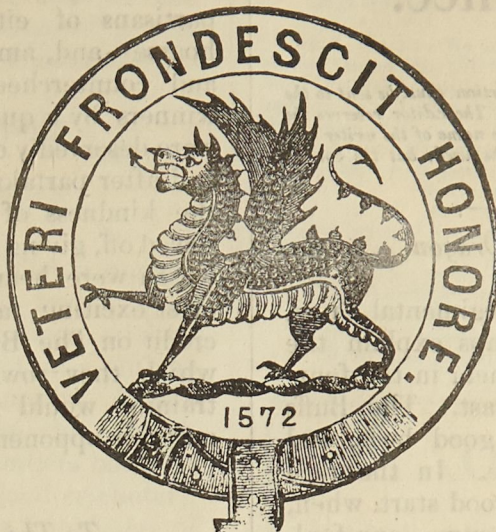


THE DRAGON.

EAST KENT



CHRONICLE

A Paper for the Men of The Buffs.

No. 4 Singapore, January 31st, 1887. Price 10 cents

DEATH.

LESLIE—27th November, 1886, at Coravahan, Co. Cavan, Ireland, Major A. T. Leslie, The Buffs, deeply regretted.

(It is requested that domestic occurrences may be reported as soon as possible by all who belong to The Buffs, whether subscribers or not.)

WHEN next the Dragon spreads his wings, which means when we next, by hook or by crook, succeed in getting out this paper, we shall all have braved the perils of sea sickness, and have worn out the soles of those two pairs of serviceable boots in our trudge up the Himalayan hills. The short period during which we have been stationed in Singapore has on the whole passed pleasantly (though it was described by an irrepressible subaltern as convict life in an obscure Asiatic village), and we shall take with us some pleasant memories and leave behind us a good many friends. With the exception of the fever which was so prevalent during the past year, and to which we probably owe our change of destination from Kurrachee to Ranikhet, we have had nothing to grumble at, the rate of exchange perhaps excepted, and we can say goodbye to Singapore with very friendly feelings.

In the country we are going to we shall find

the name of the regiment well known, for on its last tour of service it gained for itself the credit of being the best infantry regiment in India. In marching, shooting, and sport of all kinds, it more than held its own, and we shall have all our work cut out for us if we are to emulate the achievements of The Buffs who marched, shot, and played in India before our time. Very few of the old hands, who served in the regiment in those days are with us still, and we are a much younger body of men than that which formed the battalion when it last embarked for India, but our *esprit de corps* is as strong as ever, and with every man doing his best for the credit of the old corps we should be able to maintain the Indian idea that the name of The Buffs was synonymous for all that is good and praiseworthy in an infantry regiment.

Our appeal for copy has borne good fruit so much so that, though we have added another four pages to our original eight, we have not been able to publish all the contributions we have received as we should have liked to have done. We hope our contributors will keep on in their well-doing.

Correspondence.

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Correspondence or Articles intended for insertion must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer will not be published; any "nom-de-plume" can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.

To The Editor of The Dragon.

Sir,

In justification of the Regimental Crew, the following account may perhaps explain the apparently poor shew made by them in the four-oared race on New Year's Day last. The Buffs crew were well trained, had a good boat, and every chance of winning the race. In the race itself they had got away with a good start, when, owing to a barge crossing the course, one foul, followed by a second (which stove in the rudder of The Buffs boat) occurred with the boat of H.M.S Zephyr. To explain a foul is always difficult, and as the matter was decided against The Buffs, nothing further need be said.

Directly after the race a challenge was given to the Zephyrs to row a fresh race on the same conditions, which was accepted, and the race fixed for the following Monday. On Monday, however, a letter was received from Commander Hope of H.M.S Zephyr, greatly regretting that owing to circumstances over which he had no control, there would be no race.

After many delays, however, the Zephyrs were at last persuaded to row, but only on conditions that could not be otherwise than favourable to themselves; but The Buffs were determined to have a slap at them, and to show that it was not the custom of the regiment to refuse to row, when the chances were against them.

Five-oared boats, a long course *i.e.* two miles, a short warning for day of race (The Buffs' crew had been in training for five days only) and the inside station being won by the Zephyrs; these were the conditions under which the race was rowed, and no wonder if the Zephyrs thought they were going to make an example of The Buffs the same as they had of the Satellites.

The course was, start from the *Zephyr*, round the *Satellite* and back to the *Zephyr*. At first start the Zephyrs got off with a slight lead which they increased to a length and a quarter on reaching the *Satellite*, there, however, The Buffs' boat, rounding the ship better than their opponents, began to reduce the gap, and rowing in splendid style, drew nearly level when about 200 yards from home. The excitement

on the *Zephyr* at this time was intense—the partisans of either boat shouting themselves hoarse—and, amid a whirlwind of shouts, cheers and countercheers, the Zephyrs rowed in the winners by a quarter of a length. Both crews were deservedly cheered on returning to the ship, and after partaking of refreshments, provided by the kindness of the Zephyrs, The Buffs' crew rowed off, giving three cheers for their opponents, which were heartily returned, and thus ended a most exciting race, and one that reflects great credit on The Buffs' crew for the plucky way in which they rowed, and who with a little more training would probably have turned the tables on their opponents.

COXSWAIN.

To The Editor of The Dragon.

Sir,

As we soon leave Singapore for England's greatest and richest possession, it would be as well for some of your younger readers to receive a few words of advice from one who was there some little time, and I hope the advice will be taken in the same spirit in which it is given.

1st. Be very careful with the sun, don't play with it, *always* when out from sunrise to sunset. wear a helmet or sola topee

2nd. Take plenty of exercise morning and evening, but not too violent—good walks, cricketing, and putting the shot, all are advisable

3rd. Avoid laying about and sleeping during the day, particularly *after* the mid-day meal do anything in preference to sleep, if you do not look out for your liver

4th. Avoid drinking spirits (particularly country drinks) stick to beer, but not too much of that either

5th. Another thing, which does not appear very important, don't run about without something on your feet, going about in bare feet is very conducive to diarrhoea.

6th. If any serious disease breaks out, don't get frightened at it, and go off and get drunk, as those are the people who generally fall victims to any epidemic about.

7th. If you find yourself unwell go to hospital at once, it is the best place; put on one side all your prejudices about shirking duty, &c., you will be immediately treated, and by doing this very often lives are saved or a long spell of hospital dispensed with.

8th. Avoid eating unripe or a large quantity of ripe fruit.

9th. Last, but not least "keep out of the clutches of the Sergeant of the Guard," as the prisoners' room is not generally situated in the most desirable spot.

Yours truly,

MEMO.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Sir,

In your last issue you publish a suggestion from a correspondent with regard to a regimental club, combining shooting, cricket, and football. I feel quite certain that a club so started would meet with every support. I have sounded the troops at Penang on the subject, and could promise at least 20 members between the two companies, some fairly good cricketers, some good shots, and others with a knowledge of football. If your correspondent would, therefore, undertake to draw up rules and have them circulated, the rules of course being subject to alteration by a committee hereafter formed, I am sure that in a short time we could well name the club the "Invicta."

A CRICKETER (Penang).

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Sir,

According to the suggestion in last month's *Dragon*, I think it a very favourable one, especially the shooting club, not only for a regimental club but companies as well, but I think if it was under the same heading as our 2nd Battn, it would be much better for everyone, and allow more matches to be fired, that is, pay fourpence a month, and when leaving the regiment receive his credit or pay if he should be in debt, and not take money out of one club to help another let the three be separate, shooting, football, and cricket clubs

Yours truly,

"FOLLOW."

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Sir,

I have the names of about 20 men who are anxious to form a Harrier and Football Club at Ranikhet. I think that if it could be formed, it would be very successful, if properly organised, as it would not only be a very healthy pastime, but would also afford plenty of amusement. I am anxious to get more names of men willing to join, as the more we get the merrier the Club will be.

GEO. WATKINS, Corpl.
The Buffs.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PRE. J. WELLS.—We are sorry we have not space for your communications this month. If "No Savvy" wishes to see your cartridge he would do well to apply to you personally. Before our next number appears we will, if you wish it, see it ourselves and give some slight description of it.

ONE OF 'EM.—Our appeal for copy has filled up our columns, so we cannot insert your poem.

"For in war or love no matter which,
He'll leave his trail behind him."

Savours rather of a compulsory remittance.

A. J.—See answer to "One of 'em." You are not quite right as to your facts in the verse.

"Tell me who knows what they yet may be called upon to do,
The deeds they've done in India, and do it they could too,
Or what was done in China when that noble fellow shed his blood,
Rather than betray his country to a cursed Chinese cub."

Obituary.

MAJOR ARTHUR TREVOR LESLIE.

It is with feelings of the greatest regret that we have to record the death of Major Leslie. He had been lingering through a very long and painful illness, and perhaps to a man who had never known what a day's illness was until suddenly stricken down by paralysis, death came as a welcome relief from suffering. His tall fine figure and energetic bearing are still stamped upon the memory of most of us. Kind, cheerful, brave and obliging, he was always ready to assist the men in their games; had a kindly word for everyone; volunteered for every dangerous service in the field; and never for a moment considered what inconvenience his gifts might entail upon himself so long as he could do a kind act to help those in need.

A well-read man, he had a great admiration for the heroes of ancient days, and had he been born in the earlier centuries would assuredly have become a knight-errant riding abroad to redress wrongs.

A splendid athlete when in his prime, he was the moving spirit in working the battalion up to the state of athletic efficiency they attained when last in India.

He served through the Perak campaign, and was A.D.C. to General Maude when that officer commanded the line of communication in the Kyber Pass in 1878. He was Editor of this little paper for four years, and would have hailed with delight *The Dragon's* reappearance. In losing him we have lost a good soldier, a trusty friend, and a true gentleman.

Travellers' Notes.

A TRIP OVER UNBEATEN TRACKS IN JAPAN.

BY CAPTAIN H. BLACKBURN.

I sailed from Nagasaki for Kagoshima on the 24th of October in a little Japanese coasting steamer. The day was as fine as could be, but the vessel, which was built exactly on the lines of a child's Noah's Ark, managed to make very bad weather of it. So, when a boy, clad in a pair of slippers and very little else, came and told me dinner was ready. I went below and found things in a complete jumble. The cabin was rigged like a Japanese room, that is to say, with a flooring of slippery mats and no other furniture. On the floor were sliding about two Japanese gentlemen, dinners for three, and all our baggage, and a small boy in much the same costume as the first (minus the slippers) was trying hard to keep them all steady.

Considered as sport, pursuing ones dinner round the cabin was fairly exciting but as a means of satisfying one's hunger it didn't answer. After we had had enough of this amusement we turned in on the floor, but we found sleeping to be as hard work as eating had been, for we all got well mixed together and bumped about against the sides of the ship till about 3 a.m., when we got into smooth water and anchored. Even then, there was no sleep to be had, for a doctor and a policeman came on board to feel all our pulses and see that we hadn't got cholera, and my two fellow passengers got into a lively conversation with them which lasted till daylight, so I roused myself up and enquired where we were, and learnt that it was Ushifuka, in the island of Amakura, a place I had never heard tell of before. On going ashore in the morning I found we had to be fumigated before being allowed to go about. The manner in which this process is carried out in Japan is so different from the custom in Europe, and so illustrative of the kindness and hospitality of the Japanese, that it may be worth while to describe it. First, we were shown into a large room, and received with great politeness by an official. We all squatted round in a circle on the floor, and had tea and cigarettes, and polite conversation with this gentleman, while a servant brought in a lot of baskets and clean cotton dressing-gowns. Having put on these and sent our own clothes

away in the baskets to be fumigated, we were offered hot baths to pass away the time. Now, a Japanese hot bath is one of the pleasantest possible ways of spending half-an-hour or so that has yet been invented. The principle of it is that you have a fire under the bath, so that the water grows warmer the longer you stay in. After boiling myself sufficiently I returned and made further efforts to talk Japanese with the official until my clothes were brought back smelling vilely of sulphur. After this the purser of the ship took me in tow, and showed me round the place.

Ushifuka is a large fishing village built on a stone quay round the head of a small bay with a circle of low hills at the back. As it is only once in several years that a stranger is ever seen there, the people turned out in large numbers wherever we went. The purser seemed to know everyone, and took me round to call on all the principal people, and we finished up with a dinner party of about a dozen. We had a fairly merry evening, and the ladies of the party entertained us with much dancing and singing until well on in the night.

In the morning at daylight we got under way again, and got to Kagoshima about 2 a.m., where we had the same episode of the doctor and policeman over again, and on landing in the morning we repeated the fumigation. Kagoshima was in the old days the capital of the princes of Satsuma, and one of the finest towns in Japan, but was bombarded by the British fleet in 1863, and was burnt in 1877 at the end of the great Satsuma rebellion. There is nothing left now to show what a great place it was, except the huge sea wall and breakwaters extending along some two miles of the coast. The present town looks very new and rather poverty-stricken. It is very easy to lose one's way in it, as it is all divided up by creeks and inlets of the sea, and the streets dodge and twist about to avoid them.

(To be continued).

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Our Route.



As many of our readers have not been in India before it may be of some interest to them to have a short account of the journey from Bombay, as far as the railway journey is concerned, and the places we shall pass through *en route* to Ranikhet. The different rest camps are situated

as follows, with the intermediate distances given in miles, and the total distance from Bombay of each.

Railway	Rest Camp	Miles	Bombay Miles
Great India Peninsula	Deolali	113	113
	Khundwa	240	353
	Jubbulpore	263	616
East India	Allahabad	228	844
	Cawnpore	119	963
Oudh and Rohilkund	Bareilly <i>via</i> Lucknow	182	1155
	Moradabad	71	1226
Road	Ranikhet	120	1346
	Route march in about 10 days		

As the *Orontes* enters Bombay harbour, on the left will be seen the island of Colaba with lighthouse on the end of it. Here the Royal Artillery are stationed, and there are also a military sanitarium and lunatic asylum. As the vessel proceeds up harbour to the man-of-war buoys, we shall see Malabar hill, a favourite suburb where merchants of Bombay and Government officials have their country houses, a most delightful position, as however hot the day, a pleasant cool breeze springs up every evening and comes in from the sea refreshing the wearied inhabitants and putting new life into them. If the ship arrives early in the morning, the baggage-room will be at once opened, and the baggage got up and stowed as quickly as possible in scows alongside. As soon as the first set of scows are full they will be towed by a steam-tug to the Carnac Bunder, or wharf, a Company proceeding with them to load the baggage into the railway waggons. The unloading the ship and loading the waggons will continue until all is finished. About 4 p.m. a wing of the regiment will be landed at the Carnac Bunder having been preceded by the married families, and on the troop boats returning, the remaining wing will land. In the meantime the first wing and families will have been provided with a tea meal in the troops' refreshment-rooms, after which they will have been entrained ready to start.

The same takes place with the second wing. The two troop trains, both with their proportion of baggage waggons, travel up to Deolali with about an hours interval between them. In crossing the island of Bombay there is nothing of interest to be seen, and it soon becomes dark.

No description has been given of the city of Bombay as to do so would take up too much space, but it may be briefly stated that it possesses some very handsome public buildings, amongst others the General Post Office which collects nearly all the mails from other parts of the world for India and distributes them throughout the country. The first station passed is Byculla, a suburb of Bombay, where the race-course is, also the Victoria Botanical Gardens, a very nice and pretty lounge in the afternoon. The first stoppage will probably be at Callian junction, for a few minutes, 34 miles from Bombay. At this station the Great India Peninsular Railway divides, one branch going south-east *via* Poona to Madras, and the other, which we follow, north-east to Jubbulpore. At Kasara 75 miles from Bombay, we arrive at the Thull Ghat. Here each train is divided into two, and each half has a special Ghat engine put on to it and powerful breaks behind, and then commences an ascent of about 10 miles to Sgatpura which is situated on the top of the Ghat 1900 feet above the sea level. About half way up the train runs into a long level siding, and then the brakes and engine change ends then the train continues its journey up hill but going the reverse way. At Sgatpura the first half of the train waits for the second half, and when it comes up they are joined together and proceed to Deolali.

2nd Day.—Here the regiment again entrains *en route* for Khundwa. The first station passed is Nassick Road (Bombay 117 miles) which is the station for Nassick (6 miles), a holy city on the Godavery, a sacred river celebrated for its Buddhist and Hindoo temples, both in the city and cut out of the rocky hills in the surrounding country. At 178 miles from Bombay Nandgaum is passed which is the station for the celebrated Buddhist, Brahaminical and Jain cave temples, thirty six in number, at Ellora, 13 miles distant. At Bhosawul Junction, 276 miles from Bombay a branch line goes to Nagpore, 244 miles in length. Bhosawul is situated on the river Taptee, and is in the province of Berar. Chandni station, 322 miles from Bombay, is where troops disentrain for Asseerghur, a hill fort on the left of the line on a large rock which

risers abruptly out of the jungle, and is visible for many miles. It is a state prison where there are still some native prisoners confined. The garrison consists of a commandant, Fort Adjutant, a company of European infantry from Mhow, and a company of native infantry.

3rd Day.—At Kundwa the train runs into the barrack siding where part barracks and part camp is the accommodation provided for the day's rest. This station is the junction for the Rajputana-Malwa and Holkar State Railway, 73 miles up which is Mhow, the head-quarters of a division, with a European cavalry regiment, a battery R. H. Artillery, a garrison battery with siege train drawn by elephants a European infantry regiment, and two native infantry regiments besides a complete field transport train of elephants, camels, mules and bullocks, and a small arsenal. In the evening the regiment is again entrained for Jubbulpore. During the journey the train crosses the Nerbudda river at Seonee (Bombay 443 miles) and also at Nirgary (Bombay 606 miles), near which are the celebrated marble rocks through which the river has cut a passage. At the marble rocks are large quantities of wild bees which it is most dangerous to disturb, as is attested by the monument to a foolhardy sportsman who fired his gun at a cluster of them, when he was immediately attacked by the whole swarm, and in his agony from their stings jumped into the river and was drowned. The rocks are about two miles from the station and near the Badaghar Fall. The passage through the rocks which are of many colored marbles is about two miles long, and the cliffs are from fifty to eighty feet high. We next arrive at Jubbulpore, a large civil and military station where the Great India Peninsula Railway terminates. Here the regiment goes into canvas for the day, and the baggage has to be transferred into trucks belonging to the East India Railway.

4th Day.—Jubbulpore is the head-quarters of a Brigade of the Bengal army, but is situated in the Central Provinces near the Sautpoor Hills or Northern Ghauts, and is 1,460 feet above sea level. It is a thriving place and trades in lac dye, opium, jute, iron, grain, cotton and salt, &c. In the evening the Regiment again entrains as before, but in carriages of the East India Railway, for Allahabad. There is but little of interest on the route. At Nynee, 5 miles from Allahabad (Bombay 839), the Calcutta branch joins, and, just after, the train runs over a bridge which crosses the Ganges, on the right side of

the line being a handsome fort built by Akbar at the confluence of the rivers Ganges and Jumna, a specially sacred place to which the natives make pilgrimages, and more especially so at the time of the Mag Mela fair, which is held on 14th December.

5th Day.—At Allahabad, which is a divisional command, the regiment goes into the rest camp which is close alongside the railway. Allahabad is the capital of the North-west Provinces, seat of the Lieut Governor, and a very large cantonment with good shops and hotels, public buildings, &c., and large works of the East India Railway. At the frontier post-office in the station, the mails from the south, east, and west are sorted and sent on to their various destinations. In the evening the regiment will entrain for Cawnpore, the junction for the Oudh and Rohilkund Railway. At Futtehpore (Bombay 916 miles, Allahabad 72 miles), a small town in the plain lying between the Ganges and Jumna, Sir Henry Havelock, on his way to Cawnpore routed the mutineers on 12th July, 1857. At Cawnpore the regiment will probably disentrain, go into rest camp, and shift baggage into trucks of the Oudh and Rohilkund Railway.

