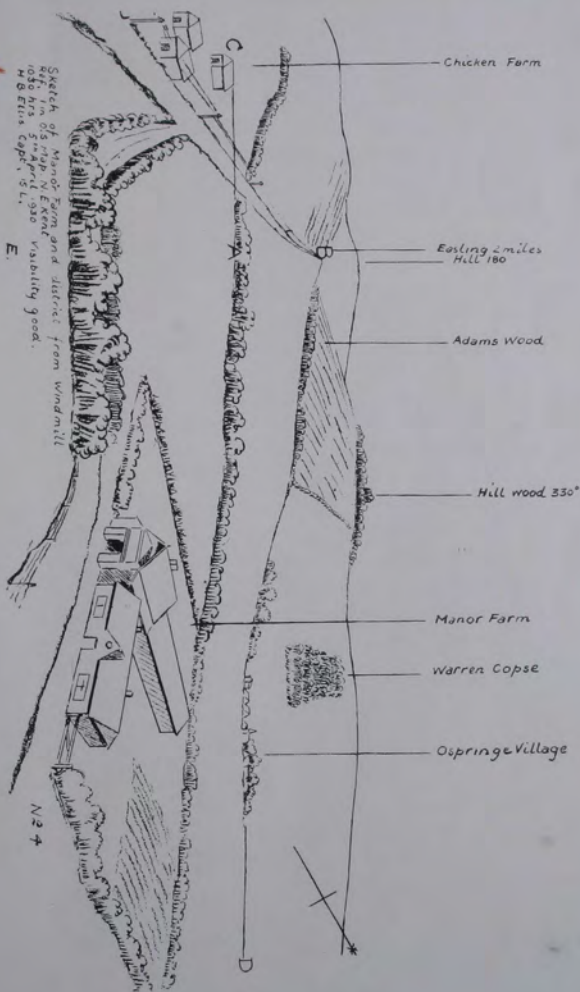
Objects.

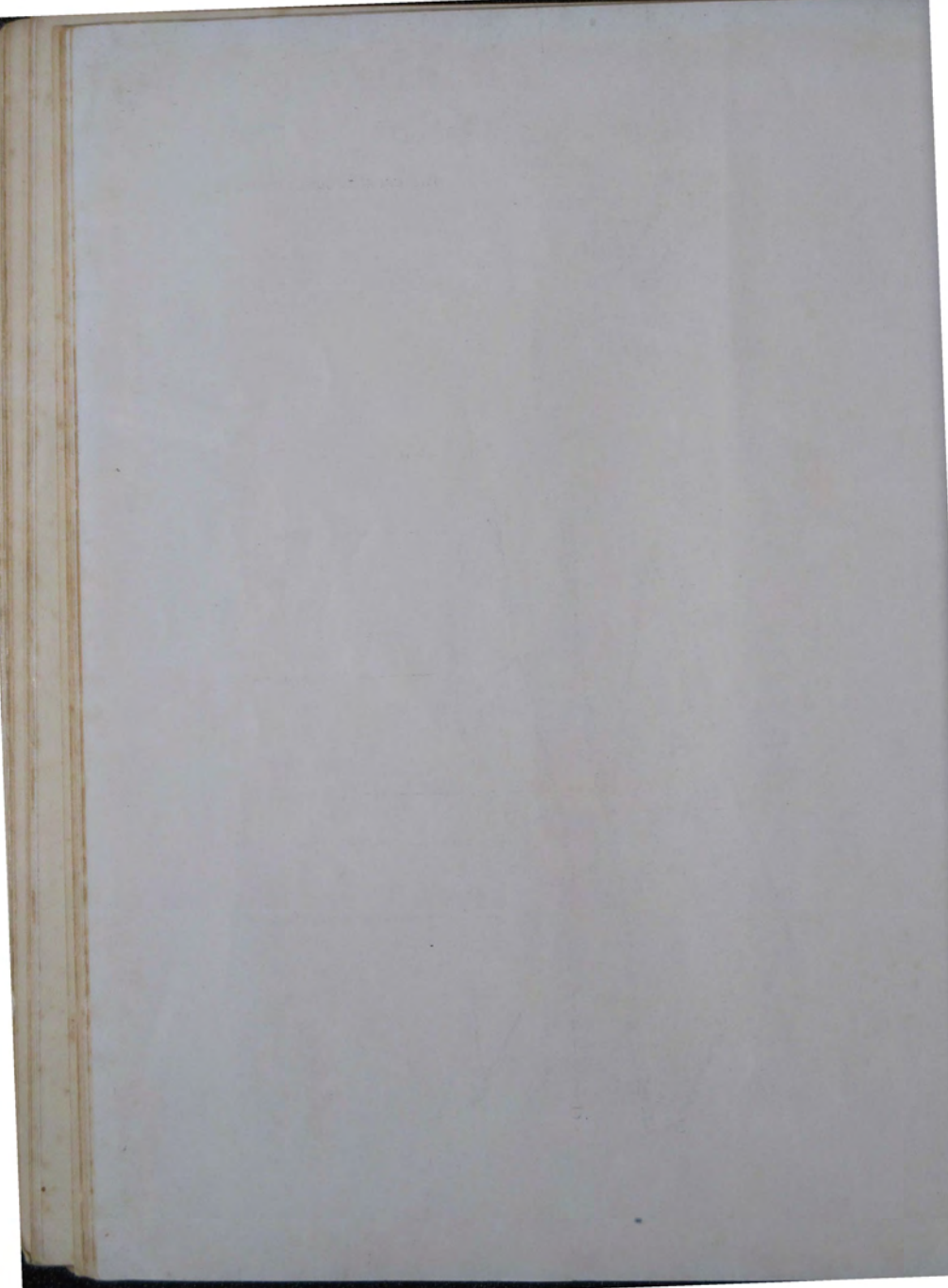
In drawing trees, houses and hills, etc., artistic design is not required, but an attempt must be made to draw objects in broad outline and in their correct shape and dimensions. For instance when drawing a lone tree make it represent the actual tree in the landscape so that whoever reads your sketch, can quickly pick out the various objects. In drawing woods and clumps of trees however, this is not necessary as it would take up too much of your time, and such landmarks are usually referred to at the top of your sketch. If it is necessary to include cuttings, embankments, heath, marshlands, etc., such objects can be represented by the ordinary conventional signs as laid down in Manual of Map Reading.

In finishing off your sketch the use of coloured pencils will greatly assist in more clearly defining features such as roads and rivers, the former being drawn in brown and the latter in blue.

If the subject of your landscape is flat country you will have to introduce a vertical scale to enable you to clearly show minor folds of the ground. Such a scale in relation to the horizontal scale should be exaggerated two to one. This, however, is not necessary in mountainous country.

Now turn to illustration Number 4 and we will follow it through its various stages of development. Firstly, we have been ordered to go forward to the windmill just south of Manor Farm and execute a sketch of the area Manor Farm to the Easling Road, including Ospringe Village and the surrounding hills. On arrival at the windmill which is just off the illustration at E, we proceed to carry out our instructions. Firstly, the four corners of the area are fixed by means of holding up the protractor in front of us. We find that the distance from the north-east corner of the hedge surrounding Manor Farm to Chicken Farm is three protractors length, and that the depth of the country is covered by one protractor's length. This area is now defined on our paper by marking four dots. If, however, your paper is not large enough to take the actual measurements





of the protractor, your drawing will be reduced to any convenient scale. For instance, every inch of the country measured on your protractor will be represented on paper by half an inch, and if necessary even a smaller scale. Next we fix the horizon line by holding up our protractor as already explained, and mark the line on the paper shown C to D. We now fix definite objects on our sketch by the aid of the protractor as explained in the January number. We decide on the following points, Gable end of nearest hut at Chicken Farm—the near end of the Easling Road—highest tree in Hill Wood—Spire of Ospringe Church—the gable end of Manor Farm over the doorway—and various corners and points of the hedges and hills. We now mark lightly on our paper with a H.B. pencil the above-mentioned objects. Having now drawn a definite framework on which to build our sketch, we lightly connect all these points together, using our protractor for further measurements if necessary. In drawing the buildings and road we are careful to execute them in their true perspective. The gable ends of the huts at the chicken farm are all square to our front so they are drawn in parallel perspective. We note that the line of the roof of the nearest hut, if continued with our protractor will cross the horizon line at A. Therefore all parallel lines of the huts to this one meet it at point A. (Just check this in the illustration.) In sketching the road we note that it runs over the hill, we therefore remember the principle of sloping perspective and fix the vanishing point directly over the vanishing point of the objects to which it runs parallel, i.e., the huts at the Chicken Farm. Note position B on the sketch in relation to position A, and also note that the huts appear to be standing on the side of a sloping road. As regards Manor Farm it is noted that it is not standing square to our front, therefore it must be drawn in angular perspective. By measuring with our protractor we note that the line of the roof of the nearest part of the building if continued, crosses the horizon line at C. All parallel lines to it therefore meet it at C. In the same way all parallel lines of the other part of the building cross the horizon line D. (Check these principles on the illustration.)

Our subject is now represented on our paper in full by very thin lines. We now complete the sketch and give it depth by slightly increasing the strength of the lines in the middle distance, and by doubly increasing the strength of the lines in the foreground. This is best done with a 3B pencil.

The sketch now being complete it is finished off by adding the names of the various places at the top with lines drawn into the sketch showing their positions. A central object is also indicated by compass bearing.

At the bottom, the title, our position, map reference and other necessary information is added.

If the student of panorama drawing has followed all the points explained in this article and the previous one, he should have no difficulty in producing useful sketches after a little practice.



HUNTING—AND "F.S.R."

By MAJOR A. J. CLIFTON, O.B.E.

By kind permission of the Editor Royal Tank Corps Journal.

*"Pleasure that the most enchants us
Seems the soonest done;
What is life, with all it grants us,
But a hunting run?"*

"AFTER the feast comes the reckoning."

It was the elder of the two men who spoke.

"Our horses have carried us well, and we've enjoyed our fun," he went on. "So now we must control ourselves in our tiredness and discomfort and get them home quietly. Foot it a mile, jog a mile, and the ten and a half miles in front of us will soon pass and our horses will be fit to eat a good meal when they get home—and be sound to-morrow."

There must needs have been good reasons for thus advising a slow journey, for the weather was not propitious and it was only human nature to wish to gain shelter as soon as possible. A vitals-seeking wind and lowering clouds betokened an early resumption of the rain which had only recently ceased and rendered the outlook in the gathering gloom singularly unattractive.

"I'm chilled to the marrow and soaked to the skin, but—" the younger man paused.

"But what?" enquired the elder.

"I'm damned if I shouldn't enjoy it but for your first remark."

"Which was?"

"'After the feast comes the reckoning'—it applies particularly to me at this time."

"Meaning?"

"After to-day's feast, which has been good enough to last a lifetime I'll admit, I've got to make up for lost time when I get home and write that infernal screed for the C.O. and I'm hanged if I know how to set about it."

The elder man was the younger's senior officer, and the latter, having responded to encouragement to manage his exchequer so that he had a little spare cash to invest in oats and a hunt subscription, the elder was ever on the alert to see that value for money was obtained in wholesome pleasure and indirect benefits in the sterner affairs of life.

"What are you grappling with this time?"

The young man groaned:—

"The title alone gives me delirium tremens, 'Amplify the definitions of the principles of war set out in F.S.R., Vol. y, Section Z,'" he quoted. "Why the blighters who wrote it couldn't be a bit more explicit I don't know. If there's more to be said why couldn't they have said it?"

"My poor benighted young heathen," laughed the elder, "don't you realise that to-day's sport has provided you with enough parables to help you to amplify the principles of war till the cows come home?"

The young man looked interested.

"I believe the time is ripe," continued the elder, "to deliver my little homily on 'The hunting field as a school for soldiers.'"

"Father always said it was," broke in the younger, "but the fellows in the mess say the idea's a bit out of date for we tank people."

"He that hath ears to hear," ranted the elder, "'pigeons don't fly roasted into the mouth' and 'God helps those who help themselves'—I'm as full of mottoes as my breeches are of rain water—but listen, I've been keeping this up my sleeve till I felt you had learnt to love the game sufficiently to submit to getting a little military meat out of it. Talking will keep us warm and pass the miles away, so whether you like it or not, here goes."

"If only it helps me with that infernal——"

“As your senior officer I must ask you to refrain from referring to your appointed tasks in such terms,” bantered the elder, “our survey is going to be broader. Important as it is to satisfy your Commanding Officer it is still more vital that you should be able to argue with your fellow second lieutenants, and more vital still that you yourself should be convinced that what father told you is still true. Far be it from me to dogmatise, however, so you must draw your own conclusions—let’s walk.”

Following the indications of the elder the pair reined in their jogging horses, dismounted, and proceeded to tramp along on foot.

“The time is?” queried the elder.

“Half-past four,” replied the younger, peering at his watch.

“And we started at?”

“Ten o’clock, wasn’t it?”

“And we’ve been hard at it all the time, soaked to the skin almost from the start and we’ve another hour or so in front of us. What time did we breakfast?”

“It was years ago, wasn’t it? I’ve had nothing but a soggy ham sandwich since and now you’ve mentioned the subject I feel I could eat a boiled fox.”

“Question one,” stumped the elder. “What other pursuit submits one to such long and continuous exposure and exertion? I’m not talking of those who drive to and from the meet in motor cars and titup about for an hour or two only, but the real sportsman who takes a sufficiently intelligent interest in his horse to want to see him out and home properly, and means to see as much of the hunt as one horse will allow him to.”

“Rugger’s no child’s game,” put in the younger.

“I’m absolutely with you,” agreed the elder, “but it demands what you might call ‘concentrated essence’ of physical vigour, which is not the same thing, from a military point of view, as the drawn out physical strain such as hunting and campaigning demands.”

“I must think about that,” said the younger dubiously.

“Question two,” went on the elder. “Have you enjoyed to-day?”

"Oh, yes, every minute of it."

"Every minute of it? That includes the hack out in that disgusting, soaking gale, waiting at draughty covert sides and while hounds checked, the trip we are doing now, as well as the exhilaration of those topping gallops we've had. Is that so?"

"Rather," affirmed the younger eagerly, then added after a pause, "though I never before imagined that I could enjoy being out all day in weather like this."

"And the reason?"

"Well—er—it's all such—er—dashed good fun."

"Quite, the anticipation and realization of the sport and the subsequent cogitation gets and keeps your pecker up. In other words, your feelings are elevated, so your physical being scorns discomfort. In the same way, would you take that last stile and foot-bridge as light-heartedly, now, in cold blood, as you did to get into that field to enable you to be in at the death?"

"Not on your life."

"No, because your feelings are different. What has F.S.R. got to say about feelings?"

"F.S.R.—feelings?"

"Same thing, morale. Morale is a matter of feelings, and F.S.R. puts the moral factor well above the physical, doesn't it? So if you've never thought of it before remember to-day and it will rub in the full meaning of those few cryptic words on the subject. Remember, also, that as far as oneself is concerned high moral—that is feelings capable of rising above physical discomfort and overcoming taxes on one's nerve—high moral is a faculty which can be developed just as you develop a bicep. The more one does that which calls for pulling oneself together the easier it becomes to do so. How many times have you had to harden your heart to-day?"

"Don't ask me," groaned the younger.

"Can you think of any other pursuit which for six or seven hours at a stretch calls for so many efforts?"

"That question requires notice," said the younger evasively.

"The horses are getting cold, let's mount and jog on for a bit," the elder suggested.

"Not on this tarmac?" the younger said apprehensively.

"If you hold your horse together with an easy rein and firm legs, he'll travel safely enough."

"I never did like this business," grumbled the younger as he got into the saddle.

"Perhaps not, but it's for the horse's good, so indulge in another elementary exercise in mobilizing your moral."

They clop, clopped along in silence for a few minutes.

The wind had grown stronger and a driving rain began to fall, causing shoulders to rise higher and chins to sink lower, so that the conversation was resumed from the depths of their respective waistcoats.

The younger was the first to speak, "What about my inf . . . I mean, my appointed task?"

"All in good time. I shall come to that presently. I first of all want you to tell me a few items of military value to-day has produced for you."

"Oh—er—I'm afraid I haven't thought much about it, but I quite see that it has done me good."

"How?"

"Well, um, that's another question requiring notice."

"What was the gist of those mottos I hurled at you just now?"

The younger man thought for a moment.

"That a bloke doesn't get something for nothing."

"Exactly, and for father's words and mine to have their full meaning you must be on the lookout for this military value or you will miss half of it. I can see that I must get on with the talking again."

"Suppose," the elder went on, "Instead of hunting to-day I'd got you out on, say, a reconnaissance instruction parade?"

"Perish the thought," flippantly broke in the younger.

"Yet what were those notice boards I drew your attention to from time to time?"

"Trespassers will be prosecuted."

"Yes, but not hunting folk on hunting days. And what does that convey to you?"

"What damned lucky fellows we are."

"Nothing else?"

"Um——"

"Doesn't it mean that for hours we chase about country ordinarily closed to the public, that we are constantly exploring new country, under, very often, peculiarly distracting circumstances?"

"Peculiarly distracting, yes, I agree."

"Which means, if you come to think it out, that not only is the eye continually taking in new things, but every yard of country is producing surprises, particularly the fences. Even if we are content to follow my leader we must be prepared for a succession of emergencies, for not till we ourselves are at a fence can we tell how it must be taken. Conditions vary even with known fences, a yard or two up or down from where we jumped it before—a bigger drop, the ditch wider, take off harder or softer; and weather conditions alter even the best known surfaces and landscapes. That post and rails under that overhanging tree to-day, for example, I've jumped it scores of times, but never before have I floundered in a quagmire just as I was taking off."

"I was just behind you and my heart accelerated like a three-litre Sunbeam."

"So did mine, and not for the first or last time, I can assure you."

"I never thought you minded those things."

"A lifetime's hunting and a fair share of crashes doesn't make one careless of the risks, but the love of the game makes one prepared to accept them—otherwise one might as well chuck it."

"But to return to our muttons. As I've just said, to be content to follow my leader gives eyes and brains plenty of activity, but to work out the hunt for oneself and to enjoy what one ought to be there for, seeing hounds work, there must be super-activity, looking and thinking well ahead, ready to vary

one's course irrespective of what the rest of the field are doing, according to a number of indications which only a quick eye, or sometimes ear, can deduce. The chances and changes of the actual ride become merely incidental to——”

“Ye Gods! I've a lot to learn.”

“And you've learnt a lot if you've learnt that.”

“Thank you, sir. I really am anxious to excel at this game, but you were saying?”

“That the rough and tumble of the actual ride becomes merely incidental to the maintenance of the objective.”

“The *what?*” The exclamation of the younger ended on a high note.”

“I told you I was coming to your—er—appointed task.”

“I was enjoying this talk, but now you have reminded me of the said appointed task my bliss is shattered, but, ‘Forward, McDuff!’ I am braced to the strain. But first may I ask a question?”

“Certainly.”

“I still don't see where we tank fellows get much ‘military meat,’ as you call it, from hunting.”

“With a sledge hammer I will drive it in. Everything we've talked of applies to soldiering of any sort, whatever the means with which we sally forth to the battle—hardihood, quick eye and quick wits!”

“That's all true, of course.”

“Well, and how, for example, would you describe travelling in a tank?”

“Um—er—well, your expression just now rather fits it—‘peculiarly distracting.’”

“Doesn't becoming accustomed to one form of ‘peculiar distraction’ help another?”

“I believe you are right.”

“We claim for the tank ‘fire power,’ ‘protection,’ and——?”

“Mobility.”

“Quite. On what does mobility depend?”

“The machine, of course.”

“And?”

"The engine and all that sort of thing."

"That all comes in your term 'the machine'—a vital factor is the personnel inside. Where the machine will go depends largely on the people who drive and guide it. Quick eyes for shaping a course, judgment as to negotiable ground, judgment as to using ground to suit a definite purpose, thinking and looking well ahead and around, and not like the motorist whose vision is necessarily restricted by hedgerows and the necessity for giving concentrated attention to his immediate line of advance."

The elder paused.

"And what opportunities do we get for practising this with tanks?"

"Training and manœuvres," promptly replied the younger.

"Over ground we all know backwards. Occasionally, when the 'Manœuvre Act' is in force we have the chance of getting over new country—subject to a hundred and one restrictions."

"That's very true."

"Real mobility includes all we've talked about as regards crossing a country, sufficiently a part of our nature to enable us to do all we ought to do instinctively, unaffected by any number of—"

"Peculiarly distracting circumstances."

"Yes!—and prepared for all emergencies, with a hundred and one things to engage our attentions. When you've had time to think about it tell me if you think any other pursuit gives so many opportunities for combining all these things, all of which are going to help you very materially to command a tank, and still more, a tank unit."

"Well, now," the elder continued after a pause. "Let me see if I can't help you with your little job."

"Little job!" groaned the younger.

"It's only a question of getting the idea to enable one to see more than may at first meet the eye in these, in fact, well put together, enunciations of principles."

"That sounds good. Some of them are easy enough, but others want a bit of amplifying—the one you just quoted for example."

“‘Maintenance of the Objective.’ In other words, in war, as in everything in life, progress is only achieved by having a definite object in view and by keeping that object in view in all we do. All our problems are answered by the question, ‘Is this going to assist directly the job in hand?’ If we don’t think and act in this manner we shall be led off to all sorts of irrelevant excursions. Hunting field example: the ‘Objective’ is, or should be, to see hounds work. All our actions must be guided by that consideration—when to thrust, when we can afford to ease our horse, to take risks, to follow my leader or seek our own line. What is right at one time may be wrong at another.

‘We can only sift out in our minds the proper course to take by asking ourselves that question I’ve just mentioned. Get into the habit of doing this. Think out for yourself the number of times to-day, or in any hunt, when circumstances have altered cases, and you will get a clearer idea of the full meaning of ‘the maintenance of the objective,’ and become accustomed to acting up to the principle always.

“‘Offensive action.’ You are thrown on to the defensive when other people’s actions dictate what you are to do. You must have an ‘offensive’ attitude of mind when hunting—in the military sense, I mean, of course—get out your patrols from the start, your eyes and ears, so that you will know what is happening and be ready to strike the first active blow in the maintenance of the objective, instead of merely blindly and defensively following the crowd, which would in all probability lead you nowhere.

“With this we can include a consideration of surprise, security and mobility—mobility this time, in the strategical sense. Your ‘enemy’ is the pack which will escape you unless you are prepared to cling on to it. The book refers to surprising your opponent, but the first step is to avoid being surprised yourself by actively—that is offensively—pinning down his movements—security—so that you, yourself, can shape your own course of action without delay, which is strategical mobility.

“Example from to-day. I saw you ‘coffee housing’ by the

Deepdene spinney. You were neglecting all these principles, and you were caught 'on the hop,' hounds stole away with scarcely a whimper, and you, with your fellow chatterboxes, missed the best gallop and some of the prettiest hound work of the day."

"Don't rub it in."

"All right—but remember next time. I'm afraid this is becoming a bit of a lecture—let us walk for a bit to vary proceedings. The rain has stopped—thank goodness."

"My tale will soon be told," the elder proceeded when they had dismounted. "There remains 'Concentration, Economy of Force, and Co-operation.' Of the first two, you can't have the one without the other. Keep your efforts for the time and place where things really matter, then spare nothing. Until then give your attention to saving every ounce of energy, nerve and other resources."

"To-day's example. You may have noticed I didn't hesitate to take that very unpleasant stile and footbridge we spoke about just now. Why? It was a vital last step in the maintenance of my objective, living with hounds—as it was apparent that they must bring down the fox before he reached the cover. No time to hesitate or look for an easy place round, all or nothing, the quickest way, or all my previous efforts wasted. And my horse was able to make this effort because throughout the day I hadn't wasted any energy—I'd practised 'economy of force.' To quote one of several examples of when the principle was neglected, you and a lot more charged that rasping stake and binder—I swung over to the gate. I'd seen hounds with their heads up and knew there were no hurry, so didn't mind being thought a funk-stick or slow coach. We are at our last fence now—'Co-operation.'"

"Well, thank goodness we get away from that over-ridden nag."

Not at all. If this principle was not put into effect from start to finish there would be no hunting. If, instead of shivering at the covert-side while hounds were drawing, you careered about, we should never get the fox away. If you over-ride hounds while they are running, they cease to hunt. With a

score of people charging at the only available gap there must be co-operation to avoid an almighty crash. You must be ever ready, whatever the circumstances, to make way for the hunt staff. We only jump when necessary and close gates to avoid damage to the property of those excellent fellows, the farmers, by whose goodwill we are able to hunt. What is all this but the same idea as infantry, artillery, tanks and aircraft all working to a common end on the battle-field—‘Co-operation?’”

The horses swung up their heads and whinnied.

“Be Gad! We are nearly home,” exclaimed the younger, stepping out to keep up with his horse’s quickened paces.

“The horse instinctively knows his home,” said the elder. “We can only be good soldiers if we instinctively act up to the precepts of our ‘Bible.’ Learn to understand the book by applying its precepts in all the affairs of life.”

“Including hunting,” said the younger merrily.



B.C. LEGENDARIES

By SIEGFRIED P.

Simon Fearless.

DELHI.

THE sun beat down on long yellow grass. The little moisture which was still held below ground level kept the root tufts a pale shade of green. Otherwise everything was of yellow tinge, from the men's thin khaki to the dusty horizon which melted into a nondescript coloured sky. The monsoon had been short and early that year. Its effects were already wearing off.

A small group stood behind the grass jungle. Some horses were held by soldiers near by. It was 10 a.m. Squadron training was earlier this year than usual. It was getting very hot. The squadron commander was soundly rating a group of Indian Officers and N.C.O.s. He was very angry. "You're a useless lot of blockheads," he stormed. "No initiative, no drive. If you won't get a move on on your own, I'll jolly well make you. Mount!"

The little crowd dispersed at a double. "They are a lot of blighters, Pelman. They haven't the gumption of lice. By Jove! If only I had a squadron of Tommies. A great war's coming, and here I am."

Second Lieutenant Pelman admired his senior enormously, but this address would have annoyed him if he had thought that his Captain really meant it. Captain Fearless had not been home to Europe for three years. He required a change. He was apt to get very irritated with his "Aryan brothers," though he was really very attached to them, and adored his regiment. Besides, it was an infernally hot morning.

"Well, Sir; I expect even Tommies would be a bit crumpled by this heat," he answered, wiping the perspiration from under

the edge of his 'lungi' (turban). "You know that Indar Singh understands every word you say, and is standing only three yards behind you, straining his ears," he added in an undertone.

"Jolly good for him to hear the truth," was Fearless's reply. "That's all he does, strain his ears. I'll strain him somewhere else in a minute."

Fearless settled himself on his big vicious chestnut. Horse and rider were renowned throughout the Punjab since they had won the Kadir Cup in the previous year.

The two officers trotted up to the squadron. "We are going to do drill as for inspection; so follow me, and keep your proper distances and intervals. Trot! Form line!" shouted Fearless. The squadron were scarcely in the new formation before "Gallop" followed.

The squadron commander rode in front. The directing troop leader followed as closely as he was able. The ground scouts on either flank strove to keep well out. It was beyond their powers. Fearless signalled to them to come in. It was evident to Pelman, riding on a flank, that the squadron were in for it!

