

# THE 10th ROYAL HUSSARS GAZETTE

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### LT.-COLONEL RICHARD HENRY FRANCIS WHARTON WILSON, D.S.O.

It is hoped that a future historian of the Tenth will be forthcoming, who will do ample justice to the distinguished services rendered to his country, by the subject of the frontispiece in this *Gazette*. His military record is a brilliant one, one which we assure him, is fully recognised by all who served with or under him.

Lt.-Colonel Wilson, as did the officer occupying the front page of our last issue, commenced his career in the Royal Navy, and also as a sailor commenced his war services, taking part in the Gold Coast Expedition, which culminated in the taking of Coomassie, and the overthrow of King Koffee Kalkali.

Retiring from the Sister service, he joined the old West York Militia, on the 24th April 1874, and was from that Regiment, appointed to a Lieutenancy in the Tenth, on the 1st March, 1874.

Joining at Muttra, on the 26th July following, Lieut. Wilson served continuously with the Regiment at that station, accompanied it to Rawal Pindi, from there proceeding with his troop to Afghanistan in November, 1878. He served through the whole of the first phase of the campaign in that country, and took part in the assault and taking of Fort Ali Masjid, the action at Fatehabad, and several minor affairs.

Returning to India with the Regiment, only three months had elapsed before he was again in Afghanistan, having been fortunate enough to meet with a favourable response to his application to be permitted to proceed to that country, for service in the second phase of the war.

It will be remembered that in the month of March, 1879, the Afghan Amir, Shere Ali, died, and his successor and son, Yakub Khan, contrary to anticipations, early in May, notified his submission. Peace was proclaimed, the immediate withdrawal of the troops was ordered, leaving a number to watch the frontier. Sir L. Cavagnari, by the Treaty of Gundamuck, was installed as the representative of the English Government, at Kabul. He, with an escort of twenty-five sowars and fifty sepoy, was received at the Court of Yakub Khan with every honour. On the 3rd September, in consequence of some Herati troops having taunted those of Afghanistan on their defeat by the British, an outbreak followed, and the Afghans marched to the Residency, delivering a furious attack upon it. A brave resistance was offered by Cavagnari and his gallant little band, but hopelessly overwhelmed by superior numbers, the whole were massacred. Sir Frederick (now Earl) Roberts thereupon organised a force in India, and advanced from the Kurram Valley to Kabul. The Tenth, reduced to a very weak strength by the losses in the first phase of the war, decimated by the visitation of cholera during the march back to India, and still having a very large number down with fever,

was pronounced unfit to return to Afghanistan.

A few of the many who volunteered to do so were accepted, amongst them, as stated above, Lieut. Wilson. He accompanied the Kabul Field Force as Transport Officer, took part in one of the most memorable marches recorded in history,—from Kabul to Kandahar,—the battle at Kabul, the operations around Sherpur, and those at Kandahar which brought about the complete subjugation of Yakub Khan. On the conclusion of this campaign, which extended over a year, Mr. Wilson rejoined the regiment at Rawal Pindi, and in the following Spring took a well-earned leave at home.

He accompanied the regiment from India to the Eastern Soudan in 1884, and was present at the battles of El-Teb and Tamaai, the relief of Tokar, and the Reconnaissance at Tamanieb.

During this period, on the 1st March 1884, he was promoted Captain.

Ten months later, having again volunteered for service with the 19th Hussars in the Soudan, he left England on the 21st February, 1885, and served until the cessation of hostilities. For his services he was promoted Brevet Major on the 15th June, 1885, and mentioned in despatches.

On the 21st August, 1895, Major Wilson was appointed D.A.A. General for Instruction, Home District, having then performed continuous regimental duties during a period of just nineteen years. The duties of a Staff Officer do not appear to have appealed with great force to him, for on the 18th July of the following year, he retired from the Army, with a total service of 20 years, less one week.

As might have been expected, on the outbreak of the war in this country, Major Wilson applied for permission to take part in it, and he was given the command of the 12th Battalion of the Imperial Yeomanry. Unfortunately we are not in possession of the details of his services during the war; it is known that they were of great value, and highly appreciated by the leaders under whom he served. In 1900, when his Battalion formed a part of the Potchefstroom column, under General Hart, he on the 4th September, drove the Boers from their position threatening the Johannesburg water-works. He subsequently commanded his Battalion in all the operations in which the column was engaged,—killing the train-wrecker, Commandant Daniel Theron; in the fight near Potchefstroom on the 9th September; the engagement at Frederickstadt on the 13th, and minor skirmishes on the return of the column to Krugersdorp.

Still with Hart's column, and now in command of 1st Bn. Imperial Yeomanry, a detachment of the same Force, detachments of Kitchener's Horse,

Roberts' Horse and Imperial Mounted Infantry, and a machine gun section, he took part in all the engagements of the column, including those at Elandsfontein and Buffelsdoorn Pass.

In 1901, we find Lieut-Colonel Wilson commanding a column, and read of his activity in pursuing Beyers, in the Northern Transvaal. It is recorded that "in the turbulent North-East, which had always been the centre of resistance, the British columns continued every week, to send in their tale of prisoners. Of the column commanders..... and Wilson were the most successful."....."De Wet's first operations were directed against an isolated column of Colonel Wilson's, which was surrounded within twenty miles of Heilbron. Rimington hurried with admirable promptitude, to the scene of action, and joined hands with Wilson. De Wet's men were as numerous however, as the two columns combined, and they harrassed the column on the return march into Heilbron. A determined attack was made on the convoy and the rear guard, but it was beaten off."

Many other instances of Colonel Wilson's courageous and skilful leading of his Yeomen in this war, could be cited: for them he was mentioned in despatches, and they represent, up to now, the concluding features of his war services. Should the necessity arise in the future, for him to again take up arms for the King and Country, there can be no doubt that his sword will be one of the first to be offered, and that the following honourable distinctions now held by Colonel Wilson will be added to.—

	Medals.	Clasps.	Mentioned in des- patches.
Ashanti War, 1873 ...	1	—	—
Afghan War, 1878-79-89	1	3	Twice
	(and bronze Star.)		
Soudan campaign 1884	1	1	—
	(and bronze Star.)		
Soudan Expedition 1885	—	1	Once
			(Brevet of Major).
South African War, 1899-02 ... ..	Queen's	4	Once
	(created a member of the Distinguished Service Order).		

Colonel Wilson's popularity in his regiment, cannot even by the use of the most extravagant terms, be overstated. From the time he joined, when, in

his breezy manner he, from force of habit, amazed the trumpeter on duty by directing him to "Pipe off!" until the day he left the regiment, twenty years later, he commanded the affection of every officer and man in it. He is possessed of conversational powers beyond the average, and a vein of wit that was never pointed by ill nature. His sallies and jests have never failed to entertain, and his society was in consequence much sought and courted. Known to the Officers as "Wharty", and to the N.C. Officers and men as "Sweater", (a reflection on his unworried, perpetually cheery demeanour), we can unhesitatingly declare, that no Officer or man who has had the luck to serve with Colonel Wilson, but is glad that he did so; who does not still retain in his memory some episode with regard and admiration of "Wharty", (or of "Sweater"), which will never wholly fade away.

We hail Colonel Wilson across the seas, cordially hope that his years will endure as do our memories of him, and that we shall exchange lusty and hearty greetings, on our return to England.

Our salutations are also extended to Mrs. Wilson, who was with us for a portion of our Irish days, a period far too brief.



**EDITOR'S NOTES.**

A comparative calm has succeeded the decidedly turbulent period which was described in our last issue, which continued until the end of January. It will be gathered from our columns, that we

arrived at Potchefstroom, on the 28th, and we can claim to have expedited the process of "settling down", with Hussar-like celerity.

All approve of our new station, and are convinced that our lines are cast in a place vastly superior, as a station, to Tempe of bad repute. Further, we are sure that of all the places in South Africa where troops do congregate, Potchefstroom is unequalled, more especially for the mounted branches of the service.

Our lines are the farthest distant from the township, which is some three miles distant. It is not wholly unfamiliar to all of us, for it was our lot to march through twelve years ago. The regiment bivouacked north-west of the town on the 30th December, 1900, having left Rustenburg on the 29th November, and trekked and fought on each intervening day with the exception of ten, in very wet weather, until we made Potchefstroom. Here we were led to believe that we should halt for a few days, to refit, but early on the 31st we received orders to hold ourselves in readiness to proceed to Elandsfontein. These were soon followed by instructions to entrain that evening. "A" Squadron did so, but did not get off until the next day, much to the chagrin of our Esculapius, who detailed himself for that party, for reasons not wholly dissociated from gastronomy.

Readers of these notes will remember how, on this eve of the new year, the native population, assisted by all the transport 'boys' of the Brigade, made the night hideous, by their greetings to the year just being heralded in. Their shouts, their incantations, their wails, their shouts of joy, and the weird sounds they extracted from musical instruments of varied sorts, defy description. Slumber was out of the question, consequently the remaining squadrons welcomed the early rising of the Mid-summer sun, which was the signal for them to saddle up, and proceed to the station and entrain. By midnight the same day, we were all at Natal Spruit, where we passed three days watching the collieries.

So our previous acquaintance with Potchefstroom was a very limited one. The favourable impressions of this former Capital of the Transvaal are however confirmed. Since its present occupation as a British garrison it has been greatly improved by arboriculture. Wherever one turns in the admirably-planned cantonments, verdant and graceful trees meet the view; here in stately avenues, there and again, in symmetrical and refreshing groups.

Our huts are situated pleasantly near the veld, west of the cantonments, with undulating ground and small kopjies near, the verdure and wild flowers which are now in bloom forming a *coup d'oeil* which gives great joy, when we reflect that we might still have been on Tempe's tortuous tedious Tor.

Here, in the year 1880, the swarthy Commandant Cronje led the Boers who besieged our little garrison, pushing the attack with a relentless vigour which assuredly was not over-hampered by the chivalrous usages of war; eventually he compelled the gallant defenders to surrender the place by concealment of the fact that a general armistice had been signed; his act was afterwards disowned by his own Government. Betrayer of Potchefstroom, ! your day of reckoning came,—on the 17th February 1900,—when, as all know, the Cavalry Brigade, which included the Tenth, headed off you and your hosts at Paardeburg.

It is now hard to realise, dwelling in the peaceful scenes, the smiling vales and happy glades which go to make up Potchefstroom, that it was on many occasions, the venue of war's dread carnage, where the blood of gallant British soldiers, and brave Boers, was shed in the pride of their manhood.

Now all dwell together in the best bonds of perfect amity; the hatchet is buried, never we trust, to be again unearthed.

The first day of the New Year was made to serve as the occasion of the Annual for the children. It was this year, necessarily on a much more limited scale than is customary. One of the unoccupied huts in the lines was utilised, and if the 'decorations' were not too conspicuous, the repast provided by Sergeant Major Gould left nothing to be desired. The Colonel, the bountiful provider of the feast; and all the officers attended, whilst Mrs. Crichton, Lady Helen Mitford, and a host of willing helpers, (amongst whom 'Bob' was prominent), saw to it, that every woman, and every child and babe, were not permitted to lack anything. Immediately after the guests had acknowledged their inability to compete further with the dainty edibles, the more substantial hams, (prepared by our incomparable *chef*), the irresistible sweets, and alluring crackers; the presentation of the toys was made, and all then retired, beaming with pleasure.

The absence of the band at Johannesburg, was a most regrettable circumstance.

During our brief stay at Tempe we had the agreeable experience of renewing associations with

some of our old comrades of happy Indian memories. Captain 'Scatters' Murray, 12th Royal Lancers, with twenty-three N.C.O's. and men, joined us on the 1st January, to relieve us of the charge of 121 of the horses taken over from the Carabiniers, selected for transfer to England. They remained until the 6th, when they left for embarkation. It was a source of extreme pleasure to all, to again greet even this small party of our old friends.

In addition to the Carabiniers' horses, we took charge, at Tempe, of horses of the Royal Field Artillery, and Mounted Infantry from Harrismith. At one time we were foraging as many as 661 horses, not to mention the transport mules. Having regard to the fact that one squadron was detached, (in charge of the whole of the animals of the 15th Hussars), it will be gathered that the time of everyone was fairly occupied, and that the "finder of mischief for idle hands" must also have found that, as far as the Tenth was concerned, his job was a *sinecure*.

Lady Helen Mitford entertained the women and children of Major Mitford's Squadron, also some of other squadrons, at her bungalow, on the 8th January. Following the tea, which was of a standard highly appreciated by her guests, sports were indulged in, including swings and races for children, for women, and for wives-and-husbands. Much hilarity prevailed during the progress of the games, the lucky winners of prizes being, naturally, the most hilarious.

On the conclusion of the sports, handsome presents were given to each woman and child, all before leaving expressing to Lady Helen, their grateful appreciation of her bounty.

Whilst at Tempe, advantage was taken of the proximity of Sanna's Post: the Colonel took a party of Officers, N.C.O's and men to the scene of the fight there. A party of the newly organised South African Defence Force timed a visit to the battle-grounds the same day. In each party were participators in the action; ours of course all on the British side; amongst the party of the Defence Force, were some who fought on our side, and others who were in the Boer ranks. Happily, no rancour remains now; many recounted their experiences on the day of fight, pointing out the area of the operations, and their own part in it. It was a very interesting and highly instructive day, from which much information, theoretical and practical, was obtained.

The effect of the "Sanna's Post day" was, the determination of the Colonel to take a party to the

scene of General Cronje's laager at Paardeberg. This was a bigger undertaking, necessitating an earlier despatch of transport, with forage, rations, fuel, etc. With the ready assistance of the Army Service Corps, all details were satisfactorily arranged; the transport left on the 6th January, to trek by road. The Colonel, with his party of 32 Officers, N.C.O's and men, proceeded by rail, on the 10th. Again the visit was of engrossing interest to all of the party. After the progress of events at Paardeburg had been explained by members of the party who took part in the affair, Poplar Grove was visited, thence the party returned to Paardeberg, and railed back to Bloemfontein on the 12th.

We hoped that some one of those who took part in the visits would have contributed a detailed account to the *Gazette*. They are reminded that it is not too late, and that such an article would be of great value, and peculiar interest to our readers.

No. 39. Command order, dated Bloemfontein, 15th January, directed that the "10th (P.W.O. Royal) Hussars, will move by rail from Tempe to Potchefstroom on 27th January, 1913, there to be stationed."

In pursuance of the order, a small advance party consisting of the Quarter Master, three S.Q.M. Sergeants, 2 Corporals, and three Privates, having proceeded by rail on the 24th; the regiment entrained in two troop trains, at Tempe Station, on the 27th. The first party, which left the siding, was made up of 81 men of "A" Squadron, 12 of "R" Troop, 7 second servants, and all the horses and mules; was commanded by Major Mitford, accompanied by Mr. Gordon-Canning. This portion of the regiment arrived at Potchefstroom, after a journey devoid of incident, (save a breakdown which delayed it four hours), on the morning of the 28th, and were in quarters by 2 p.m.

The second party, under the command of the Colonel, left Tempe siding at 2-50 p.m., and very soon it became evident that the jaunt was not going to be an uneventful one. At Hamilton Siding, one mile out, half an hour was spent in shunting, as though the shunters were not clear which way our destination lay. Having gone on about an hour, a report was made by watchers from the windows, that "baggage was falling off the train." Communication cords were pulled vigorously, vociferous shouts were hurled towards the Guard's van, but all our efforts were of no avail. At length the driver's attention was attracted, and he brought

the train to a halt. It was then found that the tarpaulins by which the baggage was secured, were in many cases split, and some time was occupied in re-loading, re-packing', and adjusting the pawlins in the best and most secure manner. A re-start was effected and things went well until seven o'clock, when the train, for some reason not apparent, again stopped. Having no suspicions that this stop was not 'on the card', we patiently kept our seats, but the minutes flew, and when half an hour had passed, and there were no indications of a move, some of us paid a visit to the engine. Neither the driver or his mate, were to be seen: presently both emerged from the engine's most innermost recesses. To our interrogations as to the cause of the halt, they replied that they were absolutely ignorant of it: they only knew that the engine had suddenly struck work, and could not be induced to advance a single length. They continued their attempts to locate the cause, for another half hour, when they had to admit that they were defeated.

One of our men, and the stoker were then sent on to Paardeburg station,—six miles in front of us,—to wire to Kimberley, for another engine.