6th Day.—This is a large city with military cantonment, situated on the Ganges, doing a good trade in native products such as harness, saddlery, cotton goods, tints, indigo, and saltpetre, and has a government harness factory. It is situated in a hot sandy plain 600 feet above the sea. This city is notorious for the murder of so many Christians, mostly English women and children, which took place at the time of the mutiny, whose bodies were thrown into a well, which has since been covered in and a beautiful white marble angel holding a cross, carved by Baron Marochetti, placed over it in 1863. The massacre took place on the 17th of June, 1857, at the time that General Wheeler's garrison embarked in boats to go down the Ganges at the Suttee Chowra Ghat, the whole of whom perished (with the exception of Captains Mowbray and Delarosse, and Ptes. Sullivan and Murphy) as they fell into an ambuscade laid by Nana Sahib. The four who escaped did so by swimming down stream. After the fight at Futtehpore mentioned before, Havelock pushed on to Cawnpore, which he reached on the 15th of July, 1857, and rescued the remnant of the garrison. On the 27th July, 1857, he marched on Lucknow, but was obliged to return on 13th of August. On 16th of August at Bithoor he beat Nana Sahib. On 15th September, General

Outram, who was senior to Havelock, arrived with reinforcements, and waived his seniority to serve under Havelock. The two marched on Lucknow, reaching it on September 23rd, 1857. In the evening the regiment will entrain for Bareilly. Forty-two miles from Cawnpore and 1009 from Bombay is Lucknow, the capital of Oudh. It is a large civil and military station, with banks, library, churches, hospitals, English shops and schools, &c. It is situated on the Gomtee river on a rich plain 300 feet above the sea level. The history of the defence, when the mutiny broke out here on 30th June, 1857, under Sir Henry Lawrence, Major Banks, and Sir H. Inglis, until relieved by Havelock and Outram, would fill a volume, and the mutineers were not finally quelled until 19th March, 1859 when the English troops under Lord Clyde recaptured the city. Among the defenders who lie buried here are Sir Henry Lawrence, who was killed on July 4th, 1857, Major Banks who was killed on July 21st, Sir Henry Havelock, who died of cholera October 24th, and General Neill who was killed on September 26th whilst storming the entrenchments. The principal objects of interest are the Kaiserbagh or Cæsar's Garden, the Juraumbarra now turned into an arsenal and storehouses, the Jumma Musjid or great mosque now a gaol, the Martinière College, the Secunder Bagh where Capt. Hodson of Hodson's Horse was killed in 1858, the Alum Bagh or Queen's Garden where Havelock is buried. 102 miles north-west of Lucknow is Shahjehanpore a civil and military station with sugar works and a distillery. Bareilly, where the next halt is made is the chief town of Rohilkund North-west Provinces, and is an important civil, revenue circuit, and military station. It is situated on the Ramgunga or ford. It has well built cantonments, church, college, bank, central prison, old and new forts. It was captured by Lord Clyde from the mutineers in 1858 after they had murdered Judges Robertson and Raikes, and others. Furniture, gold and silver tinsel and perfumery are made here.

7th Day—The regiment will probably leave in the evening for Moradabad. The only station of any interest *en route* is Chandansi 44 miles from Bareilly and 1199 miles from Bombay, which is the junction for Aligarh.

8th Day.—Moradabad is the end of the railway journey, and is in Rohilkund on the Ramgunga or ford, and is 700 feet above the sea level. It is a civil and military station and has a paved street one mile long.

The remainder of the journey will be by route march from Moradabad to Ranikhet, a distance of about 120 miles, and generally performed in ten days.

Ranikhet being a comparatively new station is not marked on the maps, but the following points will determine its situation. It is 30 miles north of Nynce Tal, which is situated in the Himalayas 22 miles south-west of Almorah, 64 miles from Moradabad, and 76 miles from Bareilly, and north of it.

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Dramatic Notes.



"Trial by Jury" as given by the Sergeants' Amateur Dramatic Club was good, decidedly good. Of course, no amateur performance is perfect, and therefore there were some openings for fault-finding, but it was the best rehearsed and played piece that has been placed on the Tanglin boards during the time the regiment has been here. The Bandmaster is to be congratulated on the excellent accompaniments; he had evidently spent much time and trouble over the matter, for the scoring of the piece for the orchestra must, in itself, have involved a great deal of labour. Some of the *tempi* were taken slower than is customary, but probably that was owing to the performers on the stage and not to the orchestra. To turn to the caste. Mr. Whittle made a very good Judge, and almost succeeded in disguising the fact that he is the owner of a very fine and large moustache. He sang the music of the part with perfect clearness, and the only fault to be found with his performance is that when singing his song he forgot the dignity of his position and indulged in rather extravagant action. Sergt. Lishman was thoroughly capable as the Counsel for the Plaintiff, but why did he look for his law in an *Army List*? The Defendant was played by Lee.-Corpl. Hodgins, (who has anticipated the happy day when he himself will become a sergeant, and has already joined their company theatrically), by whom the part, which is a difficult one, was satisfactorily filled, though at times he did not seem quite at home on the stage; he has a nice light tenor voice, which he has apparently taken some pains to train. The Usher was played with the necessary solidity by Sergt. McFarlane, but he sang "Now Jurymen" too slowly. Mrs. Birmingham made a very charming Plaintiff, and of

course sang the music very well. The chorus of bridesmaids and jurymen did their work capitally, led by the foreman and the chief bridesmaid, and the scenery bore quite enough resemblance to one of Her Majesty's courts to keep up the illusion. "Naval Engagements" has been criticised before. The play went better than it did on the last occasion, probably owing to more rehearsal, though it was not played as crisply as it should be. Sergt. Dray had discarded his whiskers for a more suitable make up, but Mrs Whittle had disguised her pretty face with some lines which did not give any idea of wrinkles. Both Mrs. Birmingham and Mrs. Whittle played well, as in fact did all the rest of the cast. The Sergeants' club should make a good nucleus whenever the talked of Regimental club is formed. Dramatic critics are supposed to be omniscient, but they cannot be omnipresent, and therefore as the humble individual who takes stock of theatrical matters in this paper had business elsewhere, he was unable to be present on the Monday and Thursday, but in his place an efficient deputy looked after the interests of *The Dragon*. His remarks are as follows:—

"Done on both Sides." Sergt. Dray made up carefully as "Mr. Whiffles" played very well and shewed great submissiveness to his better half (Mrs Birmingham) who got through her part in her usual taking style, appearing to great advantage when ordering Whiffles to get on with the various household duties. Schoolmaster Whittle as the ubiquitous, self-inviting, hard up young masher played "Mr. Brownjohn" to perfection, particularly in making himself at home with the Whiffles family. Mrs. Whittle made a very charming Lydia, (Whiffles' daughter) and got through her part splendidly which was rather a difficult one. Sergt. Lishman as "Mr. Phibbs" a wealthy relative of the Whiffles, was all that could be desired, and he was thoroughly astounded at the very peculiar style of the Whiffles, in depriving him of his present of venison for the President of the Veterinary College, making him wait at table, and sundry other menial duties. The whole wound up with the usual explanations, and everything was put to rights by the Whiffles acknowledging their various little deceptive tricks.

"All's fair in Love" was put on the boards, and was performed in great style, Buttons (Sergt. Talbot) and Jemima (Mrs Whittle) frequently bringing out rounds of applause for their unique acting of the "Stage-struck boy" and the

charming lady's maid, who stands up for woman's rights, and her little speech (standing on a chair) upon that subject, was really good. Sergt Dray was capitally made up and played the Squire remarkably well, getting through his counting and rheumatism in first rate style. Mrs Birmingham made a very pretty Constance. (the Squires' ward) and acted in her usual taking and effective manner the double part of pleasing the guardian and his nephew, Mr Blount (Sergt. Gray). Sergt. Gray got through his part fairly well, but speaks rather too fast and a little too quickly, but, probably practice will improve him bye-and-bye.

"Jesse Vere" was the last piece played, and all things considered passed off very well. The characters were slightly altered from the last time it was played. Sergt Day as the country clergyman played his character very nicely. Mr. Whittle as Arthur Temple was all that could be desired; Mrs Whittle as Jesse Vere, made up charmingly, was no doubt the character of the piece, and Mrs Birmingham (Polly Perkins) was very good and in her attack with the umbrella upon the pair of ruffians who were attempting to steal Jesse's child, she was perfection, and brought down the house. Sergt. Gray (Arthur Temple's half-brother) got through a very difficult deep-dyed scoundrel's part tolerably well, but at times was scarcely to be heard. Sergt. Lishman (Jacob Thorne) did not get on quite so well as before, although on the whole he was tolerably good. Policeman Al (with the white cuffs on) should have captured Jacob's unmuzzled dog before it got into Jesse's apartments in London, and then it would not have howled in the middle of a very interesting scene. Chirrup (Cr-Sergt. Gardner) and Nightingale (Sergt. Talbot) two notorious scoundrels, were most ably represented, and caused lots of fun in this capacity. Chirrup as the flunkey to Arthur Temple looked quite at home in that character, and was made up without a fault right down to his calves. Sergt. Summers made a natural rustic. The two policemen (specials no doubt) would have done better to remain out of sight until their presence was required on the stage, and not have got amongst the audience, but probably one of them was doing a little rehearsal on his own account, prior to his going to England, where we suppose he will be in a couple of months holding a similar position. This, we are sorry to say will be Mrs Birmingham and Sergt. McFarlane's last appearance on The Buffs' stage, and we feel certain they will be keenly missed by all, and more so by the Sergeants' Club.

Musketry.

The musketry course for 1885-6 has been completed, and the following are the results, which are satisfactory

Best shooting Company.
Letter C, Captain H. Blackburn.
Figure of Merit 153.22

Figure of Merit of Companies.

C 153.22	F 140.54
A 145.94	G 132.68
B 143.17	D 132.61
E 141.47	H 129.32

Battalion figure of merit, 140.07.

Best Shot of Sergeants—Col. Sergt J. Bennell.

Ditto Corporals—Corpl W. Braham.

Ditto Privates—Pte C. Munson.

Second Best—Pte. M. McDonald.

Best Shots of Companies.

A Pte H. Glibbery	E Corpl. J. Greig
B Pte W Smith	F Pte. F. Ledger
C Pte A. Page	G Pte. T. Boyles
D Lce -Corpl. Burrows	H Pte. T. Richard

The three best Judges of Distance are

Sergt Lishman	Average point per answer	1.64
C.-Sergt Thomsett		1.43
Sergt Stevens		1.40

The following are Marksmen;—

A COMPANY.		
Corpl. T. Cheal	Pte. E. Kent	
Pte. G. Lipscombe	Corpl. S. Greenland	Corpl. H. Lock
B COMPANY.		
Sergt. C. McFarlane	Pte. A. H. Baker	Pte. H. Mitchell
C COMPANY.		
Corpl. G. Brain	Pte. J. Murrell	
Pte. A. Patterson	" J. Reynolds	
" H. McStea	" T. Tucker	
D COMPANY.		
Sergt. J. Gleeson	Pte. T. McDougal	Pte. E. Wynne
E COMPANY.		
Lce.-Sergt. C. Woodward		
F COMPANY.		
Sergt. F. Andrews	Lce.-Corpl. H. Hodgins	
G COMPANY.		
Pte. M. Daley	Sergt. W. Watts	
Pte. R. Hannaford	Corpl. T. Ward	Sergt. J. Green
H COMPANY.		
Sergt. J. H. Dray	Col.-Sergt. F. Thomsett	Pte. J. Smith.

TOMMY ATKINS.

By the Author of "Tom Bullkley of Lissington," &c.

(Continued).

About half past three this third affliction is over, and he now looks forward to his tea. At 4 o'clock the bugle sounds again, but, alas! this is a mere mockery, nothing but a basin of tea and what is left from breakfast and dinner of his ration of bread. There are the saveloy and sausage vendors about certainly, but if Tommy has already indulged in the morning he can't afford to do it again in the afternoon. There is the evening stroll down into the town, or the visit to the Canteen to hear a song, and it won't do to be without a copper or two in his pocket, so he generally contents himself with his basin of tea, and hunch of dry bread. This is his last meal in the day, and it is a crying shame. I think, that it should be so. From 4 o'clock in the afternoon until

1 o'clock next morning Tommy fasts. The Government should provide him with a good supper of bread and cheese at 8 o'clock, if he choose to come back to the barrack-room for it, and Tommy generally would. Besides the physical good and comfort this meal would afford him, it would often draw him away from the Public Houses or mischief down in the town. After tea is over he will occupy himself for about an hour in preparing for the morrow's parade. Armed with sponge and pipeclay, button brush and stick, rag and water, he will set to work cleaning his belts and rifle, and furbishing up his buttons and brass ornaments. He likes, as a rule, doing this outside on a bench in the sun, and at this time he is much given to breaking out in a song, and whistles as he brushes and polishes away. His belts and buttons are now beautiful to behold, but his *chef-d'œuvre* is unquestionably his pouch. The amount of "elbow grease" he expends on that article is simply wonderful. Having given the finishing touch to its shiny black surface, he takes a last fond look and carries it tenderly to his room. Now whatever you do don't run up against Tommy or kick up a dust at this moment, or there will be a row. Having reached his cot, he wraps the pouch up in an old silk handkerchief, and hangs it up over his bed; and if on the morrow's parade the Captain says "very good pouch, Atkins; capital pouch; best pouch in the Company," Tommy will have reaped his reward. Having got the pouch off his mind, he is now a free man. There are many ways of employing his leisure. He may go to the recreation-room and read the papers, write a letter or two, or play bugstalle; he may go to the Canteen and have a "pot of four ale," and listen to a song later on in the evening; or he may go and play "lives," (there is a five-court in every barrack or permanent camp), or "put the shot," that is, see how far he can heave the 32lb shot, sure to be some of his comrades at it; or he may play cricket with the men, or, if he like it better, with the Officers if they are practising. They are always glad to see him, and if he joins their game he will have his innings as safely as the Colonel himself.

(To be continued.)

DEATH OF THE OLDEST BUFF KNOWN.

We extract the following from the *Tasmanian News*, and we have no doubt that the late Mr. Hayes was the oldest Buff alive up to the 9th of last August, as according to the notice of his death he enlisted in 1827, sixty years ago

"We regret to record the death of Mr. Michael Hayes, which sad event took place at the 'Rob Roy' Hotel, Liverpool Street, Hobart Town, on the 9th of August, 1886. Mr. Hayes was lessee of the 'Rob Roy' Hotel for 14 years, and during that time his genial disposition and hospitable nature made him many friends. The deceased gentleman, who was 76 years of age, served in the Buffs for 23 years, under three crowned heads—George IV., William IV. and Queen Victoria. He left the service with five good conduct badges, the long service medal, and gratuity. He arrived in Hobart in 1850, being a guard on board the convict ship *Eliza*. He served for about 20 years in the principal and territorial police here. Mr. Hayes leaves a son and three daughters to mourn his loss, the former being well known as sub-inspector of police at Beaconsfield." About two years ago Mr. Hayes sent his portrait (cabinet) dressed as a civilian, wearing a good conduct medal, and an old pattern cheese-cutter forage cap with dragon and figure 3, to the Sergeant-Major at the Depot of the Buffs, who had it framed, and it now hangs on the walls of The Buffs' sergeants' mess, Canterbury.

Regimental Items.



To be Lance-Corporals;— Ptes. H. Rollins, E. Bing, H. Anderson, T. Boyles.

To Penang on 10th instant:— Lce -Corpl. Rollins to G Co.; Lce -Corpl E. Bing to F Co.

30th December, 1886.—To be Sergt. Instr of Signalling, Lce.-Sergt. A. Brand.

Lieut. A. L. Beil awarded an extra musketry certificate.

21st January, 1887.—Colonel Halahan, Lieut Lloyd and Lieut. A. R. Eustace, joined from England

21st January, 1887 —Col. Halahan assumed command of the Battalion,

21st January, 1887.—A draft of 2nd Battn. South Lancashire joined, and attached to the Battalion

24th January, 1887.—Pte M. McDonald to England, per P. & O mail for transfer to army reserve

The undermentioned men are entitled to Good Conduct Pay from the dates specified;—

At One Penny.

Pte. G. Munday	11th August
" T. Threadgold	2nd October
" J. Crouch	1st December
" A. Bramble	1st "
" G. Watson	2nd "
" A. Corner	3rd "
" M. Collins	3rd "
" E. Appleton	4th "
" H. Mewett	9th "
" T. Fox	10th "
" W. Hollingdale	11th "
" C. Puxton	11th "
" W. Beeslee	13th "
" J. Waters	13th "
" J. Cruttenden	13th "
" W. Bates	13th "
" C. Costin	13th "
" J. Hodge	15th "
" W. Papworth	15th "
" R. North	15th "
" J. Quillman	16th "
" F. Hamilton	19th "
" C. Weathersby	19th "
" G. Briggs	22nd "
" H. Drury	22nd "
" G. Hayes	24th "
" F. Freeman	24th "
" F. Shirvill	29th "
" G. Piper	30th "

The undermentioned N.C.O's have re-engaged,
Sergt. R. Smith to complete 21 years.

Lce -Corpl. T. Ward to complete 12 years.

23rd January, 1887.—Lieuts. Hamilton and Hunter rejoined from leave of absence.

Athletics.

NEW YEAR'S DAY ATHLETIC SPORTS.

Open to all European Residents in Singapore.

The following prizes were won by The Buffs at the above meeting, each event was keenly contested, and considering the competition, The Buffs came off very well. The Tug-of-war was a surprise to everyone, as only a week before, the Gunners walked away with our team, but *nil desperandum* seem to be our motto on New Year's day, as they won the Tug-of-war after two good steady pulls, by sheer strength.

Cricket Ball Throwing.

1st Pte. Wardle, 103 yards 2 feet.

100 Yards Race.

2nd, Corpl. Reynolds.

Quarter-mile Flat Race.

1st, Corpl. Reynolds; 2nd Corpl Watkins;
3rd, Pte Weathersby.

Three-legged Race.

1st, Corpls. Reynolds and Watkins.

Sack Race.

2nd, Drmr. Dillon

Jockey Race.

2nd, Corpls. Reynolds and Watkins.

Half-mile Race

1st, Corpl. Watkins; 2nd, Pte. Wilson.

Obstacle Race.

1st, Corpl Watkins; 2nd, Pte. Wilson; 3rd,
Pte. Weathersby,

Tug-of-War, Best two pulls out of three.

The Buffs.

—: o :—

Three foot paper chases took place this month, on the 6th, 20th, and 27th instant, and were much appreciated by the competitors, whom we are sorry to say were very few on each occasion. It is a great pity that more of our peds do not turn out, as it is very certain there are plenty of men in the battalion who have the necessary metal in them, if they would but try. There will probably be no more chases in Singapore after the 10th of February, but we hope that they will be revived again in India, as they are very healthy exercise, and tend to keep the liver in a proper condition.

Cricket.

Captains of Cricket Clubs are requested to send accounts of all matches to the Editor, and they will be published if space admits. Forms for entering matches on can be obtained from the Regimental Press at 20 cents per dozen.

Shooting Matches will also be reported if the full scores are forwarded.

SINGAPORE C.C. v. THE GARRISON.

Played at Singapore, on 5th and 8th instant, won by the Garrison by 51 runs, owing, no doubt to the splendid bowling of Lieut Pemberton, who took 7 wickets in the 2nd innings for 14 runs. Capt. Mayne, Lieut. Druiitt, and Pte. Edmonds batted well for the Garrison. Another good feature of the game is that the Military did not give one extra in the two innings. The Band attended on the second day and as usual, played very nicely.

GARRISON.

Lieut. Druiitt, R.E., b Penney	16	c Anderson b Penney	7
Pte. Edmonds, Buffs, c Bouchier b Penney	22	run out	8
Major Walker, Police, b Ross	1	c Hill b Ross	0
Lieut. Stuart, Buffs, c Bouchier b Ross	0	b Ross	10
Capt. Mayne, Staff, c Fox b Penney	3	c Hill b Penney	21
Lieut. Daughlish, Buffs, run out	8	b Ross	8
" Pemberton, Buffs, b Ross	0	l b w. b Penney	0
" Fales, Buffs, b Ross	2	c Bouchier b Ross	4
Pte. Straw, Buffs, b Ross	4	c Bouchier b Penney	0
Staff Sergt. Gleeson, c, Ross b Penney	1	not out	3
Band Sergt. Whyatt, Buffs, not out	1	b Penney	10
Extras,	3	Extras	5
Total,	61	Total	77

SINGAPORE C.C.