A black horse with white points bolted out of the ranks and disappeared into the bush. "Star Face always does that. He ought to be shot," thought Pelman to himself. "Thank God, I'm not his rider."

They were galloping through low grass. Some blackbuck sprang up, glanced at them, and went bounding into the undergrowth. The line thundered into low "jao." A peacock rose screaming, and a covey of grey partridge came sweeping high overhead, after their first helicopter ascent. The men were fighting to keep in line. Many were being jostled out, and protested. "Chup row" (shut up), roared Fearless, glancing back. There was silence instantly.

The country was getting thicker, but the pace did not slacken. From "jao" the line crashed down two feet into deep waving grass. It was low for elephant grass, luckily. Crushing and jostling through, the troop leaders had great difficulty in keeping their men together. So far no one had fallen. It seemed a miracle to the young subaltern.

Fearless shouldered the line out of the grass, and they found themselves in mimosa scrub. Pelman's arm went up before his eyes as a low branch of thorns nearly took his turban off.

A six foot deep nullah, three yards across, suddenly confronted them. The line rose like a great wave. Having cleared the gaping hole, Pelman looked back. One man was knocked backwards by a well-known side-jumper; another horse was brought down beyond the ditch; a third horse's head was bobbing up and down in the nullah, trying to find its way out. Its rider scrambled over the edge.

On they tore. Men and horses were out of breath now. Many men were bareheaded; lungis galore had been wrenched from heads by the thornbushes. They stuck to it; they all had a wholesome respect for the wrath of the Captain Sahib.

A sandy cliff loomed up in the heat haze. They were galloping over sand now. Up the fifteen-foot incline scrambled the horses; only one slipped and went rolling down to the bottom again. Over the brow and on over "caked" soil with some sparse grass, and then down! down! over the brink of another cliff, twelve feet sheer into the dry bed of a river. Only one man tumbled. They dashed on, through a belt of "jao" and then over pebbles into the stream. There were deep pools in places, where the horses had to swim; their riders sliding off up-stream and letting their chargers tow them by the mane-lock.

Pelman's horse half swum as the water came up to the girth straps. Pelman tucked his legs back from the knees. It got no deeper. He was thankful.

Fearless galloped his dripping horse up the "mica" shining white sand to rising ground beyond. He flung up his arm and dismounted. His round red face was warm. He was smiling.

"Water the horses in ten minutes' time," he shouted. "Orderly, bring my gun. It was lucky he didn't fall, wasn't it, Pelman? I forgot about the guns. You got yours all right? Come on. We ought to get a few partridges."

"They're not such bad chaps, really," he repented as he looked back over the heaving ranks below him. "We'll see what damage has been done on our return."

BELGIUM.

There was a thick mist over everything. The advanced patrol was advancing cautiously up the road. The Brigadier had told Fearless that he did not expect to meet any enemy that morning, and, anyway, he must push on.

Fearless, on service, had already made a name for himself. He had been on leave studying watercolour painting in an art studio in Paris when war broke out. Besides being a serious-minded soldier and a great sportsman, Fearless was no mean performer with brush or pencil. He had hurried to London; and by the help of a friend commanding a British cavalry regiment short of officers, he had got his troop of Tommies.

During the retreat from Mons fabulous exploits were attributed to him. Fearless, a great performer at assault-at-arms in peace time, had ordered himself a special sword of his own design. The handle was at an angle to the blade. He said that it was tiring to keep one's forearm bent over to the left in order to keep one's blade straight and one's guard secure. This sword certainly wrought frightful havoc amongst an Uhlan patrol whom he chanced to meet. He and his men charged them on sight in a village street. The strange sword ripped under the guard of a heavy German, whose body toppled back—an astonished stare on its owner's face. Fearless reined up forty yards beyond, rallied his men and galloped back at the disorganized enemy. "Charge," he shouted once more. Dashing into them, they completed the Uhlans' downfall. The few Germans remaining in their saddles galloped off. His men said that Fearless had killed three to his own sword.

Fearless did not know what it meant to be frightened, but this morning the mist bothered him. He had foreseen the present war. He had advertised its coming, and studied the psychology of Bernhardt and the Germans in their military works. Now that the British force were advancing, he felt no uncertainty as to the outcome. His few encounters with the enemy had been so fortunate that he was beginning to discount danger completely. But the mist annoyed him, be it said again. His scouts in front were so slow. "Hang it all! the General

meant what he said. They must get on—push aside any opposition. Besides, the enemy are probably miles away by this time."

He was with his vanguard troop. He trotted on and found the scouts halted in the road. "I'm coming on with you," he said.

They went up an ever-increasing incline. "The monastery," said Fearless, consulting his map. "Look here, you two! Go round the village and report if all's clear." He, himself, dismounted. After a ten minutes' wait the whole of his squadron had come up. Fearless had received command of a squadron after the retreat owing to casualties among the senior officers. The vanguard troop were only a hundred yards ahead.

Fearless grew impatient. "We can't wait all day, Melbury," he said to his second-in-command. "Those scouts ought to have come back by now. I'll just ride on with the vanguard again. We'll have the main body on top of us in a minute." He trotted off.

"Where are the rest of the section those two scouts belong to, the ones who went round the village, Sergeant?" he asked.

"With me, Sir," came the reply.

"Good Heavens, man, why don't you push them on through the village by the main street? No wonder we're wasting time. Come on, you men"; and he led the way up the grey road. Swirls of white mist engulfed them.

They could only see about fifteen yards ahead. A wall loomed up in front. The road was very steep now. It took a turn round the corner of the wall. Fearless trotted on, turned the corner and found himself between tall houses. A window, high up in a turret, faced him.

Crack! Fearless reeled in his saddle. He had just time to shout "Get back" to the section behind before he died.

The second-in-command was badly wounded in trying to rescue the body. In the end the Squadron Sergeant-Major effected it.

Fearless's face was serene.

THE ARMY RESERVE OF OFFICERS IN THE YEAR 1740

By COLONEL H. C. WYLLY, C.B.

IN the Library of the *Royal United Service Institution* there is a somewhat rare book which purports to be an Army List for the year 1740, an interesting period in the history of the Armed Forces of the Crown.

During the years of comparative peace which had followed upon the conclusion of Marlborough's campaigns, the British Army had been very drastically reduced, and at the time of the outbreak of the war with Spain in 1739 the establishment of the Army had come to be fixed at no more than 18,000 men, distributed among eleven regiments of cavalry and forty-two battalions of infantry of the Line.

The declaration of war led, as usual, to the hurried raising of new regiments, mainly of infantry, and, for the officering of these, a call appears to have been made upon those officers who had been vegetating on half-pay since the early days of the century and the close of the wars of Marlborough; while in a publication of the day, known as *Hooker's Weekly Miscellany*, the gratifying information is vouchsafed that "a great number of brave old subaltern officers are arrived from Ireland and the Islands of Guernsey and Jersey in expectation of being provided for in the regiments which are ordered to be raised with all expedition." The Army List above-mentioned gives not only the roll of officers actively serving at this date with the existing regiments of the Standing Army, but it also contains "a list of the reduced officers of His Majesty's Land Forces and Marines entitled to receive half-pay in Great Britain, to which is added their ages, dates of their First Commissions, and the time they

were put upon half-pay and the occasion thereof." A study of these rolls shows that there were at this period something like 800 officers on half-pay—the majority of them since 1712; that these belonged to some hundred or more reduced or disbanded regiments of horse and foot, and that some of those were young men who were recalled to help to form the Officer Corps of the new regiments now being hurriedly raised consequent upon the menace of the war with Spain; as a matter of fact the united ages of three officers posted as subalterns to one of the regiments so raised totalled 150, one being 47, another 50, and the third 53 years of age! No doubt the general officer who inspected this regiment when its formation was completed, made in his inspection report the stereotyped remark that "this Regiment appears to contain a very promising body of young officers!"

If we take at random two cavalry (reduced) regiments of that day, we may be astonished at the ages of the half-pay officers who then constituted the Army Reserve of Officers; there were in 1740 fifteen officers on the rolls of the one—captains and subalterns—and thirteen on those of the other, whose ages averaged 61, and of these twenty-eight no fewer than six had already exceeded the allotted span of three score years and ten!

One wonders what induced those veterans to hang on for so very many years on half-pay; it can hardly have been the monetary recompense, for this was trifling enough, especially for the junior ranks, though money, no doubt, went considerably further in those days than it does under a 1930 Budget—a cornet of Horse receiving only half-a-crown, a captain five shillings, a major seven and sixpence, and a lieutenant-colonel ten shillings *per diem* on half-pay. But they stayed on and on those men; cornets and lieutenants of 70 and 80 years of age are by no means uncommon, though a close scrutiny of the rolls *does* reveal the fact that they contain the name of one ensign, a mere child of seven and twenty! Of the ardent and enterprising cavalry officers who had been "reduced" in the dull and uneventful years between 1712 and 1739, and who now no doubt hastened cheerfully to buckle on their harness again and

join the throng of "brave old subaltern officers" who, as Mr. Hooker assures us, were hastening to join the new regiments ordered to be raised, there were many who must by reason of their advanced age have confidently expected to end their days on the half-pay upon which, since the days of Blenheim and Malplacquet, they had languished—such men as may be found in this Army List of 1740 with their names, ranks *and* ages all somewhat ruthlessly set down in black and white; for instance, Lieutenant William Otter, of the Royal Regiment of Horse Guards, who in 1740 had arrived at the ripe age of 94, or that other "Reduced" subaltern, Lieutenant Henry Davis, who was 111 years of age!



A DAY WITH THE CHILEAN CAVALRY

By MAJOR W. LLOYD JONES (Captain of Invalids).

SHORTLY after the War, seeking new pastures to recoup mind and body after the weary years of strife and turmoil, I found myself in the charming little city of Santiago de Chile. How fresh and delightful everything and everyone seemed. The bright colours and the gay throngs on the crowded *avenidas* soon dispelled the gloom and forebodings of those terrible months when the issue had seemed in doubt, and civilization itself even in danger of collapse. In this new country life appeared more hopeful and all looked forward to a prosperous future, and moreover, Britain was regarded as a model of stability and an example of good Government.

Soon I began to take stock of the institutions of the people whose guest I was, for though I had no letters of introduction, almost at once I was welcomed everywhere by the charming Chileans. Once a soldier always a soldier I suppose, so it was not long before I found myself interested in the Army of this distinctly war-like people. In the Clubs I soon heard stories of the Nitrate War, when the provinces of Tacna and Arica had been wrested from Peru, and are still occupied, forming a sort of Alsace-Lorraine to this very day. The Army has been modelled and trained on the Prussian system with the result that in appearance the troops bear a marked resemblance to our late adversaries. The Navy, which plays such an important part in the life of the country, on the other hand, is modelled on British lines, indeed, most of the ships are English built, while many of the officers have actually served in British vessels.

At the time of my sojourn in Chile a Spanish Prince happened to be visiting the capital so I had an excellent opportunity of seeing the troops when they were paraded for his

inspection, and formed the various guards of honour at the ceremonial functions which were given in his honour.

However, as I was anxious to get a closer acquaintance with the personnel of the Army, I was delighted when I found myself seated next the Minister of War one evening at a dinner party. The Minister made things easy for me and almost at once offered to assist me.

There was shortly to be an inspection of the Cavalry Squadrons of the garrison on the great plain which lies between the foot of the snow-clad Andes and the Capital, and it was arranged that a Staff Officer should wait upon me at my hotel, escort and look after me for the rest of the day.

On the appointed morning I was up betimes and ready booted and spurred, when punctually at 5.30 a smart limousine drew up and out stepped an elegant Cavalry Colonel in the undress uniform of a dragon.

Colonel Fernandez introduced himself in excellent English, for which he apologized as he explained, that he talked French and German better as he had been military attaché at different periods of his service in both those countries. Here I must remark that in Chile nearly all the educated classes speak French and English, and that the young señoritas are, if anything, better educated than the men.

It was a bright crisp morning and the sunlight danced upon the snow-clad peaks of the Andes as we swept through the broad tree-lined avenues leading out of the suburbs of Santiago towards the local Champ de Mars! My companion took the opportunity of giving me further information of the organization of the Army. It appeared that service was compulsory for three years, though the term was reduced to one year for volunteers, if they proved themselves efficient within that period. The Artillery and Cavalry were selected and received special training at the military schools at Santiago. To-day the squadrons to be inspected consisted of the one-year volunteers which if satisfactory would be passed into the reserve. We were now approaching the open plain and occasionally

passed mounted staff officers accompanied by orderlies, all of whom carried lances as well as carbines and swords.

Arrived at the rendezvous, the Inspecting Officer, a weather-beaten veteran who might have been a cavalry brigadier in any European Army, acknowledged our salutes and proceeded at once to issue his orders to the knot of officers in charge of the troops. Our mounts were now led forward, lean, well-bred looking cobs, very sensibly bitted and bridled, much of the stamp issued to the Mounted Infantry at Longmoor, where I had once a course in my early service. Feeling rather anxious, as this was the first occasion on which I had attempted to ride since the amputation of my left leg, I enquired of my conductor if he was sure that the beast selected for me could be relied upon. His confident smile at once reassured me, so mounting carefully I was soon too interested in watching the troopers and the manœuvres to feel nervous about myself.

As we moved off, we passed a dismounted squadron which had just marched in some twenty miles, and was awaiting its turn for inspection. I was much impressed by the wiry little mounts, hard as nails without an ounce of superfluous flesh and on excellent terms with the sallow dark-eyed little troopers, who rather resembled Japanese, though the whole turn out reminded me at once of the Indian frontier cavalry with whom I had once spent a few days on manœuvres. The men in their white fatigue jackets and equipment devoid of anything which might catch the sun, excepting always the flashing lance-heads, presented a very workman-like appearance.

The inspection proceeded much as inspections do, the fool of the batch fell off just in front of the saluting base as the squadron thundered past, and was audibly cursed by the stern sergeant-major of the permanent staff. The young troopers responded gamely to the demands made on them by the highly nervous young officers, who in some cases were helped out by the initiative of the old non-commissioned officers with the squadron, who countermanded wrong orders and swung the hesitating lines in the required direction.

The Inspecting Officer saw and heard everything without winking an eyelash, and then laconically dismissed one squadron as not yet sufficiently trained. The other two were ordered to dismount and rest till further orders for a tactical exercise should be issued. Very crestfallen, the humbled squadron moved off down the road. The officer in charge, a heavy jowled, bad tempered looking young man, obviously cursing the men as soon as he was out of earshot of the Staff. The troopers were much the same as the others and I felt sure that the trouble lay with the leader, another example of Napoleon's dictum, there are no bad regiments only bad commanding officers.

During the lull in the morning's work I was presented to the Inspecting Officer, who received me with great cordiality and intimated that he was delighted to see that an English officer had taken the opportunity of acquainting himself with Chilean troops. Murmuring that the good fortune was mine, I rode on with the General but was unfortunately unable to converse with him as my Spanish was still poor and he had no French. However, orders are much the same in all languages and I was easily able to follow the mimic attack of the two squadrons on the supposed rearguard of a retreating enemy. I was much impressed by the tactical skill of the officers but noticed that the excitable young soldiers were rather inclined to expose themselves and over anxious to get home with the *arme blanche*, perhaps a fault to which all cavalry are prone and soon cured by the experience of a cool enemy who can shoot straight. However there was no denying the soldierly spirit and *elan* of the troopers, who became quite heated and excited as they closed on the supposed enemy till at last the squadron which had been sent to outflank the position charged home, with the fearsome and awe-inspiring yell of victorious cavalry all the world over.

The cease fire now sounded, the General summed up in a few words, commending the tactical leading of the officer in charge of the flanking party, gently chided the undue temerity of the frontal attackers, but expressing himself on the whole favourably impressed. And now to lunch at the Cavalry School.

As soon as the excitement was over I began to feel my leg, no, where my leg used to be; and was relieved to be lifted gently from the saddle and placed in the car. My kind conductor now produced a flask and revived me with an excellent cordial.

Two officers now approached, and laughingly explained that that they had lost bets over me.

An Officer had pointed me out and offered to bet that I had lost a leg. Unable to believe it, as my artificial limb was in every way a facsimile of the other they had refused to believe it until they had actually spoken with me and confirmed the fact for themselves.

At the Cavalry School a delightful "dejeuner" awaited us, which I thoroughly enjoyed, though so many glasses of champagne were pressed upon me that at length I had to resort to the stratagem of hiding glass after glass under my chair. Before leaving I was made an honorary member of the mess and asked to invite myself when I felt so disposed.

The Staff were very interested in our Army and knew all about the exploits of British Cavalry leaders, especially those of Allenby, for whom they had evidently conceived a great admiration.

Many times later did I meet the friends made that day, and always did they impress upon me the fact that there was no British Military attaché with the Chilean Army. At the President's ball I noticed that of all the Powers the British uniform was alone missing, though I believe that now the deficiency has been made good, and none is I am sure so welcome to the Army and gay, brave people of Chile.



THE OUDH CAMPAIGN OF 1859

By HYDERABAD.

1. *The Task in Oudh.*

To follow the course of the campaign in Oudh in 1859 is not easy. The troops engaged in completing the suppression of the revolt were divided into a number of columns, acting under the general direction of Sir Hope Grant and Lord Clyde (Sir Colin Campbell). These columns were usually composed of all arms, and in them there found a place corps of the most diverse descriptions. The gunners were represented by the Royal, Bengal, Madras and naval artillery; amongst the cavalry units were regular British regiments such as the 7th Hussars, "scratch" European corps of Yeomanry Cavalry, and irregular regiments of Punjabis, besides regular Light Cavalry from Madras. The infantry included officers and men of the Royal Navy from H.M.S. "Pearl" as well as details of the Indian Navy; battalions of the Line such as the 53rd Foot and two battalions of the Rifle Brigade; some of the Company's Europeans; Indian military police—Rattray's Sikhs, the 1st Bengal Police Battalion, afterwards absorbed in the "new model" Bengal Army; and hastily-raised infantry from the Punjab.

The operations were as varied as the troops. The first British objective was the demolition of the vast number of small forts with which Oudh was infested, and which had been allowed to remain standing when that territory was annexed in 1856. It had been a corollary of Dalhousie's policy that these forts, of which there were no less than 1,600, should be demolished and the population of Oudh disarmed; but when the time came for such action to be taken he had left India and no steps

were taken by his successor Canning to carry into effect the disarmament of Oudh. There would indeed seem to be some doubt whether Dalhousie had ever enunciated the policy of disarmament officially, though in his own mind he had no misapprehension as to the danger underlying the presence of arms and strongholds throughout the newly acquired province. The importance of this quantity of war material lying ready to the hands of the revolting Oudh peasantry in 1857 has not hitherto been given the weight which it deserves. The task of those whose duty it was to restore order was much prolonged by reason of the lavish military equipment of the Oudh rebels.* It may indeed be doubted whether the Lucknow garrison would have made such a prompt appearance on the scene in 1857, or would have played such a prominent part in setting up the banner of revolt, had not the Bengal troops and their comrades of the Oudh Auxiliary Force been aware of the substantial armed support which the local inhabitants were in a position to give them. This factor is not, it is believed, alluded to in any of the existing histories of the Mutiny; and, weighty as it is when considering the outbreak as a whole, it is still more necessary to bear it in mind when following the fortunes of the British columns which restored order in Oudh. To the armed and warlike state of the country and its peoples was due, in the main, the fact that the task of pacification took three years.

It is perhaps popularly supposed that the Mutiny was, for all practical purposes, at an end so soon as the second and final relief of Lucknow had been carried out. Nothing is further from the truth. When Sir Colin Campbell's troops completed their task at Lucknow, on Sunday, 21st March, 1858, there still remained unsubdued districts and unconquered thousands which kept British columns occupied in the field for two more years. At the beginning of 1859 the number of rebels driven into Nepal was estimated at 50,000, of whom 30,000 were sepoys. It was not till more than twelve months had passed since the relief of Lucknow that the last action against organized bodies of

*In October, 1859, when disarmament had at last been carried out, the number of firearms recovered in Oudh was given as 1,367,406. Many more must have been lost or destroyed (*Illustrated London News*, 1st Oct., 1859).

mutinous troops was fought, when in the fight at the Sarwa Pass on 21st May, 1859, the last formed body of rebel soldiers was dispersed. The last shots on the Oudh frontier were fired two days later, but even after this active operations continued elsewhere, for in Central India and Bundelkhand a number of small columns were actively employed even up to the spring of 1860. A British officer of the Central India Horse was killed in action as late as June, 1860, and the Hyderabad Contingent was still pursuing, in the Berar jungles at the end of November in that year, bands of Rohillas whose turbulence was a legacy of the great revolt.

It was to Oudh that the greater part of the mutinous Bengal sepoys flocked after the recapture of Lucknow by the British, in company with those landowners and peasants who had committed themselves irrevocably to the overthrow of the British *raj*. There they sought refuge, first under shelter of the "private" forts scattered throughout the province and, later, when they had been ejected from one after another of these strongholds, in the thick jungles of the Nepal borderland in which they hoped to find an Alsatia. From their first positions they were expelled by Lord Clyde in a series of drives, and their last state was worse than their first. The ultimate remnants of the mutineers, those of the rebels who had implicated themselves too deeply to come within the terms of any amnesty, entered the deadly jungles of the Terai foothills, to find that not only was there no refuge there—for the Nepalese permitted British columns to pass the border in the pursuit of any considerable rebel gathering—but also that their egress was barred, their movements restricted, and their supplies cut off by the British troops who blockaded every pass and ford which gave access to the plains below. Outfought and outlawed, fever and starvation claimed as victims all but those who gave themselves up in despair to the British on the south or the Gurkhas on the north.

2. *The Close of 1858.*

As soon as the rainy season of 1858 had come to an end, Sir Colin Campbell—who had now become Lord Clyde—began to

put into execution his careful plans for rounding up the rebels. These plans, in brief, consisted of the simultaneous employment of a number of columns, the combined movements of which were to sweep the district lying between the Ganges and Gumti rivers and drive the rebels beyond the Gogra, and then by a further series of movements to force them across the Rapti and into the Nepal hills. The deliberate manner in which Lord Clyde set about the operations evoked much criticism in the English press in India, and one Calcutta paper went so far as to say that he was the "very worst Commander-in-Chief that had ever appeared in India." But, canny as he was by nature and race, he aimed at the complete pacification, not merely the over-running, of every district that his forces entered. He realized that other commanders, though successful in every battle, had not exploited their successes in such a manner as to effect the permanent restoration of order in the territory in which they operated.

The first part of Lord Clyde's plan went swiftly and almost without a hitch. Active operations began early in October, 1858, immediately the country became passable after the monsoon rains, and "before the close of the first week in December the southern portion of Oudh, between the Ganges and the Gogra, was absolutely mastered. Then the Commander-in-Chief moved northwards from Lucknow, winning battle after battle, and demolishing fort after fort as he went; while Hope Grant, also moving northwards, but more to the east, pursued a similar victorious course. By the close of the third week in the month it was evident that those rebels who were still in the field were becoming dispirited. On the 2nd [December, 1858] the Begum's vakeel came into the Commander-in-Chief's camp to ask what terms she might expect. All the rajahs and talookdars who were still at large had already sent their vakeels on like errands. On the last day of 1858 the Commander-in-Chief defeated a body of rebels at Banki, near the frontier, and expelled them from Oudh."*

*Rice Holmes, "History of the Indian Mutiny," 2nd edition, London, 1885, p. 515.

3. *The Outset of 1859.*

Thus, at the outset of the year 1859, the situation was that the great majority of the rebel forces had taken refuge on the Nepal side of the border, many of them in the tract roughly opposite to Banki on the river Rapti. The fords of the Rapti, and all other exits to Oudh, were strictly guarded by British detachments. This blockade was in the main part highly efficacious, though many mutineers threw away their arms and crept past singly to their homes. Indeed, a blind eye was turned to single fugitives; and it was estimated at the time that the rebel strength in Nepal, which had perhaps amounted to 50,000 men, was depleted by half during the first quarter of 1859. It was against the irruption of formed bodies that the blockade was really directed; and only one such body evaded the watch and broke through to Oudh, to find a brief shelter in a half-ruined fort. Just after Clyde's victory of 31st December, 1858, however, we find a record of the passage southwards of the last coherent remnants of the mutinous Bengal cavalry, when the surviving fragment of the 12th Bengal Irregular Cavalry slipped past under the rebel leader Prince Feroz Shah in an attempt to join fortunes with Tantia Topi in Central India. This dash was without success, for the party encountered a British column on the way and 150 were killed.

In the west Brigadier Francis Rowcroft, operating near the Gogra, had fought a partially successful action at Tulsipur on 23rd December, 1858; but, owing it is said to his lack of cavalry (he had only two troops of regular Madras Light Cavalry and the "scratch" Bengal Yeomanry Cavalry) the rebels escaped with few casualties and the loss of only two guns.* Viscount Wolseley, who was at the time a captain on Hope Grant's staff, however roundly ascribes the failure of Rowcroft (whom he calls "a weak old Indian fossil") to lack of co-operation between that commander and the eccentric Lord Mark Kerr, commanding the 13th Foot (Somerset Light Infantry). Rowcroft's column was,

*According to Hope Grant himself ("Life," ed. by H. Knollys, London, 1894, Vol. II, p. 33) only two guns were taken; but by the unpublished diary, generally accurate, of Lance-Sergeant M. Devery, 53rd Foot, who was present, three were captured.

from its slowness of movement and motley appearance on the march, dubbed by the other troops the "Hackery Brigade"—properly the soubriquet of the second-line hired transport.

Apart from this minor setback, the year 1859 opened favourably for those engaged in the restoration of order. Yet much remained to be done; and, as will be narrated, the British forces found themselves engaged hereafter in one set battle each month with disciplined bodies of rebels till at last Clyde's policy was consummated in May. This series of actions seems to have escaped all but passing notice by those who have told the story of the revolt; nor even is there any account of it to be found in the histories of the regiments engaged, as the Queen's Bays, 7th Hussars, or 53rd Foot (Shropshire Light Infantry). The epilogue is inexplicably absent from all texts of the tragedy of the Mutiny.

4. *The Action of Kundakot, 4th January, 1859.*

Sir Hope Grant, on hearing of the action at Tulsipur, determined to join forces with Rowcroft and set matters straight; and the two columns converged on Dalhari, near the Nepal frontier, on 4th January, 1859. The insurgent commander Bala Rao, brother of the Nana Sahib, was in the vicinity with 6,000 men and fifteen guns, having retreated along the edge of the jungles to Kundakot [or Kumbda Kote], where there stood a half-ruined fort at the junction of two rivers. Brigadier Taylor was at Tulsipur with H.M. 53rd, a troop of Madras Horse Artillery, and 200 of the Bengal Yeomanry Cavalry (who had joined him on the night of the 2nd/3rd January and brought with them three naval guns which were handed over to the artillery). On the 4th January both Hope Grant's and Taylor's columns moved upon Bala Rao: the former column had halted for the night about five miles from the enemy's reported position. The troops with Hope Grant were: 9th Lancers, 13th Foot, 79th Highlanders, Regiment of Ferozepore, a wing of the 27th Madras Native Infantry, Bengal Yeomanry Cavalry (less 200 men with Taylor), two troops Madras Light Cavalry, one battery Madras Horse Artillery, and a naval contingent from H.M.S. "Pearl."