It was by this time, quite dark, and we realised that we were destined to pass the night here, in the midst of the veld. The engine was made to disgorge its supply of hot water, and with it tea was made. The band was summoned, and responded right readily, its Chief having to be aroused from tranquil slumber. But he didn't mind. At this moment, one of the dynamos fused, and the whole of the lights were extinguished; with the result that we were plunged into Cimmerian darkness. This was met by the production of hurricane lamps which were set going, and tied to the side of the train. By their light, the band imparted that delightful influence, which it can always be relied upon to do,—in any situation, or under any circumstances.

A vocal programme was hurriedly arranged, and we again had the great pleasure of listening to our famous 'Westminster Glee Singers', (we suggest that in future they should substitute Paardeburg for Westminster), and our magnificent array of regimental talent. The audience of Officers, men, women and children, seated themselves on the railway embankment, in the enjoyable abandonment of the hour and the surroundings.

It was an unique scene, replete with artistic features, and abounding with mingled associations;

this unusual gathering, on the great and mysterious veld, in very close propinquity to the historic venue of the long-drawn-out fight against Cronje and his beleaguered host. Many present now who helped to head the old warrior off, on the day just thirteen years and ten days ago, could not have failed to contrast in their minds, the different conditions under which they were fated to sit down at this place. Instead of the sounds of strife, the rattle of musketry fire, and the boom of cannon which were continuous for ten days on the occasion of their first visit here, only joyous laughter and sweet music were now to be heard. "How it 'gives' one to think."

Mention must be made of a railway ganger who joined the audience. An unmistakable Son of Erin, holding most pronounced views on every subject, patriotic ones predominating,—he will be remembered a long time, by those who were entertained by his views on things in general, this night. He confessed intense delight on again hearing a band, adding "that it was the first time for six years, the last occasion being one when he was edified by the performance of a Salvation Army band."

The Concert lasted until about eleven o'clock, when the majority retired to their carriages, to sleep. A few adventurous spirits however, considered that it would be more enteraining to draw one of their comrades, a very "hefty fellow", who was already in the embrace of the drowsy god. Their ideas of the fitness of things generally, evidently did not coincide with those of the hefty one's wife. Speaking with a knowledge, probably gained by experience, she admonished the roysterers, in tones not of the gentlest, cautioning them that, "if they did arouse him, they would know it." The wisdom of the warning was felt, and soon silence prevailed.

About three o'clock a.m., the relief engine arrived, and pulled us slowly but surely, to Kimberley, where we arrived about two hours later. A twelve hours' journey was still in front of us, with nothing remaining to meet the needs of the inner man. Appealing to the station Master for advice, that obliging man rung up, on the telephone, the local Joseph Lyons. He was a bit of a wag apparently, for having established communications, he, in lordly-wise terms enquired,—"how many thousands of loaves of bread can you supply?" The reply was quite satisfactory; on the genial Station Master's advice that a visit should be made to the caterer's place of business, a landau was requisitioned, and Major Crichton and the Adju-

tant set out on the quest for what sustenance could be retrieved at the un-business-like hour. The foragers soon re-appeared with a stock of bread, tea, sugar, milk, and jam, and were greeted with joy by all.

It might be said here, that on arrival at the Kimberley Station, a descent was made on the railway refreshment rooms; the Manager was approached, and he, surprised because only tea and edibles were required, offered to supply an unlimited supply and variety of "cocktails", which he recommended. His surprise increased when he learnt that no one had any inclination for his seductive beverages. It was not a case of *autre temps autre mœurs*, but other countries, other habits.

We got off again at half past six, and by super-engine efforts, were slowly pulled into Potchefstroom at a quarter past seven,—just eleven and a half hours late. Our luck was still out, for no sooner had we detrained than down came heavy rain. The devoted band was again idented upon, and with it leading, we trekked through the darkness and rain, the three miles to our lines, to the tune of "Everybody's doing it." This was a fiction, but "Everybody" at this time consisted only of the Tenth. Thus rain-drenched and empty, with our tails still up, we made our first appearance in Potchefstroom, the erstwhile capital of the Transvaal.

We were here, on being once again together as a regiment, extremely pleased to greet Captain Neilson's squadron, and to note how well they had worn during the strenuous six weeks since they quitted Headquarters at Tempe. Undoubtedly the air of Potchefstroom is salubrious. The squadron gave unmistakable signs of their delight on reverting to the squadron status, from that of a 'detachment.'

The Royal Dragoons arrived by rail from Pretoria, on the morning of the 4th February, to our great pleasure. We have not been stationed together since the summer preceding the war, when we were encamped side by side, at West Down Camp. We left England almost simultaneously, a few months later, the Royals going to Natal. Similarly to the Tenth, the Royals served throughout the war; on its conclusion the regiment went home, and went to India in the 1903—4 trooping season. It preceded us in South Africa by one year.

We now await the advent of a battery of field gunners, and a field troop of sappers, to complete the tale of the Potchefstroom garrison. These are expected in May.

A draft from the 18th (Queen Mary's Own) Hussars, commanded by 2nd Lieutenant Drake, joined on the 5th February. We welcome all to the regiment, and hope that their service with it will be pleasurable to themselves, and of benefit to the Empire. Especially we welcome two hereditary Tenth Hussars,—Boys Bodill and Price.

Boy Bodill is the fourth son of that worthy old soldier, Sergeant-Major Bodill, to join his father's regiment. And we are told that there is a fifth who may be expected, in the fulness of time to reinforce his 'section' of brothers now serving. Already it is said, he shows every sign of "following the dear old dad".

Boy Price will no doubt be inspired by the good-soldierly standard set up for him, by his father, whose general all-round efficiency is too well known to require further reference in these notes. If heredity goes for anything, we shall see his son excelling in all matters which are of a professional nature, more particularly when we shall see him behind a rifle; and possibly when he has sufficient confidence in himself,—to illustrate with matches, how movements of troops, from a single file to an army, should be carried out.

There can be no mistake about the facial resemblance of father and son, and it is delightful to again hear the once familiar sound of "John-o" resounding in the lines. With that conservatism which is essentially regimental; to Boy Price, his father's sobriquet was immediately assigned.

On Sunday, the 8th February, our Brigadier, General O'Brien, Commanding the Potchefstroom District, took advantage of the Church Parade, to make his marching-in inspection, and "took us over".

A Memorial Service was held in the Church of England, on the 14th February, many Officers and men attended to pay their tribute to the intrepid Captain Scott and his brave companions who perished after succeeding in reaching the South Pole. As all cavalymen must, we felt great pride and admiration for the splendid self-sacrificing heroism of Captain Oates, the Inniskilling Dragoon, the manner of whose death will surely perpetuate the memory of his name amongst soldiers for all time.

"Y" Bungalow Potchefstroom Cantonments was *en fête* on the 20th Feb. This is the present address of Major and Mrs. Crichton, and the cause of the animation which pervaded the bungalow and "its own grounds, in which it stands," was the presence there of the married families of "B" Squadron,—

which Major Crichton commands,—and many of the other Squadrons. Mrs. Crichton was making her first "official" appearance as hostess of the women and children, confirming their convictions that she already takes a very keen interest in their affairs, and is prepared to promote all their legitimate interests.

A substantial tea was laid out on what we now call "the stoep" of the bungalow, and ample justice was done to it. Then Sports were indulged in, the most exciting being a series of Treasure hunts. The concealment of the "Treasures" revealed marvellous ingenuity on the part of the Major, and the possession of amazing sleuth-hound skill by those who ran the hidden articles to ground. The "husbands" and wives race" was won by the irrepressible "Mickey" and Mrs. Carroll. Many children's races followed and the athletic winners delighted by substantial prizes. After the last event on the Sports card, Mrs. Crichton presented each woman and child with a gift, and they departed thanking her and Major Crichton for the pleasant afternoon afforded by their kindness; it was universally wished that Mrs. Crichton will retain as pleasant memories of this, her first Annual Meeting with the families of her Squadron, as her guests will; also that she will have many happy repetitions thereof.

Captain Neilson left for leave at home, on the 1st March.

Owing to the Colonel's Christmas presents for the wives of the N.C.O's and men having been sent to Potchefstroom with "C" Squadron, they were not available when the "annual" was held at Tempe, on the 1st January. In consequence, it was decided to hold still another regimental tea on the 1st March. The scene of the function was Major Mitford's bungalow, and on this occasion, luckily the services of the band could be utilized. A very pleasant afternoon was the result; Mrs. Crichton, Lady Helen Mitford, some mere men,—and the expert, 'Bob', gave their helpful aid, and Mrs. Crichton kindly presented the Colonel's handsome gifts.

Mr. Stokes left on the 2nd March, for England, where he has been ordered to proceed, to undergo a course of instruction at the Army Signalling School.

Captain Palmes left for leave at home, on the 9th March.

Captain Palmer left for home on the 16th March, on appointment as an Instructor in Skill-at-Arms at the Cavalry School, Netheravon.

Congratulations from all go forth to Corporal Wales, on his promotion to commissioned rank. Also our hearty wishes that his career in his new regiment, "The Lincolnshire", will be one of uninterrupted success. We are sure that he will never cease to look back upon the few years he served as a Tenth Hussar, with feelings of unmixed pleasure, and that his experiences during the period will be of great use to him in the future.

Mr. Wales has earned great popularity by his good sportsmanlike qualities. In every description of game, he has taken a part, or given his support as an organiser. The Corporals especially, will acknowledge the debt they owe him, for his part in establishing their Mess here, and his efforts in evolving the commodious institution which is now theirs. On the 21st March, the date of his departure, Mr. Wales was photographed with his old comrades, the Corporals, and a goodly contingent of them attended at the railway station, to bid him farewell.

Mr. Turnor rejoined from leave in England, on the 30th March.

It may interest our readers who have followed the progress of the war between the Turks and the Balkan Allies, to know that the famous Tchataldja Lines, which have become as historical as those of Torres Vedras, owed their inception to the military genius of our former Commanding Officer, Colonel Valentine Baker. The elaborate system of fortified works are erected in a strong natural position, extending over eleven miles. When serving with the Turkish Army, Baker Pasha perceived the importance of the place from strategical and defensive points of view, and immediately after the signing of the Treaty of Berlin, almost by force, persuaded the lethargic Turk to construct the defences.

It will occur to many today, that if the Turkish soldiery engaged in the struggle against the Allies were of the same calibre as those led by that brilliant cavalry officer, Baker Pasha, the story of Tchataldja would have been 'another one'.

In his Inspection Report on the regiment for the year 1912-13, are incorporated the following remarks of the General Officer Commanding the 2nd (Rawal Pindi) Division:—

*"General Efficiency:—A smart regiment, well officered.*

*All ranks enter enthusiastically into all sports and games, and are equally keen about perfecting themselves in all points connected with efficiency.*

*The regiment is fit, in every way, for Active Service".*

Assured that every Tenth Hussar will appreciate the sentiments expressed in the following letters, received by Colonel Barnes, from our late and present Colonels, we here publish them.

"Jan. 10/13.

Woodburn, Dalkeith,  
Scotland.

My dear Colonel Barnes,

I can hardly tell you what a pleasure it has been to me, to receive your most kind and flattering letter, for I feel that it comes from the heart of the old Regiment to which I have always belonged, and whose affection I have always so much prized.

My old friends tell me that my resignation of the Colonelcy was unnecessary—they were very good to say so—but I hope you will believe me when I say that my action proceeded from a sense that I could not be a dummy, or useless member of the regiment in which I spent the best years of my life. It had been growing on me since the death of King Edward, who had appointed me—and I shrunk from the idea of sending excuses for non-attendance at regimental gatherings etc, at which, as Colonel, I should preside,—moreover, I felt strongly the obligation of finding good and promising recruits for the old Corps, and bringing their names to the King's book—this, as resident in the country of Scotland, I could not well do. So I asked to be allowed again to take my place among the few remaining Officers of the 10th who, though gazetted out, still remain, and always will remain, old Officers of the 10th.

I anticipate for you all a brilliant future when you return to England—as I feel sure, you will very shortly do.

I think I owe you this explanation, and beg you to give—not a farewell—but my most affectionate greeting and well wishes to all my brother Officers and comrades of all ranks in the Regiment, which we, in common, love so much.

Believe me, my dear Colonel,

Ever yours sincerely,

RAI.PH D. KERR.

(Old) 10th Rl. Hussars."

"Dingley,  
Market Harborough.  
6 Decr. 12.

Dear Barnes,

You will see shortly, that I was gazetted Colonel of the Regiment, as Lord Ralph Kerr has resigned last week. I need not say how delighted I am, and I trust that you will all approve. The old Officers are very kind about it. I fear there is no one now serving, who was with me, except Pillin-

ger, but I trust I shall soon have an opportunity of making myself known.

Would you mind putting in orders, that I deeply appreciate the honour conferred upon me by His Majesty the Colonel-in-Chief, in appointing me Colonel, and that I will always do everything in my power, for the good of the Regiment.....

Yours very truly,  
DOWNE."

"Dingley,  
Market Harborough,  
16 Jan. 1913.

Dear Barnes,

I wish to thank you all, very warmly for the kind telegram you sent me, on my appointment as Colonel of the Regiment. It could not have been worded better, and I am much touched by it. As I said in my letter to you, I am very proud of being Colonel of my old regiment, and I will do all I can, to be of use to it.

Yours very truly,  
DOWNE."

In an interesting contribution to the March number of *The Badminton*, entitled "Steeplechasing", Major Hughes-Onslow includes the following:—

„The Army has always been a friend to steeplechasing: as early as 1841, a Grand Military Meeting took place near Northampton, in March. The conditions of the principal race were as follows:—  
“A sweepstakes of ten pounds each, added to a purse, for horses which on or before the 1st February 1841, were *bona fide* the property of officers on full pay in the Army: to carry 12 stone, and to be ridden by officers on full pay; three miles over a sporting country; winners extra. There were twenty starters. The race resulted thus:—

Captain Sir J. G. Baird's (10th Hussars)	
<i>Carlow</i> ... ..	Owner 1
Mr. Maddock's (9th Lancers)	
<i>Creole</i> ... ..	Owner 2
Mr. de Winton's (2nd Life Guards)	
<i>Primrose</i> ... ..	Owner 3
Captain Quinton's (10th Hussars)	
<i>Indian Rubber</i> ... ..	Owner 4"

In the absence of any "Corporals' Mess Notes", we feel it incumbent to record a *reunion* of the Corporals of the Tenth, and the "Royals", which took place on the 12th February, in the mess-room of our Corporals, who were the hosts.

Colonel Barnes, and the Officers of "Ours", and Officers of the "Royals" appeared on the scene, by invitation, after dinner.

The first feeling on entering the room, was one of wonderment how so many as were in it could find space, the next a wonder how, having found the space, the assembly could be so comfortable as it obviously was. Hussars and Royals, regardless of the atmosphere, oblivious to the difficulty of penetration by their visual powers through the clouds of smoke from fragrant(?) pipe, cigar and cigarette; conscious only of the pleasant conditions prevalent, sat or stood wedged in firmly by comrades on either side, their countenances radiant with the spirit of good comradeship.

Corporal Wales, as President of the X.R.H. Corporals Mess, in welcoming the "Royals" to Potchefstroom, made happy allusions to the former good relations between the two regiments, expressed his assurance that they would be continued, and proposed the health of the guests, which was received with tremendous warmth, and musical honours.

Corporal "Kruger" of the "Royals" responded in felicitous terms, in what he described as "ordinary soldiers' *bal*"; his vocabulary would probably have at times mystified the most skilful linguist, but that it was 'understandable of soldiers', was unmistakable. Peals of laughter punctuated his sentences as he informed the company how pleased he was that the gathering had not taken place earlier, as was projected, because he was, on the date suggested for it, at Tempe doing a *mekometer* course. The course he declared was one of those of which Germany hears, and discourages her from having trouble with us. A description of himself,—in which the speaker claimed for a certain portion of his anatomy a vivid colour, modestly revealing that he is only a recruit in spite of his length of service,—was productive of much mirth. He concluded with an avowal of his certainty that both regiments were fortunate in coming together again, and that their time in Potchefstroom would be a happy one in consequence.