Mr. Penney, b Walker	4	b Pemberton	1
" Thompson, c Edmonds b Druiitt	7	c Pemberton b Druiitt	5
" Bouchier, b Walker	9	c Whyatt b Pemberton	0
" Anderson, b Druiitt	5	b Pemberton	0
" Stringer, c Edmonds b Druiitt	0	absent	0
" Talbot, not out	27	b Pemberton	0
" Glass, c Pemberton b Druiitt	1	b Pemberton	14
" Ross, b Walker	1	b Pemberton	0
" Fox, b Druiitt	2	b Pemberton	1
" Hill, b Druiitt	0	not out	5
" Christian, c Stuart b Pemberton	0	c Edmonds b Druiitt	5
Total,	56	Total	31

EUROPEAN POLICE v. SERGEANTS.

Played at Tanglin on the 15th instant. The Police were not very strong in batting and made a poor stand against the bowling of Q.M.S. Cumber and Band Sergeant Whyatt.

The Sergeants lost three wickets for twenty runs when Mr. Bayard joined Q.M.S. Cumber and the two batted merrily away for two hours, Cumber was then smartly caught by Supt. Bell at cover point, after a carefully played innings of 43. Mr. Bayard looked all over carrying out his bat, but was bowled the very last wicket for a well played innings of 74 without giving a chance.

EUROPEAN POLICE.

Mr. Faulkner, b Cumber	2
" Little, b Cumber	4
" Bell, b Cumber	2
" Patterson, run out	19
" Newland, not out	6
" Whittet, b Cumber	0
" Mitchell, b Cumber	6
" Wilson, b Whyatt	6
" Kemp, b Whyatt	0
" Pickinpack, b Whyatt	0
" Keane, did not bat	0
Extras	2
Total	47

SERGEANTS.

Q.M.S. Cumber, c Bell	43
Band Sergt. Whyatt, b Whittet	14
Sergt. Birmingham, b Whittet	0
C.-S. Patterson, b Patterson	0
Lieut. Bayard, b Faulkner	74
Sergt. Major Cook, b Patterson	0
Sch. Mr. Whittle, b Whittet	8
Sergt. Bovenzer, b Faulkner	3
" Lishman, b Whittet	0
" Steele, b Whittet	1
" Talbot, not out	1
Extras	11
Total	155

E AND H v. A, B, C AND D COMPANIES.

Played at Singapore, on 13th instant, and resulted in an easy win for E and H Companies by 110 runs. Godfrey bowled and Edmonds and Lawrence batted very well indeed for the winners. Ware was the only one who made a stand for the other side.

A, B, C AND D COMPANIES.

Corpl. Patten, b Godfrey	4	b Whyatt	3
Pte. Brewer, c Straw b Cumber	0	c Edmonds b Cumber	0
Lieut. Dan, Lish, c Straw b Cumber	1	run out	5
Pte. Goodings, b Godfrey	3	b Godfrey	9
" Sewell, b Godfrey	1	b Godfrey	5
" Gilbert, c Edmonds b Cumber	3	not out	0
" Ware, st. Edmonds b Cumber	10	b Cumber	0
" Davies, b Godfrey	1	b Godfrey	0
" Hills, c Edmonds b Cumber	3	b Godfrey	8
" Edwards, b Godfrey	0	c Bayard b Godfrey	0
" Riley, not out	4	b Godfrey	0
Extras	6	Extras	4
Total	36	Total	32

E AND H COMPANIES.

Pte. Simmonds, run out	6	run out	6
" Roberts, c Sewell b Ware	0	b Davies	9
" Edmonds, c Sewell b Ware	5	c Edwards b Brewer	46
Corpl. Godfrey, c Davies b Gilbert	2	b Davies	7
Pte. Straw, c Riley b Ware	0	not out	9
" Wickens, c Davies b Gilbert	0	b Brewer	10
Q.M.S. Cumber, b Ware	7	c Sewell b Davies	7
Band Sergt. Whyatt, not out	11	b Ware	2
Corpl. Reynolds, c Gilbert b Sewell	0	c Patten b Davies	0
Pte. Laurence, c Brewer b Sewell	25	c and b Sewell	0
Lieut. Bayard, b Sewell	3	c Davies b Ware	7
Extras	7	Extras	18
Total	66	Total	112

We regret that owing to want of space, the match between A and B Companies cannot be inserted in detail. B Co. won it by 15 runs.

—: O :—

CHESSE PROBLEMS.

1. White.—K. at Kt. 6; Q. at Q. Kt. 5; R. at Q. R. 2, and K. 4; B. at Q. Kt. 6, and Q. square; Kt. at Q. 6, and K. 2.
Black.—K. at K. B. 6; Q. at K. Kt. 8; R. at K. R. 8; B. at K. Kt. 6; Kt. at K. B. 7; P. at Q. Kt. 2, and K. B. 7.

White 8 and Black 7 pieces.

White to play and mate in two moves.

2. White.—K. at Q. R. 2; Q. at K. 2; R. at K. B. 2; B. at Q. Kt. 3; Kt. at Q. 5; Kt. at K. B. 4; P. at Q. B. 2 and K. Kt. 5. 8 pieces.

Black.—K. at K. Kt. square; Q. at K. B. 3; R. at K. B. square and, Q. Kt. 2; Kt. at K. square; P. at K. B. 2; P. at K. Kt. 2; P. at K. Kt. 3; P. at Q. R. 6; P. at Q. B. 6. 10 pieces.

White to play and mate in three moves.

3. White.—K. at Q. Kt. 6; B. at Q. Kt. 4; B. at K. B. 5; Kt. at K. Kt. 3; Kt. at K. R. 3; P. at K. B. 2; P. at K. B. 6; P. at K. Kt. 2; P. at Q. Kt. 3; P. at Q. R. 2. 10 pieces.

Black.—K. at Q. 5; P. at Q. 4; P. at Q. Kt. 7; P. at K. B. 2; P. at K. Kt. 2. Black five pieces.

White to play and mate in three moves.

"LOPEZ."

All solutions to be sent in by the 15th of the month, and to be marked "Chess" on the envelope.

Varieties.

TROOPS ABOARD.

"Yes, it's a queer nickname for a fellow to be called, ain't it? With all my old chums, it's always, What ho! Troops Aboard! or How goes it Troops Aboard? Why, when I was soldiering I was seldom called anything else but Troops Aboard. Oh, you want to know why do you? Well, fill the pot while I light my pipe and I'll tell you. You see when I first listed my brother Joe was in the 32nd in Canada; so I goes and joins the 33rd, not, as Paddy says, to be near my brother, but just because it was the nearest regiment to our village. Well, when my brother finds out where I am, he applies to have me transferred to serve with him. After waiting a pretty good while 'cause things 'aint done by steam in the service—slow and sure is their motto—I got permission to join Joe in the *Aurora*, and I was the only swaddy (as the red-coats are called) on board the ship, bound for St. John's, Nova Scotia. Well, after a pretty long voyage, we comes in sight of our port, and commences hoisting signals to let 'em know on shore that we had come. One of these signals meant 'Troops Abroad,' meaning me. So you see, when the Colonel heard this he orders the Band and Drummers, some 50 strong, to march down and play the new arrivals up to barracks. Well, when I lands there was the Band playing 'The Campbells are coming.' I goes towards them and meets an Officer (the Adjutant I afterwards found out) who says to me, says he, 'I say, my man, when do the troops land?' 'What troops, sir?' says I. 'Why the troops aboard the *Aurora*, of course,' says he. 'I'm the only troops aboard, sir,' says I, saluting. I suppose he thought I was 'off my chump,' for off he goes to the ship, and presently returns and orders the band and drums back to barracks, and me to follow them. Of course, it soon got about, and there was plenty of chaff over it, and I got the nickname of 'Troops Aboard.'

"That's all, pass the jug, talking makes me frightful dry."

On passing a Pork Shop the other day, Mr. Brown whistled. The moment he did, every sausage in the shop "wagged its tail." As a note to this we would mention that the day before Brown lost a collie dog over seventy pounds in weight.

A young lady in Singapore who had lately lost her speech, received twenty-three offers of marriage in a week.

A RIDDLE.

To one of them I bid farewell,
The other I bid welcome,
They're neither short nor neither tall,
Nor such a very stout 'un.
Their names commence with H and B,
And end with N and Y,
Come, solve this problem if you can,
'Tis easy, have a try.

SHANDY.

A PUZZLE.

In 1792

LAW S F . . R . . A . . N . . C . . E LAW S

~~Monarchy~~

Religion

ANSWER.

In 1792 France was divided, Monarchy erased, Religion turned upside down, Laws put on one side, and Rebellion stood in four quarters of the globe.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

The answer in our columns, each month has found a place,
Besides, the doggerel below, will help you this to trace.

We are told 'tis but a span,
And 'tis granted unto man;
So find it if you can.

Pray do

Should my meaning on you break,
You must then the span forsake
And the extremes of it take.

Adieu.

LIGHTS.

1. It is decreed we all shall meet, the finals of our lights,
So this one we are bound to be, if we but get our rights.
2. Our second light would surely rise, if we had but thought, ugh!
That we should be first-lighted, even an hour before we oughter.
3. Look instantly at a dollar, a Mexican; and to
A light appears! 'twas re-created twenty years ago.
4. Next kindly read down primals, and
When those you've overhauled:
Agree, that if deprived of this, 'bout
That time, you'd have squalled.
5. An exclamation frequently occurring after primals,
Er—ditto, ditto, ditto, ditto, finals.

ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S ACROSTIC.

B U F F
L A
A F T E R
K E T T L E
S H A D O W
L A T E
E X C E L
Y E L L

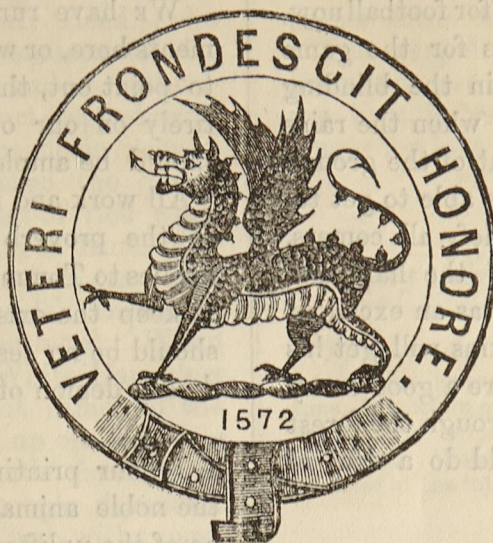
P. W. G.

Correct answers were received from "Kato" "Dutchman" "Nanti"
"Tommy" "Presto." "Ah," "Tengo."

Printed at the Buffs' Regimental Press,
Tanglin, Singapore.

THE DRAGON.

EAST RENT



CHRONICLE

A Paper for the Men of The Buffs.

No. 5

Ranikhet, May 31st, 1887.

Price 2 Annas.

BIRTH.

BAYARD.—At Lucknow on the 25th of March, the wife of Lieut. and Adjutant R. Bayard, The Buffs, of a daughter.

MARRIAGE.

HAMILTON—PURVIS.—At St. Andrew's Cathedral, Singapore, on the 1st of Feb., 1887, by the Venerable Archdeacon Meredith, M.A., Lieut. D. A. Hamilton, The Buffs, second son of A. H. A. Hamilton Esq., Fairfield Lodge, Exeter, to Margaret Maria, daughter of John M. Purvis Esq., Singapore.

DEATHS.

HAMMOND.—At Deolali on March 26th, 1887, Walter H. son of Pte. T. Hammond.

COOK.—At Agra, on the 10th of April, 1887, Francis A. son of Sergt. Major J. W. Cook.

TAYLOR.—At Colaba Depot, Bombay, 1961 Pte. W. Taylor, on the 25th of March, 1887, of 'choleraic diarrhoea.'

CAREY.—At Ranikhet on the 16th of May, 1887. Fredk. Joseph, son of Pte. J. Carey.

AFTER two months' wandering, we have arrived at our promised land, Ranikhet to wit, and have found it a veritable place of rest. But resting, after a time, becomes dull work, and as we shall be thrown entirely on our own resources for amusement we should turn to and devise means for passing as pleasantly as possible the long months that lie before us.

An enthusiastic contributor, in one of our back numbers, promised us unlimited shooting and fishing. The fishing, at present, may be as plentiful as we were led to believe, for at the time of writing no one has taken rod in hand; but the shooting is, for the present, nil. Our readers will have gathered from a recent station order that the only game in season are leopards, crows, and pariah dogs, and the chase of these "fearful wild fowl" is strictly limited to the inhabitants of bungalows. All this, however, will probably change in the winter, (supposing we are left here and not taken down into the plains) and some of us may get a chance at the pheasants skimming the pine tops,

* * *

CRICKET also has its difficulties here, for the parade grounds in front of the bungalows are almost too cramped in space for practising on, and the surrounding woods offer unusual facilities for losing cricket balls. It is to be hoped, however, that with the chance of becoming holders of our new and gorgeous shield, no company will grow faint-hearted, and let their cricket club fade out of existence,

The weather is a little too hot for football now, though some of the enthusiasts for the game have struggled over the ball in the blinding dust of the parade ground, but, when the rains have taken some of the iron out of the ground and cooled the air, we should be able to get together a good enough team to defy all comers.

We have heard nothing of the hare and hounds since our arrival. It was an excellent idea, and we hope Sergt. Watkins will get his pack together again. There are a good many of our lads whom a brisk run through the forest on a Thursday afternoon, would do a deal of good to.

* * *

OF indoor amusements a certain amount of organisation has already been begun. The mummers of the Regiment have met in solemn conclave, and decided that a Regimental theatrical club shall blossom into existence, and that the first performance shall be of a melodrama: but the particular play with which they are going to harrow up our souls has not as yet been determined on.

* * *

THE Christy Minstrels have held several mysterious meetings at night—very naturally anything connected with so black a subject would be kept dark—and the result will probably be a sequel to the successful performance on board ship, at some very close date.

* * *

To all of our artists the scenery here should furnish unlimited subjects for brush and pencil. The pine-clad fore-ground, the huge valley and the mass of hills towering behind, with their constant play of light and shade, and, far beyond and above all, the sky-enthroned snows of the Himalayas, make a picture which it would be difficult to surpass in any country in the world. But, though our barrack-rooms show some really very good specimens of art, amid all his various virtues and accomplishments, the typical Buff can hardly be said to have a keen sense of the beauty of landscape, and so, rather regretfully, we must leave the contemplation of The Beautiful out of our list of amusements.

WE have run through most of our amusements here, or what should be our amusements, to point out, that, though we are thrown entirely on our own resources, those resources should be ample to provide for our enjoyment. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," so the proverb says, and no doubt the same applies to Tommy: but, with a little enthusiasm to keep the existing institutions going, there should be no fear of our falling victims to the dreary demon of dullness.

IF our printing resources had allowed of it the noble animal who graces our front page—he of the uplifted dexter, as our late editor was wont to call him—would have appeared in all the glory of silver, with a white rosette; for this is a marriage number being the first published since Lieut. Hamilton took unto himself a wife from amongst the dwellers in Singapore.

"Blessed is the bride on whom the sun shines," and on the day when Lieut. Hamilton was married to Miss Purvis the sun did all he knew to join in the general well-wishing. The Cathedral was well filled, all the rank beauty and fashion having assembled to do honour to the occasion. The bride's dress was a dream of beauty (This veracious chronicler is but a poor male creature with no knowledge of millinery and therefore thinks that it is safer to avoid details and stick to complimentary generalities) and the bridesmaid appeared in Buff and Blue, a very happy thought. The grooms-men were gorgeous in scarlet, while the rest of garrison were contented with the cooler, if less brilliant, white. The service was read by the Ven Archdeacon, the organ played the wedding march, the register was duly signed, and, with the newly married couple leading the way, drawn by the conventional greys, all the rank beauty, &c. adjourned, in every variety of vehicle from the baronial barouche to the subaltern's dog cart, to Rogie where the wedding presents, which filled a room, were much admired, some of them being very handsome. The wedding cake was cut; the glasses filled to the brim with champagne; and the Bride

and Bridegroom's healths, having been proposed in a happily turned speech by Mr. Reed, (who appeared in his celebrated character of the oldest inhabitant) were drunk amidst enthusiastic cheering. The bridegroom replied with proper pride, advising all his bachelor hearers to go and do likewise, and then the guests separated to collect large stores of rice while the bride and bridegroom changed from their wedding raiment into more sober travelling attire (a description of the bride's travelling dress ought by rights to come in here). When the time for the start for the White Bungalow where the honeymoon was spent, came, all the officers of the regiment formed up on each side of the steps with drawn swords forming an arch, under which the happy couple decended. They being saluted on their way with many rounds of independent firing of rice, and were driven off, amid long cheers, while the band of the regiment played our quick step.

The Dragon begs to join in the good wishes which were showered on the newly married pair from every one in Singapore and trusts that their married life may be as bright and cheerful as their marriage day.

WHEN we lay on a chess editor, who most kindly offers, not only to send us problems, but also, to find us the special type to print them, the least that our chess players can do is to set their brains to work and send us some solutions. Chess is supposed to be a magnificent training for generals, so, in future, we shall expect to receive many answers from Lance-Corporals and other rising tacticians.

Correspondence.

Correspondence or Articles intended for insertion must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence &c. The name of the writer will not be published, any "nom-de-plume" can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Sir,

According to your request, I am prepared to show you my Model Cartridge on any evening you may name, I would also like our gallant Commander, Colonel Halahan to be present at the time, as I am sure your opinions will be of great interest to me especially in the

event of my placing the article before the proper authorities.

The person calling himself "No Savoy" has not as yet presented himself to me and as my time is very precious I cannot wait any longer for him.

Yours truly,
J. WELLS, Act. Bandsman,
The Buffs.

February 10th, 1887.

We the Editor, interviewer in chief, dramatic critic, &c., &c. of this journal are, like Private Wells, pressed for time, but before our next issue we will arrange with the inventor for a meeting and tell him what we think about invention. We cannot answer, however, for the Colonel's presence at the interview. —Ed.

We print with great pleasure a letter we have received from Mr. Bell, the Chief Police Officer of Singapore. All ranks of the Regiment have always been on most cordial terms with the European Police. These officers are in many cases friends of old standing and the Stalwart kakee-clad defenders of the peace have always been liked by our men. It is pleasant to hear through the medium of Mr. Bell, an old friend of The Buffs that we have the good wishes of his corps.

To the Editor "The Dragon."

Dear Mr. Editor,

Will you allow me to place a record in your Regimental Paper the appreciation we of the Police force have had from our departmental point of view of the conduct of the "Buffs" during their recent stay here.

Personally I can say that during my ten years of service here I never come across a regiment so well behaved. It has been a rare thing for the Police to have had to interfere with any of them, and if we have requested assistance from them it has been promptly given.

The relations between the European contingent of Police and the regiment have been most pleasant and we lose the "Buffs" with much regret.

I am,
Yours faithfully,
EDWARD H. BELL,
Chief Police Officer.

Singapore,
12th March, 1887.

A GUIDE TO ARMY SIGNALLING.

Our Regiment, though it has produced its authors, Captain Hayes, being perhaps our brightest light at the present time in that line, has not given very many contributions to purely military literature. However we have found our author at last and the very fact that Lieut. Eales name appears over the well known signature of Gale and Polden, the Chatham publishers, is a guarantee that the little book is, in its way, an authority.

Lieut. Eales in his preface only claims to place an amplified and simplified version of the manual before his readers and hopes that it may be of use to Instructors and classes preparing for examination: The book throughout amply fulfills the promise of the modest preface and in addition gives many valuable hints gathered from personal experience. It is no doubt, as it certainly should be, in the hands of every aspiring signaller. Occasionally the enthusiast overcomes the calm tempered author, as in the paragraph where some advice is given to Generals and other great men, and also in the first paragraph of all from which it appears that staff officers are in the habit of rushing up to signallers foaming with rage. We have seen some quaint performances, but when next there is an opportunity of observing an effervescing gentleman in a cocked hat, "may we" to quote John Gilpin, "be there to see."