Hope Grant's own account of the action is as follows: " . . . in about two hours I saw a sprinkling of red-coated rebels in the border of the jungle. I immediately directed a small column to advance through it in a westerly direction towards Kundakot, and shortly afterwards I followed in the same direction with the main body, until I came to where the principal force of the rebels was posted in thick cover. My advanced column on the right had already engaged them, and had thus diverted their attention, most fortunately for us, as their guns were so well concealed in the thicket, that had they opened fire, they would have inflicted severe loss on our advancing troops. However, all the courage had been driven out of the faint-hearted wretches, and they would not stand a moment, running away like wildfire, and leaving their fifteen guns in our possession. I pursued them through the jungle, but we had a hard scramble: our guns were obliged to proceed along the edge outside. At last we reached open ground, and I was delighted to find that the other columns had arrived at the rendezvous, with the same precision as though we had been going through a field-day manœuvre. Brigadier Taylor had seen some of the enemy a long distance off, and had sent cavalry and artillery after them; but the guns got into difficulties at a nullah, so the poor wretches escaped." The activities of the 53rd Foot in Taylor's column are thus described by Lance-Sergeant Devery: " Marched at half-past eight . . . about four mile and took up a position to cut off the enemy's retreat while General Grant attacked them on the other side. The attack commenced about 11 o'clock. We couldn't hear any big guns firing. We had two companies out skirmishing but never fired a shot. The enemy retired in another direction, leaving 13 guns, etc., behind. Nos. 9 and 10 [companies] followed the rebels up and came up to them as they were trying to get two guns away out of a nullah. They were not allowed to fire at them." It was on this day, so Hope Grant records, that a copy of one of the British proclamations of amnesty was found in the possession of a captured rebel, who said that its terms were known to all but that they had not

dared to avail themselves of them, as Bala Rao had given out that anyone attempting to leave his force would be hanged.

On 8th January Lord Clyde departed from Banki with the bulk of his force, leaving Brigadier Horsford to guard the Rapti fords with the 7th Hussars, 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade, 1st Punjab Cavalry, 5th Punjab Infantry, and other troops. Hope Grant met Clyde at Bahraich, and took over from him the future direction of the operations in Oudh, being specially enjoined "to keep the frontier on the borders of Nepal closely shut up, so as to prevent, if possible, the escape of any rebels into the lower country." Having assumed command, Hope Grant left for Horsford's camp on the Rapti on a visit of inspection.

5. *The Action of Sitka Ghat, 9th February, 1859.*

The next development was the request, apparently voluntarily preferred, by the Maharaja Jang Bahadur of Nepal, that British columns should not hesitate to cross the border into Nepal when it appeared that by so doing any considerable body of rebels might be encountered. This permission was granted early in February, and reached Horsford on the 8th of that month. He was not slow to act. The next day at 5 a.m. he led his force* across the Rapti and through the five miles of dense jungle which lay between that river and the Nepal border. After proceeding some miles further, the Brigadier detached a column about 1,200 strong under Colonel Percy Hill of the 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade to recross to the right bank of the Rapti where, at a crossing named Sitka (or Sidka) Ghat, the enemy was reported to be, so as to get into the right rear of the enemy's position, which was completely commanded by high ground. Two companies of the Rifle Brigade in this column advanced along the right bank; two more under Major A. F. Warren went through the jungle on the flank; and the Indian troops under Major Vaughan followed a course further removed from

*This force included the 7th Hussars; the usually accurate history of the regiment by C. R. B. Barrett (London, 1914) is in error in stating that the 7th were stationed at Ambala in January, 1859. The regiment actually left Horsford's force on 23rd February, 1859: see *History of the Indian Mutiny*, by Charles Ball (London, no date—c. 1860), Vol. VII, p. 582.

the river. "The companies near the river extended in skirmishing order, the right file resting on the river's bank. After advancing some distance they found themselves in front of a hill, which they were obliged to file round along the water's edge. This was no easy work, for the ground was very difficult, and interspersed with rocks and great boulders. As they were thus proceeding, on reaching a bend of the river they found themselves in front of the guns of the enemy, who were in a strong position on some rising ground. These guns immediately opened fire on them with grape, but did little mischief, as the fire flew over their heads, wounding one man only. The riflemen moved rapidly forward, and as soon as they were clear of the rocks formed and proceeded across the shingle, keeping up a smart fire which did much execution. But the rebel gunners stood by their guns till the riflemen were close upon them. Then they bolted and escaped into the jungle, giving the slip to Major Vaughan, whose force had been sent round to intercept them. They left fourteen guns and a mortar in the hands of Hill's force."* This was the whole artillery of the rebel force: some royal drums, carriages and much ammunition were also taken.

In the meantime, the main body under Horsford, "having given the attacking party twenty minute's start, moved on along the plain, keeping the Rapti on the left, till about three in the afternoon, when they entered a dense forest. The ground became hilly and the road bad. At half-past three they made another halt of twenty minutes, and were just falling in when they heard guns open in the front. They pushed forward, and soon came to a very steep hill, which they ran down, and found themselves on the bank of the river, and saw the skirmishers of the other wing entering the jungle on the opposite bank. They were ordered to halt; and after the fight the other wing recrossed the Rapti and joined them. . . ." Neither side appears to have suffered any casualties in this queer action!

6. *The Actions at Butwal, 25th, 28th and 31st March, 1859.*

The principal success during March, 1859, was achieved by

*"History of the Rifle Brigade," Sir Wm. H. Cope. London, 1877. P. 418

a column under Brigadier R. D. Kelly,* which included Murray's Jat Horse, the 3rd Sikh Infantry, the 7th Punjab Infantry, and some artillery. Entering the hills on the 24th March, he attacked on the 25th and captured four guns. On the 28th he came into contact with the main body of the rebels under Bala Rao, near Butwal, capturing 6 elephants, 30 camels, and more than 600 horses; 400 of the rebels being left dead upon the field. On the 31st the 1st Ferozepore Sikhs had what Lance-Sergeant Devery ("Diary," 31st March, 1859) describes as "a hand to hand fight with the rebels, which ended by the destruction of a great many of the enemy, and the loss on our side was one officer (Captain Grand)† and about 22 of the Sikhs killed and two officers and 43 Sikhs wounded. A reinforcement, consisting of the H. [?] Battery and a wing of our regiment, was sent out about 10 miles (where the action took place) but they were too late. The enemy bolted into the jungle." What had happened was that the 1st Ferozepore Sikhs, whilst on the march from Tulsipur to a place about 10 miles away, were attacked *en route* by a greatly superior rebel force. Surrounded, they formed square and temporarily abandoned their transport. The enemy was finally beaten off from the square, the British casualties being (by another account) one officer (Grant) killed, two officers (Beckett and Anderson) wounded; 35 Sikhs and 10 of Hodson's Horse killed; and a great number of sepoys, followers and horses wounded. (Ball, *op. cit.*, vii., 606.) The diarist himself was not present at this battle, but on 3rd April he went out to see the ground and records: "This is where the fight took place with the Sikhs. There was about 400 of the enemy killed. I went out to see the dead sepoys. They were scattered all along the jungle. One of these fellows killed Captain Grand (Adjutant of Sikhs) and four Sikhs with his own hands, and was just in the act of cutting down another Sikh, when another Sikh cut his arm very near off. He is now lying in a nullah dead. He was a fine noble looking young man too, he had evidently been an officer." This

*Afterwards General Sir Richard Denis Kelly, K.C.B.

†Lieutenant Grant.

diary, under the same date, adds a few particulars of minor importance but interesting nevertheless: "113 of the enemy all mounted came in and gave themselves up yesterday. There were 10 of the Cawnpore mutineers and they have been detained. All the remainder got 3 rupees 8 annas a man and were sent about their business to their homes, but all their horses have been taken, starv'd looking animals they are too. . . The E flat Clart. player of the 53rd N.I. was killed here." The 53rd Bengal Native Infantry was one of the three Bengal battalions—the 1st and the 56th were the others—which had mutinied at Cawnpore in June, 1857; and all three had kept together and fought side by side against the British. The 53rd B.N.I. had sustained heavy loss at the action of Amorha on 5th March, 1858; it has just been related how Kelly inflicted further punishment on them on the 25th and 28th March, 1859; yet there was still some fight left in them, for they were to form part of the only considerable force which penetrated the British blockade and re-entered Oudh, as will be seen hereafter.

7. The Capture of Bangaon, 27th April, 1859.

In April the rebels' attitude caused anxiety. Increasingly uneasy at the determined efforts of the British to drive them from the jungles of the border, they renewed their attempts to escape to the plains of Oudh; and Hope Grant began to fear lest another hot-weather campaign should be thrust upon him. His anxiety was reflected at Army Headquarters, and on 9th April Major-General Sir William Mansfield (afterwards Lord Sandhurst), Chief of Staff to Lord Clyde, telegraphed to Hope Grant: "The Commander-in-Chief thinks you should go yourself to Fyzabad with all despatch to take personal command of all the troops. You must be ruled by your information; but it seems that all the rebels are out of Nepal and coming south. . ." Two days later, in a private telegram, he remarks: "It appears there has been want of energy amongst officers in command of posts, seeing that the enemy have been able to get by them without being checked. This will require correction from you. . ." The fact of the matter was that Gujardhar Singh had

broken through the British cordon with a force of sepoys the strength of which was estimated at from 1,000 to 1,800. Gujardhar Singh was a redoubtable leader known as "the one-armed captain"—he had lost an arm at the relief of Lucknow—and his followers included the remnants of the Cawnpore mutineers already mentioned, the 1st, 53rd and 56th regiments of Bengal Native Infantry. Travelling by forced marches, he raided two elephants from the British force at Sekrora (near Colonelganj); and, pursued thence by Colonel Beauchamp Walker with his regiment the 2nd Dragoon Guards (Queen's Bays) and two guns, established himself with his following in the small dilapidated fort of Bangaon, about 24 miles from Gonda.

Walker, applying to Hope Grant for reinforcements, was sent 400 of the 53rd Foot, then at Gonda on their way down country. These marched at midnight of the 26th/27th April, under the command of Major Buck, accompanied by 60 sabres of the 1st Sikh Cavalry. They joined forces with the Queen's Bays about three miles out of camp. Bangaon fort was surrounded about 1 p.m. on the 27th, and in the space of twelve minutes was carried by assault by the detachment of the 53rd Foot, led by Captain (afterwards Major-General) J. A. Dalzell, who was the first man over the parapet. Gujardhar Singh and 150 of his men were killed, and the rest dispersed. This is the last action in which mutinous Bengal regiments can be identified. Another party of the 1st, 53rd and 56th B.N.I. had been defeated and dispersed, with a loss of three or four hundred killed, by a force under Lieut.-Col. McCormick consisting of a wing of H.M. 20th Foot, 200 of the 1st Sikh Cavalry, and a squadron of Hodson's Horse, near Gonda on 13th April. Captain Jones of the 1st Sikh Cavalry was wounded and two troopers killed. Brigadier Horsford had also come into touch with bodies of rebels on 25th April, when his column included the 5th and 6th troops of the 1st Sikh Irregular Cavalry. On this occasion the 5th troop, under Risaldar Nizamuddin Khan, Bahadur, "delivered a most brilliant and effective charge into a body of rebel sowars, forty in number, who were dashing across

the open from a jungle as their only means of escape. Only three of them escaped with their lives," (*Historical records of the Services of Four Regiments of Native Troops (no place or date—? Calcutta 1870), p.4*).

8. *The Action in the Sarwa Pass, 21st May, 1859.*

In May, 1859, Sir Hope Grant received information that the last remnant of the rebel forces was in the Sarwa Pass. He dispatched Brigadier F. G. A. Pinckney* to Tulsipur and, adding to his own force the 1st Sikh Irregular Cavalry and a wing of Brasyer's Sikhs, entered the pass with it on the 21st May. His advance was opposed by musketry from the hills on either side of the pass, and by the fire of the rebels' last two guns on the low ground in front. Hope Grant sent a company up the incline to turn the enemy's right, and to the assistance of this detachment he sent three staff officers, one of whom was later to become Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley. After a march of four miles they took the enemy in flank; and at the same time the 7th Punjab Infantry captured the two guns. Grant's A.D.C. was wounded on this occasion.

Two days later the British followed up the enemy into the hills and fired the last shots of the Mutiny in the North. Hope Grant in his "Incidents in the Sepoy War" gives details of the pitiable state of the fugitives, which he took steps to alleviate. Further pursuit was abandoned as unnecessary, and on the 4th June Grant left for Lucknow to take up his headquarters there.

9. *Conclusion.*

How Hope Grant and his subordinate commanders fought successful engagements with the rebels every month from December, 1858, to May, 1859, has been related. Whilst this series of major operations was in train, a thousand and one minor movements were being carried out by smaller detachments; movements so numerous that it is probable that no catalogue of them will ever be compiled, if indeed such were worth compiling. Nevertheless these minor operations must not pass without any

*Frederick George Augustus Pinckney, Colonel 73rd Foot, died at Ghazipur, 11th November, 1859, "while returning from his command in Central Oudh."

mention, for there is no doubt that in the aggregate they played a great part in the pacification of Oudh and the final suppression of the revolt in Northern India. It was by means of the intelligence gleaned by small parties in dense jungles that Hope Grant was enabled to close with the main rebel bodies; and many an isolated fort was seized and demolished by a column composed of little but a solitary company of infantry. Large columns and small columns, each played their part: the vast network of troop movements was reinforced at regular intervals by stronger strands. Judging by results Hope Grant's deliberate plans were little short of perfection both in their conception and their execution.

It is to be hoped that it is not yet too late for an adequate account of the winter campaign of 1858-9 to be compiled. The sources of information, which for the history of the Mutiny are usually copious to the point of embarrassment, seem in the case of this campaign to be strangely scanty, and such as there are dwindle almost to nothingness for the events of 1859. The feats of Sir Hugh Rose's men in pursuit of Tantia Topi have hitherto outshone the deeds of their comrades in Oudh, and, glorious as the former were, a total eclipse of the latter seems unjustified. The great book on the revolt of 1857-60 still remains to be written: if these notes serve but to indicate to the future historian the existing gap in the story of the reconquest of Oudh they will have served the writer's purpose.



*BATTLE-HONOURS
OF
THE CAVALRY MILITIA†; AND YEOMANRY.*

Compiled by K. R. WILSON.

III.

“FISHGUARD” (1797).

PEMBROKE.

IV.

SOUTH AFRICA.

“SOUTH AFRICA, 1900-01.”

BERKSHIRE. R. BUCKINGHAMSHIRE. CHESHIRE. DENBIGH-
SHIRE. DERBYSHIRE. R. 1ST DEVON. R. NORTH DEVON. Q.O.
DORSET. FIFE AND FORFAR. Q.O.R. GLASGOW. R. GLOUCES-
TERSHIRE. HAMPSHIRE. HERTFORDSHIRE. D.C.O. R.E. KENT.
Q.O. WEST KENT. 1ST COUNTY OF LONDON. LOTHIAN AND
BORDER HORSE. Q.O. OXFORDSHIRE. N. SOMERSET. W.
SOMERSET. Q.O.R. STAFFORDSHIRE. D.Y.O.L. SUFFOLK.
WARWICKSHIRE. WESTMORLAND AND CUMBERLAND. P.W.O.R.
WILTSHIRE.

“SOUTH AFRICA, 1900-02.”

AYRSHIRE. LANARKSHIRE. LANCASHIRE. DUKE OF LANCAS-
TER'S OWN. P.A.O. LEICESTERSHIRE. CITY OF LONDON. 3RD
COUNTY OF LONDON. LOVAT'S SCOUTS. NORTHUMBERLAND.
S. NOTTINGHAMSHIRE. NOTTINGHAMSHIRE. SCOTTISH HORSE.
SHROPSHIRE. Q.O. WORCESTERSHIRE. Q.O. YORKSHIRE
DRAGOONS. A.P.W.O. YORKSHIRE HUSSARS.

† Cavalry Militia Regiments: North Irish Horse; South Irish Horse; King
Edward's Horse (The King's Oversea Dominions Regiment).

"SOUTH AFRICA, 1901."

MONTGOMERYSHIRE. PEMBROKE.

"SOUTH AFRICA, 1902."

2ND COUNTY OF LONDON.

V.

THE GREAT WAR.

Note.—The Battle-Honours of the Regiments printed in smaller type, followed by an asterisk, are not borne on the Standards, or Appointments.

EGYPT.

"AGAGIYA."

Q.O. DORSET.

"EGYPT, 1915."

Q.M. SURREY.

"EGYPT, 1915-16."

DERBYSHIRE. HERTFORDSHIRE. City of London.* 1st
County of London.* 3RD COUNTY OF LONDON. LOVAT'S SCOUTS.
NOTTINGHAMSHIRE. S. NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.* SCOTTISH HORSE.

"EGYPT, 1915-17."

BERKSHIRE. R. BUCKINGHAMSHIRE. Q.O. DORSET. FIFE.
AND FORFAR. R. GLOUCESTERSHIRE. LINCOLNSHIRE. 2ND
COUNTY OF LONDON. K.O.R. NORFOLK. Q.O.R. STAFFORD-
SHIRE D.Y.O.L. SUFFOLK. WARWICKSHIRE. WELSH HORSE.
Q.O. WORCESTERSHIRE. E. RIDING OF YORKSHIRE.

"EGYPT, 1916-17."

AYRSHIRE. Cheshire.* DENBIGHSHIRE. R. 1ST DEVON.
R.N. DEVON. GLAMORGAN. D.C.O. R.E. KENT. Q.O.
W. KENT. LANARKSHIRE. MONTGOMERYSHIRE. PEMBROKE.
SHROPSHIRE. W. SOMERSET. SUSSEX.

"RAFAH."

R. GLOUCESTERSHIRE. WARWICKSHIRE. Q.O. WORCESTER-
SHIRE.

"RUMANI."

AYRSHIRE. R. GLOUCESTERSHIRE. CITY OF LONDON. SCOT-
TISH HORSE. Warwickshire.* Q.O. WORCESTERSHIRE.

"SUEZ CANAL."

HERTFORDSHIRE. 2ND COUNTY OF LONDON.

FRANCE AND FLANDERS.

"AISNE, 1914."

N. IRISH HORSE.

"ALBERT, 1916."

N. IRISH HORSE. S. IRISH HORSE. LANCASHIRE.

"ALBERT, 1916, '18."

DUKE OF LANCASTER'S OWN.

"ALBERT, 1918."

BEDFORDSHIRE. ESSEX.* NORTHUMBERLAND. Westmorland
and Cumberland.*

"AMIENS."

BEDFORDSHIRE. ESSEX. DUKE OF LANCASTER'S OWN.
P.A.O. LEICESTERSHIRE. Q.O. OXFORDSHIRE. N. SOMERSET.
WESTMORLAND AND CUMBERLAND.

"ANCRE, 1918."

Q.O.R. GLASGOW.

"ARMENTIERES, 1914."

N. IRISH HORSE. Q. O. OXFORDSHIRE.

"ARRAS, 1917."

ESSEX. P.A.O. LEICESTERSHIRE. NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.
Q.O. OXFORDSHIRE. N. SOMERSET.

"ARRAS, 1918."

BERKSHIRE. R. BUCKINGHAMSHIRE. HAMPSHIRE. A.P.W.O.
YORKSHIRE HUSSARS.

"AVRE."

S. IRISH HORSE.

"BAILLEUL."

P.W.O.R. WILTSHIRE.

"BAPAUME, 1918."

N. IRISH HORSE. CHESHIRE. R. 1ST DEVON. R. N. DEVON.
 FIFE AND FORFAR. Glamorgan.* Q.O.R. GLASGOW. HAMP-
 SHIRE. D.C.O. R.E. KENT. Q.O. W. KENT. Duke of Lancas-
 ter's Own.* MONTGOMERYSHIRE. Q.O. Oxfordshire.* Pem-
 broke.* SHROPSHIRE. W. Somerset.* D.Y.O.L. SUFFOLK.
 SUSSEX. Welsh Horse.* Westmorland and Cumberland.*
 P.W.O.R. WILTSHIRE.

"BEAUREVOIR."

BEDFORDSHIRE. Essex.* S. Nottinghamshire.* SCOTTISH
 HORSE. N. Somerset.* Warwickshire.*

"BELLEWAARDE."

Q.O. Oxfordshire.*

"BROODSEINDE."

P.W.O.R. WILTSHIRE.

"CAMBRAI, 1917."

K. EDWARD'S HORSE. NORTHUMBERLAND. Q.O. YORKSHIRE
 DRAGOONS.

"CAMBRAI, 1917, '18."

BEDFORDSHIRE. Q.O. OXFORDSHIRE.

"CAMBRAI, 1918."

N. IRISH HORSE. Essex.* LANCASHIRE. DUKE OF LANCAS-
 TER'S OWN. Scottish Horse.* N. SOMERSET. WESTMORLAND
 AND CUMBERLAND. A.P.W.O. YORKSHIRE HUSSARS.

"CANAL DU NORD."

P.A.O. LEICESTERSHIRE. Q.O. Oxfordshire.* A.P.W.O.
 YORKSHIRE HUSSARS.



“YEOMANRY IN FRANCE, 1917”

The Imperial War Museum—Copyright

"COURTRAI."

S. IRISH HORSE. Berkshire.* R. Buckinghamshire.*
Q.O.R. GLASGOW. HAMPSHIRE. 2ND COUNTY OF LONDON.
Q.O. YORKSHIRE DRAGOONS.

"DROCOURT-QUEANT."

A.P.W.O. YORKSHIRE HUSSARS.

"ÉPÉHY."

N. IRISH HORSE.* CHESHIRE. R. 1ST DEVON. R.N. DEVON.
FIFE AND FORFAR. GLAMORGAN. D.C.O. R.E. KENT. Q.O.
W. KENT. Duke of Lancaster's Own.* MONTGOMERYSHIRE.
S. NOTTINGHAMSHIRE. PEMBROKE. SHROPSHIRE. W. SOMERSET.
D.Y.O.L. SUFFOLK. SUSSEX. Warwickshire.* Welsh Horse.*
WESTMORLAND AND CUMBERLAND.

"ESTAIRES."

K. EDWARD'S HORSE.

"FLERS-COURCELETTE."

BEDFORDSHIRE.

FRANCE AND FLANDERS, 1914-17."

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

"FRANCE AND FLANDERS, 1914-18."

N. IRISH HORSE. ESSEX. P.A.O. LEICESTERSHIRE.
NORTHUMBERLAND. Q.O. OXFORDSHIRE. N. SOMERSET.

"FRANCE AND FLANDERS, 1915."

LOTHIANS AND BORDER HORSE. Q.M. SURREY.

"FRANCE AND FLANDERS, 1915-17, 1918."

K. EDWARD'S HORSE.

"FRANCE AND FLANDERS, 1915-18."

S. IRISH HORSE. BEDFORDSHIRE. Q.O.R. GLASGOW. DUKE
OF LANCASTER'S OWN. WESTMORLAND AND CUMBERLAND. Q.O.
YORKSHIRE DRAGOONS. A.P.W.O. YORKSHIRE HUSSARS.

"FRANCE AND FLANDERS, 1916-17, 1918."

HAMPSHIRE.

"FRANCE AND FLANDERS, 1916-18."

LANCASHIRE. LOVAT'S SCOUTS. P.W.O.R. WILTSHIRE.

"FRANCE AND FLANDERS, 1918."

AYSHIRE. BERKSHIRE. R. BUCKINGHAMSHIRE. CHESHIRE.
DENBIGHSHIRE. R. 1ST DEVON. R.N. DEVON. FIFE AND
FORFAR. GLAMORGAN. D.C.O. R.E. KENT. Q.O. W. KENT.
LANARKSHIRE. LINCOLNSHIRE. CITY OF LONDON. 2ND COUNTY
OF LONDON. 3RD COUNTY OF LONDON. MONTGOMERYSHIRE.
K.O.R. NORFOLK. S. Nottinghamshire.* PEMBROKE. SCOT-
TISH HORSE. SHROPSHIRE. W. SOMERSET. D.Y.O.L. SUFFOLK.
Sussex.* WARWICKSHIRE. WELSH HORSE. E. RIDING OF
YORKSHIRE.

"FREZENBERG."

ESSEX. P.A.O. LEICESTERSHIRE. N. SOMERSET.

"GHELUVELT."

NORTHUMBERLAND.

"HAZEBROUCK."

K. EDWARD'S HORSE. Q.O. Oxfordshire.*

"HINDENBURG LINE."

N. Irish Horse.* BEDFORDSHIRE. CHESHIRE. R. 1ST
DEVON. R. N. DEVON. ESSEX. FIFE AND FORFAR. GLAMORGAN.
D.C.O. R.E. KENT. Q.O. W. KENT. LANCASHIRE. DUKE OF
LANCASTER'S OWN. P.A.O. LEICESTERSHIRE. MONTGOMERY-
SHIRE. S. NOTTINGHAMSHIRE. Q.O. OXFORDSHIRE. PEMBROKE.
SCOTTISH HORSE. SHROPSHIRE. N. SOMERSET. W. SOMERSET.
D.Y.O.L. SUFFOLK. SUSSEX. WARWICKSHIRE. WELSH HORSE.
WESTMORLAND AND CUMBERLAND. A.P.W.O. YORKSHIRE
HUSSARS.

"KEMMEL."

LANCASHIRE. P.W.O.R. WILTSHIRE.

BATTLE HONOURS OF THE YEOMANRY 601

"LANGEMARCK, 1914."

NORTHUMBERLAND.

"LOOS."

K. EDWARD'S HORSE. S. IRISH HORSE. ESSEX. Q.O.R.
GLASGOW. NORTHUMBERLAND. N. SOMERSET.

"LYS."

K. EDWARD'S HORSE. Lancashire.* Q.O. OXFORDSHIRE.
P.W.O.R. WILTSHIRE.

"MARNE, 1914."

N. IRISH HORSE.

"MESSINES, 1914."

Q.O. OXFORDSHIRE.

"MESSINES, 1917."

N. IRISH HORSE. HAMPSHIRE.

"MESSINES, 1918."

P.W.O.R. WILTSHIRE.

"MONS, PURSUIT TO."

K. EDWARD'S HORSE. BEDFORDSHIRE. CHESHIRE. R. 1st
DEVON.* R.N. DEVON.* ESSEX. Fife and Forfar.*
GLAMORGAN. D.C.O.R.E. KENT. Q.O.W. KENT. P.A.O.
LEICESTERSHIRE. CITY OF LONDON. 3RD COUNTY OF LONDON.
MONTGOMERYSHIRE.* PEMBROKE. SHROPSHIRE.* N. SOMERSET.
W. SOMERSET. D.Y.O.L. SUFFOLK. SUSSEX. WELSH HORSE.

"MONS, RETREAT FROM."

N. IRISH HORSE.

"NEUVE CHAPELLE."

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE. NORTHUMBERLAND.

"PASSCHENDAELE."

Q.O.R. GLASGOW. DUKE OF LANCASTER'S OWN. WESTMOR-
LAND AND CUMBERLAND. P.W.O.R. Wiltshire.*

"PILCKEM."

K. EDWARD'S HORSE. N. IRISH HORSE.* LANCASHIRE.

"POELCAPPELLE."

WESTMORLAND AND CUMBERLAND. P.W.O.R. WILTSHIRE.*

"POLYGON WOOD."

P.W.O.R. WILTSHIRE.*

"ROSIERES."