Colonel Barnes addressed the Corporals in terms which commanded intense attention, and evoked much applause. He recounted the pleasure of himself and the officers in being invited to the fore-gathering of the Corporals of the two regiments, and averred that he had no doubt that not only the Corporals, but all ranks would vie, in friendly rivalry, to impress the residents of the town and surrounding places, with the good qualities of British Cavalrymen. He added his conviction that all would realise their responsibilities in the bi-racial country in which they were now called to serve our King, and that their conduct would reflect nothing but credit on the Empire.

Messrs. Leckie and Hewett of the Royals, also

made very effective speeches, which were greatly appreciated.

Of course oratory was not the only feature of the entertainment: interspersed with the speeches a very lengthy programme of vocal and instrumental music was got through. The regimental band rendered a well-selected five pieces, Corporal Joel solo'd on the pianoforte in masterly style, and the following famous artists acquitted themselves with their customary success:—

Corporals Moore, Hotine, Swadling and Harwood, Privates Kelly and Haley, Sergeants Nance, Keats and O'Connell, and S.Q.M.S. Curtis of the Tenth, ably supplemented by Corporals Surrett, Purvis, Phillpotts, and Wyatt, of the Royal Dragoons.

Our Sergeants' Mess correspondent having also failed us this quarter, it is left to the Editor to record two reunions in his stronghold, the first on the 8th February, when a hearty send-off was given to Mr. Gordon, our Regimental Sergeant Major, and Squadron Quarter-Master-Sergeant Gould.

Both have served with us for very long periods,—Mr. Gordon having twenty-two years to his credit, Sergt.-Major Gould over 25 years. We say 'credit' advisedly; through the whole of their days as Tenth Hussars, their conduct has been such as has reflected credit upon themselves and the regiment. Both have excelled in their respective positions.

Mr. Gordon has been a conspicuously successful figure in all the regiment's doings for many years, and whether at drills, in the field, on the musketry range, or at mounted sports, he has *more* than held his own. "Many a time, and oft", has his name been high in the list of prizewinners, and individually or with his squadron section, he has frequently assisted in attaining honour for the Sergeants' Mess, and for the regiment.

Sergt. Major Gould, since he gained renown in the South African war, as a scout, has been engaged in pursuits of a much more pacific nature. As the semi-deity who presides over the staff in the officers' Mess, he is incomparable, and small wonder is it, that the Officers have induced him to remain in their service, as a civilian. It is impossible to narrate here, how very many times, in the days of the war, and on many a trek at manoeuvres in India, weariness has been banished, cold and discomfort forgotten, and cheeriness imparted, when the mess cart rolled up, and in the twinkling of an eye, as though by a magician's wand, the meal seasonable to the hour, was produced. It was surmised at one time, on the memorable occasion of his visit to Pretoria, in April 1899, that the real reason for his jaunt was a very

alluring offer made by the late lamented Mr. Kruger for his services as directing *Chef* to the Boer Forces. But as he is silent on this subject we will not continue it. Perhaps, some day soon, Mr. Gould will write for the *Gazette*, an account of "his experiences in the birdcage at Pretoria."

The Sergeants of "the Royals" were bidden to this farewell smoker, and like the little busy bee, all "improved the shining hour."

The second gathering was assembled for a similar purpose, the departing members this time being S.-Q.-M.-S. Curtis and Sergeant Sanders.

It would be difficult to make adequate acknowledgment of the debt of the whole regiment to Sergt. Major Curtis, for the innumerable occasions on which he has entertained us with his clever renderings of songs, on our Concert stage, and in our musical comedies. Can we ever forget how he has helped us to throw off the depression born of the long hot-weather days on the plains of India, how he has changed our melancholy into mirth, how we have awaited expectantly for the appearance of his pleasingly portly presence on the boards, and how reluctantly we saw him withdraw? Wherever the lines of "Bob" Curtis are cast, he may be sure that all hope that they may be in pleasant places.

Sergeant Sanders' departure is reminiscent of the fact that his mother was born in the Tenth Hussars, and that his grandfather and grandmother were following the fortunes of the regiment in the opening years of the nineteenth century. Also that his brother Mr. Sanders, the Ridingmaster of the 4th Dragoon Guards, now doing duty with the Remount Depot at Melton Mowbray, was of us for fifteen years. Sergeant Sanders has earned distinction as a Roughrider, and as an Instructor. He was specially selected to take to England, the charger of His Majesty, our Colonel-in-Chief, which had been one of the Royal chargers at the Delhi Durbar. He is the proud possessor of a goldmounted riding whip, presented personally to him by His Majesty.

Sergt. Major Curtis has left us to take up an appointment with a Rhodesian mounted corps, and Sergt. Sanders for employment with the Transvaal Police.

The heartiest and best wishes of all follow this quartet of very worthy and popular members of the Sergeants' Mess.

Major Shearman, who with the officers attended the last-named meeting, paid compliments to the guests of the evening in eulogistic terms which found an echo in the hearts of all present.

We must not omit the reference made, in his

address, to what Major Shearman described as "a descent of the Tenth Hussars on Roodepoort and Lichtenburg." He alluded to the visit of Sergeant-Majors King and Fewster and Sergeants Keeley and Ball to those places, to take part in the Easter mounted competitions. To use a figurative, but eloquent expression, they "swept the board", capturing nearly all the prizes, and attaining a remarkable success which, it is hoped, may be taken as a happy augury of regimental successes in future ventures of this description in South Africa. We hope to give, in our next issue, the fuller details of the performances of the N.C.O's named, which they undoubtedly deserve.

transport. They are the pride of our transport Chief, Sergeant Keats, and the very 'apple of the eye' of Driver Long, and his mate.

We acknowledge, with thanks the receipt of copies of their journals from the Editors of:-

*The Black Horse Gazette,*  
*The Eagle,*  
*The Inniskilliner,*  
*The 12th Royal Lancers Journal.*  
*The White Lancer,*  
*The Vedette.*



It is also hoped that all our squadron, band, Sergeants' and Corporals' Mess, and cricket and football correspondents will come forward with their notes in all future quarters.

Apropos, it may be added that the very kind references to the Tenth, which appeared in the journals of the 12th Royal Lancers, and the 21st Empress of India's Lancers, are much appreciated.

Congratulations to the regimental team which shot in the *Henry Whitehead Cup Competition*, on their inclusion in the list of winning units, in the "Army Rifle Association's 1912" circular.

And we thank the Mayor of Bloemfontein for the kindly thought which prompted him to wire his best wishes for a pleasant stay at Potchefstroom."

The team scored 1580 points, of a possible 1656, and won £5.

Copies of Nos. 2, 5, 7, 9, 10, 11, 13, 17, 18, 20, 21, 22 are obtainable.

Copies of Nos. 14, 15 are wanted.

Apply to The Editor.

This note is merely an excuse for introducing the team of grey mules which form a very important part of the Tenth in South Africa,—the

An interesting ceremony took place at Apsley House, the handsome town residence of the Duke

of Wellington, when Earl Roberts, V.C.K.G., was presented by Lord Curzon with a Statuette, on behalf of the National Service League. The Statuette is of a classical figure symbolical of "Armed Peace". The figure is standing with head raised and hands grasping the hilt of a sheathed sword, which is extended in front of the body with the point resting upon the ground. The figure is draped in flowing robes, and wears a helmet with three crests and a wreath of laurel. The Statuette is of Silver, and on the front is a plate bearing the following inscription:—



"Presented to Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, V.C.K.G., on September 30th, 1912, the 80th anniversary of his birthday by Members of the National Service League and others in token of their gratitude and admiration for the zeal, courage and ability with which he has led the movement in favour of Universal Military Training for Home Defence."

The figure was modelled by the Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company, Ltd. of 112, Regent Street, London, W., who have carried out the work with their accustomed good taste and skilful craftsmanship, the whole effect being most dignified.

## OBITUARY.

We regret to have to record the death of the late Sergeant Thomas Watson, (Joe), who will be remembered by many still serving. He joined the regiment at York, having been attested at his birthplace, Newcastle-on-Tyne, on the 29th January, 1890, at the age of nineteen years and two months. He was transferred to the Army Reserve seven years later, and was employed as a Manager of one of the shops of Salmon and Gluckstein.

On the Tenth being mobilised for the war in South Africa, Sergeant Watson rejoined, and served through the earlier stages of the campaign.

"He was," reports Mr. Miller the Secretary of the O.C.A., "latterly employed by an Insurance firm, and died at 38 Elmer Road, Catford, on the 24th January.

He leaves a widow and three children."

We tender our condolences to Mrs. Watson.

Some members of the O.C.A. attended the funeral, and deposited a wreath on the grave.

We also regret to announce that the death has taken place, of Sir Charles Edward Frederick, formerly Captain, Tenth Royal Hussars.

The occurrence is recorded in the *Star* dated Johannesburg, 26th March. To the Editor of that publication it was communicated by a Reuter's cable from London on the same day. No details were given.

Sir Charles was gazetted to the 2nd Dragoon Guards, (Queen's Bays), as Cornet, on the 2nd July, 1861, but did not join that regiment, having been transferred to the Tenth on the 6th of the following month. He obtained his Lieutenancy by purchase, on the 18th October, 1864, and was promoted to a troop, without purchase, on the 14th August, 1872. He exchanged into the 21st Hussars, on the 3rd October, 1873. Born on the 2nd May 1843, he was at the time of his death, 69 years and ten months of age.



1819—1831.

**MEMOIRS OF THE TENTH ROYAL HUSSARS.**  
(Prince of Wales's Own).

HISTORICAL, AND SOCIAL.—*Continued.*

*Compiled and arranged by the late Colonel  
R. S. Liddell, Commanding the Regiment.*

CHAPTER XVI.

**Napoleon's escape from Elba.—The Regiment ordered on active service.—Position of the English Army before Waterloo.—The Cavalry Force.—Napoleon takes the Field.—The Battles of Ligny and Quatre Bras.**

THE news of Napoleon's escape from the isle of Elba and his progress towards Paris became known throughout Europe at the beginning of March 1815. "If a thunderbolt had fallen amidst the Congress of Vienna then sitting, greater consternation could not have been excited than the announcement that Napoleon had secretly left Elba. All minor differences that had ensued throughout the nations of Europe owing to the treaty of Paris the year previous were immediately forgotten..... All lesser subjects of alarm were absorbed in the pressing danger arising from the re-

turn of Napoleon to the throne of France." (1) A declaration signed by all the powers was forthwith drawn up proscribing Napoleon as a public enemy, and expressing their determination to employ the whole forces at their disposal to prevent Europe from being again plunged into the abyss of revolution. The Russian troops in Poland were ordered to prepare to march. Austria put on a war footing her armies in Italy and Germany, and Prussia called out the Landwehr. England being now delivered from the pressure of the American war, and thus in a position to employ her resources more freely, poured troops into Flanders, and provided at the same time for the equipment of the newly-raised forces of the Belgians. Levies were also raised in Hanover. These troops, brought together for the defence of the Belgian frontier, were placed under the command of the Duke of Wellington, and a Prussian army under Prince Blücher took the field to co-operate with him.

In April great additions were made to the English army. Amongst these, on the 6th of that month, the 10th Hussars was augmented by two troops, and the regiment received an order for three squadrons to hold themselves in readiness for embarkation for active service. On the 9th they commenced their march, the depôt moving to

(1) Alison.

Brighton, and on the 16th the first detachment embarked about two in the morning, and landed at five the same evening at Ostend. The remainder of the six troops sailed on the following day, but did not complete their disembarkation until the 18th. On the 20th, the whole regiment marched to Bruges, and afterwards took the following route:—21st, Eccloo; 22nd, Ostacher and other villages near Ghent; 23rd, Oudenarde; 24th, Berghem, where a halt of some days was made. Upon arrival at Aspelaer, near Ninove, on the 2nd May, after a long march in very hot weather, it was found that the orders for the regiment's cantonment had been changed, consequently the right squadron, with head-quarters, moved to Oultre and the remaining squadrons to Voorde. In these villages the regiment remained several weeks. (1)

The force under the Duke of Wellington at this time was scattered over a great extent of country in order to facilitate the subsistence of the troops. On the left the Allies were connected with the Prussians near Charleroi, while their centre and right were at Mons and Tournai.

The cavalry of the Anglo-Allied army, commanded by the Earl of Uxbridge, consisted of seven brigades. Of these, the British and King's German Legion cavalry, with the Hanoverian brigade, were stationed at Grammont and Ninove and the villages in the neighbourhood. The sixth or Hussar Brigade was commanded by Major-General Sir Hussey Vivian. It consisted of the 10th Hussars, 390 strong, under Colonel Quentin; the 18th Hussars (396), under Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. H. Murray; and the 1st Hussars of the King's German Legion (493), under Lieutenant-Colonel von Wissell. (2)

"As there was little expectation of a change of quarters for some weeks, the officers had many opportunities of visiting Brussels, about eighteen miles from the cavalry head-quarters. The monotony of the regimental camp life also was enlivened by amusements arranged among officers of the own brigade and the Guards. Horse-racing was established, and many successful meetings held. Perhaps the most successful of these was one that took place on the 23rd May, during which the officers of the Tenth gave a grand *fête*. About 100 sat down at this entertainment, amongst the number Lord Hill and Lord Uxbridge. Again, on the 30th, another race meeting was held, when the regiment again entertained its friends at luncheon, when the Prince of Orange and also Sir Sidney Smith were present. These races were held near Grammont, the stewards being Major-General Sir

Hussey Vivian, Lord Robert Manners, and Sir Noel Hill. The last of these meetings appears to have taken place on the 1st June, when Lord Uxbridge presented a cup to be run for. On this day the 10th and 18th Hussars gave a parting *fête* to the 7th Hussars, as the latter regiment was now told off to serve in a different brigade. At the same time drills were constantly held, and the brigades were exercised three times a week under their respective commanders." (1)

On the 6th May the Hussar Brigade was inspected by Lieutenant-General the Earl of Uxbridge. On the 29th, the Duke of Wellington reviewed the whole of the British cavalry in the presence of Field-Marshal Prince Blücher, the Duc de Berri, and other distinguished officers. "The troops were drawn up with the 7th, 10th, 15th, and 18th Hussars, with Horse Artillery, in the first line, each half squadron taking a squadron interval (this line was commanded by Generals Grant and Vivian); the 1st Life Guards in second line, under Lord E. Somerset, and the 1st Royal Dragoons, Inniskillings, and Greys, under General Ponsonby; the 11th, 12th, 13th, 16th, and 23rd Dragoons, under Vandeleur, in the third line. On the arrival of the Duke of Wellington and Marshal Blücher a salute was fired." Captain Charles Wood in a letter says: "Old Blücher, upon passing my troop, recognised me immediately and gave me his hand," (2) &c. &c. "We brought into the field 5,600 swords besides the Horse Artillery, thirty-six guns, all looking in first-rate condition."

On the afternoon of the 1st March, Napoleon had reached the Gulf of St. Juan and landed on French territory with 400 of his Old Guard. He marched first on Grenoble, where on the 6th March he met troops detached from the garrison of that place sent to arrest his progress. Advancing to the front of his own men, he called upon the soldiers to join him. This the whole garrison did with the greatest enthusiasm, and Napoleon's force was brought up to 3,000 men. Daily adding to these numbers, he continued his march, and reached Lyons on the 12th. At this place he was joined by Marshal Ney, who had been sent by Louis XVIII. to oppose him, but who came over to his side with the whole army under his orders. This act virtually gave him back the government of the country. On the 20th, Louis XVIII. abdicated, and at nine o'clock the same night Napoleon arrived at the Tuileries. "Nothing which vigour and activity could do was wanting on the part of the Emperor

(1) Dr. Jenks's *Diary*.

(2) Silborne's *Waterloo Campaign*.

(1) Extract from letter from Captain Charles Wood, 10th Hussars, to his brother, Colonel Wood, of Littleton.

(2) Captain (afterwards Colonel) Wood had served under Lord Stewart at the battle of Leipzig, and had been specially noticed by Marshal Blücher.

Napoleon to provide the means to oppose the phalanx of enemies ready to overwhelm him." (1) He restored to the old regiments their numbers, provided arms and ammunition, and by rousing the national spirit revived the worn-out finances of the country. All this he accomplished in three months, and, having collected an army with the greatest rapidity, early in June decided to take the field against the Allies in Belgium. He selected the direct route to Brussels by Charleroi for his main line of advance, the road on which Blücher's right and Wellington's left rested,(2) intending by striking between them to defeat the Prussians in the first instance, and then fall upon the English.