On the 21st instant Brigadier General Sir J. Hudson, K. C. B., commenced his inspection of the regiment. The parade ground being too limited for the whole regiment in line to be drawn up across it, the draft and details had to be formed up as a second line. After receiving the General with the customary salute, and the Staff having passed up and down the line, the regiment broke into Column and marched past. Quarter-column was formed and the General spoke a few words to the men, telling them, that he was extremely pleased that the good conduct which had been shown by them on their march up country had been continued after their arrival at Ranikhet, that he considered the very good behaviour of the regiment most creditable to both officers and men and that he would report the same to H. R. H. the Commander-in-Chief. The General afterwards went round the barrack rooms. The inspection will be resumed on Sir J. Hudson's return from Naini Tal.

I. O. G. T.

HOPE AND PERSEVERANCE LODGE.—No. 108.

The Grand Lodge of India has, by the kind permission of Lieut.-Colonel H. T. Halahan granted a charter to this Battalion. The Lodge was instituted at Cawnpore on the 2nd April 1887 by Bro. White, formerly of this Battalion, and who now holds the office of Lodge Deputy at that station. The name may be remembered by many an old Buff who served with the 1st Battalion in India in 1878-79. It was at that time one of the best working Lodges in India, and now our Lodge being in fairly good working order, we have every hopes to believe that in due course we shall be shewn at the head of the list. This Lodge is open at 7 p.m. on Mondays and Thursdays for initiation of Candidates and on Fridays open house for any member of Temperance Institutions.

The Officers elected for the ensuing Quarter are as follows:—

W. C. T.	Bro. Hurrell.
W. V. T.	„ Cossin.
W. Sec.	„ Montgomery.
W. A. Sec.	„ Croxon.
W. F. Sec.	„ Keable.
W. T.	„ Laing.
W. M.	„ Haley.
W. D. M.	„ Carter.
W. Chaplin,	Sister Hughes.
W. Gd.	Bro. Hughes.
W. Sen.	„ Mills.
P. W. C. T.	„ Gallaway.

Lodge Deputy,—Bro. Laing.
Special,—Bro. Turner, Reporter.

The No. of initiations including Details and Clearance Cards from various branch lodges up to the 16th inst. are 95.

A special invitation having been sent to the members of the Temperance League and accepted, we trust that within a few weeks, both institutions will co-operate for the Temperance Cause.

Extracts from 'minute book of the 16th instant, the prize competitors for singing were awarded as follows:—

1st Prize	... Bro. Wylde, R. W. Fusiliers	... 2 Rs.
2nd „	... „ Barter, The Buffs	... 1 Re.
3rd „	... „ Taylor, „	... 1 Re.

Bro. E. TURNER, (By permission)

Though we the staff of this paper cannot put our hands on our hearts and say that we are all strict tea-totalers, still we have a very lively appreciation of the excellent work done in the Service by the various temperance societies, and therefore print with pleasure the notice sent to us by Bro. Turner, reporter. The Hope & Perseverance Lodge has our best wishes.—*Ed.*

Travellers' Notes.

A TRIP OVER UNBEATEN TRACKS IN JAPAN.

BY CAPTAIN H. BLACKBURN.

(Continued from our last).

From Kogoshima my route for the next ninety miles or so, lay through the hills, my halting places being small country villages. Throughout Japan every village however small has an inn, and as far as my experience goes, the inn is always clean and comfortable, and one is always heartily welcomed. On arrival, the landlord and his family retainers turn out to greet one effusively, after which tea and pipes are brought, over which we proceed to business. Having settled at what price you can have your nights' lodging with a bath, supper and breakfast,—usually from 25 to 35 cents—you are shown your room which is usually about 12ft. square, floored with straw mats, and the fittings of polished wood. The rooms are partitioned off by sliding panels, with pictures on them. There is no furniture, the floor being used for sitting on. The fire when required is brought in, in a big metal pot.

Then one has one's bath, usually in country inns out of doors in the back yard, almost always completely in public. After this comes dinner in a collection of little china bowls with chopsticks to eat it with. At first, till one has acquired the somewhat difficult art of handling the chopsticks, one runs some risk of starving, but, necessity being the mother of invention, one soon acquires a reasonable degree of skill.

On the fourth evening I reached Hitogoshi, a small town with an old castle on the banks of the Kumagawa river protected from the floods by a great stone wall. The scenery during these four days march was very fine, and the people very prosperous-looking. They are

larger people than in most parts of the country, and, judging from the numbers in which they assemble in the evening to wrestle and play games, they are not overworked.

From Hitoyoshi I took a boat down the river to Yatsushiro, a distance of about forty miles. This looks a most perilous undertaking as the river is in most parts, a foaming torrent, breaking over big boulders of rocks. Nevertheless it is safe enough. The boats are specially constructed for the work, flat bottoms and the planks being loosely sewn together with rope, so as to give and not break in case of striking anything. The boat is worked by two men, one in the bow with a pole to fend off rocks and the other in the stern steering. It took us about six hours to go down the river, and would probably take the boat about three days to return. There seems to be a good deal of traffic on the river, for we met hundreds of these boats coming up.

In one of the quiet reaches of the river I saw a man fishing with Cormorants. These birds are well trained, and work to a man's voice and signals just like so many dogs only to keep them from swallowing the fish; they have a tight collar put round their neck.

Yatsushiro, a great walled city, not more than half inhabited was besieged and taken in 1877 by the Satsuma people under Saigo Takamori. This must have been a tough job as the town stands in the middle of a wide plain and Sago's army had to swim the river close under the walls. Those killed on both sides were buried together and occupy about 3 acres of ground within the city walls.

From Yatsushiro to Kumamoto is about 30 miles through a big plain. In several villages on the road religious processions were going on. These were all much after this fashion. First a party of men in quaint dresses with poles in their hands with plumes of feather on the top of them. Then a great waggon built in the form of a ship with a number of people in hideous masks representing, I suppose, Buddhist gods or saints and in rear of these two or three cart loads of dancing girls with musical instruments singing; the rear being brought up by a lot of children dressed up in gorgeous clothes on ponies. All the carts were dragged by men.

Kumamoto is the principal town of the island of Kinshin and one of the largest garrisons in Japan. The castle, which stands on a height in the centre of the town is one of

the finest buildings of the kind remaining in Japan.

I stayed at Kumamoto for three days as the guest of a Mr. Takeizeine a jovial merchant of the town. During this time I had little to do but to observe the ways of the Japanese army, and came very forcibly to the conclusion that the material was excellent, but that the authorities were playing the fool with it. The Japanese soldier is, of course, just the average Japanese peasant, and a very fine fellow, not altogether unlike a Goorkha, but better looking. But, first of all they take and dress him in a kit that makes him look ridiculous; viz, a great wide topped German forage cap, a jacket too tight and too short for him, baggy trousers with the ends tucked into ill-fitting Wellington boots, and then they drill him all day at the most monotonous and unmeaning drill. There were ten battalions in the place, all drilling from morning till night, and all they did the whole time was to deploy and then form column and to deploy again. This seemed to me monotonous. I also saw an officer drilling a squad at firing exercise; he spent about an hour bringing them to the ready and ordering arms again, not that I could see that they made any mistakes, I counted twelve motions in the ready. I can't speak of the present: they never came to that while I was looking on.

The last day I was at Kumamoto, there was a great religious function at one of the temples winding up with a big procession through the streets. This was specially impressive in the way it brought before one the folly of the Japanese Government in trying to make people wear European clothes. All the Government officials, and as aforesaid the soldiers, have to do so. On this occasion, there was present the Governor of Kumamoto on horseback in evening dress, with a startlingly shabby old high hat on his head and his trousers up to his knees, a crowd of officials in equally fearful and wonderful kits, and officers in their ridiculous uniform. In marked contrast to this was the crowd, all without exception in Japanese dress, looking as gentlemanly as the other looked ridiculous, and the processionist in their old fashioned state dresses.

This mania of the government for European dress led them into serious trouble some years ago. The rumour got abroad that they intended to make the people at large wear European dress, and the result was several risings, of which the Satsume rebellion of 1877 referred

to above was the most serious. It cost the government nine months hard fighting to suppress it, and since then they seem to have given up the idea if they ever really entertained it.

'TOMMY ATKINS.'—Continued.

Any of the above he can do, and whichever he chooses he plunges at once into without losing any time in 'titivating.' But if Tommy is going for a stroll in the town, perchance with the young woman he is courting and whom he hopes some day to make Mrs. Tommy Atkins, then very elaborate indeed will be the preparations. Towel and soap in hand he will pay another visit to the ablution rooms, the broken piece of looking-glass will be set up on the window-still, another scrape to the chin will be given. Then from some mysterious recesses of his knapsack, which is dressing-case portmanteau, and desk all in one to him, he will produce a pot of pomatum, and plentifully anoint himself. When he once breaks out in this direction he has a heavy hand with the pomatum-pot, and thinks he never looks so killing as when each individual hair of his head bears at its extremity a globule of semi-liquid bear's-grease. I am sorry to be at issue with Tommy on any point, but I cannot agree with him on the subject of hair-dressing. He has a sneaking fondness, too, for wearing the back of his neck *à la* scalded pig, and I have often seen him having it shaved by his comrade or chum. When he has completed his toilet and set his forage cap on his head at the correct angle, he will produce from the folds of his mattress, which is, when no officer's visit is apprehended, a species of cupboard to him, a cane and a pair of white cotton gloves, and sally forth. Tommy on the stroll without a cane is a poor thing, but Tommy with a cane is a dashing fellow, awakening the admiration of the passers-by as he cuts at an imaginary enemy at every step or unmercifully flogs his own legs.

Exactly at 'last post'—ten o'clock in the summer—he must be in to answer his name to the orderly sergeant or corporal of his company, and he often has to come back with greater speed and less dignity than he went out. The society of the future Mrs. Tommy has been so fascinating, it may be and the party so prolonged, or the company at his 'house of call' down in town so pleasant, that he has lingered to within a few minutes of the time, and has to 'double' up to barracks as hard as he can, and arrives probably 'just in time to be too late.' Panting and out of breath, he is forthwith taken before the subaltern collecting tattoo reports, and a hard-hearted sub. he would be who would consign him to the guard-room.

'Mussn't make a practice of this, Atkins. All right *this* time; get away to bed,' is generally the rejoinder to his excuses; and Tommy salutes and goes off to his room with a thankful heart beating under his shiny buttons. I have always found a little kindness and consideration go a long way with Tommy Atkins, and I must add that he is generally shown this by his officers. As a rule, your most outrageous martinet is the sub-lieutenant of a few weeks' standing; but he very soon, by force of percept and example, sees the errors of his ways.

A quarter of an hour after last post the bugler sounds 'lights out,' and if Tommy has not finished undressing himself, he must complete the operation and get into bed in the dark. He has been on his legs the greater part of the day since five in the morning, and he probably sleeps soundly until the reveille awakens him to a repetition of the previous day's doings.

The above is a fair transcript of Tommy's life for the twenty-four hours; but there are variations. As a rule, he has not more than four or five consecutive nights in bed; I have known him with only three. Every fifth or sixth day about he is on guard mounting usually at ten o'clock one morning and coming off the same hour the next. To each post requiring a sentry three men are told off, which gives each man two hours on sentry and four off. If there are four posts in a guard, the latter consists of twelve men, who are divided into three 'reliefs' of four men each. Supposing our Tommy is in the first relief, he is 'on sentry' from ten to twelve in the morning, from four to six in the afternoon, from ten to twelve at night, and from four to six the following morning.—*To be continued.*

Our Move.

For the benefit of those who are too lazy to write home, an account of our recent change of quarters, and also, as a record of an exceptionally long journey by sea, train, and marching, we insert a slight account of the Regiments' doings during the move and the places stopped at on the way.

The Orontes was due at Singapore on the 26th February, by the Government programme, but for nearly a fortnight after that date the Regiment lived in a state of packed upedness watching the flag-staff on Mount Faber, speculating as to what had detained our ship, and inventing every variety of disaster to account for the delay. At last, however, daylight on the 7th March shewed us the long looked for white ensign on the flag-staff, and in the cool of the afternoon the 82nd Regiment commanded by Colonel Cardew, who is an old friend of the 2nd Battalion, landed and marched into Tanglin barracks, Officers and men doubling up in their quarters to make room for the new comers.

On the 10th the first grey streaks in the East saw the Regiment, every man sober, and only one man absent, marching down the well known road to the saddening strains of "Auld Lang Syne" and the merry jingle of "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and before the sun had grown too powerful every man was on board the Orontes, told off to his mess, and settling himself down into what was to be his home for the next fortnight. The next day, the 11th, the ship was under orders to sail at 11 a.m., and, to the minute, after the usual amount of champagne had been drunk in the saloon, hands shaken all round on deck and a suspicion of tears brushed away from bright eyes, the moorings were cast off the screw gave its first steady turns, while the Band played the Regimental March, and so we were off

to India with all its dangers and chances of distinction. We steamed slowly through the fleet lying at anchor in the roads, playing the Russian "National Anthem" as we passed a gun boat of that nation (a compliment which was received by the Ruskies with open mouthed surprise), waved, or shouted a good bye to the friends on board our own fleet, and then our good ship turning her figurehead seaward steamed away into the open, and the familiar landmark of Singapore faded one by one into the midday haze.

An uneventful voyage up the Straits brought us to Penang, where we anchored for one sweltering day to pick up the two companies on detachment, and were off again as soon as possible steaming over a summer sea which makes sea sickness a boggy to be laughed at even by the weakest.

The days slipped away as days do at sea, the monotony of life being broken by a slight squall off Ceylon (sent by the Clerk of the Weather as a warning that he could change his temper if he liked), by some organised amusements described later on, and by the little trivial incidents, which become excitements on board ship, where the killing of a turtle for soup forms an enthralling spectacle, and the playing of the band a daily dissipation.

One sad note there was amidst all the brightness; when, as the bell tolled, the engines almost stopped, and all that was left of a fine sailor, the Captain of the Forecastle, was slid over the side into the sea. Voyages, like everything else, come to an end at last. After steaming along the Indian coast, catching, sometimes, an occasional glimpse of some high hill on the mainland, and passing through whole fleets of quaintly rigged fishing boats we were told one evening that the next morning would bring us in sight of Bombay. Everything had to be packed up again and all made ready to leave the ship very early next day, a ship, we may add, on which we had passed a very pleasant fortnight, every effort having been made by the Officers and crew to give us a good time.

Before turning to our shore doings we must refer to our amusements on board.

Our first entertainment took the form of "Penny Readings," though that humble but heavy coin was not charged for admission, everybody being put on the free-list. The First Lieutenant rigged up a neat little stage on the Quarter deck which was in full view of the ladies and Officers on the Poop and of the men,

who stretched back in a mass as far as the big boat amidships. The entertainment amused everybody, though it hardly brought forward all the talent which we know to be available in the Regiment. Sergt. Dray sang "I did it" as amusingly as usual; there was some good step dancing, in which, however, the performers were handicapped by the smallness of the stage and the slight motion of the ship; a songster whose presence of mind made up for absence of melody attempted the well known and vehemently chorused song "Oh! what a happy land is England;" and Col.-Sergt. Gardiner sang a Salvation Army song, which we feared might have offended some sensibilities but were reassured by seeing the church in the person of the ship's Chaplain, smiling approval from the Upper deck. The above items with a sentimental song, some comic ones, a bones duet (good in its way), and a stump speech, passed an hour and a half very pleasantly. The chairman, Lieut. Lloyd, did his duties efficiently, being incited thereto by wa-wah-like cries from the Poop.

Athletic sports come next on the list. These were principally remarkable for an Officers' obstacle race, in which so many Subs. were damaged that the doctor's report would have made a decent butcher's bill for a modern British campaign, and for the running of a Blue-jacket, in the men's obstacle race, who succeeded in beating our usually invincible champion Sergt. Watkins. A sack race, tilting at the bucket, and putting the bag of sand made up a successful programme.

The Christy Minstrels—all very fine and black—made an encouraging first appearance. The corner men got unlimited laughs for their jokes, though some of them were nearly as ancient as those Noah used to amuse his family circle with on wet days in the Ark, and the songs comic and sentimental all got their due meed of applause. One of the troupe, who had rubbed himself piebald on his neighbour's shoulder, indulged in a series of grimaces which mightily tickled the audience. Our troupe has got a good deal to learn yet, but, as they have the great gift of enthusiasm, they will, no doubt, go on and prosper exceedingly.

Before dawn on the 24th Bombay showed a long line of twinkling lights above the sea, and, as the sun rose, we steamed up to our buoy and lay to close alongside the Serapis, emptied the day before of her draft, and the smart looking Bacchante. Then came the usual interval of

hard work for some and waiting for others; but, before dark, everybody had been landed at a black and gritty dock, given their tea, packed easily into two long trains and were jolting and clanking into the darkness towards Deolali.

Deolali, the first rest camp, where we disen-trained in the grey of a very cold morning, deserves a little commination service all to itself, for there we were left for a week, to be roasted by day and frozen by night, to swallow a large share of the proverbial peck of dirt, and, in the case of the men, to cultivate a first class thirst by going on baggage fatigue and then having to wait for some three quarters of an hour outside the Canteen, *en quene*, before getting their modest quencher.

We were to have gone *via* Allahabad and Jubileepore but cholera had shown itself at those stations and our route was changed to a more circuitous one, *via* Mhow and Agra, which was a disappointment to us all as we had hoped to meet our old friends the Young Buffs at Allahabad. After many orders and counter orders we were able at last to shake the dust of Deolali from off our feet and journeyed on to Khundwa, a miniature copy of Deolali in the way of dust, where we were again indulged in our customary occupation of unpacking, shifting, and repacking the baggage. The town itself was uninteresting and in the Fair which was being held onions and rusty nails seemed the chief staple of commerce. From Khundwa onwards we journeyed in three trains, four men only in a carriage and everything arranged as comfortably as possible for Officers and men; so comfortably indeed that one Subaltern, under the impression that he was in bed, put his coat and boots out of the window expecting to find them at his bedside in the morning.

Mhow, our third resting place, is the camp built to over-awe Holkar who has the pleasure of paying for the troops put there to keep him in order. Here the men had a zoological show free, for the rest camp was pitched quite close to the elephant lines. The 7th Dragoon Guards and 47th Regiment were in camp, but here, as indeed, at every other rest camp along the line, there were strict orders against any of the men going into other lines or into the public gardens, orders which had become necessary owing to the bad conduct of some of the young soldiers, in drafts, going up country, who, by their idiotcy and wanton mischief have prevented any liberty being given to steady and well-conducted men.

Neemuch and Naiserabad followed, the former

a hot little camp amongst some leafless trees, the latter a big station with a maidan something like Woolwich common and a rest camp on a miniature Sahara near the station.

Bandikhui is memorable only for the bad condition of the tents, and for the meeting with some old Buffs who are employed on the railway works. When the second detachment passed through, the band played on the station platform to the delight of the inhabitants who are not often treated to music.

Agra came as a welcome rest after the continuous railway travelling by night and the roasting by day. The 96th Regt. had pitched our tents for us, and the three days were spent in a general clean up, which, however, was badly interfered with by a dust storm which blew clean through the tents making a pie-bald arrangement in brown and white of all the freshly pipeclayed belts and straps. Here the Officers for the first time learnt the fullness of Indian hospitality, for the Officers of the 96th put them up and entertained them so kindly that the halt at Agra will always remain one of the pleasantest memories of the move. Few of the men had an opportunity of seeing the sights of the city; the Taj, the lovely marble tomb raised by the Akbar in memory of his favorite wife; and the same great chief's grim red castle which towers over the river; for Agra is a city of magnificent distances and the days were very hot.

From Agra to Bareilly was the last railway journey but one, preceeded by still another shift of baggage, and as we marched across the green maidan to the music of the Highlanders' band and Pipes we knew that our time of jolting and rattling was nearly over. Sir John Hudson, our present General rode round the ranks two days after our arrival and spoke a few words of advice and welcome to the men.