S. IRISH HORSE. LANCASHIRE.

"ST. JULIEN."

Essex.* P.A.O. LEICESTERSHIRE. Q.O. OXFORDSHIRE.*

"ST. QUENTIN."

N. IRISH HORSE.* S. IRISH HORSE. HAMPSHIRE. LANCA-
SHIRE. DUKE OF LANCASTER'S OWN. NORTHUMBERLAND.* Q.O.
OXFORDSHIRE.* WESTMORLAND AND CUMBERLAND.* P.W.O.R.
WILTSHIRE.

"ST. QUENTIN CANAL."

N. IRISH HORSE.* BEDFORDSHIRE. ESSEX. S. NOTTINGHAM-
SHIRE.* SCOTTISH HORSE. WARWICKSHIRE.

"SAMBRE."

N. IRISH HORSE.* DUKE OF LANCASTER'S OWN. LINCOLN-
SHIRE. NORTHUMBERLAND. S. NOTTINGHAMSHIRE. Q.O.
OXFORDSHIRE.* SCOTTISH HORSE. WARWICKSHIRE. WESTMOR-
LAND AND CUMBERLAND. A.P.W.O. YORKSHIRE HUSSARS. E.
RIDING OF YORKSHIRE.

"SCARPE, 1917."

Essex.* P.A.O. LEICESTERSHIRE. NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.
Q.O. OXFORDSHIRE.* N. SOMERSET.

"SCARPE, 1918."

Berkshire.* R. BUCKINGHAMSHIRE. A.P.W.O. YORKSHIRE
HUSSARS.

"SCHERPENBERG."

Lancashire.*

"SELLE."

N. IRISH HORSE. Lancashire.* Duke of Lancaster's Own.*
LINCOLNSHIRE. Northumberland.* S. NOTTINGHAMSHIRE. Q.O.
Oxfordshire.* SCOTTISH HORSE. Warwickshire.* Westmor-
land and Cumberland.* A.P.W.O. YORKSHIRE HUSSARS. E.
RIDING OF YORKSHIRE.

"SOMME, 1916, '18."

N. Irish Horse.* S. IRISH HORSE. BEDFORDSHIRE. LANCA-
SHIRE. DUKE OF LANCASTER'S OWN.

"SOMME, 1918."

CHESHIRE. R. 1ST DEVON. R.N. DEVON. ESSEX. FIFE
AND FORFAR. Glamorgan.* Q.O.R. GLASGOW. HAMPSHIRE.
D.C.O. R.E. KENT. Q.O.W. KENT. MONTGOMERYSHIRE.
NORTHUMBERLAND. Q.O. OXFORDSHIRE. Pembroke.* SHROP-
SHIRE. W. SOMERSET. D.Y.O.L. SUFFOLK. SUSSEX. WELSH
HORSE. WESTMORLAND AND CUMBERLAND. P.W.O.R. WILT-
SHIRE.

"VALENCIENNES."

LINCOLNSHIRE. A.P.W.O. YORKSHIRE HUSSARS. E.
RIDING OF YORKSHIRE.

"YPRES, 1914."

NORTHUMBERLAND.

"YPRES, 1914, '15."

P.A.O. LEICESTERSHIRE. N. SOMERSET.

"YPRES, 1915."

ESSEX. NORTHAMPTONSHIRE. Q.O. OXFORDSHIRE. Q.M.
SURREY.

"YPRES, 1917."

K. EDWARD'S HORSE. N. IRISH HORSE. LANCASHIRE.
DUKE OF LANCASTER'S OWN. WESTMORLAND AND CUMBERLAND.
P.W.O.R. WILTSHIRE.

"YPRES, 1917, '18."

Q.O.R. GLASGOW.

"YPRES, 1918."

S. IRISH HORSE. AYRSHIRE. BERKSHIRE. R. BUCKINGHAMSHIRE. DENBIGHSHIRE. HAMPSHIRE. LANARKSHIRE. K.O.R. NORFOLK.

GALLIPOLI

"GALLIPOLI, 1915."

AYRSHIRE. BERKSHIRE. R. BUCKINGHAMSHIRE. DERBYSHIRE. R. 1ST DEVON. R.N. DEVON. Q.O. DORSET. FIFE AND FORFAR. R. GLOUCESTERSHIRE. HERTFORDSHIRE. D.C.O. R.E. KENT. Q.O.W. KENT. LANARKSHIRE. CITY OF LONDON. 1ST COUNTY OF LONDON. 2ND COUNTY OF LONDON. 3RD COUNTY OF LONDON. LOVAT'S SCOUTS. K.O.R. NORFOLK. NOTTINGHAMSHIRE. S. NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.* SCOTTISH HORSE. W. SOMERSET. D.Y.O.L. SUFFOLK. SUSSEX. WARWICKSHIRE. WELSH HORSE. Q.O. WORCESTERSHIRE.

"SCIMITAR HILL."

BERKSHIRE. R. BUCKINGHAMSHIRE. DERBYSHIRE. Q.O. DORSET. R. GLOUCESTERSHIRE.* HERTFORDSHIRE. CITY OF LONDON. 1ST COUNTY OF LONDON. 2ND COUNTY OF LONDON. 3RD COUNTY OF LONDON. NOTTINGHAMSHIRE. S. NOTTINGHAMSHIRE. WARWICKSHIRE. Q.O. WORCESTERSHIRE.*

"SUVLA."

BERKSHIRE. R. BUCKINGHAMSHIRE. DERBYSHIRE. Q.O. DORSET. R. GLOUCESTERSHIRE. HERTFORDSHIRE. CITY OF LONDON. 1ST COUNTY OF LONDON. 2ND COUNTY OF LONDON. 3RD COUNTY OF LONDON.* NOTTINGHAMSHIRE. S. NOTTINGHAMSHIRE. WARWICKSHIRE.* Q.O. WORCESTERSHIRE.



“DAMASCUS, 2nd October, 1918”

The Imperial War Museum—Copyright



I T A L Y

"ITALY, 1917-18."

K. EDWARD'S HORSE. HAMPSHIRE. NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

"VITTORIO VENETO."

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

M A C E D O N I A

"DOIRAN, 1918."

LOTHIANS AND BORDER HORSE.

"MACEDONIA, 1915-18."

LOTHIANS AND BORDER HORSE.

"MACEDONIA, 1916-17."

CITY OF LONDON. 1ST COUNTY OF LONDON. 3RD COUNTY OF LONDON. NOTTINGHAMSHIRE. S. NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.*

"MACEDONIA, 1916-18."

DERBYSHIRE. LOVAT'S SCOUTS. SCOTTISH HORSE. Q.M. SURREY.

"STRUMA."

DERBYSHIRE. Nottinghamshire.* S. NOTTINGHAMSHIRE. Q.M. SURREY.

P A L E S T I N E

"DAMASCUS."

Q.O. DORSET. R. GLOUCESTERSHIRE. HERTFORDSHIRE. 1ST COUNTY OF LONDON. NOTTINGHAMSHIRE. Q.O.R. STAFFORDSHIRE. Q.O. WORCESTERSHIRE.

"EL MUGHAR."

BERKSHIRE. R. BUCKINGHAMSHIRE. Q.O. DORSET. R. Gloucestershire.* LINCOLNSHIRE. City of London.* 1st County of London.* 2nd County of London.* 3RD COUNTY OF LONDON. Nottinghamshire.* S. NOTTINGHAMSHIRE. Q.O.R. STAFFORDSHIRE. Warwickshire.* Q.O. Worcestershire.* E. RIDING OF YORKSHIRE.

"GAZA."

AYRSHIRE. BERKSHIRE. R. BUCKINGHAMSHIRE. CHESHIRE.
DENBIGHSHIRE. R. 1ST DEVON. R.N. DEVON. Q.O. DORSET.
FIFE AND FORFAR. GLAMORGAN. R. GLOUCESTERSHIRE.
D.C.O.R.E. KENT. Q.O.W. KENT. LANARKSHIRE. LINCOLN-
SHIRE. CITY OF LONDON. 1ST COUNTY OF LONDON. 2ND COUNTY
OF LONDON. 3RD COUNTY OF LONDON. MONTGOMERYSHIRE.
K.O.R. NORFOLK. NOTTINGHAMSHIRE. S. NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.
PEMBROKE. SHROPSHIRE. W. SOMERSET. Q.O.R. STAFFORD-
SHIRE. D.Y.O.L. SUFFOLK. SUSSEX. WARWICKSHIRE. WELSH
HORSE. Q.O. WORCESTERSHIRE. E. RIDING OF YORKSHIRE.

"JERICHO."

CHESHIRE. DENBIGHSHIRE. GLAMORGAN. MONTGOMERY-
SHIRE. PEMBROKE. SHROPSHIRE.* WELSH HORSE.

"JERUSALEM."

AYRSHIRE. CHESHIRE. DENBIGHSHIRE. R. 1ST DEVON.
R.N. DEVON. FIFE AND FORFAR. GLAMORGAN. R. GLOUCES-
TERSHIRE. D.C.O.R.E. Kent.* Q.O.W. Kent.* LANARK-
SHIRE. 2ND COUNTY OF LONDON. MONTGOMERYSHIRE. K.O.R.
NORFOLK. PEMBROKE. SHROPSHIRE. W. SOMERSET. D.Y.O.L.
SUFFOLK. SUSSEX. Warwickshire.* WELSH HORSE. Q.O.
WORCESTERSHIRE.

"MEGIDDO."

Q.O. Dorset.* R. GLOUCESTERSHIRE. HERTFORDSHIRE. 1ST
COUNTY OF LONDON. NOTTINGHAMSHIRE. Q.O.R. STAFFORD-
SHIRE. Q.O. WORCESTERSHIRE.

"NABLUS."

Q.O. Worcestershire.*

"NEBI SAMWIL."

Berkshire.* R. Buckinghamshire.* Q.O. Dorset. R.
Gloucestershire.* LINCOLNSHIRE. CITY OF LONDON. 1ST
COUNTY OF LONDON. 3RD COUNTY OF LONDON. NOTTINGHAM-
SHIRE. S. NOTTINGHAMSHIRE. Q.O.R. STAFFORDSHIRE. War-
wickshire.* Q.O. Worcestershire.* E. RIDING OF YORKSHIRE.

"PALESTINE, 1917-18."

AYRSHIRE. BERKSHIRE. R. BUCKINGHAMSHIRE. Cheshire.*
DENBIGHSHIRE. R. 1ST DEVON. R. N. DEVON. Q.O. DORSET.
FIFE AND FORFAR. GLAMORGAN. R. GLOUCESTERSHIRE. D.C.O.
R. E. KENT. Q.O.W. KENT. LANARKSHIRE. LINCOLNSHIRE.
CITY OF LONDON. 1ST COUNTY OF LONDON. 2ND COUNTY OF
LONDON. 3RD COUNTY OF LONDON. MONTGOMERYSHIRE. K.O.R.
NORFOLK. NOTTINGHAMSHIRE. S. Nottinghamshire.* PEM-
BROKE. SHROPSHIRE. W. SOMERSET. Q.O.R. STAFFORDSHIRE.
D.Y.O.L. SUFFOLK. SUSSEX.* WARWICKSHIRE. WELSH
HORSE. Q.O. WORCESTERSHIRE. E. RIDING OF YORKSHIRE.

"PALESTINE, 1918."

HERTFORDSHIRE.

"SHARON."

Q.O. Dorset.* R. Gloucestershire.* HERTFORDSHIRE.
1ST COUNTY OF LONDON. Nottinghamshire.* Q.O.R. STAFFORD-
SHIRE.

"TELL 'ASUR."

AYRSHIRE. CHESHIRE. DENBIGHSHIRE. R. 1st Devon.*
R. N. Devon.* Fife and Forfar.* GLAMORGAN. D.C.O.
R.E. Kent.* Q.O.W. Kent.* LANARKSHIRE. Montgomery-
shire.* K.O. R. NORFOLK. PEMBROKE. SHROPSHIRE.
W. Somerset.* D.Y.O.L. Suffolk.* SUSSEX. Welsh Horse.*



LOGIC

I.

THE six-wheeler gave one last despairing roar as she topped the rise and took the down gradient the far side; the driver changed gear with a crash like the slamming of a steel door, and conversation once more became possible.

"There you are sir, that must be Cavalry Division Headquarters, them red and green lights," and the driver pointed in to the valley below already dim with the blue haze of the short Eastern twilight.

The one-armed war correspondent shifted his seat and stretched his legs. Before him was the valley and beyond it a ridge of gravelly hills, the tops of which were coloured a faint orange tint by the setting sun. It was already almost dark in the valley, and innumerable little points of yellow light began to appear, whilst from the growing darkness below came an indefinite murmur, the accumulation of many sounds, men's voices, the neighing and stamp of horses and the hundred other sounds of a bivouac.

At the bottom of the slope the road led through orange groves towards a straggling village. As the six-wheeler passed through these orange groves the war correspondent saw that they were full of vehicles, light tanks, armoured cars and six-wheelers, all covered with branches taken from trees.

"What does 12 A.Cav. stand for on these tanks and armoured cars?" he asked the driver.

"Well, sir, they belong to the 12th Armoured Cavalry. The 3rd Cavalry Brigade must be here; these cavalry brigades now have two horsed regiments and an armoured regiment, you know, sir, and this brigade has the 9th and 17th Cavalry, they are the horsed regiments, and the 12th Armoured Cavalry

which you see here. They all used to be Lancers, this brigade, before they were re-organised; I know because me brother is a corporal in the 9th."

A moment later the six-wheeler drew up before a group of khaki-coloured tents, pitched in an enclosure on the outskirts of the village. The War Correspondent was trying to explain to a sentry who he was and what he wanted when a Staff Officer appeared out of one of the tents and, as he saw the War Correspondent, came quickly forward to seize his one remaining hand and say, "Why, Harry, old boy, what on earth has brought you here? I thought you were safe with your old sheep in New Zealand."

"So I ought to be if I had any sense, Charles, but I came back to this war, failed to get passed fit because I am short of a hand, and now find myself out here as a scribe whose job is to bring humour and knowledge to the British breakfast table by recounting what you are doing in the Great War Daddy, as we used to say in the wars of our youth. Now, Charles, tell me what I am to do."

"Well, the G.O.C. was warned we were to have a correspondent for this show. You know the policy in this war; I think we have realized that the secrecy business can be overdone, especially as regards suppressing the names of units which have done well. So you can go where you like and write what you like as long as you let us see it before you send it off. You see the idea, 'tell the hints and so hearten the chaps.' Now for a drink and I'll tell you how we propose to make old Popski sit up."

The War Correspondent had already noticed that the enemy was usually referred to in terms of apparent affection and esteem as "Popski," just as "the most formidable soldiery in Europe" was known as "Jerry."

Charles, the G.I of the Division, was as good as his word, and, after suitable refreshment, pulled a map towards him and explained.

"Here we are and here are the 1st and 2nd Brigades. We have been going all out for four days turning Popski out of

successive positions. Popski is not much of a lad for the open, and hates tanks, and so far has gone at the first threat to his flanks; but now he has got his flanks on good anti-tank obstacles, the hills and the swamp you see here on the map, and is a very different bird once he has scratched a bit of cover and got his machine guns and anti-tank weapons into play. Well, G.H.Q. say we have got to push on and get this bridgehead over the river here which they are so keen on. Popski has got the best part of two Infantry Brigades strung out in front of us, and I fancy doesn't think a mere cavalry division will dare try and turn him out. He is going to get the shock of his life to-morrow morning."

"Well I am sure I hope so, Charles; but you won't mind if I reserve my enthusiasm. The last contest we took part in didn't exactly teach one to be enthusiastic about offensives, and this looks a bit rash to me unless you are going to spring a surprise."

"Righto, Harry, wait and see; I do believe we have got the goods this time. Now where would you like to go? If you have no special wish I suggest, as you are an old horse gunner, that you go to 'the Troop.' They are with the 1st Cavalry Brigade, and Bonzo has got them now; he was with you on the Somme, wasn't he?"

So off went the War Correspondent to look for his new home; musing to himself that all wars were much the same; eternally looking for something in the dark and wondering where you were going to spend the rest of the night.

II.

Dawn next morning found the War Correspondent picking his way in the half light to the top of a low gravelly ridge, where he found the O.P. of the Troop and the redoubtable Bonzo himself busily engaged in defeating the chill dawn air with a thermos of hot tea.

"If Popski hasn't gone in the night you are going to see some show," said Bonzo. "Ah, there go the patrols now to feel for him."

It was now almost light and the War Correspondent could make out an armoured car stealing along the road which led down from the crest where they were across a valley and up a ridge opposite. This ridge was about a mile away and was covered with patches of scrub and stunted trees, an occasional outcrop of rock and a few dirty white farms and patches of cultivation. The armoured car was across the valley now and had begun to climb the hill, when from the silent ridge opposite came a sharp double report. The armoured car seemed to break in two in a cloud of black smoke and then burst into a sheet of flame as the petrol caught fire.

"Did any of you chaps see where that anti-tank gun fired from?" said Bonzo. "This flashless propellant is the devil; they are just as hard to spot as machine guns. I see the cavalry patrols are now going across; that is in case Popski has left a single anti-tank gun and escort covering the road to stop armoured cars as he often does. No, he's there all right this time. See if you can spot where any of those machine guns are firing from."

For, in what seemed but a few seconds, the cavalry patrols all along the front were galloping back and, after a sudden burst of machine gun fire, the ridge was as silent as before.

"Now for second act," said Bonzo. "You are going to see tanks and cavalry attacking together under cover of a thin smoke screen, about one gun every hundred yards; the mechanized batteries are doing that."

"Hold on," said the War Correspondent, "I seem a bit out of date; do you know I don't even know what you are armed with."

"Oh, the mechanized batteries have the 3.7 gun-how. and we who do close support, the 3.7 light how.; all the same shell."

"But why are you still horsed?"

"Can't explain that now. Look out the balloon's going up."

As he spoke the still air of the early morning was broken by the thud, thudding of guns behind them, and then the swish and scream of shells going over their heads; the old familiar sounds of the opening of the barrage. Once again the War

Correspondent felt that thrill which once experienced is never forgotten; a feeling of wild excitement and enthusiasm as if the shells were shrieking at him "Come on, come on, we've got them"; as if some irresistible impulse was urging everything forward, the steel in the air, the man on the ground.

Then on the slope opposite round white balls of smoke sprang up, grew taller, bulged a little, then toppled over and drifted away across and up the hillside on the gentle breeze. Almost before the first smoke shell had changed from a ball to a drifting cloud another and another arrived at the same spot. Soon the ridge opposite was almost blotted out, not by a thick screen but by an ever-changing veil, a tantalizing veil; in one place the smoke drifted till it became but a thin haze, and the outline of the ridge began to appear again; then more shell would arrive and the thin haze became again a woolly billowing cloud, the edges tinted with pink from the early sun.

The War Correspondent was trying to picture the enemy anti-tank gunners peering into this ever-changing veil, now blinded, now almost seeing clearly, now baffled; when his attention was distracted by the roar of engines from behind.

The light tanks of the armoured regiment came over in waves. As they topped the crest they seemed to hang for a moment and then go bucketting and roaring down into the valley. Half way down the slope was a wire fence, and this they seemed to tear up bodily and carry away in shreds without a pause in their career. Close behind them came wave after wave of horsemen, all widely extended and all at full gallop. The pace of this attack was bewildering; one minute tanks and horsemen were crossing the ridge, the next they were disappearing into the drifting smoke on the opposite slope.

"Here come the moppers up," shouted Bonzo.

These latter horsemen were in little groups with machine guns in pack, and here and there a tank to deal with any enemy still holding out. They also disappeared into the smoke, which was now becoming only a haze as the barrage moved up over the ridge. Through this haze the War Correspondent could make out the moppers up, sometimes shepherded by a

friendly tank, chasing fugitives and collecting prisoners, or pressing on over the crest in the direction from which the sounds of the barrage still came. To the right, in front of a group of buildings which lay in a slight hollow, were three derelict tanks from which fumes still poured; whilst from all round came the rattle of musketry and the occasional chatter of a machine gun. Here was evidently a post holding out, and the moppers up were working round it dismounted.

"This is where I come in," said Bonzo. "H.E. 106 all three degrees right of zero," and followed it by more of the strange incantations of his trade.

The War Correspondent was admiring the accuracy with which Bonzo's little howitzers were planting round after round into the buildings, when a quiet voice at his side said, "Well, what do you think of this?"

He turned to see the spare figure of the Cavalry Brigadier beside him. "Yes, here you see the logical development of Klip Drift and El Mughar. Yet it is surprising how long it took us to realize the power of the combination of tanks and horsemen. We tried tanks and infantry; that was no good because of the difference in pace. Then we tried complete armoured brigades and found that their operations degenerated into mere raids; and raids in a country as devoid of night clubs as this are not much use. Now you see the ideal, the horseman and the machine combined in one arm so as to get real co-operation. It is after all only logic!

III

Dusk the same evening found the War Correspondent sitting on the banks of a river, feeling more tired than he ever remembered in his life. He had come fast and far since he had watched the attack of the cavalry division at dawn that morning.

It was a typical Eastern river. The bed was formed by a depression about half a mile wide and thirty feet below the level of the surrounding plain. At this time of year the river flowed in three or four main streams, and many smaller

channels, some quite shallow, some just fordable by a man on a horse.

Immediately below the spot where the War Correspondent was sitting was a long column of cavalry with machine guns in pack fording the stream. The shallowest places were marked with flags, and the column twisted and turned like a long brown snake. But even so he could see that in places the water was half way up the saddles, and that the horses had some difficulty in keeping their feet. On the bank to his left were six-wheelers unloading ammunition, reserve machine guns and wireless sets, which were being loaded on to rafts and poled across the streams to the usual accompaniment of cat calls and witticisms of the British soldier, delighting in a job outside his usual routine.

In rear of the last squadron came Bonzo's battery; the little howitzers almost disappearing completely under the water in the deeper channel, but the teams seeming to find less difficulty than the cavalry horses, possibly because they were held together by the harness.

Bonzo drew out to watch his teams across.

"Hard day on the skins; still they don't look too bad do you think? We are going across now with the mounted regiments to form the bridgehead. It will be at least twenty-four hours before this river is bridged for any of the mechanized stuff. Now you see why we are not mechanized. We are the close support weapon, and it is our boast that we can go anywhere where a man on a horse can get. It is after all only logic."



THE NAPOLEONIC CAVALRY AND ITS LEADERS.

By CAPT. E. W. SHEPPARD, Royal Tank Corps.

PART III.

The Great Light Cavalry Leaders.

As a soldier, though not as a personality, it was the general opinion of contemporaries that of all Napoleon's famous light cavalry leaders Montbrun alone was worthy to stand comparison with Lassalle. A man of the Midi, and four years older than his rival, Louis Pierre Montbrun was one of four brothers, of whom three served in the French cavalry during the Revolutionary Wars. He was of great stature, and herculean strength; he was reported once to have literally cut an adversary in two from head to hips with one blow of his sabre. With thick, curly hair, small pointed moustache, unusually good looking, endowed with intelligence above the ordinary, and a keen student of his profession, he was bound to rise high. He would doubtless have done so more rapidly but for the fact that all the first part of his service was passed in the Army of Germany, which, from its commander Moreau downwards, was staunchly Republican and looked with little favour on Bonaparte's bid for autocracy. It was not till 1806 that the Emperor had the chance of personally appreciating Montbrun's talents, and allowed them a free field. They carried him in seven years to the highest rank open to a cavalry leader, when death cut short a career which, brilliant as it had been, did not yet seem to have attained its zenith.

The young general-to-be enlisted in the 1st Chasseurs in 1789, took four years to rise to non-commissioned rank, and another before he was elected an officer in 1794. Unlike Lassalle and most of his brothers in arms who attained to high command, he passed all his regimental service, eighteen and a

half years, in the one unit in which he had first been enrolled. Richepanse, a general whose early promise and prowess, evinced in particular at Hohenlinden, where he played the principal part in the victory, was cut short by an untimely death from yellow fever while in garrison in the West Indies, early marked down Montbrun as a coming man, and in the course of the campaign of 1796 took him as his aide-de-camp. A few weeks later, after distinguishing himself in a fierce cavalry action at Altendorf, the young man obtained his promotion to lieutenant, and in six months to captain, and acquired for himself a growing reputation for ability and valour. The re-opening of hostilities in 1799 heralded disaster to the French arms, but his own qualities shone out no less vividly in defeat than in victory; he was twice mentioned in despatches, twice wounded in hand to hand fighting, and won his majority on the field. When, with the overthrow of the Directory and the accession to power of Napoleon, the fortunes of war once more underwent a change, he found himself in command of his regiment and in temporary charge of a brigade in observation before the walls of Ulm, and a sortie in force by the garrison was repulsed by him with a skill which proved his possession not only of the more showy qualities of a cavalry officer, but of tactical ability above the ordinary. This brought him to the notice and commended him to the personal friendship of Moreau—a favour which proved rather a hindrance than a help to his future advancement, though his obvious lack of concern with politics and absorption in his profession saved him from the ruin and exile that overtook his chief and so many of his former comrades.

On the opening of the war of the Third Coalition, the 1st Chasseurs, assigned to the light cavalry brigade of Davout's IIIrd Corps, had no active part in the operations leading to Mack's surrender of Ulm, but in the subsequent advance on Vienna it fought a brilliant action at Ried, breaking through a hostile cavalry rearguard and charging into and routing a whole brigade of infantry, and followed up the feat next day by assaulting and dispersing a second brigade at Lembach. "Colonel Montbrun," stated the bulletin which described these



LOUIS PIERRE MONTBRUN

successes "has covered himself with glory." But though he continued so to do in a series of subsequent encounters, he had the ill-fortune to fall foul of the strict and formidable Davout, in consequence of a complaint that he had illegally levied heavy contributions of money from the territory through which he had passed. The marshal sent for him, roundly reprimanded him, and ordered the return of the money, adding tartly "If I had two men of your sort in my army corps, I'd shoot one." It was subsequently stated and conveniently believed that the crime was really the work of a subordinate; but Montbrun had had his lesson and no repetition of it was needed.

After Austerlitz, where he once more showed his qualities as a leader and fighting man, and the subsequent conclusion of peace, our hero was sent in to something not far removed from exile with the Army of Naples; he thus missed the campaign against Prussia, and managed to rejoin the Grand Army only on the Vistula. Here he was given a by no means grateful charge—the command of the Wurtemberger cavalry brigade attached to Jerome's corps operating against the Russian fortresses in Silesia. His new command had little or no discipline; the officers were past masters in the art of requisitioning, the men in that of pillaging; and their knowledge of the duties of security and reconnaissance was rudimentary. Fortunately the resistance encountered was far from formidable, and Montbrun enjoyed a few facile successes before he was recalled to the main army, in time to take part in the final offensive which brought the war to an end at the peace of Tilsit.