"On the 12th June, Colonel von Wissell, whose regiment, the 1st Hussars of the German Legion, formed an extensive line of outposts in front of Tournai, supported by the remainder of the Hussar Brigade, reported to Sir Hussey Vivian that he had received information of the French army having assembled on the frontier." On the 14th, Napoleon himself arrived on the scene of operations and took command of his forces, now concentrated on the right bank of the Sambre. At sunrise on the 15th, he moved forward in three columns, and by eleven o'clock was in full possession of Charleroi. The Prussians fell back fighting, and concentrated at Ligny by nightfall. About five o'clock the same afternoon the Duke of Wellington received information of the advance of the French, and orders were at once issued for the British army to march in the direction of Quatre Bras, while the Prussians concentrated on the left at Ligny.

"The intelligence of the arrival of Napoleon upon the scene of operations was known to few in Brussels beyond the Duke and his immediate staff, and on the evening of the 15th the famous ball, of which so much notice has been taken, and which has become historical, was given by the Duchess of Richmond in a house in the Rue de la Blanchisserie. The Duke of Wellington and all the officers in and near Brussels attended; amongst them Lord Robert Manners and other officers of the 10th Hussars were present. It had been hinted to the generals of division and brigade that one by one, as the night drew on, they should take their leave. Orders likewise had been issued to the troops to hold themselves in readiness to march... By-and-by general after general withdrew from the Duchess's party, some on the plea that their commands were far away, others because duty or private business called them. The Duke remained until a late hour, and returned thanks after supper for the health of the Prince Regent, which was proposed by the

Prince of Orange. He soon afterwards retired, and the company broke up. A bugle call, heard first in the Place d'Armes, and taken up and echoed back through various quarters of the town, roused all classes of people in a moment. Regiments were seen to muster by the dim light of the stars in square, street, and alley, and as they were ready, marched off in the direction of the Forest of Soignies."(1)

The Tenth received its orders at midnight, and the Hussar Brigade, breaking up its cantonments, moved towards Nivelles in the early morning of the 16th. On arriving at that place an express was received, ordering the brigade to proceed on the Namur road to Quatre Bras, which, after a long and harassing march, hampered with many obstructions, was reached the same evening.

Marshal Ney, having arrived at the French headquarters on the night of the 15th, was placed by Napoleon at the head of a force of about 17,000 men, and the next day advanced to attack the English at Quatre Bras, with a view to preventing their concentration. Napoleon himself, with the main portion of his army, attacked the Prussians at Ligny. About two o'clock on the 16th the two battles commenced. The Prussians were defeated, and fell back in the direction of Wavre. The English held their ground, and throughout the day continued to receive reinforcements as the troops came up from their various cantonments, so that Wellington, commencing with about the same numbers as Ney, had assembled an army of 30,000 men before the day was over. With this force he was able to drive the French back and remain in possession of the field. By nine p.m. the whole of the British cavalry, whose cantonments had been on the extreme right of the extended position of the allied army, arrived at Quatre Bras and bivouacked on the field.

To secure the position taken up by the Hussar Brigade, Sir Hussey Vivian threw out two strong piquets—one, under Captain Croker, from the 18th Hussars, on the Namur road; the other, under Major the Hon. Frederick Howard, from the 10th Hussars, in front; and also from the latter regiment a smaller piquet, under Lieutenant Arnold, on the right of the Namur road. But during the night (the 16th) the bivouac on the field of Quatre Bras remained undisturbed, save from some firing caused by outpost affairs brought on by a cavalry patrol passing between the adverse lines.(2)

Wellington, arriving early in the morning of the 17th, found this brigade posted as described; but Sir Hussey could give little information to the

(1) Alison.

(2) Siborne.

(1) Gleig's *Battle of Waterloo*.

(2) Siborne.

Duke beyond the fact of the firing above mentioned, for the French continued quiet, and as yet no forward movement was indicated. In the direction of Fleurus a French vedette was visible, probably thrown out after last night's battle from Marshal Ney's extreme right. But there was no intelligence of Blücher; so Captain Grey's troop from the 10th Hussars was sent along the Namur road, accompanied by Lieutenant Bacon and Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Sir Alexander Gordon, A.D.C. to the Duke, in order to gain information. Advancing cautiously, the patrol discovered a French vedette posted on rising ground about a mile and a half beyond Petit-Marbais. Captain Grey now detached Lieutenant Bacon with a few men to explore, while with the remainder of the troop, placed in concealment, he awaited the result. On perceiving Bacon's party the enemy's piquet mounted and galloped back to their supports. As the French showed no further disposition to advance, Captain Grey began to retire, and soon afterwards struck into a cross-road that led towards the Prussian line of retreat. Here he fell in with General Ziethen, commanding the rear guard of the Prussians, retiring on Wavre. Gordon obtained satisfactory information from the general, which he immediately reported to the Duke of Wellington. The patrol, however, did not return to Quatre-Bras until half-past seven in the evening.

The left troop of Howard's squadron, under Captain Wood, was also sent to patrol in the direction of Wavre, and subsequently this officer laid claim to having been the first to convey to the Duke the intelligence of the Prussian retreat to Wavre. Hence arose a difference of opinion as to which troop was the first to give this important information, and after a patient and thorough investigation Captain Siborne has decided in favour of Captain Grey's troop, accompanied by Sir Alexander Gordon. (1)

#### YACHTING NOTES.

In the *Journal of the Royal Cruising Club* for the season 1912, Mr. Arthur M. Channell, in his introductory letter to the Commodore, writes:—

##### “THE ROYAL CRUISING CLUB CHALLENGE CUP.

“Major Crichton spent the summer with his cutter cruise round England and most of Scotland, going up the east coast and through the Caledonian Canal, and back down the west coast to his starting point at Hamble, doing a little cruising in Ireland, and to Scilly and other places on his way. This cruise

was in every way successful, and in the early days of the Cruising Club, when members did not frequent the Arctic Circle and the Bay of Biscay, might have obtained the Cup.

##### THE ROMOLA CHALLENGE CUP.

“Major Crichton spent the summer with his cutter *Wenda*, (21 tons) partly in cruising round England, and later in taking part in the Solent and S. Coast Regattas. The voyage round began on June 18th, and for the first stage, as far as Inverness, fair winds and good weather were on the whole experienced. Calls were made at Newhaven, Dover, Harwich and Lowestoft; from there the yacht ran to Scarborough, a distance of 153 miles, in the quick time of twenty-eight hours. Afterwards, the Tyne, Broughty Ferry, Aberdeen and Peterhead were visited, and the vessel arrived at Inverness on July 7th. After being towed through the Caledonian Canal, *Wenda* left Copach for Oban, and from there made Belfast Lough and Kingstown. In the Irish Channel the yacht met with bad weather, and the subsequent passages back to Southampton, with calls at Milford Haven, Falmouth and Dartmouth, were made under trying conditions. This round voyage was accomplished in the short space of twenty-five days. After racing in the Solent Regattas, where a fair measure of success was achieved, *Wenda*, with the desire to be in time for the Torbay Regatta, crossed the West Bay from Portland in the face of strong S.W. winds. It will be remembered that the Devonshire Regattas suffered last season from the absence of some of the racing fleet, who would not undertake that passage in the then prevailing conditions. Later, a trip was made to the Scilly Isles, where for some time the yacht was employed in making day cruises, and from there she returned to the Solent to lay up for the winter.

It will be seen from the short account what good work was done by Major Crichton, and I think it may be said that the successful carrying out of his plans was largely owing to his ability, both in handling and navigating his ship; whilst note should also be taken of the courage and endurance, which guided her through much bad weather. I have placed this cruise after the two previously mentioned, in view of the fact that the *Wenda* is the largest of the three ships; also that a crew of two competent paid hands was carried, and again, that much of the cruising was done in waters previously known to the owner.

It should also be stated that the account of the summer work of *Wenda*, although very carefully and accurately kept, is not in the narrative form which is customary in the *Journal*, and owing to this, the Editors have decided that it is not suitable

(1) Siborne; Dr. Jenks's *Diary*.



*Wanda*

for publication. It is a matter of regret that it was not presented in the usual manner, as the whole log forms so good a record of what can be accomplished by a small ship, well found and well handled, under most unfavourable conditions of weather."

The results of the racing referred to in the foregoing article, were eminently satisfactory; producing, out of nine entries, three first prizes, a second, and a third. They were all Handicap events.

#### SOLENT.

<i>Southampton Town Regatta</i>	... ..	1st prize.
<i>Royal Southampton Yacht Club</i>	... ..	Nil.
<i>Castle Yacht Club</i>	... ..	1st prize.
<i>Royal Albert Yacht Club</i>	... ..	1st prize.

#### TORBAY.

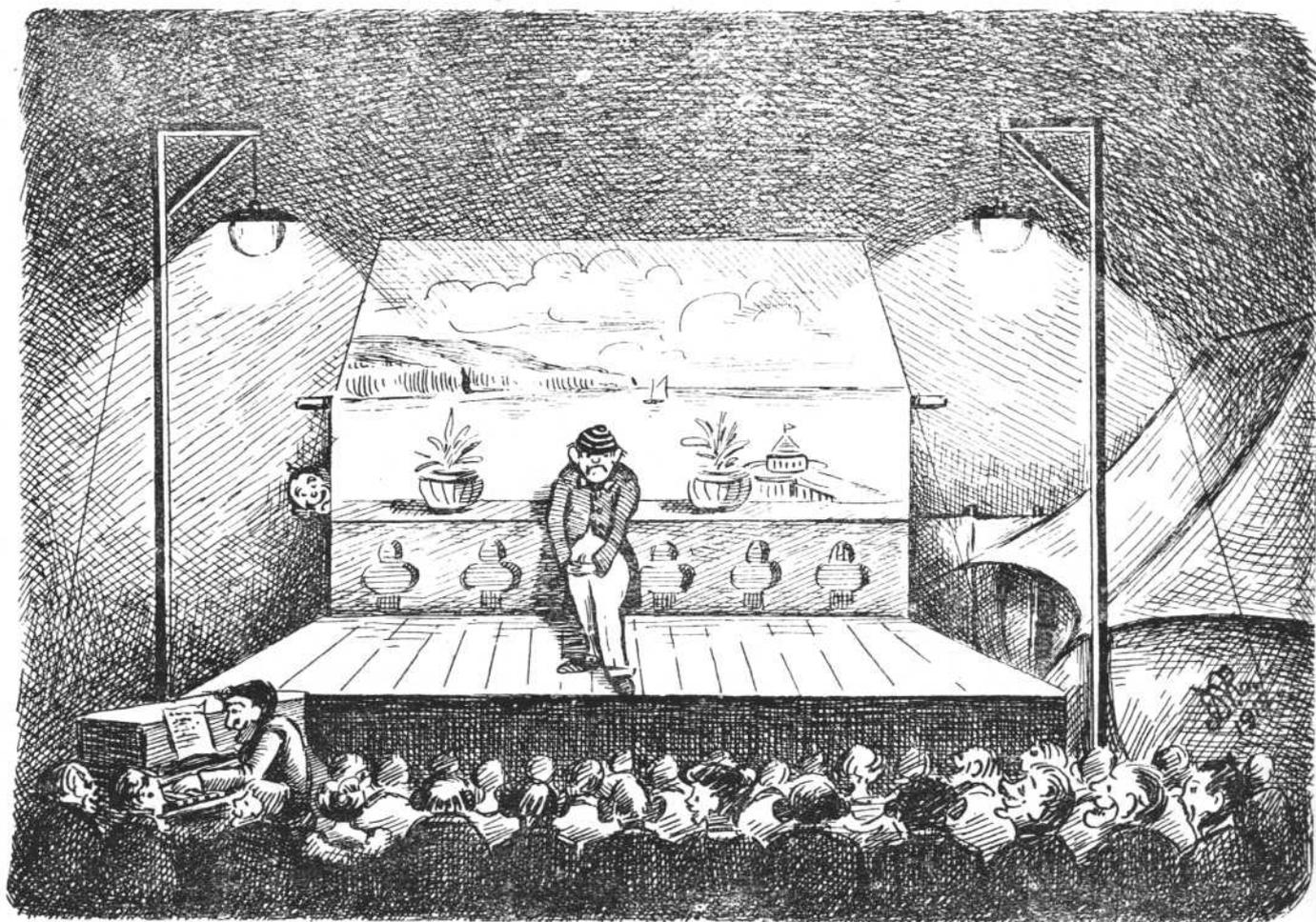
<i>Torquay Town</i> (3rd of 6)	... ..	Nil.
<i>Royal Torbay Yacht Club</i> (4th of 6)	...	2nd prize.
<i>Royal Dart Yacht Club</i> (4th of 6)	... ..	Nil.
<i>Dartmouth Royal Regatta</i> (3rd of 5)	... ..	3rd prize.

In the first cruise, circumnavigating Great Britain, *Wenda* sailed 1,512 miles, in 308 hours, including the time occupied in going in and out of harbours, the real average being over 5 knots an hour.

In the second cruise the distance sailed was 1,244 miles, the total of the summer cruises 2,756 miles.

A photograph of *Wenda*, in cruising trim is given.

All will regret that Major Crichton's log was written in terms that were considered "unfit for publication." We did not suspect him of it.



#### REGIMENTAL CONCERTS.

Under the direction of Captain Peto, ably assisted by Sergeant-Major Curtis, our artists made their *debut* in Potchefstroom, on the 27th February, in the Church of England Institute. Their fame had

evidently preceded them, for at the hour announced for the opening of the entertainment, the building was packed to its uttermost limits: in addition to those who were fortunate enough to secure sitting or standing room inside, others not so fortunate, filled every inch of veranda near the windows where they could obtain a view of the stage; in addition to these, many were contented to stand in

the vicinity of the Institute whence the songs could be heard.

The programme also included the name of Miss Le Warne, who very kindly came forward to enhance the excellence of the Concert.

Amongst the audience were our Brigadier-General O'Brien, Mrs. and Miss O'Brien, Colonel and Mrs. Makins and Major and Mrs. Steele of the Royal Dragoons, and Officers, N.C. Officers and men, of every regiment in the Garrison.

The band was of course, an all-important factor: in the opening selection, *The Sunshine Girl*, the audience immediately recognised the ability of the performers, some venturing to assert that it was unsurpassable. Pte Fountain led the van of the vocalists, followed by Sergeant O'Connell, both of whom were compelled to give second turns.

Then came Miss Le Warne, who charmed with her expressive rendering of *Nirvana*. In response to vociferous demands for an *encore*, and overwhelming manifestations of approval, she complied with the call. She was ably accompanied by Mrs. Nunn. Our thanks are given to both ladies for their excellent aid.

The band then played Mascagni's Intermezzo from *Cavaleria Rusticana*, and the Intermezzo and Finale, *The Jewels of the Madonna*; Corporal Swadling now occupied the stage, delighting with his skilful impersonations of 'a lidy' who held forth on the thrills imparted, "*When you see me dance the minuet*. A second appearance was inevitable. He made it and gave us one of his popular numbers, *The next department please*. Sergeant Keats brought the first part to a conclusion with *We all went walking round*, when we all went expressing our approval so long and so continuously, that he came on again, and sang, *In the Park on Sunday*.

The band opened the second part with a grand selection, *Pagliacci*, Sergeant Nance eclipsed himself in the song of the roysterer, *Follow the tram lines*, Pte Kelly in his rendering of *The old Regiment*, impressed the audience with the compass and beauty of his voice, and was succeeded by the inimitable Pte Haley. His *I'm twenty-one today*, evoked deafening rounds of applause, and a second, and a third reappearance. Those in front could not have enough of him, but the managerial eye of Captain Peto was upon the hour, which was verging into the next day, and the signal was given for the next turn, which was that of the band. Taking advantage of a lull in the storm of applause, the musicians plunged into their number, which was an excerpt from *The Count of Luxembourg*. Corporal Swadling then supported Sergt. Nance, with funny business and much talk of amusing nonsense, what time they sang *If you want to*

*please Susannah*. If she wants more fun than we derived from their performance, then truly, Susannah is hard to please. Sergt.-Major Curtis made the termination of the concert as delightful as it had been from the start, with a song familiar to the regiment, *A song without a name*, and after the regimental anthem, followed by the national one, we dispersed, indulging in the hope that many similar entertainments will be given in Potchefstroom by our talented troupe.

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### COMMUNICATIONS CONCERNING OLD COMRADES.