The remainder of the march was done in three detachments, each, at the interval of a few days, striking tents in the shady little camp and moving by railway through the night to Katgodam. The first detachment had an easy time on their first days' march, finding their camp within two miles of Katgodam station; but the other detachments had, after a nights' journey in the train, to march some fourteen miles in the sun up the Tonga-road to the Brewery, or to scramble up the bridle-path which like many short cuts, proved more tiring than the longer road. The Brewery, a camp pitched at the bottom of a gorge, with the white houses of

Naini Tal crowning the hill above, proved a very wind-swept spot, the tents of one detachment being very nearly blown over the cud.

From the Brewery to Bawali seemed child's play after the first days' march; and here the biting cold at night first proved to us that we were on the hills at last. The next march to Rattighat, where we were perched high on the cliffs over the stream, was all down hill and easily tramped before the sun got hot. Here we changed our camels, which had brought the baggage from Katgodam, for the sure-footed little mules who had to carry it up the Ranikhet hill. The road to Pattigaun ran along the bed of a torrent and the camp itself lay almost under the shadow of the hill, 3000 feet high, on the other side of which we knew Ranikhet to lie. The last march was undoubtedly a severe one, and, after plodding up the steep zigzags of the ascent, the broad pine shaded road which ran along the summit, came as a welcome relief. Another short scramble up hill to the bungalows, and then the long move was at an end, the travel stained and patched light blue clothes (which were the cause of much wonderment at each place we passed through) could be discarded, the tickets taken off the rifles and bayonets, and life gradually allowed to settle back again into the old daily groove.

Regimental Items.

It is the best of all news that our facings are to be returned to us. The second Battalion and the Depot have already been granted the much coveted privilege of turning the white into our old historical buff, and we, no doubt, in due time will be permitted to wear again the colour without which our very name loses its significance. No gift or honour could be received more gratefully by the Regiment than the practical restoration of its cherished buff facings.

We propose to publish from month to month, an account of the various honours which we carry on our colours. To many the long roll of battles is only a list of fights, of the history of which they know little or nothing. We shall do our best to describe each combat which gave us an honour, beginning next month with Alenheim.

THE BUFFS v THE STATION, RANIKHET.

Played at Ranikhet on 12th May, 1887.

THE BUFFS.

Lieut. Daughlish, c Staunton b Archdale	4
Pte. Edmonds, c and b Staunton	18
Captain Porter, c Stone b Archdale	12
Lieut. D'Aeth, b Archdale	4
Lieut. Stuart, c Bradley b Staunton	29
Lie.-Corpl. Godfrey, not out	81
Pte. Hildebrand, b Portal	2
Pte. Kluckner, b Henderson	14
Lieut. Bell, b Henderson	6
Lieut. Lloyd, c Sheehan b Henderson	0
Pte. Simmonds, b Bradley	2
Extras	22

Total 194

THE STATION.

THE STATION.

The Rev. A. Stone, b Simmonds	0		
Capt. Sheehan, b Godfrey.....	4	c Kluckner, b Godfrey	4
Apothecary Bradley, c Kluckner b Simmonds	0	b Godfrey	2
Corpl. Staunton, b Godfrey	5	c D'Aeth b Godfrey	10
Capt. Archdale, c & b Stuart	19	b Godfrey	0
Lt. Williams, b Hildebrand	2	c Godfrey b Hildebrand	5
Mr. Powell, c Kluckner b Godfrey	11		
Capt. Richardson, c Kluckner b Godfrey	4		
Lieut. Portal, b Stuart	1		
Lieut. Henderson, b Stuart	2		
Lieut. Blackburn, not out.....	0	b Hildebrand	7
Extras	8	Extras	0
.....	—		—
Total	56	Total	28

SERGTS. THE BUFFS v. SERGTS. SCOTTISH RIFLES.

Played at Ranikhet on the 21st inst., and resulted in a win for the visitors from Chaubattia. Our Sergeant's team is at present, rather weak, but we hope to see them recruited bye and bye with some good young blood. Nicholas played well in the 1st innings, Cumber and Whittle played out time in the 2nd innings.

For the visitors, Bentall, Deane and Titman played very well. A good tiffin was provided on the ground by The Buffs, and all did ample justice to it.

THE BUFFS.

Q-M. Sergt. Cumber, b Bentall	31	not out	34
Cr. Sergt. Nicholas	27	c Moran, b Bentall	0
Sgt. Borenzer, c Bentall b Moran	6		
Cr. Sergt. Bennell, b Bentall	2		
„ Patterson, st. Bentall b Ennis	11		
Sergt. Lishman, c Moran b Ennis	0		
„ Steele, b Bentall	0		
Sch.-Mr. Whittle, b Bentall	0	not out	14
Sergt.-Major Cook, b Bentall	2		
Cr. Sergt. Gardner, „	2		
Sergt. Eaton, not out	6		
Extras	10	Extras	10
Total	66	Total	58

SCOTTISH RIFLES.

Sergt. Moran, b Nicholas	8
„ Handy, b Cumber	0
„ Ennis, st. Nicholas b Cumber	12
Color-Sergt. Bentall, b Nicholas	25
„ Patterson, c Bennell b Whittle	0
Sergt. Gould, c Nicholas, b Whittle	5
„ Deane, b Patterson	56
„ Straiton, b Whittle	0
„ Jeliff, b Lishman	3
„ Titman, b Steele	20
„ Izzard, not out	0
Extras	24
Total	153

Varieties.

An English Officer, in a battle in Flanders had his wooden leg (covered with a boot) shot off by a cannon ball; his men crying out, a surgeon, a surgeon for the Captain. No, no, said he, a carpenter, a carpenter will do better.

The Jubilee meaning of the letters I.O.G.T. I owe Gleeson twopence.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

FOUNDATIONS.

Inseparable from "The Buffs" we are,
Be they at peace, or be they at war.

LIGHTS.

- When "Tommy" comes off "Station" such as these he brings.
An ornaments his little home with such pretty things,
- A building I am, not oblong nor square.
There's such in Dublin. Have you been there?
- At parting I am called in play,
To our dear friends this word we say.
- In this light I am sure you will descry,
Bravery and courage, if you'll only try.
- A man of ancient time, when gold he found,
Exclaimed the light I now to you propound.
- This you are doing at the present time,
Perhaps criticising my attempt at rhyme.
- Each time this season twists around
There's merry making I'll be bound.

J. DRULAND,
The Buffs, Dover

Answer to last acrostic,—

B U R R I E D
I R E
R E P U B L I C A
T E A T
H U S H

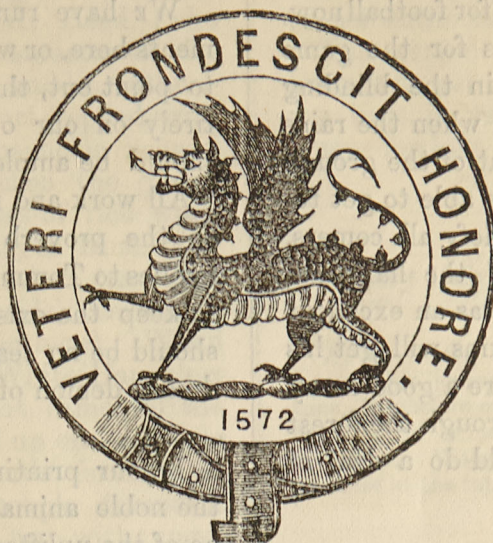
Correct answers received to last acrostic from "Nanti."

No answer received to the Chess problem.

Printed for the EDITOR, by TARA DUTT, at the "Station Printing Press," Ranikhet.

THE DRAGON.

EAST RENT



CHRONICLE

A Paper for the Men of The Buffs.

No. 5

Ranikhet, May 31st, 1887.

Price 2 Annas.

BIRTH.

BAYARD.—At Lucknow on the 25th of March, the wife of Lieut. and Adjutant R. Bayard, The Buffs, of a daughter.

MARRIAGE.

HAMILTON—PURVIS.—At St. Andrew's Cathedral, Singapore, on the 1st of Feb., 1887, by the Venerable Archdeacon Meredith, M.A., Lieut. D. A. Hamilton, The Buffs, second son of A. H. A. Hamilton Esq., Fairfield Lodge, Exeter, to Margaret Maria, daughter of John M. Purvis Esq., Singapore.

DEATHS.

HAMMOND.—At Deolali on March 26th, 1887, Walter H. son of Pte. T. Hammond.

COOK.—At Agra, on the 10th of April, 1887, Francis A. son of Sergt. Major J. W. Cook.

TAYLOR.—At Colaba Depot, Bombay, 1961 Pte. W. Taylor, on the 25th of March, 1887, of 'choleraic diarrhoea.'

CAREY.—At Ranikhet on the 16th of May, 1887. Fredk. Joseph, son of Pte. J. Carey.

AFTER two months' wandering, we have arrived at our promised land, Ranikhet to wit, and have found it a veritable place of rest. But resting, after a time, becomes dull work, and as we shall be thrown entirely on our own resources for amusement we should turn to and devise means for passing as pleasantly as possible the long months that lie before us.

An enthusiastic contributor, in one of our back numbers, promised us unlimited shooting and fishing. The fishing, at present, may be as plentiful as we were led to believe, for at the time of writing no one has taken rod in hand; but the shooting is, for the present, nil. Our readers will have gathered from a recent station order that the only game in season are leopards, crows, and pariah dogs, and the chase of these "fearful wild fowl" is strictly limited to the inhabitants of bungalows. All this, however, will probably change in the winter, (supposing we are left here and not taken down into the plains) and some of us may get a chance at the pheasants skimming the pine tops,

* *

CRICKET also has its difficulties here, for the parade grounds in front of the bungalows are almost too cramped in space for practising on, and the surrounding woods offer unusual facilities for losing cricket balls. It is to be hoped, however, that with the chance of becoming holders of our new and gorgeous shield, no company will grow faint-hearted, and let their cricket club fade out of existence,

The weather is a little too hot for football now, though some of the enthusiasts for the game have struggled over the ball in the blinding dust of the parade ground, but, when the rains have taken some of the iron out of the ground and cooled the air, we should be able to get together a good enough team to defy all comers.

We have heard nothing of the hare and hounds since our arrival. It was an excellent idea, and we hope Sergt. Watkins will get his pack together again. There are a good many of our lads whom a brisk run through the forest on a Thursday afternoon, would do a deal of good to.

* *

Of indoor amusements a certain amount of organisation has already been begun. The mummers of the Regiment have met in solemn conclave, and decided that a Regimental theatrical club shall blossom into existence, and that the first performance shall be of a melodrama: but the particular play with which they are going to harrow up our souls has not as yet been determined on.

* *

THE Christy Minstrels have held several mysterious meetings at night—very naturally anything connected with so black a subject would be kept dark—and the result will probably be a sequel to the successful performance on board ship, at some very close date.

* *

To all of our artists the scenery here should furnish unlimited subjects for brush and pencil. The pine-clad fore-ground, the huge valley and the mass of hills towering behind, with their constant play of light and shade, and, far beyond and above all, the sky-enthroned snows of the Himalayas, make a picture which it would be difficult to surpass in any country in the world. But, though our barrack-rooms show some really very good specimens of art, amid all his various virtues and accomplishments, the typical Buff can hardly be said to have a keen sense of the beauty of landscape, and so, rather regretfully, we must leave the contemplation of The Beautiful out of our list of amusements.

WE have run through most of our amusements here, or what should be our amusements, to point out, that, though we are thrown entirely on our own resources, those resources should be ample to provide for our enjoyment. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," so the proverb says, and no doubt the same applies to Tommy: but, with a little enthusiasm to keep the existing institutions going, there should be no fear of our falling victims to the dreary demon of dullness.

IF our printing resources had allowed of it the noble animal who graces our front page—he of the uplifted dexter, as our late editor was wont to call him—would have appeared in all the glory of silver, with a white rosette; for this is a marriage number being the first published since Lieut. Hamilton took unto himself a wife from amongst the dwellers in Singapore.

"Blessed is the bride on whom the sun shines," and on the day when Lieut. Hamilton was married to Miss Purvis the sun did all he knew to join in the general well-wishing. The Cathedral was well filled, all the rank beauty and fashion having assembled to do honour to the occasion. The bride's dress was a dream of beauty (This veracious chronicler is but a poor male creature with no knowledge of millinery and therefore thinks that it is safer to avoid details and stick to complimentary generalities) and the bridesmaid appeared in Buff and Blue, a very happy thought. The grooms-men were gorgeous in scarlet, while the rest of garrison were contented with the cooler, if less brilliant, white. The service was read by the Ven Archdeacon, the organ played the wedding march, the register was duly signed, and, with the newly married couple leading the way, drawn by the conventional greys, all the rank beauty, &c. adjourned, in every variety of vehicle from the baronial barouche to the subaltern's dog cart, to Rogie where the wedding presents, which filled a room, were much admired, some of them being very handsome. The wedding cake was cut; the glasses filled to the brim with champagne; and the Bride

and Bridegroom's healths, having been proposed in a happily turned speech by Mr. Reed, (who appeared in his celebrated character of the oldest inhabitant) were drunk amidst enthusiastic cheering. The bridegroom replied with proper pride, advising all his bachelor hearers to go and do likewise, and then the guests separated to collect large stores of rice while the bride and bridegroom changed from their wedding raiment into more sober travelling attire (a description of the bride's travelling dress ought by rights to come in here). When the time for the start for the White Bungalow where the honeymoon was spent, came, all the officers of the regiment formed up on each side of the steps with drawn swords forming an arch, under which the happy couple decended. They being saluted on their way with many rounds of independent firing of rice, and were driven off, amid long cheers, while the band of the regiment played our quick step.

The Dragon begs to join in the good wishes which were showered on the newly married pair from every one in Singapore and trusts that their married life may be as bright and cheerful as their marriage day.

WHEN we lay on a chess editor, who most kindly offers, not only to send us problems, but also, to find us the special type to print them, the least that our chess players can do is to set their brains to work and send us some solutions. Chess is supposed to be a magnificent training for generals, so, in future, we shall expect to receive many answers from Lance-Corporals and other rising tacticians.

Correspondence.

Correspondence or Articles intended for insertion must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence &c. The name of the writer will not be published, any "nom-de-plume" can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Sir,

According to your request, I am prepared to show you my Model Cartridge on any evening you may name, I would also like our gallant Commander, Colonel Halahan to be present at the time, as I am sure your opinions will be of great interest to me especially in the

event of my placing the article before the proper authorities.

The person calling himself "No Savoy" has not as yet presented himself to me and as my time is very precious I cannot wait any longer for him.

Yours truly,
J. WELLS, Act. Bandsman,
The Buffs.

February 10th, 1887.

We the Editor, interviewer in chief, dramatic critic, &c., &c. of this journal are, like Private Wells, pressed for time, but before our next issue we will arrange with the inventor for a meeting and tell him what we think about invention. We cannot answer, however, for the Colonel's presence at the interview. —Ed.

We print with great pleasure a letter we have received from Mr. Bell, the Chief Police Officer of Singapore. All ranks of the Regiment have always been on most cordial terms with the European Police. These officers are in many cases friends of old standing and the Stalwart kakee-clad defenders of the peace have always been liked by our men. It is pleasant to hear through the medium of Mr. Bell, an old friend of The Buffs that we have the good wishes of his corps.

To the Editor "The Dragon."

Dear Mr. Editor,

Will you allow me to place a record in your Regimental Paper the appreciation we of the Police force have had from our departmental point of view of the conduct of the "Buffs" during their recent stay here.

Personally I can say that during my ten years of service here I never come across a regiment so well behaved. It has been a rare thing for the Police to have had to interfere with any of them, and if we have requested assistance from them it has been promptly given.

The relations between the European contingent of Police and the regiment have been most pleasant and we lose the "Buffs" with much regret.

I am,
Yours faithfully,
EDWARD H. BELL,
Chief Police Officer.

Singapore,
12th March, 1887.

A GUIDE TO ARMY SIGNALLING.

Our Regiment, though it has produced its authors, Captain Hayes, being perhaps our brightest light at the present time in that line, has not given very many contributions to purely military literature. However we have found our author at last and the very fact that Lieut. Eales name appears over the well known signature of Gale and Polden, the Chatham publishers, is a guarantee that the little book is, in its way, an authority.

Lieut. Eales in his preface only claims to place an amplified and simplified version of the manual before his readers and hopes that it may be of use to Instructors and classes preparing for examination: The book throughout amply fulfills the promise of the modest preface and in addition gives many valuable hints gathered from personal experience. It is no doubt, as it certainly should be, in the hands of every aspiring signaller. Occasionally the enthusiast overcomes the calm tempered author, as in the paragraph where some advice is given to Generals and other great men, and also in the first paragraph of all from which it appears that staff officers are in the habit of rushing up to signallers foaming with rage. We have seen some quaint performances, but when next there is an opportunity of observing an effervescing gentleman in a cocked hat, "may we" to quote John Gilpin, "be there to see."

On the 21st instant Brigadier General Sir J. Hudson, K. C. B., commenced his inspection of the regiment. The parade ground being too limited for the whole regiment in line to be drawn up across it, the draft and details had to be formed up as a second line. After receiving the General with the customary salute, and the Staff having passed up and down the line, the regiment broke into Column and marched past. Quarter-column was formed and the General spoke a few words to the men, telling them, that he was extremely pleased that the good conduct which had been shown by them on their march up country had been continued after their arrival at Ranikhet, that he considered the very good behaviour of the regiment most creditable to both officers and men and that he would report the same to H. R. H. the Commander-in-Chief. The General afterwards went round the barrack rooms. The inspection will be resumed on Sir J. Hudson's return from Naini Tal.

I. O. G. T.

HOPE AND PERSEVERANCE LODGE.—No. 108.

The Grand Lodge of India has, by the kind permission of Lieut.-Colonel H. T. Halahan granted a charter to this Battalion. The Lodge was instituted at Cawnpore on the 2nd April 1887 by Bro. White, formerly of this Battalion, and who now holds the office of Lodge Deputy at that station. The name may be remembered by many an old Buff who served with the 1st Battalion in India in 1878-79. It was at that time one of the best working Lodges in India, and now our Lodge being in fairly good working order, we have every hopes to believe that in due course we shall be shewn at the head of the list. This Lodge is open at 7 p.m. on Mondays and Thursdays for initiation of Candidates and on Fridays open house for any member of Temperance Institutions.

The Officers elected for the ensuing Quarter are as follows:—

W. C. T.	Bro. Hurrell.
W. V. T.	„ Cossin.
W. Sec.	„ Montgomery.
W. A. Sec.	„ Croxon.
W. F. Sec.	„ Keable.
W. T.	„ Laing.
W. M.	„ Haley.
W. D. M.	„ Carter.
W. Chaplin,	Sister Hughes.
W. Gd.	Bro. Hughes.
W. Sen.	„ Mills.
P. W. C. T.	„ Gallaway.

Lodge Deputy,—Bro. Laing.

Special,—Bro. Turner, Reporter.

The No. of initiations including Details and Clearance Cards from various branch lodges up to the 16th inst. are 95.

A special invitation having been sent to the members of the Temperance League and accepted, we trust that within a few weeks, both institutions will co-operate for the Temperance Cause.

Extracts from 'minute book of the 16th instant, the prize competitors for singing were awarded as follows:—

1st Prize	... Bro. Wylde, R. W. Fusiliers	... 2 Rs.
2nd „	... „ Barter, The Buffs	... 1 Re.
3rd „	... „ Taylor, „	... 1 Re.

Bro. E. TURNER, (By permission)

Though we the staff of this paper cannot put our hands on our hearts and say that we are all strict tea-totalers, still we have a very lively appreciation of the excellent work done in the Service by the various temperance societies, and therefore print with pleasure the notice sent to us by Bro. Turner, reporter. The Hope & Perseverance Lodge has our best wishes.—*Ed.*

Travellers' Notes.

A TRIP OVER UNBEATEN TRACKS IN JAPAN.

BY CAPTAIN H. BLACKBURN.

(Continued from our last).