A year of garrison duty in Poland and Germany ensued before his next period of active service in Spain and the most famous feat of arms of his career. This was the famous charge of the regiment of Polish Lancers of the Guard, at Somosierra, and curiously enough it was for many years not realized that it was to his leadership that the credit of this brilliant, almost incredible achievement was primarily due.* The spirit of desperate valour which inspired

* The following account of his part in the action rests only on the authority of the picturesque but unvarnished Marbot; but the fact that he was actually in command of the charge is attested by the contemporary Bulletin.

it may no doubt be attributed in part to the fact that at the moment he was under the Emperor's disfavour. A few weeks before he had married a charming young bride, Mlle. Marie Madeleine Morand, with whom he was deeply in love, as was she with him; on his appointment to his new command he had obtained leave to escort her to join her sister at Bayonne. But this lady's arrival was delayed, and Montbrun, delayed also by the necessity of waiting for her, found himself, on reaching the army, now in full campaign in the heart of Spain, in disgrace, and deprived of his command. Nevertheless, he accompanied the advance, hoping for a chance to retrieve his fortunes, and on the failure of the first charge up the pass of Somosierra, was called up to lead a renewed attack. Arranging the regiment by squadrons at full distance so as to prevent the disorder caused by the repulse of one spreading to those in rear, as had occurred in the first attack, he rode at full gallop into the defile, into the converging fire of the defenders deployed on his front and flanks in immensely superior numbers, overran the occupants of the crest of the pass, and sent the whole stampeding in disorder down the farther slope of the range. Even allowing for the indifferent quality of the adversaries, it was an amazingly brilliant exploit, due as much to the headlong leadership of the chief as to the reckless valour of the men who followed him in an apparently desperate mission.

Our hero appears to have accompanied the Emperor in his departure from Spain to join the army mustering for the war against Austria, through which he served once more as commander of Davout's cavalry. The five days' operations, known as the campaign of Eckmühl, gave him the chance once more to display those manœuvring abilities which were the counterpart and completion of those he had so magnificently shown at Somosierra, and entitled him to general recognition as one of the greatest cavalry commanders of his day. It was largely thanks to his *sangfroid* and skill in handling his troops that Davout's Corps, with enemies looming on its flank and rear, managed to make its escape from the precarious position in which it had been left by Berthier's clumsiness at Ratisbon, effect

a junction with the main army, and fulfil successfully the role of a delaying force which fell to it during the next few days, while Napoleon was overwhelming the scattered Austrians in detail further south. Followed an unopposed march to Vienna, after the capture of which Montbrun was sent off south to gain touch with Prince Eugene's army from Italy and harass the retreat of his immediate adversary, the Archduke John. He joined the Prince in time to take a prominent part in the ensuing battle at Raab, driving back the Archduke's left wing in a series of repeated charges; and on the Austrian retirement from the field and across the Danube, was posted to observe the fortress of Comorn, in the course of which duty he was unpleasantly surprised by a sudden enemy attack at early dawn, and all but fell into their hands as a prisoner. He rejoined the Grand Army in time to fight and help to gain the victory of Wagram, and head the subsequent pursuit to Znaim, where the armistice was signed which put an end to hostilities.

In the spring of 1810 there began for British readers the most interesting part of Montbrun's career with his appointment to the command of the reserve cavalry of Massena's Army of Portugal, now about to measure swords with Wellington. In the advance to Torres Vedras he found few chances of gaining further distinction, the mountainous country forbidding any but the occasional use of mounted troops. When the retreat began, he co-operated with Ney and the infantry rearguard, in holding the pursuit at arm's length, being seriously engaged at Pombal and Redinha, and all but cut off and captured in the vicinity of Coimbra; but his opportunity for showing his new adversaries what he was made of came at Fuentes d'Onoro, where he led the furious charges against the British right wing that forced it to fall back in the most perilous manner over a wide stretch of open ground, and, but for the refusal of Bessières, present on the field in charge of a portion of the cavalry of the Guard, to co-operate, might have led to a serious disaster for Wellington. The opportunity was lost; Marmont replaced Massena at the head of the French Army of Portugal, and Montbrun, after fighting a brilliant little action at El Bodon, was sent off with

three divisions to assist Suchet in Aragon. He arrived too late to be of use, took his time about returning, and found on rejoining that in his absence Marmont with his weakened army had been unable to prevent the loss of Ciudad Rodrigo. It was, therefore, somewhat under a cloud that he left Spain to take command of the 2nd Cavalry Corps (one light and two heavy divisions) in the army now concentrating in Poland for the invasion of Russia.

The opening of operations was marked by another untoward incident for Montbrun. Napoleon had ordered him to hurry forward and capture Vilna by a *coup de main*, but Murat, in command of the cavalry, to whom this order had not been communicated, decided, on hearing of it, to undertake the mission himself with another division. Montbrun protested, but was not heeded; "What the hell does it matter," cried his chief, "so long as the job is done?" But it was not done, and the Emperor, riding up to Montbrun, proceeded roundly to abuse him in the presence of Murat, who remained silent as to his own part in the affair. Montbrun tried to exculpate himself. "Silence!" shouted Napoleon, and continued his tirade, until at length our hero, boiling with rage, drew his sword, hurled it into the air, and galloped off, shouting "To the devil with the pack of you!" He was not arrested, nor relieved of his command—perhaps Murat explained the true position in private to the Emperor; but when a few weeks later, just before Borodino, he was killed while reconnoitring the Russian positions, the coldness and brevity of the notice in the bulletin showed that Napoleon had neither forgotten nor forgiven his behaviour. Thus terminated in semi-disgrace the brilliant career of the intrepid Montbrun, one of the ablest and most renowned of the cavalry leaders of the Grand Army, of whom a most competent judge, Marmont, who had seen him at work, declared that he was the equal of Lassalle in achievement, and his superior as regards individual quality. It is no less curious than regrettable that the name of the victor of Somosierra should have lapsed into comparative obscurity, while those of Kellermann, as the hero of Marengo and Quatre Bras, and of Lassalle as the captor of Stettin, should still live in the memory of posterity.

The third and last of Napoleon's great light cavalry commanders had about him nothing of the magnetic individuality of Lassalle, nor can his career exemplify such vicissitudes of fortune as that of Montbrun; yet in the view of the writer, at any rate, his personal character and military record stand out in history above either of the other two, and fully entitle him to a place in their illustrious company. Claude Pierre Pajot, born at Besancon in 1772, of middle-class parents, and intended in early youth for a legal career, was, like so many of his contemporaries, thrown into the army by the whirlwind of the Revolution. He early gave proof of character and patriotism—perhaps also of prudence—by changing his name, which he considered had been dishonoured by an act of treachery on the part of another and unrelated bearer of it, for that of Pajol, under which he figures in history. He served first in an infantry regiment, the 85th, in Custine's army on the Rhine frontier, and in 1794 was attached as aide-de-camp to the staff of Kleber, where the future Marshal Ney was one of his colleagues. At the action of Esneux, in 1794, he took part in his first cavalry charge in which he captured an Austrian standard, was wounded in the left hand, and showed such courage that he was selected at the end of the campaign to present to the National Assembly the trophies taken in the course of it. During the whole of the subsequent operations in Germany he remained at duty with Kleber. Before Limburg in September, 1795, he was again wounded in the left leg and had a horse killed under him, but persisted in continuing at duty till the end of the action—a deed of bravery which gained him a few months later a majority in the 4th Hussars, though he still continued seconded for staff employment. The campaign of 1796, which brought defeat to the French army in Germany, afforded him still further chances of good service; he fought with distinction at Altenkirchen, Uckerath, Lauheim and Friedberg, where for the second time in his career he wrested a colour from the hands of the enemy. A few weeks later a disagreement between Kleber and his chief, Jourdan, led to the former being relieved of his command. Pajol left the army with him, and saw no more active service until

early in 1797 he returned to the Rhine to join his new regiment, the 4th Hussars, then forming part of Ney's light cavalry division, and had opportunities, in the various combats waged during the course of the short campaign of that year, of proving that his reputation for courage and ability was well merited.

The renewal of the war in 1799 found him with his regiment once more on the Rhine. At Ostrach he had his third horse killed beneath him, and got his fourth wound, and won golden opinions from all who had seen him at work. At Stockach by a bold and timely dash at the head of two squadrons, he compelled two enemy battalions to lay down their arms; in a subsequent melee he was cut off, surrounded, dismounted, and called on to surrender, but broke loose, leaped on a riderless horse, and made his escape. The Austrians won the day; the French fell back to cover the defiles through the Black Forest, but the vigorous pursuit of the enemy disorganized their defensive arrangements, and Pajol with his two squadrons found himself isolated at Furtwanger, and encircled by greatly superior hostile forces. He was summoned to surrender, but sent a defiant reply, and falling vigorously on, cut his way victoriously out and got back to his own lines in safety. The French, now under Massena, fell back once more to the line of the Thur, but the passage of the river was forced, and a general combat brought on. Pajol, charging into the heart of the enemy ranks, was thrown to the ground and fell a prisoner into their hands; they stripped him of all his clothing save his shirt, and in this plight he was rescued by a second charge of his men, who greeted his odd appearance with loud laughter and cheers. He was no whit abashed. "I'm going to get my clothes back," he shouted, and led a spirited attack, so vigorous that the Austrian advance was checked, and the French enabled to affect an orderly retirement. But our hero had been badly hurt by his fall, and was compelled to apply for a period of sick leave, from which he was not to return to Germany. While he was convalescing at his home, he was promoted and given command of the 6th Hussars; he proceeded to Italy, where this regiment was serving, to take command of it, but found no

opportunity of signalizing his arrival by any noteworthy deed before being once more despatched to the Rhine theatre of operations in time for the opening of the campaign of 1800. The 6th Hussars were engaged at Hochstadt and Neresheim before their opportunity for fame came at Neuburg, where Pajol at their head, they delivered with unwearied and incessant vigour a series of charges against a greatly superior force of hostile cavalry, and finally drove it in panic rout from the field. This fine feat of arms confirmed Pajol's reputation as one of the best of the younger light cavalry leaders—he was only twenty-eight—and led to his being confirmed in his rank by the new ruler of France.

On the declaration of war against England, the 6th Hussars was allotted to Marmont's corps, encamped at Utrecht, and went through the campaign of 1805 against Austria and Russia as part of the formation. So far as Pajol was concerned the operations were uneventful; following on the conclusion of peace, he and his regiment proceeded to Italy, where he remained throughout the whole of the year 1806, missing the fighting in Prussia, and only arriving in Poland in the spring of 1807.

Here, in command of a brigade in Lassalle's division, he hastened to make up for the time lost in idleness and peace. He co-operated a series of fine charges at Heilsberg to cover the retirement of the leading French troops repulsed from before the formidable Russian works, fought a brilliant little advanced guard action at Wittemberg, and helped to drive the enemy behind the shelter of his works at Königsberg. After the victory of Friedland, at which he was not present, Lassalle's division was called in to join the main army, and Pajol, now at the point of the pursuit, had daily brisk little encounters with the Russians, falling back in disorganized fashion to Tilsit, where the fighting came to an end.

The opening of the war of 1809 found Pajol's brigade forming part of Montbrun's division attached to Davout's corps at Ratisbon. The difficult rôle laid upon that corps, the brilliant manner in which it was fulfilled, and the vital part played by

Montbrun's horsemen in these five critical days of manœuvre and combat about Eckmühl, have been described earlier in this article. Pajol proved himself a worthy subordinate for so famous a chief; his brigade measured itself successfully against the renowned Austrian cavalry at Tengen and at Eckmühl, where he was twice dismounted by enemy fire, and had the final satisfaction of helping to drive his defeated foes into and beyond Ratisbon, so clearing for the Grand Army the road to Vienna, which fell without resistance. The part played by the brigade in the decisive battle of Wagram, and in the pursuit of the vanquished enemy to Znaim was equally brilliant, and it subsequently had the honour of escorting the new Empress Marie Louise over a stretch of her journey from Austria to France. Pajol had completely established his reputation as a cavalry commander and had even won the encomiums of so exacting a judge as Davout, who pressed that he should be raised to the peerage for his services, but without success—the elevation asked for was to come, but not for six years yet.

In the war of 1812 against Russia Pajol was once more in charge of one of the light brigades attached to Davout's corps; he led the advance of that formation when it was sent south to cut off the retreat of the southern enemy army under Bagration, and again, after the failure of that enterprise, in the march on Smolensk, and early in August replaced Sebastiani, who had shown himself unfitted for his post, at the head of the light division of Montbrun's corps. He was at his new chief's side when the latter received his mortal wound at Borodino, and later had himself a narrow escape from a like fate, his horse (the ninth) being killed under him and General Labourie, to whom he was talking, wounded. A few days later he was once more fortunate, being engaged in a hand to hand melee with a strong party of Cossacks, and saved only by the devotion of his escort. Such immunity could not last, and at Mojaïsk, while reconnoitring the position of the Russian rearguard, he was hit by a bullet which broke his right arm, and put him out of action for the remainder of the campaign. Borne in a carriage, he accompanied the army to Moscow, and throughout the whole of the



By kind permission of Berger-Levrault, Paris.

COMTE PAJOL (Claude-Pierre)



disastrous retreat back to the Vistula, subsisting from Smolensk on a sack of grain and the half of an ox, which lasted him as far as to Kowno. He was all but left behind at the passage of the Beresina, his personal equipage, which appears to have consisted of no less than four vehicles and twenty horses, having crossed, intermingled with Victor's artillery, a few minutes before the final destruction of the bridge. The ill effects of his wound still continued; on arrival at Elbing he was attacked by a species of meningitis, which brought him to death's door; he had to be sent to France, and only became fit for service once more in the summer of 1813, when he was appointed to the command of the light cavalry division of the XIVth Corps of the Grand Army, now at grips in the heart of Germany with the combined forces of Prussia, Russia, Austria and Sweden.

He joined the army just after the renewal of hostilities after the armistice of Pleswitz, took his command into battle at Dresden, and played a great part in the success of the day. St. Cyr, his corps commander, another hard taskmaster, thought highly of him, and the Emperor soon showed that he shared this opinion. The enemy renewed his advance on Dresden; Napoleon with the bulk of the army came up, took the offensive, and drove them back. He and Murat, riding forward, found Pajol manœuvring in front of a greatly superior force of hostile cavalry covering the retreat. "Charge! charge!" cried Murat. "Let Pajol alone," said the Emperor, "he's right to be prudent." A few days later, while making a reconnaissance, Napoleon was surprised and all but captured, thanks to the lack of vigilance of some of the Guard cavalry, and in a fury cried, "I have no cavalry generals now—except Pajol; he is the only one who fights and doesn't go to sleep. He guards himself well; he's never surprised." At the end of September Pajol had tangible proof of the sincerity of the Imperial approval in his appointment to the command of the 5th Cavalry Corps—three divisions, one of light cavalry and two of dragoons, and six horse artillery batteries; but his tenure of this important appointment was a brief one, for on October 16th, the first day of the battle of Leipzig, he was desperately hurt by a shell which burst right

under his horse's belly; his left arm was left dangling by a shred of flesh; several ribs were broken, and his face and body covered with wounds, and in this condition he was ridden over by a horde of flying French and pursuing enemy horsemen, and barely escaped being trampled to death. Napoleon met him as he was being carried back to the city. "My dear Pajol," he cried, "I have suffered a loss I can never replace," and passed on saying sadly to his staff: "If he recovers from that, he ought never to die." But recover Pajol did; he refused to have his arm amputated, made his escape from Leipsic in a carriage lent him by Oudinot, and accompanied the army in its retreat to the Rhine, daily regaining his health and strength, escaping without hurt an accident to his vehicle, which might well have shattered the nerve even of a fit man, and also a surprise attack by a band of roving Cossacks. At last he reached Mayence in safety and was sent to convalescence at Besancon, whence the approach of the Allied invasion forced him at the beginning of 1814 to remove to Paris.

Early in February, once more fit for service in the field, he was given command of the troops in the valley of the Seine just above Paris—a division of national guards, a light cavalry division and a battery—about 6,000 foot and 2,000 horse, with headquarters at Montereau. After Napoleon's defeat at La Rothière and his departure northwards to oppose Blucher, Pajol's territory was invaded by the main Allied army under Schwarzenberg, but their advance was slow and timid, and when the Emperor, having defeated his immediate enemies, returned southwards at top speed to deal with this second adversary, the Allies had got no further than Montereau. There they stood to await his attack on the heights on either side of the Seine. Pajol, in the van of the army, drove in their outposts, and the French infantry coming up deployed against the enemy front on the heights north of the river, and thrust it back in disorder down the slope towards the bridge. Pajol saw his chance, and though most of his cavalry had had less than two weeks training and were quite incapable of controlling their horses at any faster pace than a trot, launched them at the heels

of the retreating foe. Completely out of hand and mad with excitement, the whole mass of horsemen plunged down-hill like an avalanche, over the bridge and into the streets, over-turning or riding down everyone and everything they met, and swept the enemy pell-mell out of the town. The infantry, charging in after them, took up the pursuit, and chased the Allies out of sight, and the army rested on the field after its magnificent victory. "Now I am easy in my mind," said the Emperor, "I have just saved Paris. That is Pajol's doing; he is the only general I have left who knows how to lead cavalry." But on the morrow, his old wounds re-opened, the hero of the day had to resign his command. Napoleon took an affectionate farewell of him: "I am satisfied with you," he averred, "and I swear that if all my generals had served me as you have done, no enemy would now be left in France. Go and get yourself cured and then I will give you 10,000 cavalry, so that you can take my good wishes to the King of Bavaria. If anyone had asked me two days ago four million francs for the bridges of Montereau, I would have paid it gladly." Before Pajol had recovered sufficiently to take the field again, however, Paris had fallen, and the war and the Empire were both at an end.

The Bourbon restoration did not involve for him, as for so many of his comrades-in-arms, a temporary break in his active career as a soldier; thanks to the good offices of his friend Oudinot, a *persona grata* with a new *régime*, he was given a command and retained it until the return of the Emperor from Elba, when the remustered Grand Army was again set in motion for Belgium. Pajol, now a Count of the Empire, went with it as commander of the 1st Cavalry Corps, two light cavalry divisions and twelve guns. On June 15th he led the advance of the centre column on Charleroi, but the non-arrival of the supporting infantry corps, delayed owing to faulty staff work and absence of orders, caused a considerable check before the town. Once the passage had been secured, he hurried his cavalry over, pressed on the heels of the retreating Prussians and drove them back as far as their chosen position at Ligny, where on the next day a fierce battle took place. Pajol's corps under Grouchy had

the mission of holding in check the enemy left wing while the decisive blow was delivered against the right; by evening the Prussians were defeated and abandoned the field. Pajol was sent off next morning on their supposed line of retreat eastwards towards Namur, and reported that he had found traces of them in that direction and had captured some belated guns. But Blucher's main body had retired north towards Wavre, so that Grouchy's detachment, of which Pajol's command formed part, was misdirected when it was ordered to move north-east to Gembloux and keep off the beaten army while Napoleon in person dealt with the British.

While on the fateful 18th the Emperor and the Grand Army were fighting in vain their last battle, Waterloo, Grouchy was in action with one of Blucher's corps left behind to cover his rear at Wavre. By nightfall it had been driven from its positions, and by midday on the 19th was in full retreat to the north. But Grouchy's own situation was now perilous in the extreme; news of the lost battle had been received, and no time was to be lost if his own force too were not to be surrounded and destroyed. Pajol carried out a simulated pursuit of the beaten Prussians, while the remainder of the column fell back to Gembloux, where he rejoined it late at night. Next morning, after beating off an attack by the hostile cavalry, he came in the rear of the column to Namur and thence to Dinant and Givet, where the whole arrived intact on the evening of the 21st. Thereafter, by slow degrees, with no incident of moment save one or two brisk little rearguard actions, the remnant of the French army, re-united at Laon, fell back on Paris, where terms were made with the Allies and Napoleon once more surrendered his throne to the Bourbons.

Pajol's career was not yet at an end, although he had to wait fifteen years for his next employment—years which he spent in retirement near Nogent-sur-Seine, interesting himself in the newly invented steamship and in the iron industry, but without much pecuniary profit to himself. On the outbreak of the Revolution in 1830, he went to place his services at the disposal of the next government, saying to them: "Gentlemen, I bring you

my Waterloo cocked hat." He was at once entrusted with the delicate duty of inducing, by a show of force but without violence, the dethroned king, who had assembled his household troops at Rambouillet, to dismiss them and leave the country peacefully. He accomplished it successfully at the cost of but one casualty, by collecting an imposing body of seemingly formidable but militarily worthless militiamen of all kinds, at the head of whom he marched on Rambouillet, and brought about the dispersal of the Loyalists. As a reward he was appointed Governor of Paris, which post he held for twelve years; he proved himself fully capable of coping with the many disturbances that broke out during that troubled time, and in 1840 had the gratification of drawing up the arrangements for the reception of the body of his old master, the Emperor, when it was brought from St. Helena to repose in French soil beneath the dome of the Invalides. In 1842 he retired with the rank of Lieutenant-General, the highest save one in the army, and died two years later at the ripe age of seventy-two.

His record of service was an impressive one. Colonel at the age of 27, general at 34, holding the command of a cavalry corps, the highest appointment open to his arm of the service, at 39, he served under five successive governments, and served each faithfully and with honour. He was seven times wounded in the course of his campaigns; twice he was at the point of death from his injuries; and he had twelve horses killed under him at one time or another. He won open and enthusiastic encomiums from three of the most exacting chiefs in the French army, Davout, St. Cyr and the Emperor himself; and praise from them was praise indeed. Of all the three great leaders of light cavalry whose careers we have just traced, he appears to us to have approached the nearest to the ideal, whether as soldier or as man. It is not good that names and deeds such as his should pass into oblivion; it is a pleasure and privilege to bring them once more, even in a form necessarily brief and ephemeral, to the notice of posterity.

(To be continued.)

HINTS ON PIGSTICKING FOR THE BEGINNER

By the late P. H. PHILLIPS BROCKLEHURST, Royal Scots Greys.

Hunting alone.

(a) *Beaters*, 25 to 30. I choose this number purely from the point of view of the country, and unless you have at least 25 coolies any large thick patch is difficult to compete with, and beating a really thick place backwards and forwards is not a success. With about 25 you can with a good many exceptions compete with your country.

(b) *Shikari*. Of course always get the best you can. Mine had literally never been pigsticking before. It helped considerably my having a camel as he could then manage the line decently (he did not, but then he was a half-wit). Any man who has any guts should manage 30 men perfectly from a camel. You've got to have Chuprassies to get your coolies—they come from the district and have a certain amount of influence; also if your Shikari has to compete by himself he has no time for any thing else. Chuprassies are cheap, 9 Rs. per month being the largest wage of the three I had.

Coolies vary wherever you go, even within five miles there may be a change one way or the other. Mine on the whole knew nothing about it but were very keen and had very hard work.

April (first two weeks) is bad for getting coolies in Moradabad as they are working on the crops. Six annas per diem was the wage I had to pay.

Having got your coolies the next thing is what to do with them. I hold that if you are alone you must do all reconnoitring



LIEUT. P. H. BROCKLEHURST ON "CALVERT"

yourself and your reconnaissance must be *very* thorough. You must know :—

(1) Exactly what jungle you are going to beat. I found sadly that it was quite useless just wandering about with a line as you probably missed all the pig, and even if you did find them you could not compete with them unless the country was very easy.

(2) Which way you are going to beat it.

(3) You cannot decide (2) till you have made up your mind what is the most likely *run* of the pig.

(4) Where you are going to be yourself—with the line—forward, back, to the right or left. This needs a lot of thought and a lot of time in examining your country.

I used to hunt alternate days, the days in between being spent purely in reconnaissance. Mind you, for the first fourteen days in completely strange country it was more of an exception for me to hit on the correct way to beat a place and to place myself in the best place, but still after a bit it came off fairly regularly.

I am sure the success of hunting alone, depends almost entirely on good reconnaissance.

Reasons : (1) If you are hunting in good thick jungle it is very easy to lose your pig, but if you have an idea of the line he is taking you are bound to hit him off again.

(2) If you are competing with a really filthy bit of country and you know that your pig after a certain distance will reach a really impenetrable sanctuary you will go a bit extra and probably kill him. If you do not know this you will probably take him a bit steady by the worst bits, and he will laugh at you and escape. This may not be true in all cases; no two people are alike.

(3) A pig always goes away with some idea in his head. Generally he has some very nice thick sanctuary in his mind, therefore it stands to reason the sooner you get on to him the better.

But very often in beating a very thick large jungle you put up a pig and may hunt him quite brilliantly to the edge of it.

When he comes to the edge and realizes you are still pursuing he will trick you unless you are particularly cute by cutting back again or lying down, which is particularly defeating to the lone hunter. Mind you, he will not stay there, he still has his main object in view; he will take a turn or two and break somewhere else and you may pick him up, but you have lost time and your pig has got his wind again. Therefore if you can make up your mind as to his probable line and hide yourself a bit and let him work his own way out of the really thick bit and then get on to him you probably do better and see more pig.

Syces, or odd coolies, can be used to good purpose as look-outs in various places provided they know what a good boar looks like.

I am not trying to say anything about the actual science of pigsticking but merely trying to underline the parts of that science which are most important to the single pigsticker. Now you have decided on the country you are going to beat and the way you are going to beat it, you have stationed yourself and your Syces in the most likely places and your line has started. Well, I hold that you must have a Syce mounted who has a spare spear with him, with orders to follow you at a trot (anything faster than this probably leads to disaster and is in nine cases out of ten unnecessary) so that if you have the misfortune, or rather bad management, to break a spear he has a reasonable chance of getting there with the spare spear in time for you to take it and finish off a boar.

We will take first the case of a pig breaking over maiden or light country. Hunt him just as fast as the country allows and spear at the very *first* opportunity. Get alongside and go for his heart, but do not try to hold him because even if your spear does get him fatally first go he does not die straight off and as long as he has *any* life he can very often get into your horse with only the one spear in him. Also, if you do not strike a fatal place you are for a very nasty fight as he is particularly difficult to compete with all alive 'o on the end of one spear. Also you inflict just as bad a wound if you can withdraw. Of course there are occasions, as just on the edge of a sanctuary,

where one must try and hold him straight off. Its *jolly* hard work and your horse must be very staunch so that if necessary you can take two hands to the spear, but in this case unless you have got him near the heart or through the neck you are going to be *very very* lucky if he does not cut your horse. With a good boar it always pays to get alongside and get a really good spear as he comes in even if you have got the shortest possible distance to get along side him. Its wonderful what a good horse and determination can do. But with a white-livered jinking pig which always seems to elude you as you come alongside, give him a spear anywhere you can. It makes him think, it hurts him like hell, it makes him angry, and may make him come in, it may steady him up if you are lucky; at any rate it is better than not getting a spear into him at all.



NOTES

His Majesty the King has been pleased to approve of the appointment of His Majesty Haakon VII, King of Norway, K.G., G.C.B., G.C.V.O., as Honorary Colonel of the 108th (Suffolk and Norfolk Yeomanry) Field Brigade, Royal Artillery, Territorial Army.

ALLIANCES.

His Majesty the King has been graciously pleased to approve of the following Alliances:—

1st/21st Light Horse Regiment, Australian Military Forces to the 1st King's Dragoon Guards.

The Mississauga Horse, Non-Permanent Active Militia of Canada, to the 1st King's Dragoon Guards.

Queen Alexandra's (Wellington West Coast) Mounted Rifles, New Zealand Military Forces, to the 14th/20th Hussars.

Australian Army Veterinary Corps to the Royal Army Veterinary Corps.

VOCATIONAL TRAINING.

The Plasterer.

ALTHOUGH the Romans under Julius Cæsar first introduced plastering into this country, the work of the plasterer at the present time is little known to those not directly in touch with building.