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In the *Camberley News* of the 7th September, the following:—

#### Retirement of Major A. W. Waite.

Through the operation of the age limit the Army will this month lose the services of a very popular, efficient and well-known officer, in the person of Major Albert William Waite, who for the past ten years has been on the Staff at the Royal Military College, where his forthcoming retirement is much regretted by all ranks, a regret that was voiced by the Inspector-General of the Home Forces (General Sir C. H. W. Douglas) and the Commandant (Colonel L. A. M. Stopford), at the half-yearly inspection in July. The Commandant then observed that Major Waite would take with him in his retirement the good wishes and affection not merely of those who were then on parade, but also of those who had previously been at the College. Probably there are few, if any better known to officers of the Army, than is Major Waite, who has instructed some hundreds of them in riding. During his tenure at the College the improvement in the riding of the Gentlemen Cadets has been invariably commented on by the Inspecting Officers from the War Office and at the last inspection the Inspector-General remarked that he had heard from the Inspector of Cavalry of the tremendous progress which the Gentlemen Cadets had made in riding under Major Waite's instruction.

From the 3rd (King's Own) Hussars Major Waite received his commission into the 10th Royal Hussars on September 27th, 1890, and during the war in South Africa he was there employed on the Remount Staff and graded as a Staff Lieutenant. He has Queen Victoria's medal with three clasps for the campaign. On his return from South Africa he was appointed adjutant to the 2nd Provisional Regiment of Hussars. He became captain in 1900, and was appointed Riding-Master at the Royal Military College on September 17th, 1902, when he obtained the rank of major. Since that time he has twice been specially selected for important duty in London on great State occasions—the first being in connection with the funeral procession of his late Majesty King Edward, and the second on the occasion of the Coronation processions last year.

During his military career Major Waite was the best man-at-arms for All Ireland, and best man-at-arms and gold medallist for England at the Royal Naval and Military Tournament in 1904.

With the civilian element in the district Major Waite is held in the greatest esteem, and general regret is expressed at the fact that he has decided on his retirement

to leave the neighbourhood. At various social gatherings he is always a most welcome guest, and his entertaining songs have done much to add to the enjoyment of many a function. In other ways he has rendered much assistance. Particularly was this the case at the two great horse shows which were held at The Watchetts a few years ago; at the Camberley and Yorktown charity fêtes, at the local Empire Day celebrations, and in connection with the Camberley and Yorktown Carnival, of the procession of which last year he most successfully undertook the duties of Chief Marshal. In his retirement Major Waite will take with him the heartiest good wishes of the whole district, both military and civilian.

From the *Aldershot Military Mail*, we take this report on our former Bandmaster, Second-Lieut. A. Williams.—

#### A Famous Bandmaster.

Lieut. A. E. Williams, the popular bandmaster of the Grenadier Guards, who has been conducting the band of that regiment at the White City throughout the season, enlisted at the age of thirteen in the 61st Regiment and joined the fife and drum band, but on reaching Malta he entered the band as a euphonium player. After a sojourn in India of six or seven years, he was sent (as sergeant) to study at the Military School at Kneller Hall. After two years' hard work at that institution he qualified for the appointment of bandmaster, and was posted to the 10th Hussars at York. He still continued his studies under the late Dr. Naylor, organist of York Minster, and in 1891 the bandmaster of the 10th Hussars obtained the Degree of Mus. Bac., at Oxford. Upon the resignation of Mr. Winterbottom from the bandmastership of the Royal Marine Artillery at Portsmouth, Mr. Williams was appointed his successor, and for five years did much public work, apart from his military duties. In 1897 the leadership of the Grenadier Guards became vacant, through the death of the veteran Lieut. Dan Godfrey, and Bandmaster Williams was selected to fill this important office. In 1906 he took the Degree of Doctor of Music at Oxford, being the first bandmaster in the British Army to obtain that distinction. During the years he has spent with the Guards he has kept up the high reputation of the band, not only in military circles, but in the esteem of the British public.

Captain Adrian Cave, who left us in Mhow, is nothing if not original. His military and patriotic instincts would not permit him to abstain from in some way, serving his country. Notwithstanding he holds the Army rank of Captain, he joined the North Devon Yeomanry as a Second Lieutenant, and still holds that rank in the regiment.

The manner of his joining the regiment for the last annual training, is set forth in the following extract from a Devonshire paper:—

#### The Yeomanry Camp.

A scene of wild excitement prevailed in the camp of the SouthWestern Mounted Brigade on Friday evening, when a biplane was sighted making towards the camp. Men

rushed away from camp in droves, and when the airship pitched gracefully on the crest of the hill adjoining the camp some 2,000 men were swarming around the aviator, Lieut. Pizey, who had brought with him a popular officer of the Royal North Devon Hussars, Lieut. Cave, from Amesbury. The cheering of the men could be heard for miles, and it was some time before the aviator could get clear of the hundreds of hands stretched out to him. An unfortunate incident occurred when Lieut. Pizey called upon the men to hold the tail of the machine while he set the propeller in motion. Immediately the whirl of the engines commenced the men let go the machine, with the result that the aviator, who was under the engines, had to run, and only just succeeded in jumping on the



frame and shutting off the engines. It was truly a marvellous escape. When the second attempt was made the men pressed too heavily on the tail of the machine, and broke one of the tail stays. After half an hour's delay Sergt. Richards, of the North Devons, set the propeller going with the aviator in his seat, and a start was made just before 9 o'clock.

We, who know Captain Cave so well, can easily imagine his imperturbable demeanour in the situation described.

Our readers will readily recognise the couple presented in the photograph here given.

Yet another cutting from the press, this time from a far-away New Zealand paper, the *Dominion*.

It was kindly sent by Mr. S. C. Bishop formerly of the "Fighting Fifth", the Northumberland Fusiliers, who describes himself as 'an old soldier', and asks for a copy of the *Gazette*, with which request we are glad to comply.

At the same time, we congratulate our old, and undoubtedly gallant comrade, Mr. Wilson, and his bride.

**"Light Brigade Man.**

**SAW BALACLAVA.**

*Romance at Christchurch.*

(By Telegraph.—Special Correspondent.)

CHRISTCHURCH, September 10.

On Monday week last, James Drysdale Wilson, 82 years of age, and one of the survivors of the famous "Six Hundred," was quietly married in Christchurch to Miss Grahame Sime, who is only seven years his junior.

This morning a "Press" representative went out to Sydenham and interviewed the pair. He found a tall soldierly-looking old man, who carried his four-score years wonderfully well, and an active old lady tenderly looking after her newly wedded husband.

Mr. Wilson was born in Edinburgh, and came to Christchurch 53 years ago. Mrs. Wilson was born in Aberdeen, and came out here 45 years ago. They explained why they had married. Before their marriage they had lived next door to one another, and, for the last three and a half years, Mr. Wilson, who has been getting rather feeble in health, has been looked after by Miss Sime (now Mrs. Wilson). As the houses which they lived in were very old, they had received notification that they would shortly have to shift, and so, in order that the old lady might still be able to look after Mr. Wilson, they decided to be married, the happy event being duly celebrated on Monday week.

Mr. Wilson gave the pressman an interesting account of his military adventures. He joined the 10th Royal Hussars in 1851, and proceeded during the following year to India, where his regiment was stationed. He saw what he styles "a bit of scrimmaging" out there, and then, when rumours of a war with Russia began to thicken, he (with two companions) were despatched to the Crimea to take up ground for the regiment, which followed afterwards. When Mr. Wilson arrived in the Crimea, it was the eve of the battle of Balaclava, and he is one of the few survivors of the famous Six Hundred. He retains vivid memories of that charge. He himself practically escaped unhurt, though he had two horses shot under him. He saw further service in the Crimea, and finally became orderly, to General Wyndham, Commandant of Sebastopol.

On the declaration of peace, he went Home to England, and, having three brothers in New Zealand, he came out to Christchurch in 1859, where he has resided ever since.

He possesses three war medals—the Indian, Crimean, and Turkish. When the King (then Duke of Cornwall and York) was in New Zealand he conversed with Mr. Wilson, and said that he (Mr. Wilson) was a member of his father's old regiment, the 10th Hussars, and that Mr. Wilson was the first member of that command whom he had met during his tour of the colonies.

Mr. Wilson was present at both the Duke of Wellington's funeral in 1852 and Lord Raglan's funeral in the Crimea, he being one of the escort at the latter. One of

his most cherished possessions is a book written on the Crimean campaign by a member of the regiment. Only seven copies of this book, he says, were printed.

Tardy acknowledgements are published of communications from the following:—

Mr. J. W. Turner, 1737, of old "A" Troop, who is heartily congratulated on the success which attended his 'engineering' the parade of veterans which he presented to H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught, on the occasion of H.R.H.'s recent visit to Edmonton, Canada. Mr. Turner's efforts had secured a strong muster of veterans, who were given a position reserved for them, in front of the Royal platform. They had been previously drilled by our old comrade, and included representatives of the

**TENTH ROYAL HUSSARS,**

3rd. Dn. Guards.	8th. Hussars.
4th. Dn. Guards.	11th. Hussars.
7th. Dn. Guards.	12th. Lancers.
3rd. Hussars.	16th. Lancers.
5th. Lancers.	17th. Lancers.
6th. Dragoons.	19th. Hussars.
7th. Hussars.	20th. Hussars.
	21st. Lancers.

several of the British Yeomanry Regiments, many regiments of irregular cavalry who fought in South Africa, and the majority of the British regiments.

A very large proportion wore war decorations.

An address, composed and read to H.R.H., by Mr. Turner, was as follows:—

May it please your Royal Highness.

We, who were non-commissioned officers and men of the army and navy, and are now civilians resident in or near this city, beg to offer a most respectful expression of our extreme gratification at your visit to Edmonton.

Sir, we welcome you not only as the Governor General of this Dominion, but as being a member of the British royal family, who has, throughout his life been at heart a soldier.

And, sir, we who have now the honor of addressing you, would say that, far as we now are from headquarters, and though small our number, yet we represent the same spirit as those thousands of the veteran reserve who were recently reviewed by His Majesty the King in London.

Each of us has seen service in or with the regular forces. All are of British birth and parentage.

Together we represent every branch of His Majesty's service, and, having served, we would, if accepted, serve again were a call to come. Meanwhile we hold fast together, just as though forming one of the many existing regimental "Old Comrades" associations.

And, while no word of ours is needed to show our devotion to sovereign and empire, or our love for the service, to which we belonged, yet permit us, sir, to express to you in conclusion, our most earnest hope that your Royal Highness and every member of the royal family may experience all possible health and happiness for many years to come.

To this the Royal soldier replied in these words.

"I have been very much touched with the address that has been read and I thank you from the bottom of my heart for having addressed it to me.

"You represent every branch of His Majesty's services. I know that I see before me men who have nobly done their duty to their sovereign and to their country, both in peace and in war, and in every portion of His Majesty's vast Dominions.

"I am pleased to meet you all here this day. I hope you will find a happy home in Canada and that you will always be looked up to as men who have never flinched from any danger and have never hesitated to carry out any duty, however dangerous and however disagreeable.

"I am happy to think that you are combined in a friendly society as veterans, and when I think that many of you are still young men, I wish that there might be found some means by which you could so organize in case of need that we could have your services again. They would be very valuable.

"I assure you that it has been a great pleasure to me to meet you this day, and I again thank you for the kind words that your secretary has addressed to me."

H.R.H. remarked on the smart and comparatively young appearance of the men, who, he added, "were by no means the aged and infirm remnants of a glorious army that one usually associates with a review of veterans."

The occasion was a historic one in Canada's life, and we are proud that an old Tenth Hussar took such a prominent part in the proceedings.

*'Oo's the Gen'ral 'ere? sez I;  
Oo's the Gen'ral 'ere?  
'O, 'e's a Prince o' the Royal Blood, so you  
'aven't got nothin' to fear!  
But 'e marched me 'ere, an' 'e marched me there,  
To burn black cartridges everywhere;  
An' 'e made me sweat, an' 'e made me swear—  
Did Arthur!*

*Wot can the Gen'ral do? sez I;  
Wot can the Gen'ral do?  
'O, 'e's a Prince o' the Royal Blood, an' 'e  
don't know much about you!  
But 'e doubled me round on a big field day:  
An' 'e checked me for loafin'—a mile away!  
An' I found there's a time for work an play  
With Arthur!*

*Wot 'as the Gen'ral done? sez I;  
Wot 's the Gen'ral done?  
'O, 'e's a Prince o' the Royal Blood, an' they  
chucked 'im 'is rank for fun!  
But that was a lie, for I found out since  
'E's ninepence a soldier an' thruppence a prince!  
'E stood fire in Egypt, an' 'e didn't wince!  
Not Arthur!*

*Wot does the Gen'ral know? sez I;  
Wot does the Gen'ral know?  
'O, 'e's a Prince o' the Royal Blood, an' 'e's  
on'y got up for show!  
But I 'chanced' kit inspection, an' thought  
it a 'cert.';  
But 'e put me down, smart, for a tunic an' shirt!  
An', insult to injury—checked me for dirt!  
Did Arthur!*

*'Ow is 'e liked by you? sez I,  
'Ow is 'e liked by you?  
'O, 'e's a Prince o' the Royal Blood, but  
I reckon some'ow 'e'll do!  
I'm willin' to risk, as I've done before,  
A Fox 'ills fight, or a native war,  
Or front rank man in an Army Corps,  
With Arthur!*

The Edmonton Bulletin's report of the review states:—

"The veterans were in charge of Mr. J. W. Turner, a former Tenth Hussar, who read the address to H.R.H.."

Mr. Berfert, (Paddy), wishes all ranks the best of luck, and informs that Corporal Ford has been successful in obtaining a good appointment at the Castle Howard Farm School.

Mr. C. R. Carr, formerly Corporal, "A" Squadron, writing from Westbury, Long Island, U.S.A., sends best wishes to all ranks, in South Africa.



"JOE BINKS".

Mr. G. Calver, who in quite recent times was a prominent member of our Concert troupe, conveys his sentiments in verse, which he says, "is dedicated to the regiment, and to every man who served



**THE ISLAND OF VANCOUVER AS A  
DISIRABLE RESIDENCE FOR DISCHARGED  
SOLDIERS.**

To Captain A. E. Parker we give our thanks for the following views of the desirability of the Dominion of Canada as a favourable place for employment and agreeable conditions of life, for men who have served.

The writer states "that he has allowed a year to elapse to enable him to communicate his *firm convictions*, uninfluenced by the first glowing impressions of a country, which during the next fifty years, is going to astonish the world."

He continues:—

"THE LAND OF OPPORTUNITY,"

is indeed a fitting description of the Dominion, and the man who fails to 'make good' (to use a Canadianism), in some part of Canada, will never succeed anywhere.

I say 'some part', because if the map of British North America is consulted, it will be seen that the vast area occupied by Canada includes country presenting a wide range of climatic conditions, and where one man might find the vigours of a prairie winter too severe, it is open for him to travel further west, to the island Vancouver, where he will find a climate second to none in the world.

*And it is to the island of Vancouver, that I would unhesitatingly advise the time-expired soldier to go.*

Let him book right through, to Victoria, B.C., and he will never regret having done so. The prairies of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, may suit the unmarried man without resources, who is prepared to work, and work hard, as a hired man, on some farm, with a view of saving sufficient to start on his own account,—but it is a hard life, and the five winter months of solitude would be almost unbearable to the man who has been accustomed to the *camaraderie* of the British soldier's life.

In British Columbia, west of "the Rockies",—and more especially in Vancouver Is. the climate and conditions are quite different. Owing to the Japanese current, the climate is identical in temperature with that of the British Isles which lie in the same latitude, but there is far more sunshine. Victoria itself has a population of about 75,000, and possesses theatres and other places of entertainment, so that if a man desires to come into town for a day or two, he will find amusement and entertainment. He may elect to work on a poultry farm, or small mixed farm, a few miles up country, in which case he would encounter much the same conditions as

prevail on an English farm of the same description.

The railways of Canada are among the most important of its national interests. There are five,—the Canadian Pacific, the Grand Trunk, the Canadian Northern, the International, and the Great Northern. These systems, and the great extensions of them in progress, *especially in opening up Vancouver Is.*, make railway construction an important feature of the conditions in Canada at the present time. It means, first of all, an expenditure of many millions of pounds in wages, within the next few years; secondly, the opening up of vast areas of land, now unavailable because inaccessible economically.