From Kogoshima my route for the next ninety miles or so, lay through the hills, my halting places being small country villages. Throughout Japan every village however small has an inn, and as far as my experience goes, the inn is always clean and comfortable, and one is always heartily welcomed. On arrival, the landlord and his family retainers turn out to greet one effusively, after which tea and pipes are brought, over which we proceed to business. Having settled at what price you can have your nights' lodging with a bath, supper and breakfast,—usually from 25 to 35 cents—you are shown your room which is usually about 12ft. square, floored with straw mats, and the fittings of polished wood. The rooms are partitioned off by sliding panels, with pictures on them. There is no furniture, the floor being used for sitting on. The fire when required is brought in, in a big metal pot.

Then one has one's bath, usually in country inns out of doors in the back yard, almost always completely in public. After this comes dinner in a collection of little china bowls with chopsticks to eat it with. At first, till one has acquired the somewhat difficult art of handling the chopsticks, one runs some risk of starving, but, necessity being the mother of invention, one soon acquires a reasonable degree of skill.

On the fourth evening I reached Hitogoshi, a small town with an old castle on the banks of the Kumagawa river protected from the floods by a great stone wall. The scenery during these four days march was very fine, and the people very prosperous-looking. They are

larger people than in most parts of the country, and, judging from the numbers in which they assemble in the evening to wrestle and play games, they are not overworked.

From Hitoyoshi I took a boat down the river to Yatsushiro, a distance of about forty miles. This looks a most perilous undertaking as the river is in most parts, a foaming torrent, breaking over big boulders of rocks. Nevertheless it is safe enough. The boats are specially constructed for the work, flat bottoms and the planks being loosely sewn together with rope, so as to give and not break in case of striking anything. The boat is worked by two men, one in the bow with a pole to fend off rocks and the other in the stern steering. It took us about six hours to go down the river, and would probably take the boat about three days to return. There seems to be a good deal of traffic on the river, for we met hundreds of these boats coming up.

In one of the quiet reaches of the river I saw a man fishing with Cormorants. These birds are well trained, and work to a man's voice and signals just like so many dogs only to keep them from swallowing the fish; they have a tight collar put round their neck.

Yatsushiro, a great walled city, not more than half inhabited was besieged and taken in 1877 by the Satsuma people under Saigo Takamori. This must have been a tough job as the town stands in the middle of a wide plain and Sago's army had to swim the river close under the walls. Those killed on both sides were buried together and occupy about 3 acres of ground within the city walls.

From Yatsushiro to Kumamoto is about 30 miles through a big plain. In several villages on the road religious processions were going on. These were all much after this fashion. First a party of men in quaint dresses with poles in their hands with plumes of feather on the top of them. Then a great waggon built in the form of a ship with a number of people in hideous masks representing, I suppose, Buddhist gods or saints and in rear of these two or three cart loads of dancing girls with musical instruments singing; the rear being brought up by a lot of children dressed up in gorgeous clothes on ponies. All the carts were dragged by men.

Kumamoto is the principal town of the island of Kinshin and one of the largest garrisons in Japan. The castle, which stands on a height in the centre of the town is one of

the finest buildings of the kind remaining in Japan.

I stayed at Kumamoto for three days as the guest of a Mr. Takeizeine a jovial merchant of the town. During this time I had little to do but to observe the ways of the Japanese army, and came very forcibly to the conclusion that the material was excellent, but that the authorities were playing the fool with it. The Japanese soldier is, of course, just the average Japanese peasant, and a very fine fellow, not altogether unlike a Goorkha, but better looking. But, first of all they take and dress him in a kit that makes him look ridiculous; viz, a great wide topped German forage cap, a jacket too tight and too short for him, baggy trousers with the ends tucked into ill-fitting Wellington boots, and then they drill him all day at the most monotonous and unmeaning drill. There were ten battalions in the place, all drilling from morning till night, and all they did the whole time was to deploy and then form column and to deploy again. This seemed to me monotonous. I also saw an officer drilling a squad at firing exercise; he spent about an hour bringing them to the ready and ordering arms again, not that I could see that they made any mistakes, I counted twelve motions in the ready. I can't speak of the present: they never came to that while I was looking on.

The last day I was at Kumamoto, there was a great religious function at one of the temples winding up with a big procession through the streets. This was specially impressive in the way it brought before one the folly of the Japanese Government in trying to make people wear European clothes. All the Government officials, and as aforesaid the soldiers, have to do so. On this occasion, there was present the Governor of Kumamoto on horseback in evening dress, with a startlingly shabby old high hat on his head and his trousers up to his knees, a crowd of officials in equally fearful and wonderful kits, and officers in their ridiculous uniform. In marked contrast to this was the crowd, all without exception in Japanese dress, looking as gentlemanly as the other looked ridiculous, and the processionist in their old fashioned state dresses.

This mania of the government for European dress led them into serious trouble some years ago. The rumour got abroad that they intended to make the people at large wear European dress, and the result was several risings, of which the Satsume rebellion of 1877 referred

to above was the most serious. It cost the government nine months hard fighting to suppress it, and since then they seem to have given up the idea if they ever really entertained it.

'TOMMY ATKINS.'—Continued.

Any of the above he can do, and whichever he chooses he plunges at once into without losing any time in 'titivating.' But if Tommy is going for a stroll in the town, perchance with the young woman he is courting and whom he hopes some day to make Mrs. Tommy Atkins, then very elaborate indeed will be the preparations. Towel and soap in hand he will pay another visit to the ablution rooms, the broken piece of looking-glass will be set up on the window-still, another scrape to the chin will be given. Then from some mysterious recesses of his knapsack, which is dressing-case portmanteau, and desk all in one to him, he will produce a pot of pomatum, and plentifully anoint himself. When he once breaks out in this direction he has a heavy hand with the pomatum-pot, and thinks he never looks so killing as when each individual hair of his head bears at its extremity a globule of semi-liquid bear's-grease. I am sorry to be at issue with Tommy on any point, but I cannot agree with him on the subject of hair-dressing. He has a sneaking fondness, too, for wearing the back of his neck *à la* scalded pig, and I have often seen him having it shaved by his comrade or chum. When he has completed his toilet and set his forage cap on his head at the correct angle, he will produce from the folds of his mattress, which is, when no officer's visit is apprehended, a species of cupboard to him, a cane and a pair of white cotton gloves, and sally forth. Tommy on the stroll without a cane is a poor thing, but Tommy with a cane is a dashing fellow, awakening the admiration of the passers-by as he cuts at an imaginary enemy at every step or unmercifully flogs his own legs.

Exactly at 'last post'—ten o'clock in the summer—he must be in to answer his name to the orderly sergeant or corporal of his company, and he often has to come back with greater speed and less dignity than he went out. The society of the future Mrs. Tommy has been so fascinating, it may be and the party so prolonged, or the company at his 'house of call' down in town so pleasant, that he has lingered to within a few minutes of the time, and has to 'double' up to barracks as hard as he can, and arrives probably 'just in time to be too late.' Panting and out of breath, he is forthwith taken before the subaltern collecting tattoo reports, and a hard-hearted sub. he would be who would consign him to the guard-room.

'Mussn't make a practice of this, Atkins. All right *this* time; get away to bed,' is generally the rejoinder to his excuses; and Tommy salutes and goes off to his room with a thankful heart beating under his shiny buttons. I have always found a little kindness and consideration go a long way with Tommy Atkins, and I must add that he is generally shown this by his officers. As a rule, your most outrageous martinet is the sub-lieutenant of a few weeks' standing; but he very soon, by force of percept and example, sees the errors of his ways.

A quarter of an hour after last post the bugler sounds 'lights out,' and if Tommy has not finished undressing himself, he must complete the operation and get into bed in the dark. He has been on his legs the greater part of the day since five in the morning, and he probably sleeps soundly until the reveille awakens him to a repetition of the previous day's doings.

The above is a fair transcript of Tommy's life for the twenty-four hours; but there are variations. As a rule, he has not more than four or five consecutive nights in bed; I have known him with only three. Every fifth or sixth day about he is on guard mounting usually at ten o'clock one morning and coming off the same hour the next. To each post requiring a sentry three men are told off, which gives each man two hours on sentry and four off. If there are four posts in a guard, the latter consists of twelve men, who are divided into three 'reliefs' of four men each. Supposing our Tommy is in the first relief, he is 'on sentry' from ten to twelve in the morning, from four to six in the afternoon, from ten to twelve at night, and from four to six the following morning.—*To be continued.*

Our Move.

For the benefit of those who are too lazy to write home, an account of our recent change of quarters, and also, as a record of an exceptionally long journey by sea, train, and marching, we insert a slight account of the Regiment's doings during the move and the places stopped at on the way.

The Orontes was due at Singapore on the 26th February, by the Government programme, but for nearly a fortnight after that date the Regiment lived in a state of packed upedness watching the flag-staff on Mount Faber, speculating as to what had detained our ship, and inventing every variety of disaster to account for the delay. At last, however, daylight on the 7th March shewed us the long looked for white ensign on the flag-staff, and in the cool of the afternoon the 82nd Regiment commanded by Colonel Cardew, who is an old friend of the 2nd Battalion, landed and marched into Tanglin barracks, Officers and men doubling up in their quarters to make room for the new comers.

On the 10th the first grey streaks in the East saw the Regiment, every man sober, and only one man absent, marching down the well known road to the saddening strains of "Auld Lang Syne" and the merry jingle of "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and before the sun had grown too powerful every man was on board the Orontes, told off to his mess, and settling himself down into what was to be his home for the next fortnight. The next day, the 11th, the ship was under orders to sail at 11 a.m., and, to the minute, after the usual amount of champagne had been drunk in the saloon, hands shaken all round on deck and a suspicion of tears brushed away from bright eyes, the moorings were cast off the screw gave its first steady turns, while the Band played the Regimental March, and so we were off

to India with all its dangers and chances of distinction. We steamed slowly through the fleet lying at anchor in the roads, playing the Russian "National Anthem" as we passed a gun boat of that nation (a compliment which was received by the Ruskies with open mouthed surprise), waved, or shouted a good bye to the friends on board our own fleet, and then our good ship turning her figurehead seaward steamed away into the open, and the familiar landmark of Singapore faded one by one into the midday haze.

An uneventful voyage up the Straits brought us to Penang, where we anchored for one sweltering day to pick up the two companies on detachment, and were off again as soon as possible steaming over a summer sea which makes sea sickness a boggy to be laughed at even by the weakest.

The days slipped away as days do at sea, the monotony of life being broken by a slight squall off Ceylon (sent by the Clerk of the Weather as a warning that he could change his temper if he liked), by some organised amusements described later on, and by the little trivial incidents, which become excitements on board ship, where the killing of a turtle for soup forms an enthralling spectacle, and the playing of the band a daily dissipation.

One sad note there was amidst all the brightness; when, as the bell tolled, the engines almost stopped, and all that was left of a fine sailor, the Captain of the Forecastle, was slid over the side into the sea. Voyages, like everything else, come to an end at last. After steaming along the Indian coast, catching, sometimes, an occasional glimpse of some high hill on the mainland, and passing through whole fleets of quaintly rigged fishing boats we were told one evening that the next morning would bring us in sight of Bombay. Everything had to be packed up again and all made ready to leave the ship very early next day, a ship, we may add, on which we had passed a very pleasant fortnight, every effort having been made by the Officers and crew to give us a good time.

Before turning to our shore doings we must refer to our amusements on board.

Our first entertainment took the form of "Penny Readings," though that humble but heavy coin was not charged for admission, everybody being put on the free-list. The First Lieutenant rigged up a neat little stage on the Quarter deck which was in full view of the ladies and Officers on the Poop and of the men,

who stretched back in a mass as far as the big boat amidships. The entertainment amused everybody, though it hardly brought forward all the talent which we know to be available in the Regiment. Sergt. Dray sang "I did it" as amusingly as usual; there was some good step dancing, in which, however, the performers were handicapped by the smallness of the stage and the slight motion of the ship; a songster whose presence of mind made up for absence of melody attempted the well known and vehemently chorused song "Oh! what a happy land is England;" and Col.-Sergt. Gardiner sang a Salvation Army song, which we feared might have offended some sensibilities but were reassured by seeing the church in the person of the ship's Chaplain, smiling approval from the Upper deck. The above items with a sentimental song, some comic ones, a bones duet (good in its way), and a stump speech, passed an hour and a half very pleasantly. The chairman, Lieut. Lloyd, did his duties efficiently, being incited thereto by wa-wah-like cries from the Poop.

Athletic sports come next on the list. These were principally remarkable for an Officers' obstacle race, in which so many Subs. were damaged that the doctor's report would have made a decent butcher's bill for a modern British campaign, and for the running of a Blue-jacket, in the men's obstacle race, who succeeded in beating our usually invincible champion Sergt. Watkins. A sack race, tilting at the bucket, and putting the bag of sand made up a successful programme.

The Christy Minstrels—all very fine and black—made an encouraging first appearance. The corner men got unlimited laughs for their jokes, though some of them were nearly as ancient as those Noah used to amuse his family circle with on wet days in the Ark, and the songs comic and sentimental all got their due meed of applause. One of the troupe, who had rubbed himself piebald on his neighbour's shoulder, indulged in a series of grimaces which mightily tickled the audience. Our troupe has got a good deal to learn yet, but, as they have the great gift of enthusiasm, they will, no doubt, go on and prosper exceedingly.

Before dawn on the 24th Bombay showed a long line of twinkling lights above the sea, and, as the sun rose, we steamed up to our buoy and lay to close alongside the Serapis, emptied the day before of her draft, and the smart looking Bacchante. Then came the usual interval of

hard work for some and waiting for others; but, before dark, everybody had been landed at a black and gritty dock, given their tea, packed easily into two long trains and were jolting and clanking into the darkness towards Deolali.

Deolali, the first rest camp, where we disentrained in the grey of a very cold morning, deserves a little commination service all to itself, for there we were left for a week, to be roasted by day and frozen by night, to swallow a large share of the proverbial peck of dirt, and, in the case of the men, to cultivate a first class thirst by going on baggage fatigue and then having to wait for some three quarters of an hour outside the Canteen, *en quene*, before getting their modest quencher.

We were to have gone *via* Allahabad and Jubileepore but cholera had shown itself at those stations and our route was changed to a more circuitous one, *via* Mhow and Agra, which was a disappointment to us all as we had hoped to meet our old friends the Young Buffs at Allahabad. After many orders and counter orders we were able at last to shake the dust of Deolali from off our feet and journeyed on to Khundwa, a miniature copy of Deolali in the way of dust, where we were again indulged in our customary occupation of unpacking, shifting, and repacking the baggage. The town itself was uninteresting and in the Fair which was being held onions and rusty nails seemed the chief staple of commerce. From Khundwa onwards we journeyed in three trains, four men only in a carriage and everything arranged as comfortably as possible for Officers and men; so comfortably indeed that one Subaltern, under the impression that he was in bed, put his coat and boots out of the window expecting to find them at his bedside in the morning.

Mhow, our third resting place, is the camp built to over-awe Holkar who has the pleasure of paying for the troops put there to keep him in order. Here the men had a zoological show free, for the rest camp was pitched quite close to the elephant lines. The 7th Dragoon Guards and 47th Regiment were in camp, but here, as indeed, at every other rest camp along the line, there were strict orders against any of the men going into other lines or into the public gardens, orders which had become necessary owing to the bad conduct of some of the young soldiers, in drafts, going up country, who, by their idiocy and wanton mischief have prevented any liberty being given to steady and well-conducted men.

Neemuch and Naiserabad followed, the former

a hot little camp amongst some leafless trees, the latter a big station with a maidan something like Woolwich common and a rest camp on a miniature Sahara near the station.

Bandikhui is memorable only for the bad condition of the tents, and for the meeting with some old Buffs who are employed on the railway works. When the second detachment passed through, the band played on the station platform to the delight of the inhabitants who are not often treated to music.

Agra came as a welcome rest after the continuous railway travelling by night and the roasting by day. The 96th Regt. had pitched our tents for us, and the three days were spent in a general clean up, which, however, was badly interfered with by a dust storm which blew clean through the tents making a pie-bald arrangement in brown and white of all the freshly pipeclayed belts and straps. Here the Officers for the first time learnt the fullness of Indian hospitality, for the Officers of the 96th put them up and entertained them so kindly that the halt at Agra will always remain one of the pleasantest memories of the move. Few of the men had an opportunity of seeing the sights of the city; the Taj, the lovely marble tomb raised by the Akbar in memory of his favorite wife; and the same great chief's grim red castle which towers over the river; for Agra is a city of magnificent distances and the days were very hot.

From Agra to Bareilly was the last railway journey but one, preceeded by still another shift of baggage, and as we marched across the green maidan to the music of the Highlanders' band and Pipes we knew that our time of jolting and rattling was nearly over. Sir John Hudson, our present General rode round the ranks two days after our arrival and spoke a few words of advice and welcome to the men.

The remainder of the march was done in three detachments, each, at the interval of a few days, striking tents in the shady little camp and moving by railway through the night to Katgodam. The first detachment had an easy time on their first days' march, finding their camp within two miles of Katgodam station; but the other detachments had, after a nights' journey in the train, to march some fourteen miles in the sun up the Tonga-road to the Brewery, or to scramble up the bridle-path which like many short cuts, proved more tiring than the longer road. The Brewery, a camp pitched at the bottom of a gorge, with the white houses of

Naini Tal crowning the hill above, proved a very wind-swept spot, the tents of one detachment being very nearly blown over the cud.

From the Brewery to Bawali seemed child's play after the first days' march; and here the biting cold at night first proved to us that we were on the hills at last. The next march to Rattighat, where we were perched high on the cliffs over the stream, was all down hill and easily tramped before the sun got hot. Here we changed our camels, which had brought the baggage from Katgodam, for the sure-footed little mules who had to carry it up the Ranikhet hill. The road to Pattigaun ran along the bed of a torrent and the camp itself lay almost under the shadow of the hill, 3000 feet high, on the other side of which we knew Ranikhet to lie. The last march was undoubtedly a severe one, and, after plodding up the steep zigzags of the ascent, the broad pine shaded road which ran along the summit, came as a welcome relief. Another short scramble up hill to the bungalows, and then the long move was at an end, the travel stained and patched light blue clothes (which were the cause of much wonderment at each place we passed through) could be discarded, the tickets taken off the rifles and bayonets, and life gradually allowed to settle back again into the old daily groove.

Regimental Items.

It is the best of all news that our facings are to be returned to us. The second Battalion and the Depot have already been granted the much coveted privilege of turning the white into our old historical buff, and we, no doubt, in due time will be permitted to wear again the colour without which our very name loses its significance. No gift or honour could be received more gratefully by the Regiment than the practical restoration of its cherished buff facings.

We propose to publish from month to month, an account of the various honours which we carry on our colours. To many the long roll of battles is only a list of fights, of the history of which they know little or nothing. We shall do our best to describe each combat which gave us an honour, beginning next month with Alenheim.

The undermentioned N.C.O. has successfully passed the Board of Examination, held at Penang on 26th February, 1887, to qualify for the rank of Color-Sergt:—

No. 244, Sergt. F. Andrews.

Capt. Chippindall leave for 12 months from date of embarkation.

Lieut. Pemberton, leave from date of sailing Himalaya, to the 31st October, 1887.

Col. F. T. Hobson to command the Battalion 10th of December, 1886.

Major W. F. Kerr to be Lieut.-Colonel vice Blaksley.

Capt. J. W. Hind to be Major.

24TH MARCH, 1887.

Asst.-Sergt.-Major and Drill Sergeant:—
Color Sergt. J. Bennell.

Drill Corporal:—Corpl. C. Peters.

Lieut. F. Armitage has been appointed Assistant Adjutant and Musketry Instructor.

The following have re-engaged from 10th February 1887:

326 Pte. J. Keeler.

366 „ J. Palmer.

The following Corpls. to be Lance-Sergeants from 25th February 1887:

Corpl Stonebridge.

„ Gates.

„ Watkins:

„ Brain.

„ Eaton.

„ Batty.

The following Privates to be Lce.-Corpls:

210 Pte. Bourne.

246 „ Pardey.

1043 „ Mansfield.

1920 „ Eli.

935 „ Moon.

234 „ Baker.