Plastering is considered by many to be a rough, dirty job and low in the scale of the building trades, but this is a mistaken idea. Plastering is akin to the fine arts for a skilled plasterer has something of the artist in his soul and with the crude-looking mixtures of sands, limes, plasters, and cements he will turn a rough brick wall into one with a marble-like surface covered with beautifully moulded panels.

To see one of these craftsmen take from his table the creamy wet material and form a beautiful moulding, run straight and true with perfect mitres, or to see him form on his bench some intricate detail, which when fixed, will give refinement to an otherwise flat uninteresting surface, is to see a craft that is one of the most interesting in the building trades.

Years ago plastering usually ran in families—fathers handing on their knowledge and skill to their sons—but nowadays things have changed, and as highly skilled plasterers are scarce there is usually a demand for good craftsmen that cannot be filled in this way.

The plasterer requires to develop handskill in view of the many varieties of material he must handle and the different methods of their application, as a plasterer's work covers such work as floating and setting walls and ceilings, running cornices and mouldings, tiling, cement work, roughcast, ornamental casting and fibrous plasterwork.

You have only to look around the next time you go to a cinema or theatre to see some examples of plasterwork that will make you realize the beauty of the plasterer's art. Practically all the artistic cornices, mouldings and panels that you may see on the walls and ceilings will have been made by plasterers. It is a revelation to many to know that the plasterer does this delightful work in addition to putting the plaster on the bricklayer's walls which comic writers say is to prevent you from looking through them!

It will be of interest to read that in the fourteenth century the plasterer was earning sevenpence per day, and this was considered good pay in those days.

In 1679 Charles II forbade anyone "to carry on simultaneously the trades of mason, bricklayer, plasterer, and to exercise or carry on the art of a plasterer without having been apprenticed seven years to the mystery."

Nowadays the plasterer earns from 10s. to £1 per day, and with the intensive training given on a Vocational Course a man can become skilled in six months, not only in the plain solid plasterwork but also in the fibrous and ornamental cast work.

WORK FOR DISCHARGED SOLDIERS.

During May, 143 soldiers completed courses of instruction at the Army Vocational Training Centres, and 112 obtained immediate employment on leaving the Colours.

These courses, at which soldiers about to leave the Army receive training in civil trades, include more than twenty different occupations, among which are training for oversea settlement, the various building trades (including carpentry, bricklaying, plastering, etc.) and also positions of trust and private service.

WAR MEDALS OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

Errata.

Part I (January, 1930).

Page 98.

The Culloden Medal was only given to members of the Cumberland Society, some of whom were civilians.

Part II (April, 1930).

Page 207, line 11.

The Ribbon of the Victoria Cross was changed from Red for Army and Blue for Navy to Red for all the Services, during the Great War.

Page 207, line 15.

For the word "Lancers" read "Hussars."

Page 207, line 4 from the bottom of the page.

For "one each" read "three to the 2nd Dragoon Guards, viz., Lieutenant Robert Blair, 25th September, 1857, Private (afterwards Corporal) Charles Anderson and Thomas Monaghan, 8th October, 1858."

Page 213, line 3.

For "21st Hussars" read "21st Lancers."

Page 213, line 6.

For "two troopers" read "one trooper, Thomas Byrne." The second mentioned being granted for the Great War, viz., Private Shoeing-smith) Charles Hall, 3rd March, 1916

CAVALRY JOURNAL.

The undermentioned have become subscribers for 1930 :

Lieut.-Colonel Sir Phillip Brocklehurst, Bt., 24th D.Y. Armoured Car Company.

Lieut.-Colonel J. W. Candlish, 12th Manitoba Dragoons.

Major J. S. Morris, British South African Police.

Captain A. F. Tod, Royal Artillery.

Lieut. T. G. Hardy, The Royal Dragoons.

Lieut. E. F. Arnbrecht, U.S.A. Cavalry.



HOME AND DOMINION MAGAZINES

"The Army Quarterly." July, 1930.

This is really a most admirable number of a most admirable publication. The Bertrand Stewart prize essay, the set subject for which was the defence of ports against combined attack, is contributed by Major Denning; he lays great stress on the necessity for giving each of the three services co-operating in the defence a clear-cut rôle, and confirming their efforts by careful co-ordination and control; the principal peril to be feared, he suggests, is that of surprise and the principal hindrance to effective defence the possibility of divergent views among the three services; and if measures can be devised to avoid the one and minimise the other, the problem will be more than half solved. There follows a comprehensive survey of the Territorial Army by Colonel Codrington, with special reference to its problems of recruiting and training. The first part of a translation of General Von Seeckt's essay on modern principles of defence elaborates the author's view that small long-service armies are likely in the future to replace the unwieldy half-trained armed masses by which the Great War was fought. Captain Richards puts in a persuasive plea for the study of economics as a necessary part of an officer's education. General Bird continues his study of British land strategy in the past, this article being concerned with the War of the Austrian Succession, and General Wavell in an entertaining little paper compares two night operations in Palestine—one conducted by General Allenby in 1918, the other by a lesser known commander, Gideon, three thousand years before. Two articles deal with mechanization, the one being concerned with the problem of mechanical vehicles in the desert of Iraq, the other with the possibility of making a map showing suitable and unsuitable

ground for these vehicles. Two accounts from German sources give the picture from their side of the first attack at Cambrai and of the offensive on the Chemin des Dames in May, 1918; there is a fascinating study of the war pictures in the Imperial War Museum, and an Australian view of some recent war novels, while the one or two smaller articles, the editorial notes, and the reviews of recent foreign and British books are well up to the usual high standard. Plenty of good and varied fare here for every reader's palate!

"The Journal of the United Service Institution of India."
July, 1930.

The first part of an article by Lt.-Col. Dickins on "The Army, the Nation and the Machine," is a plea for a better mutual understanding in peace between soldier and civilian, who together will have to prepare for and fight any future war. Major Dening sees in the maintenance of tactical mobility the chief problem of a future battle, to the finding of a solution for which peace-time thought and training should be devoted; and a parallel article by Captain Duveen attempts a formulation of principles of training on lines similar to those of war as laid down in F.S.R. These latter themselves form the subject of an amusing anonymous article "And Then There Were Seven," in which the author devises a new, and to his mind more suitable, set for future use. Major Kirk gives a brief sketch of Lord Wellesley's campaign of 1803 against the Mahrattas; Major Howard discusses in a brief but admirable little paper the type of armoured fighting vehicle most suited to Indian conditions; and three shorter papers on the communications of the Belgian Congo, honorary colours of the Indian forces, and the career of a distinguished Eurasian soldier, Riselder-Major Thomas Harling, complete a number of varied and continued interest.

"The Journal of the Royal Artillery." July, 1930.

This is a somewhat more technical number than usual; the Duncan Gold Medal Essay on radio-telephony between battery and O.P. (contributed by Major Newton), the development of

artillery survey, section command, artillery umpiring, artillery support of piquets in mountain warfare—who is the reviewer that he should praise, or damn with faint praise, the doubtless admirable articles on these to him fathomless matters? Of the items more easily understood of the people, Brigadier Fuller contributes a highly futuristic vision of the development and ultimate—though not immediate—disappearance of warfare and its methods; there is a reprint of some notes on the training of intelligence and powers of observation of artillery personnel which, though compiled by Lt.-Gen. Parsons as long ago as 1902, are still full of value and interest; Lt.-Col. Leslie continues his series on the “Honour” titles of batteries; and three briefer articles on the Board of Ordnance, an incident of the Gallipoli campaign, and show jumping, and a sketch of the life of General Lefroy, fill up the pages of this handsomely produced number.

“The Royal Air Force Quarterly.” June, 1930. 5s.

This beautifully-produced publication has this quarter as its leading features two prize-winning essays, the first by Wing Commander Smythies on the civilizing influence of aircraft and Imperial air communications, which gained the R.M. Groves Memorial Prize; and the second sent in by Wing Commander McClaughry for the Gordon Shephard Memorial Prize on the co-operation of armed and armoured vehicles in the air control of an undeveloped country. Both are of much interest to the general reader, who is also well catered for in such features as the article on the London Naval Treaty, the hints on the use to an officer of skilful writing, the notes on the influence of the weather on history, and the light verse and short story section in general. The more technical items are equally numerous and valuable; test flying, the employment of flying boats, the Calcutta-Singapore air route, television in its relation to future air strategy, engine research, air photography, and the comparative value of single-seater and two-seater fighters, comprise some of the subjects dealt with. This new periodical goes on from strength to strength, and now fills to admiration a very real place in British service literature.

"The Canadian Defence Quarterly." July, 1930.

This number opens with an article by Major Harrison on a remarkable historical parallel—that between the Syracusan expedition undertaken by Athens in 415 B.C. and the Gallipoli expedition in A.D. 1915—and a remarkably close and suggestive parallel it certainly is, and one giving much food for thought. Paymaster Captain Radcliffe continues his description of some naval mutinies of the past and tells the vivid and fascinating story of the outbreaks at Spithead and the Nore in 1797, which for a short space laid England helpless at the feet of enemies happily too short-sighted or unready to seize the golden opportunity. Lt.-Col. Curry enters a bitter but timely protest on the tendency of present day fiction writers to give an utterly false picture of the war in the service of the so-called cause of peace—a fleeting tendency, we believe, and one happily already on the decline. Group Captain Stedman contributes another article of topical interest, admirably illustrated, on the evolution of the rigid airship from the days of Montgolfier's balloon in 1783 to the present. Major Stuart puts in a plea for the more extensive use of the sand table as an aid to the study of the influence of ground on tactics; Inspector Joy of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, describes what he modestly terms an episode in its normal work—an enormous patrol of over 1,700 miles through the northern islands of Canada in the early spring of 1929; and Captain Ritchie in light vein discusses the place of gas in future war. There are several historical and other articles of more domestic interest to Canadian soldiers and a series of bright little reviews of books and journals.

"Journal of the Royal Army Veterinary Corps." August, 1930.

This is the fourth number of this journal, which has apparently not previously been sent to us for review. As is the case with all technical journals, most of it is of necessity *caviare* to the general; such catastrophies as "Tuberculosis in an Elephant" and "Fracture of the Os Pedis" do not occur in our normal sphere of life, while interest in "Pyrexie as a

premonitory system of rabies in horses," or in "Hypodermia Crossi in goats in Baluchistan," is for most of us purely academic. But such matters as the heredity of the mule, the feeding of army horses in war, racing in India, and the experiences of a R.A.V.C. officer in captivity after the fall of Kut come more within our purview, and are well worth reading about; and for the members of the Corps the Corps notes, as well as the remainder of the contents, are bound to be of interest and utility.

E. W. S.

The Editor acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following:—

<i>The Journal of the Royal Army Medical Corps.</i>	June, July, and August, 1930
<i>The Royal Engineers Journal</i>	June, 1930
<i>The Fighting Forces</i>	June, 1930
* <i>The Royal Air Force Quarterly</i>	June, 1930
<i>The Royal Tank Corps Journal</i>	June, July, and August, 1930
<i>The Journal of the Indian Army Service Corps</i>	June, July, and August, 1930
* <i>The Army Quarterly</i>	July, 1930
* <i>The Canadian Defence Quarterly</i>	July, 1930
* <i>The Journal of the United Services of India</i>	July, 1930
<i>The Society for Army Historical Research</i>	July, 1930
* <i>The Journal of the Royal Artillery</i>	July, 1930
* <i>The Journal of the Royal Army Veterinary Corps</i>	July, 1930
<i>The Xth Royal Hussars Magazine</i>	July, 1930
<i>The Yorkshire Hussars Magazine</i>	July, 1930
<i>The Faugh-a-Ballagh</i>	April, 1930
<i>The Wasp</i>	June, 1930
<i>The Cavalry Journal of the U.S.A.</i>	July, 1930
<i>The Ypres Times</i>	July, 1930
<i>The Regimental Magazine of the C.M.R. and C.P.R.C.</i>	January and May, 1930

*Reviewed in this number.

FOREIGN MAGAZINES

WE are so frequently assured by the so-called student of the Great War that the Cavalry arm had little part or lot in any of its major operations, that it is something of a pleasant surprise to discover in many of the issues of the various foreign magazines accounts of the work done in the war by cavalry bodies of different size, and to note the influence which these exerted upon the final issue. In the "*Revue de Cavalerie*" for May-June, 1930, Lieut.-Colonel Pugens begins a very full account of the work of General Abonneau's Cavalry Corps during the operations of the Battle of the Ardennes (21st August, 1914). This paper is provided with a good map, and the situations as they arise are made clear by the insertion of the different orders sent out from the command. "*Tradition et Progrès*" is the title of an article by Commandant d'Amonville, which commences in this number, wherein he reviews all that of late years has been said in favour and in disparagement of the uses of the mounted arm, and he draws upon the history of past wars to show the influence which cavalry has exerted in the past, and may, so he contends, exercise again. Much that we have awakened to of recent years, is, he shows us, anything but new; we are inclined, for example, to regard the dismounted action of cavalry as a comparatively modern idea, whereas more than a century ago the great Napoleon laid down that "*toute la Cavaliere doit savoir manœuvrer à pied comme l'infanterie.*" Of minor episodes of the Great War there is a very fine account in the charge of a French Cavalry squadron of the 12th Chasseurs, commanded by Captain de la Taille, on the 22nd August, 1914, in the neighbourhood of Landres, on

the road from Longwy to Pont à Mousson, upon two enemy squadrons.

The number dated the 15th August of the "Allgemeine Schweizerische Militär Zeitung" contains a good deal of information not easily elsewhere to be found, dealing with the effect of poison gas upon horses in war. The writer, Lieut.-Colonel Benary, starts with the statement that those who deny the utility of the mounted arm in future warfare have declared that it is impossible to protect the horse against the effects of poison gas; but he at once counters this statement by saying that in the late war the losses in horseflesh through gas were infinitely lower than were those caused by firearms. The reports of the German Army Veterinary Department show that between August, 1917, and August, 1918, no more than 322 horses died from gas poisoning, and that statistics prove that the horse was far less susceptible to the influence of gas than was the man or the dog; and this comparative immunity was usually put down to the fact that the horse's head was very much higher above the level of the gas cloud than was that of the man, who usually met the gas while in the kneeling or prone position. There was in the early days of the war no small difficulty in equipping horses with gas masks, and those initially provided were found to be of but small value. The writer sums up his arguments by stating positively that poison gas has little or no effect upon the horse, tear-gas none whatever.

The "Militär-Wochenblatt" for June, July and August contains a considerable number of articles of cavalry interest and value. In the issue dated the 11th June, Conrad Leppa describes how in the action at or near Komarov, fought in 1914, the 5th Don Cossack Division of Cavalry under Major-General Manowski, successfully established itself in the rear of the Austrian forces, capturing a number of guns, rendering others immobile and establishing something of a panic among the infantry. This fell back in great confusion, but without any serious loss, due to the fact that the Russian command failed to take advantage of its opportunities. The writer concludes his account of these operations by quoting the statement of General

Balck that "should a body of cavalry only succeed in establishing itself in the rear of an enemy force, this should not be permitted to effect a retreat without experiencing very heavy losses."

The number for the 4th July contains some remarks as to the governing of the strength of cavalry patrols, whether reconnoitring or contact, having regard, not so much to the losses which may possibly be sustained, as to the diminution in numbers likely to be caused by men detached for taking reports to the rear.

There is something of interest and value in the brief discussion in the issue of the 18th July regarding the manner in which cavalry bodies should withdraw from close contact with an enemy, either when the object of the action has been attained, or when failure, caused by the arrival of enemy reinforcement or other unforeseen events, necessitates the speedy retirement of the cavalry.

In the number dated the 18th August will be found an interesting account, with illustrations, of the new French "Autochenilles de Cavalerie"; these are described as attaining a speed of 45 kilometres an hour on an ordinary road; but the writer in the "Militär-Wochenblatt" finds considerable fault with these cavalry adjuncts, stating that they are bad climbers and can only cross ditches of very moderate width.

"THE CAVALRY JOURNAL" OF THE UNITED STATES CAVALRY

The number for July of this year opens with a very well-reasoned paper by Major Patton on "Motorization and Mechanization in the Cavalry," and to some of us this article will appear to possess a very much saner outlook that is presented by some others written on this subject. Major Patton holds that in the war of the future manœuvre will re-appear, and that the maintenance of the supply needed will demand a maximum of effort. He opportunely reminds the hardened mechanist that there are certain parts of even civilized countries where no machine yet made or dreamed of can to any appreciable degree replace the man on foot or on horseback; and he deprecates the

assigning to mechanically-propelled vehicles powers which they do not possess. The writer does, however, stress the fact that the newer inventions have assisted the cavalry even in the development of a fire effect which it did not formerly possess, while the motorization of cavalry supply trains will have a far-reaching effect upon the mobility of the arm, rendering it infinitely more capable of separate and wholly independent action.

There is an interesting and detailed account of the "Cavalry-Infantry Manœuvres" held this year in Texas; in conjunction with which should be read another paper in the same issue entitled "Armoured cars in the Cavalry Manœuvres." Other short articles combine to make up a very readable and instructive number.



RECENT PUBLICATIONS

"Historical Records of the Middlesex Yeomanry, 1797-1927."

By Charles Stonham and Benson Freeman. Published by the Regimental Committee.

Raised in 1797 as the Uxbridge Yeomanry, the unit whose history is herein so exhaustively set down, claims to be the senior of the Metropolitan Yeomanry formations, and appears in those days to have been intended to form a purely local force, quite distinct from other Yeomanry corps, to be employed in the maintenance of internal order when other units of a similar character should have been withdrawn from their own districts, to meet the French invasion which at that time seemed more than imminent. At the outset, the Uxbridge Yeomanry as raised contained two troops only, and these ceased to exist at the peace of 1801, coming to life again in 1830, and the two troops expanding to four in 1870.

The men composing the corps differed from the Yeomanry of the ordinary agricultural districts, in that they were not apparently of the farmer class, but rather hunting men of the Berkeley Hunt, which in those spacious days hunted the country from London to Bristol.

It was in the South African War of 1899-1902 that the Middlesex Yeomanry, as the corps had now come to be called, had their first experience of active service. When the call for mounted men of any military training became insistent, a third of the Regiment volunteered and these left for the seat of war in two troops. Their experience of war was not fortunate, for both of the units sent out were involved in something which in those days were called "disasters"; but though on each occasion overwhelmed by greatly superior numbers, they put up a very gallant fight and established a standard and a tradition

which were to stand their successors in good stead in the even sterner trials which were ahead of them.

After the Great War broke out the Middlesex Yeomanry were sent to the Near East, in transports which were so greatly overcrowded that a very large proportion of the horses died; and then late in 1915 the Regiment was employed dismounted in the landing at and advance from Sulva Bay, its behaviour winning unstinted praise from Sir Ian Hamilton. After the withdrawal from Gallipoli the Middlesex Yeomanry spent some months in Egypt, and then passed some time in Salonika; but in June, 1917, a return was made to Egypt, and the Regiment had the great good fortune to share in Lord Allenby's successful campaign in Palestine, leading to the capture of Jerusalem, the battle of Megiddo, the pursuit of the Turks and the entry into Damascus.

The whole story of this life of a Yeomanry Regiment is admirably told; it is adequately illustrated and mapped; and is sold at a price which brings it within the reach of the rank and file, who will certainly appreciate this account of the work of their Regiment in peace and war.

"A History of the Queen's Bays." By Frederic Whyte and A. Hilliard Atteridge, from material collected by Major H. W. Hall. (London, Jonathan Cape, 1930.) 35s. net.

A history of this distinguished corps was long overdue, since the only collected account of its services was the small volume in Cannon's unsatisfactory series published some seventy years ago. In 1927, therefore, it was decided, after some discussion, to undertake the task and to narrate the story of its services, not only during the Great War, but for the whole period since it was raised in 1685.

Of the 525 pages of Messrs. Whyte and Atteridge's book, nearly 300 are concerned with the four years of the Great War, leaving only 220 pages for the remaining 230 years or so of the regiment's existence. Similarly, of the 42 excellent sketch maps, all but three relate to 1914-1918. These figures may be contrasted with the three and a-half pages which are held sufficient for the forty years 1818-57.

Personally, I think that more justice would have been done to the services of the Queen's Bays had the pre-1914 period been dealt with in more detail. It is true that the Bays, through no fault of their own, took no active share in the French Wars after 1795, except for a brief appearance before Flushing in 1809. But, for example, the account of the Walcheren expedition as now given contains no details of the regiment's doings and adds nothing to our knowledge of the campaign. Are there no documents in the Public Record Offices, or existing private diaries, which would have helped here? And, to take another instance, there is certainly material for a more detailed account of the Bays' services in the suppression of the Indian Mutiny.

Nevertheless, the present volume is a substantial addition to the long ranks of regimental histories. The narrative of the Queen's Bays actions during the Great War is full and readable, and the sketch maps are, as has been stated, unusually numerous and valuable. The illustrations (of which no less than nine are in colour) are attractive and interesting. The price is not low, but probably no more than covers the cost of production. Some slips might have been avoided by careful proof-reading: e.g., "Bungdon" for "Bungaon" (p. 153), and "Brigadier-Major" (p. 275). In the index I was unable to find such headings as "Horses," "Remounts," "Uniform," "Standards," or "Lancers" (although there are three references to "Hussars"), all of which subjects are, of course, referred to many times in the text.

This book still leaves room for a standard history of the Queen's Bays up to 1900. To compile one, more extensive research would be needed than would appear to have gone to the making of the present history.

"Notes for Officers proceeding to India." Third Edition.
(Published by the Institution of Royal Engineers,
Chatham, 1930.) 3s. 6d., post free.

This is much the best book of its class. The last edition, which was published in 1912, has now been brought completely up-to-date by being largely rewritten. Though compiled with

special reference to the needs of R.E. officers, it has much helpful information which is equally applicable to anyone ordered to India, and which can be found nowhere else.

There are excellent chapters on sport of all kinds by officers with special knowledge. The handbook is unusually free from inaccuracy. The only substantial omission which I noticed is the absence of mention of the United Service Institution of India. The U.S.I., the subscription to which is small, publishes a fairly good quarterly journal and maintains a valuable professional library, books from which are sent to members in any part of India free of all charge, even for postage, a concession which I believe no similar institution can offer.

In short, these "Notes" are an admirable compilation, and their 185 pages are remarkably cheap at 3s. 6d., post free.

H. B.

"Behind the Scenes in Many Wars." By Lieut.-Gen. Sir George Macmunn, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O. (John Murray.) 15s.

This excellent book not only fulfils the promise of its title by giving to the reader the pleasing sense of being let into the family secrets of Whitehall and Simla at critical periods of our military development; it is also a mine of information and sound advice on many aspects of soldiering which do not ordinarily come in the way of the regimental and junior staff officer.

The author, who is one of our greatest experts in administrative staff work, provides us with living illustrations of the working of those principles so easily formulated in our text books, but so difficult to fulfil in practice, the observance or breach of which has such vital effects on the course of an operation of war. And the lesson is all the more convincing because it is here often conveyed seemingly without intention, and merely incidentally in the course of the narrative.

Great wars are happily of rare occurrence in the world's history, and it is common knowledge that the lessons learnt in such are forgotten in the peaceful periods which succeed them. The men too, with the priceless experience of what is wanted, are no longer there. While this is true of every branch of

soldiering, it is especially true of war administration, which is an art impossible of practice in peace time. Any book, therefore, which helps to keep alive in the minds of soldiers the vastness of the maintenance problems which modern war involves is of the greatest value, and deserves the widest study.

We, in the British Army, with our overseas interests and our expeditionary forces are bound to produce the best quartermasters in the world if we are to survive, but it is a gloomy truth that up to date we have always had to learn the business afresh on each occasion.

The author takes us with him through the whole of his career, from the Frontier to the Chinese Border, and back to the Frontier; to the Boer War and to India again; thence to the War Office and the campaigns of the Great War, and finally to India. It is of the Great War and after that he treats most seriously, and this is, as he says, the important part of the book. But the whole narrative is rich in amusing incident and anecdote, and we hope that one day he will go more fully, as he assures us he would like to, into the details of his earlier and less serious soldiering life.

"Thoughts of a Soldier." By General Von Seeckt. With Introduction by Sir Ian Hamilton. (Benn). 8s. 6d.

General Von Seeckt's book has been much trumpeted in the Press and its translation has been eagerly awaited. The writer had a magnificent record both in the Great War, in which he served as Chief of Staff on four fronts and came into contact with all the four armies of the Central Powers, as well as in the post-war period, when he re-modelled the new German army, tided it over the difficult revolutionary period, and fashioned it into the first class pocket army which it is to-day. All this would lead us to expect something outstanding from his pen, and the publishers assure us that "the volume will at once take its place in the front rank of military text-books."

Well, here the volume is, and it appears to us a disappointing one. Possibly this impression is in part due to the fact

that 8s. 6d. seems, in these days of tight money, a high price to pay for under 170 large-type pages; but it must also be confessed that the General's manner is not of the clearest, and his matter seems to us neither particularly new nor particularly true. It is only fair to remember the circumstances under which he writes. The new German army is bound under the limitations of the Versailles Treaty to be a small highly professional force; the General therefore conveniently considers that the day of the huge conscript army is over, and that the future lies with small highly professional forces. What else could he think?—or at all events say? History however goes to show that Germany's victories have usually been won by superior numbers rather than by outstanding military qualities; and the compulsory abolition of her great conscript army has in fact knocked her chief military weapon out of her hand. Sir Ian Hamilton considers that in so doing we have rendered inevitable the emergence from German brains of some military surprise—in fact, that we are “asking for it.” It may be so; but as far as the new German army is concerned, it is not to be considered as even approximating in military value to its only true counterpart, our own, nor is it fit to take the field against a modernized conscript army such as the French. If this be doubted, we would refer the doubter to the General's chapter on “Cavalry”—which might have been written in 1898. It is, no doubt, partly to encourage the new German cavalry, which, again by compulsion, makes up close on a third of the whole army, that he affirms that “its lances may still flaunt their pennants with confidence in the winds of the future;” but such a view seems entirely divorced from the realities, not merely of the Great War, but of the South African and Russo-Japanese Wars, so much so that even Sir Ian Hamilton is moved to enter a *caveat*. It is, of course, always useful to know what a past and possible future enemy is thinking; but the old maxim *fas est ab hoste doceri* is, if we may judge from this book, of more immediate interest to the Germans than to ourselves, for they have little to teach us and much to learn from us.

"Domination; Some Napoleonic Episodes." By Marjorie Johnston. (Murray). 12s.

The publishers inform us that this is a view of the Napoleonic era "from the angle of 18, written with all youth's vigour and love of colour and the picturesque, with the skill and knowledge of far maturer years." The epoch seems to have a fascination for very young lady writers, and to the faults of such it is both courteous and kindly to be a little blind. But it is to be wished that some friend of maturer years could be found to correct the manifold errors of detail that fill their pages. Miss Johnston, to take a few instances, makes Villeneuve command the French fleet at Aboukir, and "Bruyères" (sic) his second in command. She makes David paint Lafayette going to his execution during the Terror, whereas he lived until 1834 and died in his bed. She talks of the Archduke Charles as being present at Ulm, whereas he was at the moment in Italy, beating Massena at Caldiero, which Miss Johnston thinks was a French victory. Dupont in her pages, surrenders to the English at Baylen. She appears to believe, erroneously, that Lannes commanded the Young Guard in 1809. She makes the Allies invade France immediately after the Russian disaster and before the campaign of 1813. She mis-states the dates of the Battle of Leipsic and also that of Waterloo (but the reviewer once did that himself). She kills more men at Waterloo than were present on the battlefield. These are unhappy blemishes on an earnest and attractive piece of work, too verbose and too full of pseudo-psychology and pseudo-philosophy, but vivid, thoughtful and knowledgeable. But Miss Johnston must have her next proofs more carefully read by someone—even if it has to be the present reviewer.