Turning again to Victoria, B.C., the Dominion Government has recently voted 2,750,000 (two and three quarters millions) dollars, for the construction of a huge breakwater to improve the harbour. The contracts for this work have been let to the Sir John Jackson Co. Ltd., the builders of the Dover, Tyne, and Capetown breakwaters.

The square milage of Canada is about the same as that of the United States. The U. S. have a population of about 97,000,000. Canada about 7,500,000. The peoples of the U. S., at the opening of the last century, numbered about the same as those of the Canada of 1900, and the late Premier of Canada expressed his idea, which is shared by all Canadians, that—"as the nineteenth century was the century of the U.S., the twentieth is Canada's."

The U. S. is the America of Achievement, but Canada is the America of opportunity, and so fully do the people of the U. S. realise this fact, that during 1909, 90,000 Americans emigrated from the States to Canada.

But the opportunity is nothing, if the man is not fit and willing to take advantage of it. Canada is a nation of workers—the conditions of life all tend to, and demand personal effort, and the same conditions contribute to the success of such effort.

The best time to arrive in Canada, is the beginning of April, as work is liable to be slack in winter. Emigrants arriving in the country between 1st March, and 31st October, must possess 25 dollars, (£5.4.2), in addition to the railway fare to their destination. Between November and February double the sum is requisite.

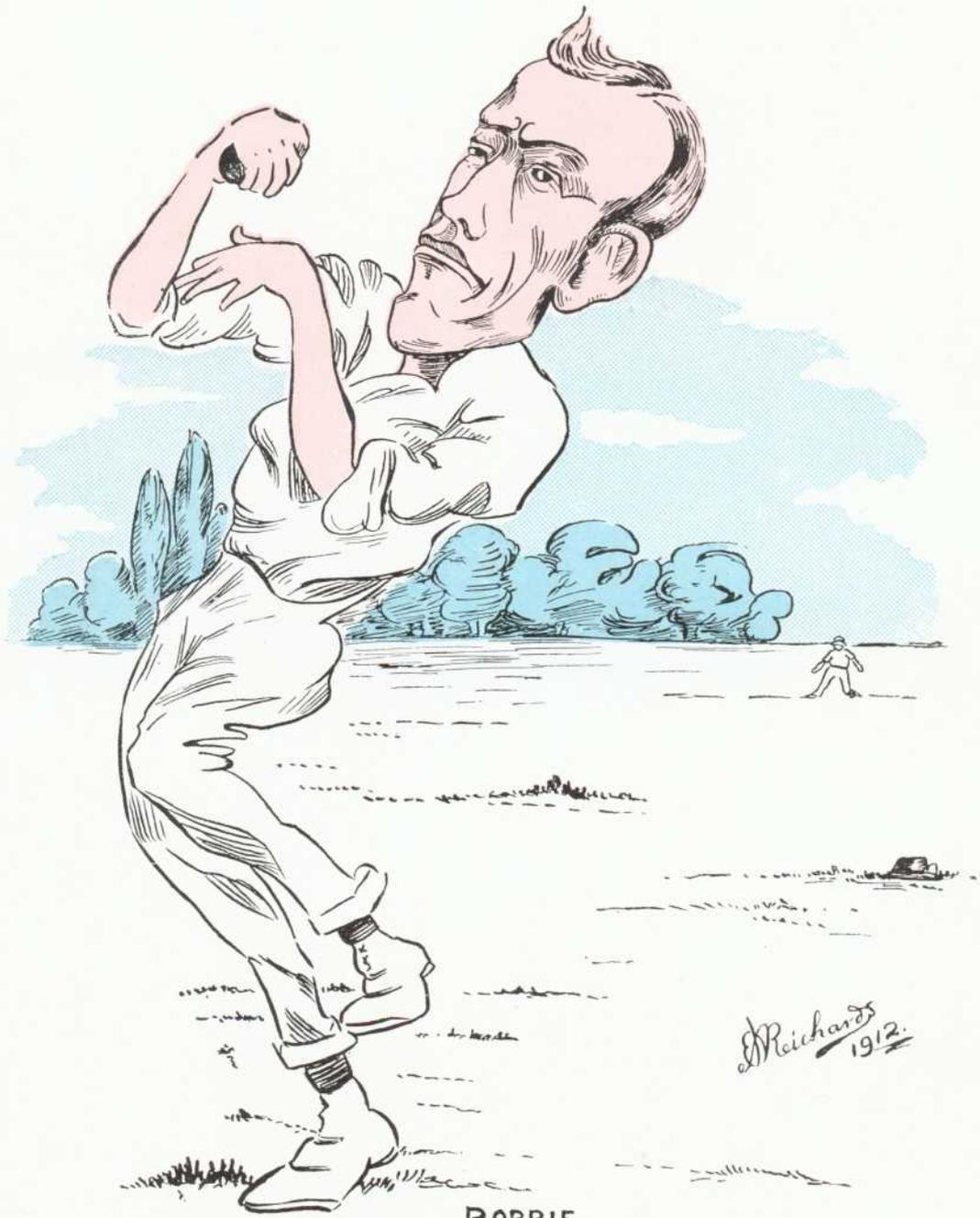
There are certain Government regulations, of which I will send a supply later.

The cost of the journey to Victoria, B.C., is:—

From Liverpool or Southampton :

2nd class, Steamer and Colonist rail ...	£17 10 3
3rd class, Steamer, 2nd class rail ...	£14 10 3

In British Columbia, the pay of general labourer or navvy is 12s. 6d. per day of eight hours, and there



BOBBIE .

is a good demand for this class for railway construction. For "longshoremen" the pay is, for general cargo, 1s. 8d. per hour for day work, to 2s. 1d. per hour at night. These rates obtain in Vancouver and Victoria.

For skilled labour the pay is very liberal. In B.C. carpenters get anything from 14s. 7d. to 18s. 9d. per day; plumbers 1s. 8d. to 1s. 10½d. per day. Plasterers command a daily pay for eight hours, of £1 0s 10d., while bricklayers and masons vary from 14s. 7d. to 23s. 4d., and even more. I know of a mason earning 30s. per day.

The cost of living in Victoria, is approximately, for an unmarried man, from 4s. 2d. to 4s. 6d., for a man and wife, and one or two children from 7s. 3d. to 10s. Therefore, although it is true that the cost is high compared to that in England, the earnings are favourably higher, in proportion.

I would strongly advise intended emigrants to provide themselves at home, with good serviceable kits, of the same description that they would require in England. Clothing is expensive in B.C., and the quality poor. Studiously avoid dealings with so-called Colonial outfitters.

I have encountered many ex-soldiers in different parts of Canada. In Winnipeg I came across two ex-Bandsmen of the Warwickshires, employed as Club waiters; during their hours off, they played in the Hotel orchestra. In Montreal I met several soldiers, some in the Customs service, one a Hall Porter at the Club. One had established himself as a sort of valet,—pressed and cleaned clothes, and hired himself out as a waiter at private dinner parties.

A point which has struck, not only myself, but all who have travelled through Canada, is the unbounded optimism prevalent everywhere, and never, during the whole of my journeyings through Canada and Western America, have I met a beggar. That I think, speaks for itself, and with far greater eloquence than anything I might add to this expression of my views.

One more word, before I conclude. I am perfectly certain that Victoria B.C. is the place for an old soldier to make for,—the climate is as near perfect as any in the world,—and employment is assured."

### CARTOON No. 9.—"BOBBIE".

Bobbie, known to the outer world as

LIEUTENANT ROBERT  
CECIL GORDEN -CANNING OF THE TENTH,

from the day on which he joined us, at Rawal Pindi, on the 26th September, 1908, has loomed largely in our games. The most prominence gained by him has undoubtedly been in the cricket field. Perhaps he would claim the greatest credit for his performances with the bat, but our artist has evidently been more strongly impressed by his efforts as a trundler. Those who have faced him when wielding the willow, or sending up one of his "good ones" are all prepared to acknowledge that they would have felt more-at-home-like, if any other than "Bobbie" had been assailing their position.

A mighty hitter is our regimental Jessop, as the official scorer can testify. Often have the cricket grounds in Pindi and Bloemfontein resounded with admiring shouts, when he has time after time, sent the balls to the boundaries, or clean out of the grounds, startling peaceful natives passing on the public roadways.

And a wily bowler is he, having to his credit many wickets at small cost of runs.

He is now engaging enthusiastically in the "Rugger" game, meeting with the same success as at cricket.

In the Polo field too, he is no mean exponent of the game; he was one of the regimental team victorious in the Inter-regimental Tournament, (Subalterns), at Ambala, in the spring of 1910. It was reported on this occasion, that "great credit is due to Messrs. de Tuyll and Gordon-Canning, for the coolness and dash with which they played." In many subsequent games "Bobbie" has exhibited his prowess and skill.

Gazette readers are acquainted with the heights to which his mind ascends poetically, and his brother officers revel in his eloquence when he emerges from the cloak of reticence which he sometimes adopts.

By all he is beloved, and we hope that the time is very distant when "Bobbie" will imagine that there are more congenial friends and surroundings than those which he now enjoys.

SCOUT.



### SHIKAR IN RHODESIA, 1912—13.

#### Extracts from my Diary.

1912. Nov. 16th. Saturday.

Rabbit and Self left Bloemfontein by the 9 a.m. train, getting to Kimberley at 1.30 p.m. Spent the day there, bought a Berkefeld filter, and had our hair cut "en brosse", left Kimberley at 8.20 p.m.

Novr. 17th. Sunday.

In the train. Passed through Mafeking in the morning, where we stopped two hours, but there was nothing to see.

Novr. 18th. Monday.

In the train. Passed through Bulawayo where we spent several hours and visited the museum to see some of the heads, etc., a cheap "bobs worth", as we learnt a good deal.

Novr. 19th. Tuesday.

Arrived at Livingstone early in the morning, and put up at the North Western Hotel, got licences but not for elephant and Rhino,—an extra £25, and very little change of getting them, so we thought £25 enough. Wired on to Bryce, Kalomo, and ordered waggon and native hunters. Became honorary member of the United Service Club—a

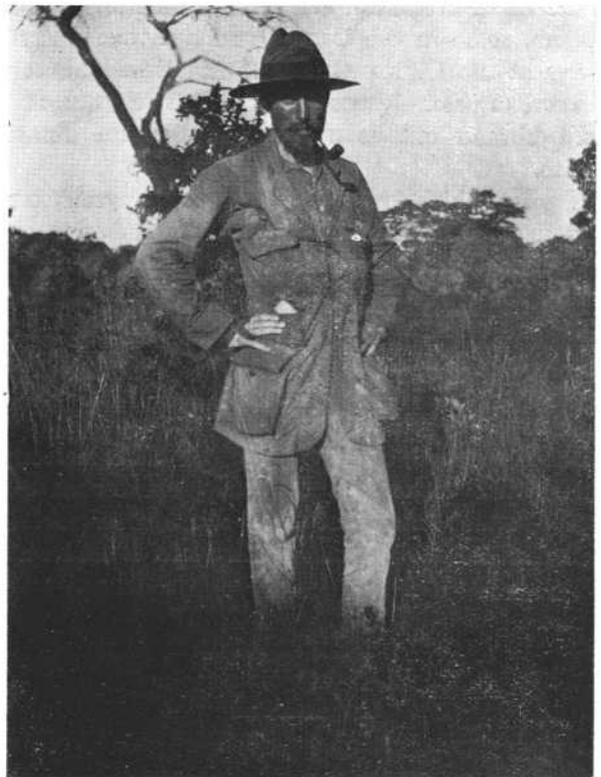
very nice club. Bought several more necessaries from the Zambesi Trading Co.

Novr. 20th. Wednesday.

Spent the day still arranging about licenses etc. and sent mail home. Left at 5.30 p.m. in goods train and were very glad to get away from such an expensive town (beer 2/- a pint), but it was an awful journey, mixed up between tent poles and tin uniform cases etc.; very glad to reach Kalomo at 2.30 a.m. and turn into Bryces' Hotel.

Novr. 22nd. Friday.

At Kalomo. The waggon arrived in the evening but not the white man in charge. No signs yet of the Zambesi Trading Co's., stores. In the evening we went out for a walk, saw 2 brace of partridges and 1 doe "oribi". Quite a good supply of water in the river considering the drought. After dinner attended service, the parish being from Plumtree (66 miles S. of Bulawayo) right up to the Congo, so it was some years since there had been a service at Kalomo, and a large crowd, (counting our two selves) of 20 turned up including three women, one of whom performed on the harmonium; she kicked it hard against the wall, and occasionally some note came out, but with the help of one



woman singing a line ahead of us, and a dog howling at the harmonium, we got through the many hymns very well!

*Novr. 23rd. Saturday.*

Still at Kalomo waiting to get off. In the evening Rabbit went out with his .22 revolver and self with gun, and got one partridge and one so-called hen pheasant (more like a French partridge than anything else), saw two or three small buck, and missed one. On getting back, found the Zambesi Stores had arrived at last.

*Novr. 24th. Sunday.*

Piet de Beers arrived, so we got off at 4 p.m. after buying a little blue and white calico for trading purposes. Passed through Kalomo town, going North along the Nanwala road and camped after a 6 mile march. Dined off a biscuit and tea, when the rain came down, and we turned in to our valises and had a pretty uncomfortable time.

*Novr. 25th. Monday.—1st. Camp.*

Got up at 2.20 a.m. and travelled another 7 miles by moonlight, straight across the veldt to the Kalomo River, very rough going. Rabbit was bounced right off once, got into camp at about 4 a.m. Rabbit and Self started out shooting. I, bad luck to it, took my .315 rifle. Very soon I came upon a very fine sable bull and missed at about 100 yards, (on testing the rifle on getting back to camp, the rifle was throwing 3 ft. high at 100 yards) followed him a bit but came on to a large herd of



hartebeest, but they saw me before I got close enough for a shot. After an hour or so saw some

eland, after a long crawl, I went straight into an oribi which galloped off, and sent my eland off too. Soon afterwards saw a bull and three cow blue wildebeeste: after a long stalk to get the wind right I got up to 150 yards, when the wind suddenly changed and away they went. In the afternoon we went out determined to get something for the pot. I saw two wart hog coming towards me, the smallest came at full gallop straight at me so I had to take that one. On getting back to Camp I found "R" had also got a wart hog, also a hartebeeste, 22 inches.

*Novr. 28th. Thursday.*

At daybreak saw some hartebeeste about 600 yards from camp. Went after them but didn't get a shot and lost a lot of time as I couldn't cross the river; then de Beers caught me up, and eventually got to within 200 yards of them but in high grass, and I missed, followed them some way when we saw some eland (two) and a large herd of roan as well, but no very good heads, so stalked the eland, shooting one at 150 yards straight over the back of a cow eland at 70 yards. R. returned at 9 a.m., having wounded an eland, so at 10 a.m., he and de Beers went off after it getting back after 8 p.m., with an eland of 37 inches.

*Novr. 29th. Friday.*

Saw some eland at daybreak, and after 1½ hours stalk I got a shot at 200 yards getting one of 30 inches, and so back to camp as I had had no food before starting. We trekked on at 11 a.m. de Beers shooting a crane on the way. In the evening we went out but saw nothing; a good many kraals about. Exchanged some eland meat for mealies, and one chicken, also took on a native hunter at 10/- per month.

*Novr. 30th. Saturday.*

Went out in the morning but saw nothing so trekked on due north at 11 a.m. to 3 p.m., when we took our guns out for a shot at guinea fowl and pheasant; a heavy thunder shower came down and thoroughly soaked us. Trekked on at 5 p.m., getting to our next camp at about 8 p.m., and after a meal we turned in without tents; of course, at 4 a.m. it started to pour, and didn't leave off till 11.30 a.m. so we had a pretty uncomfortable time, the second rain we have had, and no tents.

*Decr. 2nd. Monday.*

Trekked on early in the morning, and halted about 10.30 a.m. We went out shooting but saw nothing, except R., shot a monkey with his .22. Unfortunately she was carrying a young one on her back which we gave to the natives. On again

in the evening, and didn't outspan until about 8 p.m. de Beers shooting a reed buck on the way.