1588 „ Pollard.

915 „ Davis.

230 „ Kent.

524 Dr. Pickett

The undermentioned men are entitled to Good Conduct Pay from the dates specified:—

At One Penny.

Pte. W. J. Lock

16th October.

„ W. King

22nd November.

„ F. Heath

15th December

„ H. Smith	26th December
„ C. Colley	29th „
„ F. King	1st January.
„ G. Millham	2nd „
„ G. Debley	6th „
„ D. Williams	6th „
„ E. Letchford	10th „
„ F. James	12th „
„ J. Lambert	12th „
„ A. Croxson	13th „
„ C. Page	15th „
„ R. Bennett	16th „
„ A. Pilling	16th „
„ F. Nichols	19th „
„ C. March	20th „
„ G. Jackson	21st „
„ G. Cook	21st „
„ H. Roberts	21st „
„ C. Olive	26th „
„ G. Pearse	3rd February.
„ T. Cunningham	5th „
„ E. Russell	8th „
„ G. Watson	8th „
„ W. Hollbrook	10th „
„ E. Foster	13th „

At Two-pence.

Pte. C. Cheesman	2nd January
„ W. Baily	2nd „
„ W. Savage	9th February
„ W. Parker	21st „

The undermentioned N. C. Officers and men have extended their service so as to complete 12 years with colors:—

No. 24	Color Sergt. A. H. Tomsett.
122	Pay Master Sergt. F. Wilson.
314	Corporal G. Eaton.
362	Lance-Corporal J. Barnes.
687	Private J. Goll.
1062	„ J. Mansfield.
1063	„ J. Rudd.
1041	„ W. Sexton.
142	„ A. Croxson.
198	„ J. Rooke.
250	„ J. Rodgers.
490	„ E. J. Heffren.
129	„ J. Dove.
462	„ R. Blaber.
90	„ W. H. Baker.
329	„ G. Smythe.
943	„ W. J. Beezley.
950	„ J. Reynolds.
650	„ A. W. Bramble.
766	„ C. Mannering.
1920	„ W. H. Eli.
512	„ J. Scott.
328	„ T. Hammond.
167	„ H. Veal.
1065	„ E. Wickens.
2	Color Sergt. W. H. Nicholas.
1	Private G. Holmes.

No. 1593, Pte. M. McDonald has been transferred to the Reserve, 17th March, 1887.

No. 2051, Sergt.-Drummer J. Osborne discharged free.

His Royal Highness the Field Marshall Commanding-in-Chief has been pleased to record the following remarks in the confidential report of the Inspection of the Battalion, submitted by Major-General Cameron, C.B. at Singapore, the 24th September, 1887:—

“His Royal Highness is quite satisfied with the condition of of this Battalion which is creditable to all concerned.”

Musketry.

Private practice can now be carried on any afternoon, and it would be as well to have plenty of it if we mean to have a look in for the Commander-in-Chief's Cup next December, which is one of the most coveted prizes in India.

Letter “H” Company has opened the musketry for 1887–8, and up to date have fired fairly well, and we hope to see the next seven companies beat each other in succession.

Names of the twenty best shots in “H” Company who win prizes are as follows:—

Privates A. Hammond, J. Cruttenden, T. Roche, Geo. Powell, F. Greenslade, Sergt. R. Ellis, Corpl. Neal, Pte. M. Collins, Sergts. E. Clifton, and J. Green ten shillings each. Ptes. G. Gravett, G. Groombridge, W. D. Powell, A. White and A. Brooker, five shillings each. Ptes. Thomas Richards, H. Ford, J. Leabourne, W. Hartfield and Lee. Sergt. A. Batty two shillings and six pence each.

Since writing the above, “A” Company has fired thirty rounds per man, and are at present 10.50 points per man ahead of “H.”

Cricket.

Below are the scores of our first two matches in India, and in both of which, a good omen for the future, we were victorious. We were fortunate enough to win the toss on both occasions, a great advantage on this ground. Too much praise cannot be given to Corpl. Godfrey for his splendid innings of 81 in the second match. He was also to the fore, as usual, in bowling, and does not seem to find the unfamiliar matting disagree with him. Captain Porter and Lieut. Stuart played two good innings of 35 and 29 respectively, and Pte. Edmonds showed sound and capital cricket in his scores of 53 and 18.

For our opponents, Captain Archdale was chief scorer with two good innings of 18 and 19. There is not much to say about the play except in a general way. The Camp and Ranikhet seemed to be deficient of bowlers, and this is

also, as is usual in most teams, our great defect. We are sadly in need of a change of bowlers, and let us hope that before long some of our younger players will develop talent in this line. Considering the roughness, for fielding, of the parade ground, both elevens, with the exception of occasional little slips, were very fair in this respect. Too much attention cannot be paid to fielding. It is the real test of the all round excellence of an eleven, and perhaps a hint wont be received unkindly by the cricketers of the Regiment, it is this: never to throw at the wickets, as this habit is the fertile source of many overthrows, besides looking bad. Always throw in a long hop to the man who may be at the wickets, or if close a low and fairly hard sent catch. The term “thrown out by so and so, has been done away with for many years, and the general term “run out” substituted, as it was supposed that fielders threw the ball at the stumps, in order to secure the glory of a wicket to themselves, to the detriment of good fielding. In conclusion we have the makings of a good regimental team and with practice we may well hope to hold our own in the future.

THE BUFFS v STANDING CAMP, RANIKHET.

Played at Ranikhet on 5th May 1887.

THE BUFFS.

Lieut. Daughlish, b Cantrel	6
Pte. Edmonds, c King b Cantrel	43
Lieut. Eales, b White	6
Captain Porter, l.b.w., b Cantrel	35
Lieut. D'Aeth, c Richardson b Bradley	20
Lieut. Stuart, c Cantrel b Bradley	0
Lieut. Bayard, run out	0
Lie. Corpl. Godfrey, not out	81
Lieut. Bell, b Bradley	5
„ Booth, run out	0
Captain Allen, b Major	0
Lieut. Lloyd, b Bradley	0
Extras	23

Total 166

STANDING CAMP.

1ST INNINGS		2ND INNINGS.	
Lt. King, c D'Aeth b Godfrey	1	b Stuart	10
Pte. White, run out	0		
Apothecary Bradley, b Godfrey	12	c Stuart b Godfrey	7
Captain Archdale, b Stuart	18		
Lieut. Williams, st. Godfrey			
„ b Stuart	15	not out	0
Captain Richardson, b Bell	7		
Major Stuart, b Godfrey	9		
Lieut. Butler, st. Edmonds			
„ b Godfrey	12		
Pte. Chattleburgh, b Godfrey	0		
Sergt. Cantrel, b Eales	2		
Sergeant Major, not out	0	b Godfrey	1
Pte. Jenkins, b Godfrey	0		
Extras	19	Extras	2
Total	95	Total	20

THE BUFFS v THE STATION, RANIKHET.

Played at Ranikhet on 12th May, 1887.

THE BUFFS.

Lieut. Daughlish, c Staunton b Archdale	4
Pte. Edmonds, c and b Staunton	18
Captain Porter, c Stone b Archdale	12
Lieut. D'Aeth, b Archdale	4
Lieut. Stuart, c Bradley b Staunton	29
Lie.-Corpl. Godfrey, not out	81
Pte. Hildebrand, b Portal	2
Pte. Kluckner, b Henderson	14
Lieut. Bell, b Henderson	6
Lieut. Lloyd, c Sheehan b Henderson	0
Pte. Simmonds, b Bradley	2
Extras	22

Total 194

THE STATION.

The Rev. A. Stone, b Simmonds	0		
Capt. Sheehan, b Godfrey	4	c Kluckner, b Godfrey	4
Apothecary Bradley, c Kluckner			
b Simmonds	0	b Godfrey	2
Corpl. Staunton, b Godfrey	5	c D'Aeth b Godfrey	10
Capt. Archdale, c & b Stuart	19	b Godfrey	0
Lt. Williams, b Hildebrand	2	c Godfrey b Hildebrand	5
Mr. Powell, c Kluckner b Godfrey	11		
Capt. Richardson, c Kluckner			
b Godfrey	4		
Lieut. Portal, b Stuart	1		
Lieut. Henderson, b Stuart	2		
Lieut. Blackburn, not out	0	b Hildebrand	7
Extras	8	Extras	0
<hr/>		<hr/>	
Total	56	Total	28

SERGTS. THE BUFFS v. SERGTS. SCOTTISH RIFLES.

Played at Ranikhet on the 21st inst., and resulted in a win for the visitors from Chaubattia. Our Sergeant's team is at present, rather weak, but we hope to see them recruited bye and bye with some good young blood. Nicholas played well in the 1st innings, Cumber and Whittle played out time in the 2nd innings.

For the visitors, Bentall, Deane and Titman played very well. A good tiffin was provided on the ground by The Buffs, and all did ample justice to it.

THE BUFFS.

Q-M.-Sergt. Cumber, b Bentall	31	not out	34
Cr. Sergt. Nicholas	27	c Moran, b Bentall	0
Sgt. Bovenzer, c Bentall b Moran	6		
Cr. Sergt. Bennell, b Bentall	2		
Patterson, st. Bentall b Ennis	11		
Sergt. Lishman, c Moran b Ennis	0		
Steele, b Bentall	0		
Sch.-Mr. Whittle, b Bentall	0	not out	14
Sergt.-Major Cook, b Bentall	2		
Cr.-Sergt. Gardner,	2		
Sergt. Eaton, not out	6		
Extras	10	Extras	10
Total	66	Total	58

SCOTTISH RIFLES.

Sergt. Moran, b Nicholas	8
Handy, b Cumber	0
Ennis, st. Nicholas b Cumber	12
Color-Sergt. Bentall, b Nicholas	25
Patterson, c Bennell b Whittle	0
Sergt. Gould, c Nicholas, b Whittle	5
Deane, b Patterson	56
Straiton, b Whittle	0
Jeliff, b Lishman	3
Titman, b Steele	20
Izzard, not out	0
Extras	24
Total	153

Varieties.

An English Officer, in a battle in Flanders had his wooden leg (covered with a boot) shot off by a cannon ball; his men crying out, a surgeon, a surgeon for the Captain. No, no, said he, a carpenter, a carpenter will do better.

The Jubilee meaning of the letters I.O.G.T. I owe Gleeson twopence.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

FOUNDATIONS.

Inseparable from "The Buffs" we are,
Be they at peace, or be they at war.

LIGHTS.

- When "Tommy" comes off "Station" such as these he brings.
An ornaments his little home with such pretty things,
- A building I am, not oblong nor square.
There's such in Dublin. Have you been there?
- At parting I am called in play,
To our dear friends this word we say.
- In this light I am sure you will descry,
Bravery and courage, if you'll only try.
- A man of ancient time, when gold he found,
Exclaimed the light I now to you propound.
- This you are doing at the present time,
Perhaps criticising my attempt at rhyme.
- Each time this season twists around
There's merry making I'll be bound.

J. DRULAND,
The Buffs, Dover

Answer to last acrostic,—

B U R R I E D
I R E
R E P U B L I C A
T E A T
H U S H

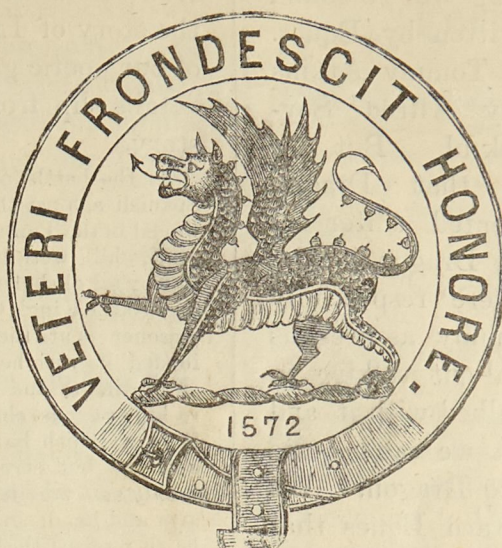
Correct answers received to last acrostic from "Nanti."

No answer received to the Chess problem.

Printed for the EDITOR, by TARA DUTT, at the "Station Printing Press," Ranikhet.

THE DRAGON.

EAST KENT



CHRONICLE

A Paper for the Men of The Buffs.

No. 6

Ranikhet, June 30th, 1887.

Price 2 Annas.

BIRTHS.

GLEESON.—At Singapore on the 10th May, 1887, the wife of Acting Garrison Sergt.-Major Gleeson of a daughter.

TOMSETT. At Singapore on the 21st April 1887, the wife of Col.-Sergt. Tomsett of a son. (Albert George).

COOK.—At Ranikhet on the 19th of June, 1887, the wife of Sergt.-Major Cook of a son.

DEATHS.

HALL.—At Ranikhet on the 24th May, 1887, No. 128, Pte. J. Hall of enteric fever.

MOON.—At Canterbury on the 10th March, 1887, No. 1905, Pte. David Moon, of lung disease.

(It is requested that domestic occurrences may be reported as soon as possible by all who belong to The Buffs, whether subscribers or not).

Notes.

In our last number we said, that very probably, we of the 1st Battalion would soon be given the privilege of again wearing our buff facings. Our little attempt at prophecy was fulfilled sooner than we expected; for on the very day on which *The Dragon* was published a War Office letter was read on parade giving us

the necessary permission to change the white, which has always been an eyesore to all of us, to our own old historical buff. The authorities have done a graceful and considerate act, and we are duly thankful for it. The recipe for making the buff pipeclay will be found in another column, and we hear that the Coffee-shop wallah, who seems to be quite a Ranikhet Whiteley, is getting the necessary ingredients sent up the hill.

The Officers and Sergeants' match was such a success—Captain Porter's grubs to his Col.-Sergeant would have made the fortune of any cricket match—that a match between the second eleven of the opposing sides is talked of. The Captain of the Sergeants' eleven is to be that world-renowned cricketer Color-Sergt. Gardiner, while on the Officers' side will be found such well known cricketing names as Major Nevnham-Davis, Captain Blackburn, Major Parkinson, and Lieutenants Coombes, Armitage and Eustace. With such a galaxy of talent some really first class cricket may be confidently looked forward to.

The undermentioned N.C.O. has successfully passed the Board of Examination, held at Penang on 26th February, 1887, to qualify for the rank of Color-Sergt:—

No. 244, Sergt. F. Andrews.

Capt. Chippindall leave for 12 months from date of embarkation.

Lieut. Pemberton, leave from date of sailing Himalaya, to the 31st October, 1887.

Col. F. T. Hobson to command the Battalion 10th of December, 1886.

Major W. F. Kerr to be Lieut.-Colonel vice Blaksley.

Capt. J. W. Hind to be Major.

24TH MARCH, 1887.

Asst.-Sergt.-Major and Drill Sergeant:—
Color Sergt. J. Bennell.

Drill Corporal:—Corpl. C. Peters.

Lieut. F. Armitage has been appointed Assistant Adjutant and Musketry Instructor.

The following have re-engaged from 10th February 1887:

326 Pte. J. Keeler.

366 „ J. Palmer.

The following Corpls. to be Lance-Sergeants from 25th February 1887:

Corpl Stonebridge.

„ Gates.

„ Watkins:

„ Brain.

„ Eaton.

„ Batty.

The following Privates to be Lce.-Corpls:

210 Pte. Bourne.

246 „ Pardey.

1043 „ Mansfield.

1920 „ Eli.

935 „ Moon.

234 „ Baker.

1588 „ Pollard.

915 „ Davis.

230 „ Kent.

524 Dr. Pickett

The undermentioned men are entitled to Good Conduct Pay from the dates specified:—

At One Penny.

Pte. W. J. Lock

16th October.

„ W. King

22nd November.

„ F. Heath

15th December

„ H. Smith	26th December
„ C. Colley	29th „
„ F. King	1st January.
„ G. Millham	2nd „
„ G. Debley	6th „
„ D. Williams	6th „
„ E. Letchford	10th „
„ F. James	12th „
„ J. Lambert	12th „
„ A. Croxson	13th „
„ C. Page	15th „
„ R. Bennett	16th „
„ A. Pilling	16th „
„ F. Nichols	19th „
„ C. March	20th „
„ G. Jackson	21st „
„ G. Cook	21st „
„ H. Roberts	21st „
„ C. Olive	26th „
„ G. Pearse	3rd February.
„ T. Cunningham	5th „
„ E. Russell	8th „
„ G. Watson	8th „
„ W. Hollbrook	10th „
„ E. Foster	13th „

At Two-pence.

Pte. C. Cheesman	2nd January
„ W. Baily	2nd „
„ W. Savage	9th February
„ W. Parker	21st „

The undermentioned N. C. Officers and men have extended their service so as to complete 12 years with colors:—

No. 24	Color Sergt. A. H. Tomsett.
122	Pay Master Sergt. F. Wilson.
314	Corporal G. Eaton.
362	Lance-Corporal J. Barnes.
687	Private J. Goll.
1062	„ J. Mansfield.
1063	„ J. Rudd.
1041	„ W. Sexton.
142	„ A. Croxson.
198	„ J. Rooke.
250	„ J. Rodgers.
490	„ E. J. Heffren.
129	„ J. Dove.
462	„ R. Blaber.
90	„ W. H. Baker.
329	„ G. Smythe.
943	„ W. J. Beezley.
950	„ J. Reynolds.
650	„ A. W. Bramble.
766	„ C. Mannering.
1920	„ W. H. Eli.
512	„ J. Scott.
328	„ T. Hammond.
167	„ H. Veal.
1065	„ E. Wickens.
2	Color Sergt. W. H. Nicholas.
1	Private G. Holmes.

No. 1593, Pte. M. McDonald has been transferred to the Reserve, 17th March, 1887.

No. 2051, Sergt.-Drummer J. Osborne discharged free.

His Royal Highness the Field Marshall Commanding-in-Chief has been pleased to record the following remarks in the confidential report of the Inspection of the Battalion, submitted by Major-General Cameron, C.B. at Singapore, the 24th September, 1887:—

“His Royal Highness is quite satisfied with the condition of of this Battalion which is creditable to all concerned.”

Musketry.

Private practice can now be carried on any afternoon, and it would be as well to have plenty of it if we mean to have a look in for the Commander-in-Chief's Cup next December, which is one of the most coveted prizes in India.

Letter “H” Company has opened the musketry for 1887–8, and up to date have fired fairly well, and we hope to see the next seven companies beat each other in succession.

Names of the twenty best shots in “H” Company who win prizes are as follows:—

Privates A. Hammond, J. Cruttenden, T. Roche, Geo. Powell, F. Greenslade, Sergt. R. Ellis, Corpl. Neal, Pte. M. Collins, Sergts. E. Clifton, and J. Green ten shillings each. Ptes. G. Gravett, G. Groombridge, W. D. Powell, A. White and A. Brooker, five shillings each. Ptes. Thomas Richards, H. Ford, J. Leabourne, W. Hartfield and Lee. Sergt. A. Batty two shillings and six pence each.

Since writing the above, “A” Company has fired thirty rounds per man, and are at present 10.50 points per man ahead of “H.”

Cricket.

Below are the scores of our first two matches in India, and in both of which, a good omen for the future, we were victorious. We were fortunate enough to win the toss on both occasions, a great advantage on this ground. Too much praise cannot be given to Corpl. Godfrey for his splendid innings of 81 in the second match. He was also to the fore, as usual, in bowling, and does not seem to find the unfamiliar matting disagree with him. Captain Porter and Lieut. Stuart played two good innings of 35 and 29 respectively, and Pte. Edmonds showed sound and capital cricket in his scores of 53 and 18.

For our opponents, Captain Archdale was chief scorer with two good innings of 18 and 19. There is not much to say about the play except in a general way. The Camp and Ranikhet seemed to be deficient of bowlers, and this is

also, as is usual in most teams, our great defect. We are sadly in need of a change of bowlers, and let us hope that before long some of our younger players will develop talent in this line. Considering the roughness, for fielding, of the parade ground, both elevens, with the exception of occasional little slips, were very fair in this respect. Too much attention cannot be paid to fielding. It is the real test of the all round excellence of an eleven, and perhaps a hint wont be received unkindly by the cricketers of the Regiment, it is this: never to throw at the wickets, as this habit is the fertile source of many overthrows, besides looking bad. Always throw in a long hop to the man who may be at the wickets, or if close a low and fairly hard sent catch. The term “thrown out by so and so, has been done away with for many years, and the general term “run out” substituted, as it was supposed that fielders threw the ball at the stumps, in order to secure the glory of a wicket to themselves, to the detriment of good fielding. In conclusion we have the makings of a good regimental team and with practice we may well hope to hold our own in the future.