"Towards Disaster." By H.R.H. Prince Andrew of Greece. (Murray). 15s.

The author of this book, a younger brother of King Constantine, commanded first the XIIth Greek division then the IIth Greek Corps during their unfortunate operations in 1921 in Asia Minor against the Turks. He was not, however, present at the final disaster in 1922, having handed over com-

mand a year previously; but he was none the less, on the fall of Constantine, brought to trial for desertion of his post before the enemy and disobedience of orders, sentenced to be shot, and saved only by immediate and potent British intervention. This volume is an ably written and completely successful vindication not only of the Prince's honour but also of his capacity and foresight as a soldier, and indeed his accusation, trial, and sentence were too obviously political moves in a corrupt and scandalous *coup d'etat* for impartial opinion to attribute to the proceedings any judicial validity. But apart from this purely personal interest, the book is a vivid and all too clearly accurate story of the misguided and luckless operations, which, after an easy success over the half-formed Turkish levies at Kutahia, led the Greeks on a rash raid to Angora into the heart of Anatolia. There followed a check on the Sakharia and a precipitate and demoralizing retirement, which destroyed the spirit of officers and men, already sapped by political dissension, wrecked their confidence in an obviously incompetent high command, and left the Greek army unable to win or end the war, an easy prey to an enemy growing daily in numbers and efficiency as its own declined. Prince Andrew's comments on the vacillation and folly of the high command, the evil influence of politics on the operations, and his own difficult position under the adverse circumstances then prevalent, are severe but all too well justified. Equally clearly stand out his love and administration for the Greek soldier and for Greece, whose sacrifices in Asia Minor during this sad period will, he avers, yet bear future glorious fruit.

"Timothy Lynch, The Blue Dragoon." By E. Parry, D.C.M. (Stockwell.) 6s.

This is a humorous tale—or rather series of tales—of Army life, written by one who, having served in the ranks, obviously speaks from experience. The principal characters, the hero himself, Sergeant McCann, Trooper Racker, and others, are all Irishmen, with a full share of the national gaiety, love of a horse, a girl, and a drink, and more than a fair share of superstition,

if we may judge from the fact that two of the tales are ghost stories with a naturalistic explanation. These are lively and attractive figures, in the natural descent from Charles O'Malley and Private Mulvaney; and even if Mr. Parry himself can hardly lay claim to the mantle of a Lever or a Kipling, his little volume, with which a cheerful hour or two may be well passed, is at any rate a relief from—and quite as true to fact as—the sombre series of tales of Army life, of which the Great War has produced so fertile a crop in the last few months.

“A Study of the Strategy and Tactics of the Shenandoah Valley Campaign, 1861-62.” By Lieut.-Col. A. Kearsey. (Gale and Polden.) 3s.

To those of us whose memories of Army examinations goes back to pre war-days, it is quite refreshing to see our old friend the Shenandoah Valley Campaign once more coming up for study. If it sends the younger generation back to Henderson and his “Stonewall Jackson” it will at least have served one useful purpose, even though the figure of his hero no longer looms so large on the canvas of the war as it did then, and the Valley Campaign itself is seen to be little more than an episode in the great drama of the American Civil War. This little pamphlet is a useful, if not in all things entirely reliable, introduction to a more extensive study of the operations, and as such can be recommended; its make-up and contents follow the same lines as the author's former books—a summary of the story, a diary of events, and notes on the principles of war and the battles of the campaign—among which First Bull Run rather unaccountably appears.

E. W. S.

“Horse Lovers.” By Lieut.-Col. Geoffrey Brooke. (Constable & Co.) 7s. 6d. net.

No apology is needed in drawing the attention of CAVALRY JOURNAL readers again to “Horse Lovers,” which was reviewed in the January, 1928, issue of this Journal. The book, originally published in 1927, has now been three times reprinted. It has been a great success and we congratulate the author. Almost

every page contains useful lessons, often suitably disguised, on horsemanship and horsemastership. Col. Brooke has created a charming heroine, a dashing hero and a gallant horse "Crusader" and in Sir Joseph Potts we see the reincarnation of that famous sportsman—Jarrocks.

Those who have not read "Horse Lovers" should do so now.
O. J. F. F.

The following have also been received and will be reviewed in the next issue of the JOURNAL :—

"At the Sign of the Dog and Gun." By Patrick R. Chalmers; Embellished by V. R. Balfour Brown. (Philip Allan.) 12s. 6d.

"A Summer on the Test." By The Right Honourable John Waller Hills, M.P.; with Twelve Embellishments by Norman Wilkinson. (Philip Allan.) 15s.

"The Great War, 1914-1918." By Major-General Sir George Aston, K.C.B. (Thornton Butterworth.) 2s. 6d.

"The Kitchener Armies." By V. W. Germain. (Peter Davies.) 7s. 6d.

"Imperial Military Geography." By Captain D. H. Cole, M.B.E. (Sifton Praed.) "6th Edition." Post free, 10s. 6d.

"The White Army." By General A. Denikine. (Jonathan Cape.) 15s.

"Memoirs of an Infantry Officer." By S. Sassoon. (Faber & Faber.) 7s. 6d.



REGIMENTAL ITEMS OF INTEREST

3RD HUSSARS (LUCKNOW)

BOXING.

THE MEERUT-LUCKNOW DISTRICTS BOXING TOURNAMENT.

Held at Ranikhet, 3rd July, 1930.

TEAM BOXING.

Twelve teams entered :—

Highland Light Infantry.	1st Bn. The Buffs.
1st Bn. Dorsets.	16th Field Bde. R.A.
1st Bn. Black Watch.	3rd Hussars.
24th Field Bde. R.A.	4th Hussars.
2nd Bn. Seaforths	28th Field Bde. R.A.
1st Bn. K.R.R.C.	Royal Irish Fusiliers.

The Regiment were beaten in the first round by the 4th Hussars, after an extra fight.

DETAILS :

FIRST NIGHT'S BOXING.

Bantam Weight.—Tpr. O'Malley lost to Bds. Munns (4th Hussars).

Feather Weight.—Sgt. McCoy lost to L/Cpl. Jones (4th Hussars).

Light Weight.—L/Cpl. Sadler beat Tpr. Killan (4th Hussars) (K.O.).

Welter Weight.—Tpr. Cohen beat Cpl. Butlin (4th Hussars) (K.O.).

Welter Weight (2nd).—Tpr. Ryan lost to Tpr. Duffin (4th Hussars).

Middle Weight.—Tpr. Fitzgerald lost to Tpr. Hough (4th Hussars).

Light Heavy Weight.—Tpr. Threlfall beat Tpr. Hobby (4th Hussars).

Heavy Weight.—Tpr. Newman beat Cpl. Webb (4th Hussars) (K.O.).

Extra Light Weight.—Tpr. Robson lost to Tpr. Timpson (4th Hussars).

*Result :—*3rd Hussars 13 points.

4th Hussars 14 points.

The Team Competition was eventually won by the Royal Irish Fusiliers.

INDIVIDUAL COMPETITION.

Fly Weight.—Tpr. Simpson lost to Pte. Mangleshot in the semi-finals. Pte. Mangleshot eventually won this weight.

Light Heavy Weight.—Tpr. Threlfall lost to Bdr. McDonald (who is champion at his weight in India) in the final on points. A very good fight, McDonald's experience standing him in good stead.

Heavy Weight.—Tpr. Newman lost to Pte. McKenzie in the semi-final. Pte. McKenzie eventually won this weight.

DULIKHET NOVICES BOXING TOURNAMENT.

The Hill Detachment would have had eight entries in this Tournament, but unfortunately Tpr. Roe cut his hand, and Tpr. Sarbutts was prevented by the doctor from fighting owing to a damaged nose, sustained in sparring.

Tpr. Gilpin had a great fight to get into the Feathers' finals, but then was only beaten on points by Tpr. Bielby, who fought with more experience.

In the Middles, Tpr. Abrahams suffered severely from a very straight left produced by Tpr. Oliver. The latter only just lost the semi-final on points, after an excellent display. He thoroughly deserved his "Best Loser" Cup.

Tpr. Threlfall had little difficulty in knocking out his solitary opponent in the Light-Heavy competition.

RESULTS :

<i>Feather.</i>					
Tpr. Tippings (4th Hussars)	} Tippings	} Gilpin	} Tpr. Bielby (3rd Hussars)		
Gnr. Goggins (28th Bde. R.A.)					
Tpr. Gilpin (3rd Hussars)	} Bye	} Bielby			
L/Cpl. Hill (4th Hussars)					
Tpr. Bielby (3rd Hussars)					
<i>Light.</i>					
Tpr. Cussack (4th Hussars)	} Cussack	} Gnr. Cussack 28th Bde. R.A.			
Gnr. Haslewood (28th Bde. R.A.)					
Gnr. Green (28th Bde. R.A.)					
<i>Welter.</i>					
Gnr. Parkins (28th Bde. R.A.)	} Wilson	} Tpr. Summerfield 4th Hussars)			
Tpr. Wilson (4th Hussars)					
Tpr. Hooper (3rd Hussars)	} Summerfield				
Tpr. Summerfield (4th Hussars)					
<i>Middle.</i>					
Tpr. Abrahams (3rd Hussars)	} Oliver	} Buffin	} Tpr. Stevens (4th Hussars)		
Tpr. Oliver (3rd Hussars)					
Tpr. Buffin (4th Hussars)	} Bye	} Stevens			
L/Bdr. Cato (28th Bde. R.A.)					
Tpr. Stevens (4th Hussars)					
<i>Light Heavy.</i>					
Tpr. Threlfall (3rd Hussars)			} Tpr. Threlfall (3rd Hussars)		
Gnr. Allen (28th Bde. R.A.)					

There were four open competitions at the meeting—Welter, Middle, Light and Feather Weights—but having very few of our Boxers with the Hill Detachment, we had only one entry, namely, Tpr. Jeffcoates, in the Middle Weights.

He was a little unlucky in losing the final on points, having had it all his own way in the first two rounds. His peculiar crouch makes him a difficult man for his opponent to score points.

Sgt. Daley fought a gallant losing fight in the Special Contest against Tpr. Timpson (4th Hussars), who was a bit stronger and heavier.

INTER-SQUADRON NOVICE BOXING TOURNAMENT.

Held at Lucknow, August, 1930.

The first round of the Inter-Squadron Boxing Tournament took place on Thursday, 21st August. The result was as follows :—

A " Squadron (Major Clarke)	}	" B " Squadron	}	" M.G." Squadron
<i>versus</i>		14 points to 13		
" B " Squadron (Capt. Eliot)	}	" M.G." Squadron		
Headquarters		16 points to 11		15 points to 12
<i>versus</i>				
" M.G." Squadron (Major Sanford)				

DETAILS :

" A " Squadron v. " B " Squadron.

Bantam Weight.—Tpr. Goodman (" A ") lost to Tpr. Husbands (" B ").

Rather a slap-dash affair with Husbands holding the advantage throughout. Stopped in the third round.

Feather Weight.—Tpr. Stannard (" A ") lost to Tpr. Hobbs (" B ").

Stannard opened confidentially, but Hobbs took command during the second round and won comfortably.

Light Weight.—Tpr. Jones (" A ") lost to Tpr. Leek (" B ").

Jones possesses a right that makes Phil Scott look ordinary, but it never connected property, and it is as well, as we would have been robbed of a most amusing bout. A very close fight which Leek won.

Light Weight.—Tpr. Guest (" A ") lost to Tpr. Starling (" B ").

A good bout in which some clean, hard punches were exchanged. Starling, however, was always superior.

Light Weight.—Tpr. Worsley (" A ") beat Tpr. Uden (" B ").

Not much between them. Both scored frequently, but Worsley won the third round and gained the verdict.

Welter Weight.—Tpr. Hannon (" A ") lost to Tpr. Amys (" B ").

Amys scored freely with his left, Hannon hardly making any effort to counter it. Amys won easily.

Welter Weight.—Tpr. Cox (" A ") beat Tpr. Lewis (" B ").

There was hardly a good punch delivered until early in the second round, Lewis being the unlucky recipient. He took the full count.

Welter Weight.—Tpr. 'lay (" A ") beat Tpr. Rose (" B ").

A very one-sided affair, Rose making little effort to deliver a punch but contenting himself with defence. He was not successful, however, and was knocked out in the second round.

Middle Weight.—Tpr. Wiltshire (" A ") beat Tpr. Buck (" B ").

Both started at a hurricane pace, but Buck hit the boards nearly as often as he hit his opponent. He took the full count in the first round.

" B " Squadron won 5 fights to " A " Squadron's 4, and on the basis of points 2 for a win and 1 for a loss, the scores were 14-13.

" M.G." Squadron v. " H.Q." Wing.

Bantam Weight.—Tpr. Jones (59) (" M.G.") beat Tpr. Russell (" H.Q. ").

A give-and-take affair with Jones a decided winner.

Feather Weight.—Tpr. Grant (" M.G.") beat Tpr. Ingleson (" H.Q. ").

Ingleson provided the diversion of the evening. He was cautioned frequently for holding, and was never himself again. Grant won.

Light Weight.—Tpr. Wakefield (" M.G.") beat Tpr. George (" H.Q. ").

Wakefield was too strong for his opponent, and held the lead throughout.

Light Weight.—Tpr. Hall ("M.G.") beat Tpr. May ("H.Q.").

This bout started at a furious pace but it was too good to last, May taking the count in the first round.

Light Weight.—L/Cpl. Stigant ("M.G.") beat Tpr. McEvoy ("H.Q.").

Another spirited affair with McEvoy frequently in trouble, being saved by the gong in the first round. He fought back pluckily but Stigant covered up well, and preserved his early lead. The loser deserves all praise for the way he fought after the severe hammering he received in the first round.

Welter Weight.—Tpr. Watkins ("M.G.") lost to L/Cpl. Waller ("H.Q.").

Walters put Waller down in the first round, but he recovered. Waller returned the compliment in the second round and finished the fight.

Welter Weight.—Tpr. Hoiles ("M.G.") beat Tpr. Cook ("H.Q.").

A very short bout, Cook being knocked out in the first round.

Welter Weight.—Tpr. Jones ("M.G.") lost to L/Cpl. Charles ("H.Q.").

A good bout. Evenly matched, but Charles used a useful left to good advantage and won on points.

Middle Weight.—Tpr. Gant ("M.G.") beat Tpr. Shorter ("H.Q.").

Shorter fought pluckily, but was unable to cope with Gant's whirlwind methods, and was knocked out in the second round.

Result :—"M.G." Squadron, 16 points.

"H.Q." Wing, 11 points.

FINAL :

"M.G." Squadron v. "B" Squadron.

Bantam Weight.—Tpr. Jones ("M.G.") lost to Tpr. Husbands ("B").

A very good bout. In the first round both delivered several good blows, with neither gaining the advantage. In the second round Husbands took the lead and enhanced it in the third round. Both are to be complimented on a very fine display.

Feather Weight.—Tpr. Grant ("M.G.") beat Tpr. Hobbs ("B").

Both opened carefully. Hobbs then forced his opponent to cover up, but the latter fought back, and several good punches were exchanged. In the second round honours were easy, and in the third round there was a lot of clinching, but both were scoring; Grant, however, was scoring more often, and gained the verdict. On the whole a very good fight, Grant's style winning general approval.

Light Weight.—Tpr. Wakefield ("M.G.") beat Tpr. Leek ("B").

The first round was very even, but Wakefield took the lead in the second round, Leek apparently tiring. Both fought well to the finish, but Wakefield preserved his lead.

Light Weight.—Tpr. Hall ("M.G.") lost to Tpr. Starling ("B").

Hall rained blow after blow from the start, but Starling steadied him with a right towards the end of the first round. In the second round Starling showed up better, his blows being more telling than Hall's, but neither could do much as they were inclined to clinch. The third round was very even, both men taking considerable punishment. Starling won a very close fight.

Light Weight.—Tpr. Wilson ("M.G.") beat Tpr. Uden ("B").

The first round was evenly contested, but in the second Wilson forced the pace and caused Uden to cover up frequently. Wilson continued to force the fight in the third round, and won comfortably.

Welter Weight.—Tpr. Watkins ("M.G.") lost to Tpr. Amys ("B").

Both delivered blows of the sledge-hammer type, and continued this wild

hitting throughout. Amys was given the verdict, but his margin must have been very small.

Welter Weight.—Tpr. Hoiles ("M.G.") beat Tpr. Lewis ("B").

This was soon over, for after some sharp exchanges Lewis was floored and remained down.

Welter Weight.—Tpr. Jones ("M.G.") beat Tpr. Rose ("B").

Rose was in trouble from the start, and received an early knock-out.

Middle Weight.—Tpr. Gant ("M.G.") beat Tpr. Buck ("B").

Both delivered some good blows, and Buck showed up well. The tables were quickly turned, however, and Buck was twice floored, taking the final count in the second round.

Result :—' M.G.' Squadron, 15 points.

B " Squadron, 12 points.

SPECIAL CONTESTS.

L/Cpl. Sadler (3rd Hussars) beat Gnr. Richardson (22nd Bty. R.A.).

Richardson attacked and forced Sadler to cover up. Sadler then took the initiative and landed some telling punches, not, however, without reply. Then Sadler, with a beautiful right to the chin, floored Richardson for the full count.

Tpr. Ryan (3rd Hussars) beat Pte. Longstaffe (East Yorks Regt.).

This fight went the full distance with varying fortunes. First Longstaffe looked like a winner, but Ryan would dispell this impression, and so on throughout the fight, which Ryan won on points.

The first round was a good one. Ryan was at once aggressive and Longstaffe was floored, but recovered quickly. Both delivered some beautiful punches. The second round was even better than the first; Longstaffe was now the aggressor, and one felt that each might floor the other. A furious pace was kept up, but towards the end both slackened and seemed to tire, though Longstaffe looked the fresher.

After a breather the same furious pace of the first and second rounds was continued, and exchanges were very even. Towards the close both weakened, but Ryan continued to score to the end, and gained the verdict by what must have been a narrow margin.

Tpr. O'Malley (3rd Hussars) beat L/Cpl. Rutherford (East Yorks Regt.).

The fight opened with some quick exchanges, and then Rutherford took the count with a blow to the solar plexus.

Tpr. Walters (3rd Hussars) beat L/Bdr. Druitt (22nd Bty. R.A.).

Two clever boxers. Druitt gained a slight advantage in the first and second rounds. Walters, however, showed up better in the third and fourth rounds, and gained the verdict.

Tpr. Fitzgerald (3rd Hussars) lost to L/Bdr. Harvey (24th Bde. R.A.).

In the first round both got home some good punches, and Fitzgerald gained a slight advantage.

In the second round Fitzgerald was floored twice, but recovered quickly and continued to land some beautiful punches. He was fighting with great pluck.

Fitzgerald scored frequently with lefts but Harvey's experience was beginning to tell, and he dropped Fitzgerald with a lovely uppercut. No one expected Fitzgerald to rise this time, but he did, and though floored subsequently he always returned for more, and fought gamely to the end. His left was an object lesson, and if he had continued to use his left the decision might possibly have been

reversed, but Harvey's experience stood him in good stead and he gained the verdict on points. This was the best fight of the evening, and Fitzgerald gave a magnificent exhibition of pluck.

Tpr. Newman (3rd Hussars) beat Gnr. Huntley (70th Bty. R.A.).

These men were well matched, but what might have proved to be a good fight was marred by clinching. In the early rounds Newman got home some good punches which shook Huntley.

In the third round both scored frequently, Huntley showing up well in defence. In the fourth round Newman carried the fight to his opponent, and won on points.

Tpr. Cohen (3rd Hussars) beat L/Bdr. Thomas (22nd Bty. R.A.).

Thomas fought as a substitute for W. Wragg (E.I.R.). The first round went to Cohen, but Thomas fought back well in the next two rounds. They fought to a standstill in the fourth round, Cohen winning the contest.

FOOTBALL.

The Regiment entered all four Squadrons in the Gwynne Cup Competition, which was run by the Lucknow Sports Association, and "H.Q." Wing subsequently reached the final, in which they were opposed by "B" Coy., East Yorkshire Regiment.

The final produced a hard game, and was singularly free from fouls, each side striving their utmost but being unable to claim any material advantage. "H.Q." scored in the last few minutes of the game, but this point was disallowed by the referee for offside, a decision which was hotly contested.

Extra time was played but neither team could score.

In the replay "H.Q." took the lead after about twenty minutes' play, and at half-time were leading 1-0. This lead they retained until some twenty minutes or so from the end, when a drastic change came over the game. Within a few minutes the Inside Right, Outside Right and Right Half were all passengers through injuries, and the inevitable happened—"B" Coy. equalising and taking the lead with only a few minutes to go. Badly handicapped as they were, "H.Q." still fought on well until the final whistle sounded with the score at 2-1 in our opponents' favour.

The progress of "H.Q." Wing to the final was as follows:—

First Round	v.	E.I. Rly. "B" Team	2-1
Second Round	v.	"B" Squadron	2-1
Semi-final	v.	Attached Section	1-0
Final	v.	"B" Coy., East Yorks	Draw
Replay	v.	"B" Coy., East Yorks	1-2

GENERAL.

Football, Hockey and Cricket have been continued throughout the hot weather evenings, both within the Regiment and in friendly games with outside teams.



SPORTING NEWS—INDIA

DELHI HUNT

SEASON 1929-30

President : H.E. The Viceroy.

Master and Huntsman : Major A. V. T. Wakely, M.C., R.E.

1st Whip : J. Steuart Gratton, Esq.

2nd Whip : Major L. G. Phillips, M.C., Royal Signals.

3rd Whip : Major P. Grey, M.B.E., I.A.S.C.

Hon. Secretary : Major G. S. Brunskill, M.C., K.S.L.I.

Joint Hon. Secretary and Field Master :

Major-General the Hon. Sir T. H. Symons, K.B.E., C.S.I., K.H.S.

Executive Committee :

The Hon. Sir L. Graham, K.C.I.E. (*Chairman*).

General Sir Philip Chetwode, Bt., G.C.B., K.C.M.G., D.S.O., A.D.C.

T. E. T. Upton, Esq.

Lieutenant-Colonel R. S. Scott.

Major H. Wilberforce-Bell.

J. Steuart Gratton, Esq.

Kennelman : Private A. T. Thomson, 1st Battalion The Gordon Highlanders.

MASTER'S REPORT FOR SEASON 1929-30

HOT WEATHER SEASON.

The plan decided upon last year of bringing hounds to Simla for the hot weather has been very satisfactory.

Eighteen-and-half couples of hounds were brought up to Simla in April, 1929.

While in Simla we received great assistance from Lieut.-Colonel Mellor and Mr. Stansfield of the Annandale Club. Hounds summered well in Simla, and were very fit when they came down, but $3\frac{1}{2}$ couple, mostly old hounds, died of enteritis. Fifteen couple, therefore, arrived in Delhi on 14th October, 1929.

BREEDING.

Last season your Committee decided to breed puppies to provide drafts for the pack. We therefore bred 13 couple of puppies in Simla. Very great trouble was taken with these, and all did well until they joined the pack in Delhi. Lady Hadow, Mrs. Armitage and Mr. Bwyte took charge of the litters until they were weaned, and took an enormous amount of trouble. The puppies were walked in Simla by Lady Hadow, Mr. Bwyte, Mr. Wise, Mrs. Gladding, Mrs. Laughton and Mrs. Lloyd. A month after arrival in Delhi, however, we

to express my thanks to Sir Geoffrey Salmond, Flight-Lieut. Harris and Flight-Lieut. Pickard in this connection. Flight-Lieut. Pickard has always been most ready to take me up whenever I asked for an aeroplane.

The ground reconnaissance, which is absolutely essential for locating jack earths, has been most interesting, meaning as it does quite a good gallop over country in the early morning on non-hunting days. I have received great assistance from Gurry, Mrs. Wakely's fox terrier, who has not only found jack earths for us, but has also shown me the lines which jack run in the new country. Quite a few good hunts that hounds had have been due to him, because at the opening of the hunt I have known exactly where to cast hounds, having previously run the jack with Gurry.

METHOD OF HUNTING THE COUNTRY.

The artificial conditions which are imposed upon hunting in Delhi necessitate quite different methods of hunting than would obtain at home by reason of the fact that everybody has to get back early to office. To find first thing in the morning is essential. Further, scent generally disappears at about half past eight, and if nothing is found before that a bad day is the result.

I would like members to know exactly the methods which we employ in our attempts to achieve the desired result. No bagged jack are ever used with the Delhi Hunt. No drag is ever run with the Delhi Hunt unless the fact is advertised on the fixture card. The only occasion this season on which a drag has been used was at the children's meet, when it was completely spoiled by a real jack jumping up in the middle of it. What is done, however, is to stop the jack earths very carefully the night before the meet. They must be stopped after 8 p.m. when the jack are out searching for food. We also bait with meat the coverts which we expect to draw. The meat is put down generally about two days before hounds are due to visit the covert, and the result is to attract jack to the neighbourhood so that they can be quickly found in the morning. It is of the utmost importance to stop the earths. There are a very large number of jack earths in the Delhi country, and unless they are stopped we would seldom get a run at all, as the jack would at once go to ground.

We have killed 19 brace of jack and marked 20 brace to ground this season. In a very large number of cases the hunted jack has actually run over stopped earths, and the places where jack have got to ground are always noted down carefully for stopping the next time hounds go to that locality.

I would like to express my thanks to my first whip, Mr. Steuart Gratton, for his great assistance in the management of the country. He has been out practically every morning on non-hunting days and most nights, and the success of the earth stopping is very largely due to his extraordinary energy and very hard work.

Before leaving the question of the country, I think that next season we should try and get in touch more with the farmers who are really very good about letting us ride over their crops. Something in the way of a farmers' dinner might be organized.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

Kennel management has improved a lot this season under the kennelman, Private Thompson, 1st Battalion, The Gordon Highlanders. The Hunt is greatly indebted to Colonel Bell, Officer Commanding The Gordon Highlanders, for letting us keep Thompson in spite of certain difficulties which have arisen.

Rice has been discontinued as a feed for hounds, and in place of it Indian oatmeal and maize have been used, together with a larger ration of meat, owing to our being able to get a fair number of cast horses during the season. This department has been in charge of my third whip, Major Grey, who has worked very hard in making it a success. In Simla this year we propose to feed oatmeal and meat only and to discontinue the maize.

My second whip, Major Phillips, has been in charge of the kennel staff, the drafting of hounds for hunting and arrangements for transport. Major Phillips has put in a lot of work on this, and, owing to his excellent organization, we have had no trouble with the staff of any kind.

In connection with the transport of hounds to meets, I would like to express my gratitude to Captain Weber, 11th Armoured Car Company, for making arrangements for the lorry for hounds. On only one occasion in over fifty meets has the lorry been late for the meet, an excellent record for everybody concerned.