*Decr. 3rd. Tuesday.—4th Camp.*

Trekked on a few miles to some kraals where we halted; the natives reported a herd of Kudu bulls so we decided to stop. We saw lots of spoor, but I only came upon 2 kudu cows, stupid looking animals with humps and striped. In the evening we went out again. I saw two kudu cows again, but nothing to shoot. R. shot a reed buck on his way back.

*Decr. 4th. Wednesday.*

Saw nothing in the morning but a herd of kudu cows and calves, they appeared quite tame and did'nt mind me being at 60 yards from them. Got some milk from the kraals,—quite a luxury! Trekked on in the evening to the next kraal along the Nanwalla road. R. getting in very late, I sent up a rocket which helped him to find the way. I saw a very good hartebeeste bull on the way, and after a successful stalk got a shot at 200 yards, knocked him over and he lay kicking, so I whistled up the boys and ran down the hill to him but he got up, and unfortunately I was blown, and missed him at 100 yards. He was going quite slowly and we followed his spoor expecting to find him dead at any moment, but darkness came on and we had to leave him.

*Decr. 5th. Thursday.*

James went out with 5 local natives with spears, feeling sure they could run down the hartebeeste; de Beers also went with his rifle. They found 6 different places where he had laid down and saw him going slowly in front, my shot having hit him in the shoulder, de Beers had a shot but missed him and they never got him. R. and I went out after Kudu for the whole day, with chocolate in our pockets. I saw three bulls but never got a shot, so in the evening we trekked on again, and met Jack who had been for de Beer's dogs; these, before long, marked something to ground. We heard fearful growls in the earth, and after smoking the earth, and de Beers talking about a "tiger" at last he crawled out. I poked my rifle at him and fired. We then discovered he was a tiger cat, rather similar to an English badger; rather disappointing, as at least I expected a cheetah! Camped that night at Karbin.

*Decr. 6th. Friday.*

We both started out very early, only expecting to have to go about one mile to the game, but the natives took us four before we separated. I at once saw a hartebeeste bull, but he got R.s' wind and went off. My wretched natives took me straight

on another 8 miles, when I had had enough and insisted on coming back; saw a herd of 100 sable about 4 miles from Karbin but could'nt get a shot. Got back at 11 a.m. and R. at 11.30, both in very bad tempers at having been taken so far: decided to move camp another 6 miles in the evening so as to be nearer game; in spite of having to send back for all water, we got cheered up by getting milk and eggs!

*Decr. 7th. Saturday.*

Went out with "Jack" and followed a sable bull spoor a long way, but never caught sight of him. R. shot a hartebeeste cow and oribi for meat for the camp. Did no good in the evening.

*Decr. 10th. Tuesday.*

In the morning went out seeing lots of reed buck and oribi close to the kraal, soon spotted some hartebeeste, got a shot at 200 yards hitting him in the shoulder, breaking a leg, and a lot of blood so I thought I was certain of getting him, followed them on at about 500 yds, and got a shot at another better bull, hitting him rather far back. Sent back for de Beer's dogs, and followed the herd for about 2 hours. On letting the dogs loose, they did not single out the slower wounded bulls, which they were supposed to be able to stop, but scattered all the herd, and spoiled my chances. In the evening, rain came down heavily and we sat under a tree when suddenly a honey eater came at us from behind and nearly caught us napping! However, a bullet soon turned him! Back to camp in drenching rain, wrote letters to go into Namwalla to morrow. Miserable wet night.

*Decr. 11th. Wednesday.*

In the morning, went out with Jack, soon saw 3 blue wildebeeste, got a good old bull, 20 inches. Afterwards saw some hartebeeste, but could not get a shot. In camp at 10 a.m., breakfast, and moved on at 12 p.m. towards *Ungabi*, halted at 3 p.m., having only done 3 miles. Tea, and in the evening walked on, but saw no signs of game. One mile short of *Ungabi*, came across a large pool, and shot a spur winged goose. Saw a crocodile splash, but he never showed himself, waited there for the wagon, and got into camp very late that night. R. caught us up having shot a hartebeeste.

*Decr. 12th. Thursday.*

Out at 6 a.m., saw some eland and hartebeeste but what with excited local "shikaris" who expected me to shoot at 1000 yards, and a changing wind, I never got a shot. R. got a blue wildebeeste, 18 inches. Rain all the afternoon till 7 p.m. We then packed our stores to go on to Nanwalla with por-

ters; counting our waiter and gun bearers we could only muster 10, our cook having run away.

*Decr. 13th. Friday.*

Got off at 8.30 a.m. and marched into *Nanwalla* getting there by 5 p.m., it having rained hard since 2 p.m. shortened our midway halt to one hour. Pitched our camp right in the kraal, only having R.s' inner fly, managed to buy a chicken 6d., 10 eggs 1/-, and milk.

*Decr. 14th. Saturday.—Nanwalla.*

Moved on to the Native Commissioner's Camp. Earee was away for 10 days, but Duffarn (late 16th Lancers) was there. Spent the day drying our things etc., as we had to wait for porters, 4 of ours having returned to *Ungabi*. Got some stores from the Greek Store, and dined with Duffarn in the evening, Ryan and Hanley there also. Got a new cook.

*Decr. 15th. Sunday.*

Waited at *Nanwalla* for porters till midday, then moved 4 miles with  $\frac{1}{2}$  of our kit to *Naluchela* to try and get a lechwe. Had to cross a lagoon (of the *Karfui*) to get to lechwe ground, and of course upset and had to wade. Saw some lechwe on the absolutely bare, level plain, but could'nt get a shot.

*Decr. 16th. Monday.—Naluchela.*

Sent some boys back to *Nanwalla* for the remainder of our kit. Went out again after the lechwe, but could not get near them, saw a herd of over 50 blue wildebeeste, but unapproachable. Immediately after lunch we walked over to *Shilola*, 8 miles N.W. to see Kingston who was down with dysentery, found him better! on the way saw several hundred head of game on the flats, all mixed together, blue wildebeeste, lechwe, and zebra, but quite impossible to approach them: had a long shot at a blue wildebeest, but the bullet fell about 30 yards short.

*Decr. 17th. Tuesday.—Naluchela.*

Out for another try for lechwe, after moving for about 500 yards in two hours to get up for a shot, I missed at about 150 yards using 200 yards fine sight at a good buck lying down. In the afternoon only succeeded in scattering lechwe over the flats. Sent Jack to *Ungabi* to bring wagon to *Shiloba*. R. got a young blue wildebeeste for the table.

*Decr. 19th. Thursday.*

Sent Handrach and James to *Naluchela* to bring on tent etc. No waggon turned up yet. Out on to the flats after lechwe again (we did'nt wish to disturb Kingston's grounds, as he was still trying to get a kudu) but saw nothing. In the evening on

the flats and missed a blue wildebeeste bull, saw nothing else. The waggon and everything arrived in the evening, and a mail with 4 porters from *Nanwalla*. R. wounds a lechwe 26 inches, which he gets with the help of dogs.

*Decr. 20th. Friday.—Shiloba.*

Out on the flats, but some travelling natives spoilt a stalk for a good lechwe; tried to drive some wildebeeste and zebra, but they went in every direction but the right one. In the evening saw nothing on the flats, so come back through the thick bush; in a hurricane came upon a pair of bush buck, and although I got up to 10 yards I couldn't distinguish which was the buck, so shot the one with the best coloured coat, red with white, which I discovered was the doe. Impossible to see the buck's head against the thick back ground. R. shot a blue wildebeeste, which he left out on the chance of a lion.

*Decr. 22nd. Sunday.—Shiloba.*

After rain all night we went out at about 6.15 a.m. Just caught a glimpse at 20 yards of what I took to be either a lion or hyena. Jack thought it was a leopard, but could'nt see it or spoor it owing to the long grass. In the evening got on to a single kudu bull spoor, and thought it must be a good one. Soon came up to him and saw him at 80 yards, just time for a quick shot, but he only measured 36 inches. Got in very late, soaked through.

*Decr. 24th. Tuesday.—Kasamo.*

Started the waggon off early, and followed on. Trekked some sable about 6 miles when we came upon two water buck, had a long shot (aiming high) and wounded, drawing a lot of blood, but in the thick bush could not see well, got up to within 10 yards of him once when unfortunately the native saw him and threw his spear, and frightened him away, never giving me a chance of a shot; after 2 hours tracking him, had to give it up. In the evening saw some sable cows, but no bulls. Very heavy rain during the day. Got some young mealies for the first time, also a pumpkin!

*Decr. 25th. Wednesday. Christmas Day.—Kasamo.*

Saw 4 young sable cows and plenty of spoor, but nothing else. At 2 p.m. trekked across the flats straight for *Masanana*, 12 miles, went after lechwe on the way, but Jack spoilt what I thought was going to be a successful stalk. R. got a lechwe, 28 inches, saw hundreds of blue wildebeeste, waterbuck, puku and lechwe.

*Decr. 26th. Thursday.—Masanana.*

After a very wet night with heavy dew in the

middle of the flats, we trekked on to Masanana, R. having a shot at a puku, and self failing in a stalk for a lechwe. On arrival at Masanana, the Chief and Chansi told us of 3 bull elephant close by; we decided to go for these as soon as possible. In the evening strolled round the kraal, but only saw geese, ducks, etc.

*Decr. 27th. Friday.—Masanana.*

Out at 5 a.m. R. and self together with 7 natives after elephant, saw tracks, but about 2 days old; after 7½ hours came on a fresh track of buffalo, but thought it was too late to follow up, as we were tired and some way back to camp. On the way back I got an Impala (?) of 17 inches; de Beers said it was a very fine one, so some doubt as to what it was. Got in quite exhausted at 5 p.m. after a very hot day. Arranged with Chansi to start at 8.30 to-morrow and follow up elephant or buffalo spoor which we saw first and take more food, etc., and rugs to lie on.

*Decr. 28th. Saturday.—Masnana.*

R. and self together again after buffalo with 7 natives; soon came on very fresh spoor, and crept after them through awful thick bush. At last we heard them charging straight at us. Luckily they stopped at 15 yards short, being a little undecided. R. took a shot at a black spot and wounded one, and the herd went off. By then every native had hooked it like lightning except Chansi, who stood well, and Jack who was high up in a tree! We followed the spoor of the herd and blood for some distance, and eventually came on the herd in the open. We shot at what we thought looked the biggest, and probably wounded 2 (if not 3). We followed up the blood spoor of the biggest, very exciting work as on the edge of every thick bit the buffalo would turn and watch its spoor ready to charge. However Chansi spotted it first every time, but it was very difficult to shoot in the fearfully thick bush. Eventually we killed her, as it turned out unfortunately afterwards to be a cow just ready to calf. We afterwards got on to the spoor of the herd and tried to find more blood to follow up, but could'nt. A very hard exciting day; they are very hard brutes to kill, this cow having 8 wounds before the end, 1 just below eye, 1 through ear, 1 almost in the heart, 4 in hind quarters, and the finishing one in the neck.

*Decr. 29th. Sunday.—Masanana.*

Had our first lazy day, after a good night having managed to keep out mosquitoes, we did'nt get up till 7 a.m., then wandered out with our guns. R. shot a duck and a duiker. We then trekked with carriers and de Beers, 10 miles up the Karfue to

the next kraal, where we hoped to get buffalo. A lovely trek along the bank of the river, saw lots of crocs, but couldn't get a shot; saw no hippo: but several water buck, reed and bush buck does, but no rams.

*Decr. 30th. Monday.—Simongola.*

Out early after buffalo. Soon came upon the spoor of 3 elephant bulls, one a very big one: after a long crawl through fearfully thick bush, we heard them just in front, but de Beers got over excited and ran up wind of them, and we heard them crashing away not 50 yards off. Twice again we got up to this range, but never could see them in the thick bush and they got our wind and crashed away, a hard day of 14 hours out on their spoor.

*Decr. 31st. Tuesday.—Simongola.*

Moved back to Masanana, de Beers going with the porters. R. and self shooting our way back independently; we soon met on a fresh buffalo spoor; however, the wind was wrong and would'nt change, so we had to give it up. In the evening we went out with scatter guns and shot several geese and duck, and found de Beers down with "black-water" on our return to camp.

*1913. Jan. 1st. Wednesday.—Masanana.*

Went out after buffalo in the morning, but found no fresh spoor; came back to camp at 1 p.m. out at 3 p.m. towards the river for puku and hippo. Got up to 12 yards of a puku herd and shot a good one of 19 inches. Then went on to the river, and saw 2 hippo, but they were hardly showing themselves. R. hit one but it did not come to the surface again.

*Jan. 2nd. Thursday.—Masanana.*

Out together for hippo. Walked in the reeds, a stifling moist atmosphere with very thick vegetation and pumpkins growing everywhere, and had to wade up to our middles, but saw no sign of hippo, although we saw their tracks of the night. Saw several crocs, R. shot and hit one, but of course he went down. On the way home R. shot a puku of 18 inches. In the evening after puku, but only saw herds of does and young bucks: at sunset shot several duck with scatter guns. R. ditto after having shot a croc, with the same result as in the morning.

*Jan. 3rd. Friday.—Masanana.*

Out together in the morning for a last look for buffalo, but no success so back to camp and decided to trek back across the flats to Kasamo, and so begin our homeward journey. From the waggon saw a good reedbuck which I shot, 14 inches. On halting half way we saw some lechwe which I went

after, and had a shot; thought I had missed, but as it turned out I broke his leg and de Beers dogs got him later,—a good 27 inches. On the way back to the tent I got a blue wildebeeste of 18 inches, after he had taken great interest in pitching the camp, etc.

*Jan. 5th. Sunday.—Kasamo.*

In the morning after some time got on to some eland spoor, eventually got up to them but could not make out any particularly good head out of a herd of about 50; shot one, a bull, 26 inches. In the evening could not find any fresh waterbuck spoor and at 6 p.m. got on to a single, very fresh kudu spoor, but had to give it up in the dark at 6.45 p.m.



*Jan. 6th. Monday.—Kasamo.*

Out in the morning but saw nothing. Immediately after lunch got a note from R. saying he had got 2 wounded lions, wanting other rifle, dogs, and help, so off we all went. Pretty exciting work in very thick bush, especially as the dogs would not go near, and occasionally a lion growling. We both missed a snap shot at one,—an unwounded one,—at about 20 yards, but the natives were in the way. Eventually we killed one after a great hunt, everyone shouting, dogs barking, the lion growling, and swishing his tail in anger. A ceremonial march in to camp! Welcomed by villagers!

*Jan. 7th. Tuesday.—Kasamo.*

Followed 4 waterbuck spoors, only one moderate bull, but could not get a shot. On the way in met a fine leopard, but did not see him till he growled and dashed off right away so never got up to him again. In the evening missed some hartebeeste,

being quite blown after my crawl up! Also saw a tiny grysbuck with about 3 inches horn but could not get a shot.

*Jan. 8th. Wednesday.—Shiloba.*

Trekking on in the morning but saw nothing on the way. In the evening came upon 3 hartebeeste down wind of us; after a long manoeuvre I got a shot and thought I had hit him all right but the natives would not follow him up, as it looked as if rain was coming. Met R. on the way back and shot partridges at dusk round the camp.

*Jan. 9th. Thursday.—Shiloba.*

Out in the morning 4½ hours on a kudu spoor

but always going down wind and so no good. R. found my hartebeeste not half a mile from where I had shot, only a few inches behind the heart, measuring 18 inches. He also shot a very mangy hyena. A little fever in the evening, so did not go out.

*Jan. 10th. Friday.—Nanwena.*

Trekking on 7 miles, self on waggon and R. shooting. However half way R. joined me also down with fever. Both remained in bed all day: however in the night a bad storm blew down my tent, I could not attract attention, so had to crawl out, soaked through, in pyjamas, to R's tent. Eventually got my bed brought in to me, after sitting for ½ an hour in wet pyjamas. Soon after this R's tent collapsed on both of us where we remained for several hours, soaked through, calling for help.

*Jan. 11th. Saturday.—Nanwena.*

Both much worse with fever.

*Jan. 12th. Sunday.—Nanwena.*

R. better. Self worse. Price, from the Nanghila Mission, came with medicines, and foods, etc., and a carrier for me.

*Jan. 13th. Monday.—Nanwena.*

Temperature at last going down. Price returned in the evening. A very bad place to be in, as we have to send 7 miles for both milk and water.

*Jan. 14th—15th. Tuesday & Wednesday.—*

*Nanwena.*

Normal at last.