The organization in kennel for dealing with minor casualties to hounds has been very efficient, and has resulted in very few hounds being laid up from cuts or wounds for any length of time. This is one of the chief reasons why we were enabled to hunt three days a week regularly during the latter part of the season.

C.I.H. PACK.

Five couple of hounds were loaned to Captain Vincent Gordon, C.I.H., in November to hunt the country West of the Jumna and South of the Rohtak Road. The object of this auxiliary pack was to reconnoitre fresh country. Captain Gordon has put in a lot of hard work, and has found several coverts which will be of great value to us for next season. The auxiliary pack has also been of great assistance to us in that it has relieved the main pack of the hunting reconnaissance of this country. Without this small pack we should have had to allot valuable hunting days to country that we did not know, and we would undoubtedly have had several bad days. Captain Gordon, being on the spot, has been able to try out the country thoroughly. He has had some quite good hunts, and has sent me an extremely valuable report of the country.

FINANCIAL.

The balance sheet which is being issued to you will show the financial situation. At the moment it is quite satisfactory when we consider that this season we have had several items of extraordinary expenditure which are not likely to recur. For instance, it is hoped that the large expenditure on the outbreak of rabies will not recur, and there should be no further expenditure on building work in Annandale, although in Delhi we may next year require to spend a small amount of money.

The item shown against kennel expenses is high, but this is largely due to the amount of money we have had to spend on earth stopping and baiting in the new country. Next season it should be possible to make a much better and cheaper bundobust for these operations.

RACES.

The two Gymkhana race meetings which we organized on behalf of the Hunt were a complete success, thanks to the hard work put in by Major Brunskill and Captain Cox. Great assistance was given to us in these races by Captain Cox and his squadron, to whom we owe a debt of gratitude. Negotiations are now in progress for a renewal of Gymkhana racing in Delhi next season, and it is hoped that several meetings will be arranged.

HUNT BALL.

The Hunt Ball is now established as a definite function during Horse Show Week. This season it was a great success, thanks largely to the efforts of Mrs. Wakely, Lady Symons, Mrs. Steuart Gratton, Mrs. Grey and Mrs. Phillips.

POINT-TO-POINT RACES.

The new course at Pembari Bridge was, I think, generally voted a success. The land owners, nearly all very poor men, have been most helpful in allowing us to run the races over their lands. The *Daily Chronicle* official account of the Races is attached.

HUNT STAFF.

I would like to express my gratitude and thanks to my Hunt staff, who have given me most loyal assistance throughout the whole season. I have referred above to the particular work which each member has done.

Our Field Master, Sir Henry Symons, besides carrying out the difficult duties of Field Master at practically every meet, has been of great help to me personally in other ways throughout the season. We are very sorry indeed to lose Sir Henry and Lady Symons, and their departure from Delhi is an irreparable loss to the Hunt.

I would also like to mention with gratitude the assistance given by Sir Lancelot Graham, the Chairman of the Committee, throughout a somewhat difficult period in the existence of the Hunt, and by Sir Philip Chetwode, who has been responsible for organizing the races which were such a success.

I would particularly draw the attention of members of the Hunt to the work done by our Honorary Secretary, Major Brunskill, who has been a most loyal and hardworking Secretary. I wish to place on record my most grateful thanks to him. But for his hard work, especially in the matter of the races and the Hunt Ball, the Hunt would not be in the good financial situation in which we now find ourselves.

MASTERS OF FOXHOUNDS ASSOCIATION OF INDIA.

In conclusion, I would like to mention a matter of considerable importance to hunting generally in India. We have formed a Master of Foxhounds Association for India, of which Sir Philip Chetwode is President and I am Honorary Secretary. All recognised Hunts in India have joined. The object

of this Association is the collection and dissemination of information which is of value to hunting in India.

We have already issued a valuable pamphlet on the treatment of tick fever, which will be of use to every dog owner in India. It would be advantageous if members let it be known that copies of this can be obtained by non-members of the Association from me at a charge of Rs. 2 per copy.

The Association has also assisted several Hunts in India to obtain drafts of hounds. We also act on behalf of Hunts in the south of India for the purchase of oatmeal in Northern India.

We are now organizing troopship passages to India for the forthcoming season, and we are also agitating for reductions in railway and shipping charges for the transport of hounds.

When the Association gets into working order there will be more co-ordinated action by Hunts in India instead of several isolated efforts which seldom lead to any definite result.

DELHI.

18th March, 1930.

A. V. T. WAKELY,

Master, Delhi Hunt.

DELHI HUNT POINT-TO-POINT RACES

Delhi, 15th March.

The Delhi Hunt Point-to-Point Races for horses that have been regularly hunted with the Delhi Hunt this season were held to-day at Pembari Bridge in bright weather, with a cool breeze which made conditions pleasant both for entrants and spectators. By general consent it was regarded as the best Point-to-Point Meeting that has ever been held in Delhi, and the course, if a little trying in places for the older horses, was the best that has been run over.

Among those who were present to witness the races were His Excellency the Viceroy and Lady Irwin and the Honourable Anne Wood, Lady Birdwood, General Sir Philip Chetwode, Sir John Thompson, Chief Commissioner of Delhi, and Lady Thompson, Sir Lancelot Graham, Major-General Sir Henry and Lady Symons, His Highness the Maharaja of Kashmir, Major-General G. H. B. Freeth, the Honourable Mrs. Hopewell and Lady Buck.

The course was just south of Pembari Bridge, and was laid over fair hunting country. Hounds have run over most of it on four or five occasions this season, so those horses that had been fairly hunted with hounds were well acquainted with the obstacles.

The chief obstacle was the Shakurpur Minor, which was crossed twice. The canal authorities added to the sporting possibilities of the course by filling every ditch to the brim with water. The Minor was consequently a considerable obstacle which, added to numerous other irrigation cuts, made a very fair sporting hunting course.

The length was $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles. The ladies' course did not cross the Shakurpur Minor, but instead they had to take two or three irrigation cuts before they joined the main course west of the canal. The owners of the land ridden over

proved most obliging in allowing the Master to prepare the course, and to cut down some crops which would have hidden one or two fences from the horses' view.

All the obstacles in the course were natural hunting fences, and required no artificial preparation of any kind.

The weight for riders in Light Weight, Punjab Light Horse and Open Races was 12 st. 7 lbs., and in the Heavy Weight Race 13 st. 7 lbs. The ladies' race was catch weights.

RESULTS OF RACES :

LIGHT-WEIGHT HUNT RACE.

Capt. F. G. W. Jackson's	Wellington	(owner)	1
Mr. H. Grattan's	Evergreen Eve	(owner)	2
Major A. V. T. Wakely's	Sniffer	(owner)	3
Major H. Wilberforce Bell's	Khurshed	(owner)	0
Capt. F. C. Yeo's	Molly	(owner)	0
Mr. V. Paterson's	Cæsar	(owner)	0
Major H. C. D. Rankin's	Carrots	(owner)	0
Lt.-Col. J. B. Hanafin's	Kandy Kid	(owner)	0
Mr. J. Stuart Gratton's	Henry	(Mr. Roberts)	0
Col. Penton's	Peter	(owner)	0
Major G. S. Brunskill's	Milky Way	(Capt. Birdwood)	0

This was one of the best races of the afternoon, the winner, who won by about two lengths, leading most of the way.

LADIES' RACE, OVER A COURSE OF THREE MILES.

Mrs. E. B. Wakefield's	Mistake	(owner)	1
Mrs. R. Locke's	Phantasy	(owner)	2
Mrs. J. Stuart Gratton's	Patrick	(owner)	3
Mrs. Saunder s	Peter	(owner)	0
Mrs. Young s	Dandy Boy	(Miss Joan Atkinson)	0

All the horses fell in this race except Mrs. J. Stuart Gratton's Patrick, which finished third. A particularly good display was given by Mrs. Locke, who has never hunted until this season. In spite of a nasty fall when nearing home she succeeded in remounting and in gaining second place.

HEAVY-WEIGHT HUNT RACE.

Major L. G. Phillip's	Cavalier	(owner)	1
Major A. V. T. Wakely's	Lochinvar	(owner)	2
Capt. C. B. Birdwood's	Pilot	(owner)	3
H.E. The Viceroy's	Vintage	(Capt. Pepys)	0
Major G. S. Brunskill's	Starlight	(owner)	0
Brig. H. C. Jackson's	Boarder	(owner)	0
Major L. C. T. Graham's	Golden Rain	(owner)	0
Mr. J. Stuart Gratton's	Autumn	(owner)	0

This was an exceptionally good race, Major Phillips, who took the lead about three-quarters of the way, winning by two lengths, the Master pressing him very closely for the last half-mile.

PUNJAB LIGHT HORSE RACE.

Tpr. R. Locke's	Satanella	(owner)	1
Tpr. C. Walker's	Kitty	(Tpr. Roberts)	2
Sergt. J. Steuart Gratton's	Heron	(Tpr. Umfreville)	3
Capt. S. F. Rich's	Tiny	(owner)	0
Tpr. S. H. Hollom's	Lamarel	(Tpr. Leefe)	0
Tpr. S. F. A. Coles	George	(owner)	0
Tpr. Barling's	Governor	(Tpr. Martin)	0

This was a good race with a good finish, although two of the horses failed to finish the course. Tpr. Locke's Satanella won by three lengths.

OPEN RACE.

Mr. H. Grattan's	Kitty	(owner)	1
Dr. Hutton's	Courage	(owner)	2
Major A. V. T. Wakely's	Grey Dawn	(owner)	3
Major G. S. Brunskill's	Spot Light	(owner)	0
Mr. Lindsay's	Skewjack	(owner)	0
Mr. F. B. Wakefield's	Radish	(owner)	0
Mr. Stewart's	Speculation	(owner)	0
Mr. Coleville's	Firefly	(owner)	0

This was the best race of the afternoon, the pace being very fast the whole way. Mr. Grattan's Kitty won by one length, there being an exciting finish with Dr. Hutton's Courage rapidly gaining ground in the last furlong. The spectators were particularly impressed in this race by the fine riding of Dr. Hutton, who has missed hardly a single hunt this season. He rode extremely well, and at times was within half-a-length of the winner.

Those officiating on the course were :—Judge, General Sir Philip Chetwode ; Starter, Lieut.-Colonel R. S. Scott ; Clerk of the Scales, Major P. Grey ; Hon. Secretary, Major G. S. Brunskill.

The Master's stable put up a very fine show, all of his horses, ridden by the owner, being placed. Each of these horses had hunted continuously throughout the season, being out individually over thirty days each. They have never been lame and have never given their owner a fall.

Though the majority of the starters refused at the Shakurpur Minor, the first canal, once they were over this considerable obstacle they went the remainder of the course for the most part in excellent style.

A most enjoyable afternoon was brought to a conclusion by the presentation of the prizes to the respective winners by Lady Symons.

MEERUT TENT CLUB

Sport obtained this season has been poor. Two years' failure of the monsoon rains has resulted in kadir becoming extremely dry and dusty, and a great many of the pig have left, probably going to the foot hills.

A certain amount of sport has, however, been obtained, the full effects of the drought not having been felt till the middle of April.

Prospects for next season depend entirely on a really good monsoon.

It is satisfactory to note that Sherpur, the venue of the Kadir Cup, appears less adversely affected than any other area.

QUETTA HUNT

Although people's thoughts are turned to other sports than hunting at this time of year, yet a few words about the Quetta Hunt in general and its 1929-30 season in particular may be of interest to some.

The season which finished at the end of March was, taken all round, a very successful one, in spite of hunting being stopped for considerable periods. One of the drawbacks to the Quetta country is that when it is wet it is unrideable, and as this last winter was an abnormally wet one, rain and snow following each other continuously throughout December and January, hunting days were fewer than usual.

The pack this last season were in a quaint situation in one way, in that about half the pack were first season hounds. This was due to bad luck with the puppies in 1926 and 1927.

The Quetta Hunt has one advantage over most packs in India, because the hounds can remain in Quetta all the year round, consequently breeding is quite easy. In fact, the majority of hounds are always country-bred hounds, a few English hounds being imported periodically to give fresh blood. The experience here is that to breed from two country-bred hounds leads to loss of size and bone, moreover the progeny are very apt to be mute.

Although breeding of puppies in Quetta is easy, the rearing of them, on the other hand, is extremely difficult. The chief difficulty to contend with is distemper, which usually develops during the rigours of the Quetta winter, with the result that almost invariably pneumonia sets in, and then unless the pup has most careful nursing it dies.

The Hunt Staff experienced various vicissitudes during the season. The Master, Major Peatt, R.A.V.C., was unexpectedly transferred to Delhi in the middle of the season, when Lieut.-Colonel Wilson, 10th Gurkhas, took over the Mastership. Two of the original Whips, Captain Esse, 10th Gurkhas, and Mr. Hamilton, R.A., both had accidents, breaking bones in their legs, the former very seriously.

There were fewer Point-to-Point Meetings during this winter than usual.

The Staff College Meeting, which should have taken place in December, had to be cancelled owing to wet weather.

The 10th Gurkhas held a Meeting in February, and during March the two usual Hunt Meetings took place.

At the first of these two Meetings the races for the various individual challenge cups were run. These consist of a Pony Race, Heavy Weight Race, and the Hunt Cup. The latter was won by Captain Greeves, I.A.S.C., at present at the Staff College.

There were also races for Indian officers and for B.O.R's.

The second Meeting was for the team races. Teams of three per unit. The Light Weight Race was won by the Scinde Horse team, and in the Heavy Weight Race the Staff team was victorious. But for a mishap to one of their horses, the Staff team would have consisted of three brigadiers, as it was two brigadiers rode in the team.

Judging by the size of the fields who follow the hunt, hunting in Quetta is more popular than ever, and long may it continue to be so, which it certainly ought to be, so long as so many of the fair sex support the hunt as do now. Some of them, too, take a lot of beating over the rough Quetta country when hounds are really running.

SUMMARY OF MUTTRA HOG HUNTING

Season 1929-1930 to date, 18th May, 1930

The rains in Muttra have failed two years in succession, 1928 and 1929. The result has been that cover for pig does not exist this year anywhere, and the pig have left the district. There have been twenty-three meets this season between the 24th November and 30th March, and only fifteen pig killed. Fourteen days were blank.

Muttra depends for pig on its kadir grass and jhow country, which is not very extensive but very good holding for pig. Normally this country is unrideable till the end of March, when large herds of cattle have begun to thin it and a certain amount has been cut and burnt. The cover so destroyed in 1928 never grew up again that year. Another result of the failure of the 1928 rain was fodder and grass were deficient for cattle, and greater numbers were driven into the kadir in 1929. These cattle stripped the place bare. It was a very sad sight hunting in 1929 to see the herds of starving cattle, several unable to rise and many staggering a few steps and falling as the line passed them.

After the second failure of rain in 1929 not only was all grass completely stripped but the natives began cutting much of the jhow cover, and the starving cattle have assisted the thinning process. The result has been no cover and no rest at all for pig. The famine conditions too led to a lot of pig killing for food which, under the circumstances, could not be completely stopped. There will be no more hunting this year in the Muttra district.

Owing to the above conditions it was decided to revisit country in the Etah district that used to be hunted regularly by Muttra thirty years ago. Latterly this country was the preserve of Cotter of the I.C.S., collector of the district, a great pigsticker. He retired a year ago.

With the help of Mr. E. H. N. Gill, I.C.S., Opium Revenue Officer of Budaun, an Easter meet was arranged in this country, the kadir S.E. of Kachla and round Shabazpure was hunted on six days. Five pig were killed. The country here was light, and there had been much pinching of pig since Cotter left the district. However, it is hoped now that this visit may do something to check it. Gill, unfortunately, took a toss on the first day, and could not carry a spear for the rest of the meet.

It may be of interest to note journalistic methods of supplying information to the public at home. In the *Illustrated News* of 26th April, page 738, there is a short account of this year's Kadir Cup Meeting and two photographs. One of a heat crossing the Sherpur nullah at that meeting. Unfortunately for the veracity of the paper that same photograph is in the Muttra log here, and is a photograph taken on the 8th July, 1927, of a pig breaking from the Muttra islands, closely pursued by Mr. Price, R.A., on Buster.

The photograph of this year's Kadir, Captain Richards, looks uncommonly too like the photograph of the same man on Certain when he won the Cup in 1928.

THE SAUGOR TENT CLUB, 1929-30

The present season, with a bag to date of forty-three warrantable boar, has been the most successful since the record season of 1919-20, when forty-eight were killed. The average height and weight of pig killed this year is 29½ ins. and 168 lbs.

Most of the Saugor country consists of isolated hills, harbouring, when luck favours, isolated sounders. All round the rideable country are the Government forests, containing inexhaustible reserves of pig. If the villages bordering these isolated hills can only be persuaded to leave the sows and squeakers quiet, and not harry them with dogs, guns, and nets, fresh boar come in very quickly to replace boar killed. An effort has been made this year to establish a fixed scale of rewards for each pig killed, the money going into the pockets of the villagers living by that particular hill. It is hoped that in time they may realise that preserving pig can be made more profitable than shooting them. The idea has really taken root in a few places, and the difference in sport there is most marked. For instance, in the Gura hill area on the Jubbulpore road there is one sounder only, consisting of from fifteen to twenty pig. Four meets there this season have produced nine boar killed. The Maquaddam of Gura sends in word at once when new boar arrive to take the place of their predecessors. There are two more boar in with the sounder now which, as Dhanni the shikari puts it, have made themselves ready to die. If the rains hold off for a few days they shall. Some of the ladies of the Gura hill bunch must be particularly attractive to the other sex.

During this season twelve students at the Equitation School got their maiden spear with the Tent Club. It is hoped next year to reintroduce what was once known as the "pennel." Four or five village pig were kept and well tended; periodically they were taken out a few miles and given a run home, pursued by a heat of students armed with blob sticks. The School area was the pigs' sanctuary, and this once reached they were allowed to proceed unmolested. The pig soon got to know their home and the routes by which they might reach it.

The students learnt how to hunt a pig as a heat, and it gave them a chance of a ride across country. Some of the members of the pennel must have been veritable greyhounds by the end of the course.

THE CHARGER AND TROOP HORSE CLASSES AT THIS YEAR'S DELHI HORSE SHOW.

This year all the charger and troop horse classes at the Delhi Horse Show were judged by three judges from the Equitation School, Saugor, the senior of whom being the Major-General of Cavalry. The object was to bring out the fact that in these classes other attributes besides conformation should and must count towards deciding the prizewinners. Good looks are worth little in an army horse unless it has in addition manners, balance and collection, is quiet to ride and handle, and is obedient to the will of its rider.

Briefly the method by which each class was judged was this. The class walked, trotted and cantered round the ring on both reins, a Veterinary Officer being present in the ring with the judges. Any lame horses and any horse with outstandingly bad conformation or action was turned out.

The class was next judged for turn out and condition, marks being deducted for any detail found incorrect, manes, tails, heels, coats, shoeing, all etc., being taken into consideration. The class was then formed into a single rank, 6 ins. knee to knee facing a 3 ft. 6 ins. wingless brush fence. Each competitor had to leave the ranks and jump the wingless jump away from the other horses. Marks were given for leaving the ranks straight, quietly, and with impulsion, and for jumping the fence smoothly and cleanly. Three refusals disqualified a horse from further competition. Each competitor was then put through a short manege test, which included half passages at the walk and trot, figure of eight at canter, loose rein canter, turns on the haunches, draw and return swords, dismount and mount, and gallop up to judges and read map. The order in which the various exercises were asked for was not published previously, to avoid the test being done mechanically. The marks were then added up, and any horse which had a chance of being one of the first three was judged for conformation.

The time available for judging each class will always be an objection to the introduction of anything in the shape of a manege test at any horse show. On the other hand, the only answer to careful preparation is thoroughness in judging. Actually the time taken was not very excessive. A class of forty troop horses, Indian Units, took just over two hours to judge, but most of them had left the ring in half that time. From the opinions voiced by competitors themselves, the system was undoubtedly appreciated. If it is adhered to by the Delhi Horse Show Committee, regiments will have in future years what has up to now been lacking—some precedent to guide them, some line to go by, when selecting their entries for the premier horse show in India.

OOTACAMUND HORSE SHOW, 1930

This Show was held on the Racecourse, Ootacamund, on the 5th May in fine weather.

RESULTS :

CLASS I AND II POLO PONIES
(22 Entries)(a) *Heavy Weights*

- (1) Major Krishma Urs br. Aus. g. Arjun.
- (2) Mr. H. B. Scott's blk. Eng. m. Corai.
- (3) Major T. N. Watson's br. Aus. m. Lisette.

(b) *Medium Weights*

- (1) Rajah of Bobbili's rn. Aus. g. Flashlight.
- (2) Rajah of Bobbili's ch. Eng. m. Noor Jehan.
- (3) Capt. A. G. N. Curtis's b. Aus. g. Frederick the Great.

CLASS III. HORSES OR PONIES LIKELY TO MAKE POLO PONIES.
(17 Entries)

- (1) Mr. H. B. Scott's ch. E. g. Surfrider.
- (2) H.H. The Tuvvarajah of Mysore's ch. Aus. m. Tangerine.
- (3) Mr. H. B. Scott's br. E. m. Pinprick.

CLASS IV. OPEN HUNTERS
(12 Entries)

- (1) H.H. The Tuvvarajah of Mysore's ch. E. m. Rosa Rosilla.
- (2) Mrs. D. P. Johnstone's blk. E. g. Snoqualmie.
- (3) H.H. The Tavarajah of Mysore's br. Aus. g. Zeppelin.

CLASSES V AND VI. HUNTERS
(40 Entries)a) *Heavy and Middle Weight*

- (1) Miss Stanley's b. E. m. Susan.
- (2) Mr. J. F. Smail's blk. Aus. g. Onyx.
- (3) H.E. Sir G. Stanley's b. E. g. Breadstone.

(b) *Light Weight*

- (1) Rajkumar C. Desaraj Urs b. E. g. Dabchick.
- (2) Rajkumar C. Desaraj Urs br. E. m. Funnyface.
- (3) Commander R. Melhuish's br. Aus. m. Robina.

CLASS VII. HUNTERS—PONIES 15-0 AND UNDER
(22 Entries)

- (1) Capt. A. G. N. Curtis's ch. Aus. m. Heather.
- (2) Major T. N. Watson's b. cb. g. Taliemand.
- (3) Mrs. D. P. Johnstone's blk. Aus. g. Dark Night.

CLASS VIII. LADIES' HUNTERS
(25 Entries)

- (1) Mrs. Peter Wilson's b. Aus. g. Mulga Hill.
- (2) Rajkumar C. Desaraj Urs br. E. m. Funny Face.
- (2) Mrs. D. P. Johnstone's blk. E. g. Snoqualmie.

CLASS IX. HORSES AND PONIES, ENGLISH AND COLONIAL, SHOWN IN HAND
(8 Entries)

- (1) Mr. J. G. Clarke's ch. E. m. Miss Pamela.
- (2) Miss Aitchison's ch. E. m. Carremar.
- (3) Nawab Mir Mahdi Ali Khan's b. E. g. Longleat.

CLASS X. HORSES AND PONIES—ARAB AND C.B's
(7 Entries)

- (1) Mr. H. Kadum's gr. A. h. Grand Boy.
- (2) Mr. H. Kadum's ch. A. h. Mirbid.
- (3) Mr. D. W. Heneker's ch. cb. g. Sonny Boy.

CLASS XI. HACKS—HORSES AND PONIES
(36 Entries)

- (1) Commander R. Melhuish's b. Aus. m. Robina.
- (2) Rajkumar C. Desaraj Urs b. Aus. g. Albray.
- (3) Mrs. D. P. Johnstone's blk. Aus. g. Dark Night.

CLASS XII. LADIES' HACKS
(8 Entries)

- (1) Rajkumar C. Desaraj Urs b. E. g. Dabchick.
- (2) Mrs. D. P. Johnstone's blk. E. g. Snoqualmie.
- (3) H.H. The Tuvvarajah of Mysore's ch. E. m. Rosa Rosilla.

CLASS XIII. JUMPING.
(11 Entries)

- (1) H.E. The Governor's Bodyguard b. Aus. g. Amar.
- (2) Mrs. H. B. Moore's br. Aus. g. Quality.
- (3) Major B. P. Krishma Urs gr. Aus. g. Cavalier.

CLASS XIV. HANDY HUNTERS
(12 Entries)

- (1) Mr. C. L. Greig's br. Aus. g. Patrol.
- (2) Mr. C. L. Greig's b. cb. m. Plain Jane.

CLASS XV. BEST HORSE OVER 15TH. IN THE SHOW
H.H. The Tuvvaraj of Mysore's ch. E. m. Rosa Rosilla.

CLASS XVI. BEST PONY 15 H. AND UNDER IN THE SHOW
Mr. H. B. Scott's ch. E. g. Sarfrider.

CLASS XVII. BEST STABLE OF THREE HORSES OR PONIES
(8 Entries)

- (1) Rajkumar C. Desaraj Urs Stable.

CLASS XVIII. CHILDREN'S PONIES
(10 Entries)

- (1) Rajah of Bobbili's b. Aus. m. Locrano.
- (2) The Tuvvaraj Kumar of Mysore's rn. Aus. m. Louise.
- (3) Miss P. Stanley's b. cb. m. Sandy.

OOTACAMUND HUNT

Last season was a most successful one, sport being especially good in the Yemaikal Valley.

During the past summer there has been a bad outbreak of rabies among the jackals, and many have died or been shot. As there were too many for sport, this may prove to be a blessing in disguise.

The new season just started is full of promise. The Master, Mr. C. L. Greig, is continuing, to everybody's great satisfaction, and the whippers-in are Colonel Dennistoun and Mr. Congreve.

The pack numbers 42½ couple, which includes a draft from Lord Fitzhardinge's and a couple kindly presented by the Duke of Beaufort.

AUSTRALIAN POLO NOTES

Kensington Racecourse ended its career as the Headquarters of N.S.W. Polo with the Tournament held early in July of this year. The two new grounds at Kyeemagh, the property acquired by the N.S.W. Polo Association, are expected to be ready by 1931, and they will be used for all future Tournaments.

The 1930 Tournament was robbed of much of its importance by the absence of the Goulburn Team in England, and by the financial depression in Australia, which caused a number of teams to forego entry. Unfavourable weather during the progress of the Tournament was an additional worry for the N.S.W. Polo Association.

The usual two competitions for the Countess of Dudley and the Garvan Cups were held, the former being the championship event and the latter a handicap event for teams beaten in the early rounds of the former.

Six teams, Muswellbrook, Gundagai, Assamanders, Wirregulla, Canberra and Sydney, entered.

The Final of the Countess of Dudley Cup resulted in a win for Muswellbrook (H. R. Gilder, F. L. Crane, F. L. Bragg, D. M. Bell) by 10 goals to 3 from Gundagai (H. Fraser, J. Fraser, W. Horsley, H. C. Osborne).

This is the third occasion on which Muswellbrook have been successful, the previous wins being in 1911 and 1924.

The Garvan Cup Final resulted in a win for Assamanders (F. R. Danter, F. McIntosh, Curtis Skene, R. M. Crookson) by 17 goals to 10 from Sydney (received 10 goals) (J. W. F. Collins, W. B. Allen, J. C. B. Allen, W. R. White).



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UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

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