*Jan. 16th. Thursday.—Nanweevi.*

Trekked on the waggon to Nanweevi. A little fever in the evening as the result, but it was a good thing to be at a place where there was both milk and water.

*Jan. 18th. Saturday.—Ungobi.*

Trekked on the waggon to Ungobi, where we had a midday halt and then on again to Ichila, and should have got in at 5.30 p.m., but de Beers drove the waggon into a solitary pool, where we stuck for 3 hours!! R. shot a roan 25 inches.

*Jan. 19th—23rd.*

Saw lots of game but could not get up. R. got a roan. On 23rd came on 6 sable bulls, got up for a quick shot down wind at the biggest; a smaller walked between and took the shot on the point of shoulder putting him on three legs; followed them until darkness came on.

*Jan. 24th. Friday.—Klimbui.*

A slight shower spoilt my chances of spooring the sable although I tried for an hour, only going for about a  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a mile. Watched a fight between a diminutive snake and a lizard, the former winning. Then shot a duiker, but saw no spoor. Trekked on to Klimbui in the afternoon but saw nothing. R. got a reed buck.

*Jan. 25th. Saturday.—Chibisi.*

Trekked on in the morning. Horn (a Dutch trader) coming with us with 4 waggons. Saw some sable in thick bush, got a shot at the head and neck of a black bull, and hit hard, but he darted off and owing to the hard ground it was impossible to spoor him, so I lost another sable. On nearing camp met R., de Beers, and Horn, tracking a lion dragging a kill, so we followed and came upon a wart hog. We left two boys to watch his return, and camped  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile away. Had hardly finished lunch when de Beers reported a lot of roan close by; off I went

but his boy, who had seen them, took us down wind and off they went. Just got back when the lion returned, and off we went again. We saw him dragging the wart hog straight for the thick bush close by, so we raced him, after a mile we headed him and in spite of being blown, I got a lucky shot as he galloped by, but in his stomach. However, we thought he was a certainty as there was any amount of blood, but had to give it up at dark, having no dogs to help us. A hard, amusing, but disappointing day. De Beers down with blackwater.

*Jan. 26th. Sunday.—Chibisi.*

Went out in the morning, hoping to see vultures hovering over my lion, but no luck: ditto for my sable, also without success. So trekked on in the evening towards Lion Vlei, leaving Handrach and "pickanin" to bring on the lion. R. shot a roan 27 inches.

*Jan. 27th. Monday.—Lion Vlei.*

Lions all around us at night; at daybreak we went for them, but unfortunately passed them, so separated for the trek. Horn then shot one 200 yards from camp and R., who was closer to road than me ran back  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile, knowing that Horn only had 2 rounds of ammunition finished Horn's lion and shot another. I heard shots in the distance. Handrach and R, then joined waggon having been attacked by the lioness. I shall not get my lion. On my trek met 11 galloping sable, but just out of shot so expected to see a lion following up, or, failing that, on a kill further back; worked spoor back for 3 miles without success. Suddenly a troop of roan appeared galloping straight at me at 10 yards. I shot the best, 28 inches, and then saw the dogs and Warner's waggon boys, who had also disturbed the sable. Went back to their waggons where R. had sent on cook, owing to delay with lions. He joined me at 2 p.m., and we trekked on, but only saw some warthog on the way. Vannecks waggons from Kalomo arrived so the place resembles Charing Cross.

*Jan. 28th. Tuesday.—Lion Vlei.*

Spent the morning packing up, so as to send the waggon and de Beers on to Kalomo, and only kept my small tent and minimum amount of kit. Wrote mails. In the evening went out but saw nothing.

*Febr. 1st. Saturday.*

Trekked to a village 6 miles south and so only 16 miles from Kalomo. Saw nothing in the evening. R. not returning, sent up a rocket, he arrived at 9 p.m. having wounded a roan which he spoor until dark.

*Feb. 2nd. Sunday.*

Only saw some small buck in the morning and shot 3 oribi. Nothing in evening.

*Feb. 3rd. Monday.*

Treked on 4 miles nearer Kalomo. In the evening saw nothing, except 6 grey foxes. R. shot a duiker.

*Feb. 4th. Tuesday.*

Saw some hartebeeste in the morning, but

**Rough estimate of cost of shoot:**

	£	s.	d.
Cooking pots, cutlery, table ware, lamps, etc.	10	0	0
Stores, including all eatables, etc.	15	0	0
To natives, 2½ months	12	10	0
Waggon and white driver for 2¼ months	90	0	0
2 Licences	50	0	0
	177 10 0		



could not get a shot in the thick bush. R. shot a duiker. Nothing in evening.

*Feb. 7th. Friday.—Kalomo.*

Got into Kalomo at 10.15 a.m., very good going. Found a mail train would leave at 3 a.m. reaching Livingstone about 7.30 a.m. Had hair cut, and shaved, arranged about beds etc., and left for the Falls at 11.30 a.m. got there at 1 p.m. (i. e. 7 miles in 1½ hours.) Very good hotel and food, and slept my fever off in the afternoon.

*Feb. 9th, 10th, 11th. Sunday—Tuesday.—*

*Victoria Falls.*

Walked over the bridge, down the Palm Grove, and then on to the Eastern End of the Falls. In the afternoon over to Cataract Island and saw the rainbow (or Grand) Falls. Last day for this trip (owing to rise of river) till April.

*Feb. 12th, 13th. Wednesday, Thursday.*

Train back.

*Feb. 14th. Friday.*

To Jo'burg Empire. R. fever.

*Febr. 16th. Saturday.*

Reached Potchefstroom, 5 a.m.



We took our tents and camp kit with us, so had to pay a good deal in addition to the above, for overweight luggage.

If we had been able to give Bryce, who got us the waggon, a fortnight's notice our comfort and prospects of success would have been much increased; he could then have procured us good natives; as it was, we got natives with great difficulty and these, with the one exception of the nigger who attempted to cook our food, were little better than animals.

I wish that my gratitude to R. may be recorded.

1. His kindness in obtaining leave for me, and allowing me to accompany him.
2. His great knowledge of medicine, to which I owe my present good health.
3. His great knowledge of "Things in General" which improved my mind, and greatly contributed to the happiness of my little holiday.

#### ENTERING AND LEAVING A VILLAGE.

##### Salutations.

- A.—You are seen!  
 B.—Yes I am seen, you are also seen.  
 A.—I also am seen. Have you risen well?  
 B.—Yes, I have risen well. Have you also risen well?  
 A.—Yes I have risen well. Are you alive? (i.e. well).  
 B.—Yes I am alive. Are you also alive?  
 A.—Yes I am alive.  
 B.—Is your wife there?  
 A.—Yes, she is.  
 B.—And the child is sucking? (i.e. is well).  
 A.—Yes it is sucking.  
 B.—What's the news?  
 A.—There is none, all is quiet. How is it where you come from?  
 B.—There also it is quiet.  
 A.—Good evening. (lit., it is dark).  
 B.—Good evening.  
 A.—It is dark.  
 B.—I am going.  
 A.—Good! Go on!  
 B.—Stay well! The headman of the village brings you a present.  
 A.—Tell him I thank him very much for the grain.

B.—This is the present I give him.

A.—I have no limbo, only money.

B.—Go to the village and tell the headman I should like some fresh milk.

If the headman neglects to give you the customary present of food, try him with this:—

I thought the Baila say:—"A stranger is to be regarded not as to his face, but as to his stomach."

FLAG OUT.

#### REGIMENTAL GAZETTE.

##### Extracts from the "London Gazette."

*Dated War Office, Whitehall, London, S.W.,*

*Dated 4th February 1813.*

*10th (Prince of Wales's Own Royal) Hussars.*—Captain A. H. C. Kearsy, D.S.O., is seconded whilst a Student at the Staff College. Dated 1st February, 1913.

*Dated 21st February, 1913.*

*10th (Prince of Wales's Own Royal) Hussars.*—Second Lieutenant (on probation) William Sydney Murland to be Second Lieutenant. Dated 22nd February, 1913.

*Dated 7th March, 1913.*

*The Lincolnshire Regiment.*—Corporal Edmond William Wales, from the 10th (Prince of Wales's Own Royal) Hussars, to be Second Lieutenant. Dated 5th March, 1913.

#### PROMOTIONS AND APPOINTMENTS.

No. H-8179, Boy H. Ashby, appointed Bandsman, 14-11-12.

No. 5363, Bandsman S. Wright, appointed Unpaid Lance-Corporal, 9-1-13.

No. H-7075, Boy A. F. Bodill, transferred to the establishment, on attaining the age of 18 years, on the 29-1-13.

No. 3617, Sergeant R. H. Curtis, promoted Squadron Quarter Master Sergeant, *vice* Gould, 1-2-13.

No. H-1368, Private H. Whitehead, appointed unpaid Lance Corporal, 5-2-13.

No. H-4993, Lance Corporal R. Downie, promoted Corporal, (O.R.C.), *vice* Wales, 5-3-13.

No. 3351, S.S.M.E. King, appointed Acting Regimental Sergeant-Major, 14-2-13.

No. H-8265, Boy C. W. Sharples, appointed Bandsman, 21-1-13.

No. 5544, Private L. Hollister, Appointed unpaid Lance-Corporal, 18-3-13.

No. H-4414, Private G. Tee, appointed unpaid Lance-Corporal, 18-3-13.

No. H-9289, Private W. Green, appointed unpaid Lance-Corporal, 18-3-13.

No. H-1988, Private G. Francis, appointed unpaid Lance-Corporal, 18-3-13.

No. 2377, Private G. Nash, appointed Bandsman, *vice* O'Keefe, 12-3-13.

#### TRANSFERS GIVEN.

No. 3566, S.Q.M.S. E. Dixon, to the Westmoreland and Cumberland Yeomanry, 28-1-13.

#### TRANSFERS RECEIVED.

Private J. Keith, from the 12th Lancers, 21-12-12.  
Private C. Goldsmith, from the 12th Lancers, 27-12-12.

Privates J. Jefford and F. Bengor, from the 1st Bn. Wiltshire Regiment, 1-2-13.

Private F. Stockwell, from the 2nd Bn. Hampshire Regiment, 8-2-13.

#### DISCHARGES.

No. 4866, Private E. Hopkins, by purchase, 18-1-13.

No. 2625, S.Q.M.S. Gould, claimed after three month's notice. 31-1-13.

No. 4858, Sergeant J. King, free, after 12 years' service. 31-1-13.

No. 4129, Corporal A. Collins, free after 14 years' service.

No. H-8046, Private J. Scott, by purchase, 28-2-13.

No. H-3994, Private G. Smith, by purchase, 28-2-13.

No. H-9641, Private E. Cleary, free after 16 years' service. 31-3-13.

#### PENSIONS AWARDED.

No. 3358, Sergeant A. Evans, 1/6 per diem, for life. Dated Chelsea Hospital, London, S.W., 6-12-12.

No. 2091, S.S.M. J. Pittaway, 3/4 per diem, for life, Cavalry Record Office, No. H.R. 1-10-2091.

#### ARRIVALS.

At Durban, on the hired transport "Rohilla", on the 2nd February,—

A draft from the 18th Hussars, joined 5-2-13 posted as under,—

##### "A" Squadron. (13).

No. 7907, Private H. Evans.

No. 5422 Private J. Williams.

No. 6648 Private W. Foxwell.

No. 6788, Private G. Scarisbrick.

No. 6986, Private L. Haigh.

No. 7102, Private F. Whitbread.

No. 7178, Private E. Castle.

No. H-6333, Lce. Cpl. S. Sage.

No. 6459, Private J. Dorward.

No. 6657, Private A. Picton.

No. 6810, Private W. Matthews.

No. 7092, Private W. Riley.

No. 7118, Private A. Crumbie.

##### "B" Squadron. 1 Officer, 9 Men.

2nd Lieutenant R. F. Drake.

No. 5434, Private A. Barrett.

No. 6646, Private H. Galland.

No. 6916, Private G. Whatmore.

No. 7106, Private S. Brown.

No. 7972, Private B. Senior.

No. 6446, Private G. Davis.

No. 6672, Private J. Toole.

No. 7082, Private M. Reading.

No. 7127, Private W. Treasure.

##### "C" Squadron. (12).

No. 6535, Lce. Sergeant Humphreys.

No. 6639, Private J. Campbell.

No. 6804, Private S. Price.

No. 6983, Private J. McDonald.

No. 7183, Private J. Hopewell.

No. 7212, Private J. Bentley.

No. 6442, Private W. Mason.

No. 6655, Private D. Moriarty.

No. 6952, Private W. Shadwick.

No. 7120, Private E. Grundy.

No. 7194, Private T. Wright.

No. 7244, Private S. Daly.

##### "R" Troop. (6)

No. 7646, Boy J. Bodill.

No. 8277, Boy A. Price.

No. 9052, Boy E. Errett.

No. 8265, Boy C. Sharples.

No. 8453, Boy A. Harkinson.

No. 9054, Boy G. Wink.

From furlough in England,—

Lce.-Sergt. (S.T.M.) W. Adcock. Corpl. Jones.

At Durban, on the hired transport *Soudan*, on the 8th Feb. :—

Major E. R. A. Shearman.

No. H-2411, Private C. H. Gosling (posted to "C" Squadron).

Wife of No. H-2449, Private R. Gibson.

At Durban, on the S.S. *Pentakota*, on the 16th March, from India.

Wife and child of S.S.M. (O.R.S.) Cates.

No. H-974, Private A. Walters.

On the S.S. "*German*", from Cape Town, on the 24th March, on promotion to Second Lieutenant in the 1st Bn., Lincolnshire Regiment,—

No. H-918, Corporal (O.R.C.) E. Wales.

#### TAKEN ON MARRIED ROLL.

Wife of No. 4128, Lce-Cpl. (Trumpeter) T. Rogers, 8-2-13.

#### DEPARTURES.

On the R.I.M.S. "*Dufferin*", from India (arrival at Netley reported on the 12th Dec., 1912):—

No. H-4496, Private J. Waddington. Medically unfit.

On the R.I.M.S. "*Harding*", from India, on the 29th Nov., 1912, (not as published in the *October Gazette*):—

No. 5598, Private A. E. Smith, for discharge.

On the hired transport "*Rohilla*", from Durban, on the 7th Feb. :—

Nos. H-1497 and H-5149, Privates Bedford and Swales, for discharge.

No. 5230, Sergt. G. Hyland, for a course of instruction at the Cavalry School, Netheravon.

On the hired transport "*Soudan*", from Durban on the 13th Feb. :—

No. 2925, R.S.M. A. Gordon, wife, and 2 children, for discharge.

No. H-4895, Sergt. T. Wardley, wife, and 1 child, for discharge.

No. 4131, Cpl.-S-Smith M. Jempson, for discharge.

No. 4555, Corporal T. Heasman, for transfer to the Army Reserve.

No. H-4054, Private F. Wilkins, for transfer to the Army Reserve.

No. H-4896, Private J. Clark, for transfer to the Army Reserve.

On the Union S.S. "*Kinfauns Castle*", on the 19th March, for transfer to the Home Establishment,—

#### CERTIFICATES OF EDUCATION.

Result of an examination held at Rawal Pindi, on the 24th September, 1912 :—

*Awarded First Class Certificates.*

No. 3807, Sergt. R. Callaghan. No. 4131, Corpl. S-S-, M. Jempson. No. H-2962, Lce-Cpl. S. Nelson.

*Passed in Group I.*

No. 5280, S-S-M (O.R.S.) P. Cates. No. H-5042, Private P. Cole.

#### PASSED CLASSES OF INSTRUCTION.

2nd Lieutenant W. S. Murland, qualified at an examination in Military Subjects.—W.O. letter No. 100/Gen. No. 165, (M.T.3 (a), dated 10-1-13.

Qualified at an examination of the 5th Range Finding Class, held at the School of Musketry, during January and February,—

2nd Lieut. The Earl of Airlie.

No. 5506, Corporal L. Watson.

No. 5487, Corporal W. Bullen.

#### BIRTHS.

*King*.—At Potchefstroom Cantonments, on the 21st February, the wife of S.S.M. E. King, of a son. (Edward George).

#### MARRIAGES.

*Rogers-Henson*.—On the 8th February, in Emmanuel Cathedral, Durban, Lance-Corporal (Trumpeter) T. Rogers, to Caroline Henson, of Arundle, Sussex.