THE BUFFS v STANDING CAMP, RANIKHET.
Played at Ranikhet on 5th May 1887.

THE BUFFS.

Lieut. Daughlish, b Cantrel	6
Pte. Edmonds, c King b Cantrel	43
Lieut. Eales, b White	6
Captain Porter, l.b.w., b Cantrel	35
Lieut. D'Aeth, c Richardson b Bradley	20
Lieut. Stuart, c Cantrel b Bradley	0
Lieut. Bayard, run out	0
Lie. Corpl. Godfrey, not out	81
Lieut. Bell, b Bradley	5
„ Booth, run out	0
Captain Allen, b Major	0
Lieut. Lloyd, b Bradley	0
Extras	23

Total 166

STANDING CAMP.

1ST INNINGS		2ND INNINGS.	
Lt. King, c D'Aeth b Godfrey	1	b Stuart	10
Pte. White, run out	0		
Apothecary Bradley, b Godfrey	12	c Stuart b Godfrey	7
Captain Archdale, b Stuart	18		
Lieut. Williams, st. Godfrey			
„ b Stuart	15	not out	0
Captain Richardson, b Bell	7		
Major Stuart, b Godfrey	9		
Lieut. Butler, st. Edmonds			
„ b Godfrey	12		
Pte. Chattleburgh, b Godfrey	0		
Sergt. Cantrel, b Eales	2		
Sergeant Major, not out	0	b Godfrey	1
Pte. Jenkins, b Godfrey	0		
Extras	19	Extras	2
Total	95	Total	20

Some useful hints as to riding will be found in the body of the paper written by Eques. For the hints his friends Tommy Atkins and Alfred Seymour, (why Alfred Seymour?) will be duly thankful. But we don't quite understand that Dragon story. When our late lamented editor recorded in print that he saw a Dragon in the clouds we wondered and were respectfully silent: but when Eques solemnly assures us that he found the noble animal out walking in the public road and that he talked with it and was patted on the back by it we can't quite swallow it—the story not the Dragon. We feel it our duty to solemnly warn Eques that there is a disease vulgarly known as the Jumps. Eques has not touched on the subject of saluting on horse or pony-back. The prevailing fashion now seems to be, to raise the hand to the helmet and then fall heavily on the pony's neck. As an acrobatic performance it is excellent, but it is not the usually accepted method, which is simply to drop the right hand smartly to the side and look towards the person saluted.

We have still the same complaint to make as to lack of contributors. The journalistic talent of the Regiment cannot be limited, I am sure, to some six or seven members of it. If the talent exists we intend to do our best to bring it out and therefore this month we offer a prize of five rupees for the best original poem, written by a Buff, on the heroic defence of the Colours by Lieut. Latham at the battle of Albuhera. The poem is not to exceed twenty-four lines in length, can be signed with a *nom-de-plume* or the competitor's real name, and must be sent in to the Editor by the sixteenth of the month. We will publish the winning poem and any other which we consider worthy of it. This competition is confined to the Warrant, Non-Commissioned and Privates ranks, but we should welcome any poem on the subject by Officers. Now, don't let bashfulness interfere with your muse, but cudgel your brains and let us have a crowd of poetic effusions. Every

Buff who is worthy of the name knows by heart the story of Latham's gallantry: but as some of our poetic geniuses may have let some of the details slip from their memory we publish the story.

At the battle of Albuhera, fought by the English and Spanish against the French (in the War of Independence waged in the Peninsular) The Buffs in the act of charging up the hill, were taken in the rear by four regiments of the enemy's Polish Hussars and Lancers' Ensign Walsh who carried the King's Colour was surrounded wounded and taken prisoner; but Lieut. Latham seized the Colours and defended it with heroic gallantry. Surrounded by a crowd of assailants and his body bleeding with wounds he clung to his precious charge and refused to yield it. A stroke from a Polish Lancer's sword cut off one side of his nose and face but, struggling on, he exclaimed "*I will surrender it only with my life.*" A second sabre stroke severed his left arm and hand, in which he held the staff, from his body; he then seized the Colours with his right hand, dropping his sword to do so and continued the struggle until he fell pierced with lance thrusts but still holding the Colour. His last act before he swooned was to tear the silk from the staff and to hide it under his body. The Colour was saved and Latham was rewarded by a gold medal presented to him by the Officers of The Buffs, promotion to the rank of Captain, and many marks of distinction from the Commander-in-Chief.

We have handed over a column of the paper to the Temperance people wherein they can record the doings of their lodge and other news interesting to the members. We are glad to hear that the cause is making such strides in advance, and if it continues in the same way we shall find the President of the Canteen Committee resigning his office as a sinecure. We also this month publish for the first time a column or so of Station news. We shall be glad to receive and publish an account of any event of interest which occurs in the Station, and should any member of the Station, outside the magic ring of The Buffs, wish to become a subscriber to the paper we shall not be too haughty to take his money.

The Regimental Dramatic Club have chosen "Waiting for the Verdict," a domestic drama, for their first appearance on the Ranikhet boards. Though written in what our American cousins call "rather tall" language it has any number of thrilling situations to keep the audience interested. A murder in a wood, a challenge to a duel, one or two fights, a trial

for murder, and an interrupted execution are enough to ensure the success of any play. A large debt has to be cleared off, for the purchase of stage scenery &c., and the Regiment should contribute towards this by giving our Corps Dramatique bumper houses.

"He that has and a little tiny wit,
With a hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
Must make content with his fortunes fit,
For the rain it raineth every day."

So sings the fool in King Lear, and we too, for the next three months, will have to take a leaf out of his book and try and make content fit with our fortune; for the rains be upon us in earnest and like the gods of the ancients we shall live for a time in the clouds. Let us hope that with the advent of the rains the fish insects that have been browsing our best clothes and the sand-flies that have made life one long scratch will disappear.

Sergt. Watkins says that he believes the reason that a sufficient muster of hounds has not been obtained to start "hare and hounds" is that the men think climbing up the hills is too hard work. It sounds rather strange to hear of anything being too hard for our athletic lads and a good muster on the 7th ought to show the energetic organizer that he was wrong in his supposition. The General is going to give us plenty of practice in manœuvring among the hills and those men who don't want to be left puffing and blowing in the rear might do worse than have some practice with Sergt Watkin's pack.

What is the origin of "Steady The Buffs!" It is about the best known catch phrase in the Service, but beyond hearing it vaguely described as having originated from some incident in the Peninsular nothing very definite seems to be known about it. Will some well informed correspondent kindly oblige?

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J WELLS.—Your first letter was inserted before we received your second communication which shall appear in our next.

LOPEZ.—Will accept with thanks.

Correspondence.

Correspondence or Articles intended for insertion must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence &c. The name of the writer will not be published, any "nom-de-plume" can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

SIR,

With reference to the para in last months' *Dragon* I have made every available effort to get the pack together. A meeting was held last week, and out of 40 members only 7 turned up. The only cause that I can give for their not coming to the scratch is the roughness of the country. I can assure all who are interested in the foot paper chases, that there are many splendid runs without climbing any hills of any consequence. I shall be very pleased to see a good muster on the 7th July, on the large square. The hare will leave at 5.50 p.m., weather permitting. Will all who wish to join in the run please send in their names by Wednesday morning the 6th inst., to Lce.-Sergt. G. Watkins.

Yours &c.

G. Watkins, Lce.-Sergt.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

SIR,

Since my invention has appeared in your columns I fully expected to find some one taking the invention up in a scientific point of view, yet, after all the chaff and fun which has been caused amongst us I cannot find one among the community that can take into consideration any scientific arguments at all. (This is what beats me) I have found out since we left Singapore, that a representative of yours came to see me, but the way in which he loitered about I did not credit his story, therefore, I did not show him my model. With regard to "No Savvys" remarks, I cannot call them scientific at all. In one of his remarks he says "I am sorry to see that the invention of your correspondent Pte. Wells is already, and has for the past six months, been experimented upon on the European continent." I can now positively deny that statement as I have myself watched for any reports of such experiments, and I have also put myself into communication with several scientific men in England regarding the same,

but I find that no such invention has ever yet come before their notice. There has been another invention rather similar to mine, yet that is made on different principles, and the only dynamite invention as yet placed before the whole world, is that of Lieut. Zatinski's of the United States Artillery to wit, a dynamite gunboat for which 350,000 dollars has been appropriated and will be paid to Zatinski, should he gain anything like success. As this is the only invention before the public in general, I cannot imagine where "No Savvy" got his information from, nor does he state in which country on the European continent these experiments have been carried out.

Yours truly,

J. WELLS,
Acting Bandsman.

We never desputed the important post of interviewer to any-one; so that the loiterer who represented us must, we are afraid, have been a fraud. We ourselves have made several efforts to bring about an interview; but what with the inspection and other Jubilee rejoicings the inventor and ourselves have not yet succeeded in finding time to meet. The callousness of the community in not taking up this invention is greatly to be regretted, but Pte. Wells must remember that it is the fate of all great inventors to have their first efforts received with coldness and distrust. After the crushing retort of Pte. Wells "No Savvy" will, no doubt, hide his diminished head. We promise our readers that next month they shall, at last; have the anxiously awaited description of the "Wells dynamite cartridge" put before them in print.—EDITOR.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Sir,

I think it a great pity there can't be something else found to fill up spare room in *The Dragon* instead of wishing "H" Company the worst shooting Company in the Regiment as it says plainly in the last paper that, we wish to see the other seven Companies beat them in succession, of course men in the Company have seen this and don't agree with it. Perhaps me as well as other men have taken it in the wrong light as to what it meant, if so I wish to be corrected? another thing, not only does *The Dragon* go round the Regiment but to our 2nd

Battalion and other places as well, it would be all very well to put in the best shooting Company when they have all finished.

Yours truly,

WHY.

We print "Why's" letter as we wish to give everybody a hearing. He has, as most of our readers will see, looked upon our pious hope that the regimental figure of merit may progress on an ascending scale in an entirely wrong light. The Editor of this paper is not likely to allow anything derogatory to "H" Company to appear in our columns, but, as chronicling all Regimental events impartially, "H" Company's figure of merit had to be placed on record. It would perhaps be better if "Why" devoted his surplus energy to devising some scheme by which the shooting of the Company could be improved instead of expending it in captious criticism.—EDITOR.

NOTES ON RIDING.

On reading the account in the *Singapore Free Press*, of the Spring Races there, I was much amused by "our captious critics'" remarks on the attitude assumed by "Agricola" rider in the finish for the Sultan's Cup. He says—

"The effect of this finish was enhanced by an attempt on the part of "Agricola's rider to kick a fly off his horse's ear while at the same time he playfully thumped him on the neck. This is not quite what it ought to be. The correct style is somewhat as follows. Grasp the reins firmly in one hand and elevate it high in the air, keeping the reins dangling loosely; coil your legs round the body of the horse, and lean well forward. This position will enable you without inconvenience to apply your whip vigorously to your mount somewhere about the regions of the tail. This is the style adopted by most eminent English riders, and generally creates astonishment among the bystanders.—(N. B.—No charge for this kind of instruction)."

Now, while walking along a hill road a few days ago thinking what a curious figure that man must have cut as he steered his steed to victory, I heard the rattle of hoofs in front of me, and presently round a corner came my two old friends Tommy Atkins and Alfred Seymour, apparently bent on testing the merits of their rival "bloods." Good lads, they were enjoying themselves thoroughly, but what a sight they were! Tommy Atkins was in almost the exact

position that excited so much amusement at Singapore, and was plying his cane manfully about the regions of the tail. Not so Alfred Seymour. He, scorning to imitate his rival, had taken a back seat with a vengeance. Perched almost behind the saddle, with the shortest of stirrups, his feet poked out on either side of his pony's nose, and apparently only retaining his seat by a tremendous pull on his curb rein, he wielded a cudgel with which he belaboured with the greatest impartiality the shoulders and neck of his unfortunate "quad." He reminded me forcibly of a London Costermonger taking his Sunday airing on Hamstead Heath, but with this difference that while the Coster generally has a pleased smile on his face and a pipe in his mouth, Seymour's face wore an agonised expression, probably from the difficulty of keeping his seat, and his teeth were firmly set with the excitement of the race. Atkins's face I could not see for it was buried in his pony's flowing mane. Which won I cannot say for they vanished round the next corner like lightning. I went and made inquiries at the hospital next day, but to my joy and astonishment neither of them had been admitted, so I presume they both survived that fearful ride.

Left alone I burst out laughing at that quaint spectacle, but not long did my laughter last, a sharp crack on the back that made me feel as if several tenpenny nails had been driven into me, and I turned round to face the flaming visage and "uplifted dexter" of the guardian spirit of the Regiment. Surely, O Dragon," I murmured falling on my knees, "I should have known it was none other but thyself" for—

"Such blow no other hand could deal,

Though gauntleted in glove of steel."

"Get up and don't talk nonsense" roared the immortal one; "what were you guffawing at because two of my children were learning to ride. Truly they were a queer sight, and none such other can I remember since I met Captain John Gilpin making a fool of himself in the same way, and that was some years ago. Didn't I give it him though; had him sent to riding school at Canterbury! ha ha!" and the noble animal nearly choked. "However," he resumed, "get you away home, take pen and paper and write down all the hints to beginners you can think of, or find out, and then in a short time we may have a hundred lads fit to take their place in a mounted Company and able 'witch the world with noble horsemanship.'" So saying he vanished, and were it not for the marks

of those iron claws on my back I should have thought it was a dream. I went home and obeyed, and the result is as follows:—

Mounting.—The first thing to do is to get on to your pony in safety, and as some ponies are very handy at cow-kicking, *i.e.*, lashing out sideways, a hint may be useful. stand opposite the near fore foot, and place the left hand on the pony's neck close to the withers, the reins lying between hand and saddle. Draw the reins through the left hand until you feel the mouth gently. Turn the reins over the fore finger and place the thumb on them. Twist a lock of the mane round the thumb or forefinger. Take the stirrup in the right hand and place the left foot in it as far as the ball of the foot. Press the left knee against the saddle to prevent toe from kicking the ponies side. Seize the cantle of the saddle with the right hand and spring lightly from the right toe, thus bringing the body in to a standing position in the left stirrup. Throw over the right leg, at the same time shifting the right hand from the cantle to the off side of the pommel, thus dropping gently into the saddle by staying the weight with the right hand. Place right toe in the stirrup.

Stirrups.—To get the right length of stirrups, sit well down in the saddle and lengthen or shorten the stirrups till they just touch the ankle bone. Then if you stand up in them with the feet "home" you will just clear the pony's withers. If you have short thick legs take up the stirrups two holes. If the pony has very low shoulders, ride a hole or two shorter than with a well made one.

Seat.—Some men say they ride by "balance," others by "grip." Nonsense, you must use both. If you ride by balance alone you'll tumble off some day; if by grip you will get so tired, as to make a toil of pleasure, and probably fall off as well. Balance prevents grip from tiring you, grip helps balance to keep you on. Sit well down in your saddle and *turn the flat of the thigh in*, thus bringing the toes in and the heels out. Keep the body upright and the back hollowed, shoulders square to the front. If holding the reins in one hand, be careful that that shoulder does not come forward. To avoid this it is well to use both hands at first, keeping the elbows well back as far as the hips. However "the seat a man finds easiest to himself will, in all humane probability, be the easiest to his horse," and riding without stirrups will help a man more than anything else. If you have a friend who is a good rider, get him to

come out with you and correct your errors.

Reins.—To hold a single rein, place all the fingers of the left hand except the fore finger between the reins, turn them over the fore finger and place the thumb on them. To hold double reins the simplest way is to treat the snaffle rein as a single rein, then place the third finger between the two sides of the curb rein and draw as tight as required. Always keep the elbow well back and use long reins. "Ease and feel, give and take; never have a dead pull on the horse's mouth" is an old riding school maxim. Also use your curb as little as possible.

Bits.—The commonest bits in use are (1) the snaffle, (2) the curb. The plain snaffle by itself is a very mild bit indeed but when used with a curb as in a double bridle, the combination will hold most animals. Remember that the curb is a lever which presses against the roof of the mouth, and when assisted by a tight curb chain it causes a good deal of pain and should not be used more than necessary, certainly not to hold on by. There are numerous kinds of bits, but these two will answer our purpose.

Abuse of the whip.—There is no doubt that the hill ponies are usually slugs accustomed to dawdle, and when required to move a bit, most of them require waking up. It is not a good thing however to whack them about the tail, neck or shoulders, especially with a cudgel. Carry a good springy switch or cutting whip, & when you use it, hit straight down the flank, only a few inches behind your own leg. It will have twice the effect, and generally produce the result required instead of a sulky kick.

Sore backs.—On coming in from a ride, always try and bring your pony in cool. On dismounting loosen the girths and raise the saddle an inch or so for a moment; then replace it and let it remain on for about fifteen minutes. Care must of course be taken that the saddle fits well, and it is always best to use a "Numnah" or saddle cloth, leather for choice. If however, a bad saddle gall should occur, foment it well with flannel dipped into water as hot as you can bear it and well wrung out. After half an hour of this bathe it well with a weak solution of arnica and water, and, what is most important, do not work your pony again until the skin is quite cool and free from inflammation. If the skin is broken, bathe well with cold water, avoid arnica and use vaseline or some cooling grease, and cover up the sore with a light cloth to keep off flies.

Shoeing.—Too long a topic to enter into fully,

but be sure that the shoes don't pinch. They should be changed at least once a month, as the feet require paring down, for long feet make a pony trip. When shoes are put on cold as they usually are here, the smith should be extra careful how he pares the horn off the foot.

Cold.—If your pony shows symptoms of cold give him a warm branmash with about half an ounce of powdered nitre in it, keep him well covered and sponge his nostrils with warm water and a little vinegar.

Now Mr. Editor, if you can find room for any of these hints I hope they will be useful to some of your readers who are keeping a pony for the first time, and that they will not mind the bit of chaff which came somehow irresistibly from

Their well wisher

EQUES.

Station News.

A successful performance was given in The Buffs' Theatre by a miscellaneous troupe of amateurs on the 6th, 17th and 18th instants. The piece played was the well known burlesque of "Black-Eyed Susan," and the reason of the entertainment was a charitable desire to assist the widow and children of the late Private Larkins of the Details.

The burlesque was well played throughout, though of course there were various degrees of excellence. Pte. Haley and Bombr Sweeney as the "Widdy" and "Shaun," were the two performers who had best caught the spirit of the burlesque, they were both thoroughly amusing. Mr. Parselle as "Captain Crosstree" took his character a little too seriously, he was more the Crosstree of the drama than of the burlesque, and he missed some of the usual features of the part, such as the business with the bottles in the drunken scene and the halt, maimed, and black-eyed make up which is usually adopted in the last scene. He was however, thoroughly at home on the stage and spoke his lines clearly and to the point. "William" is a part usually played by one of the fairer sex, the leading burlesque actress of the theatre consenting for once to disguise her understandings in the loose attire of a sailor for the sake of wearing a becoming flaxen wig and playing a big part. When played by a man it has to be taken seriously and was so played by Mr. Whittle, who, barring the moustache, quite looked the sailor, and played with all the necessary dash and go. He also sang his songs nicely

"Doggrass" owed a good deal of an Ally Sloper make up, but Sergt Watkins worked very hard, some of his falls being startlingly realistic. "Neptune sang his song well but the audience did not seem to take much interest in the Irish allusions; which after all is not to be wondered at for Ireland is rapidly becoming a first class nuisance. The other male characters were all satisfactorily filled, but do not call for any special mention.

Of the ladies Mrs. Sheehan as "Black-Eyed Susan," first claims our notice. She sang her songs very sweetly and acted her part with spirit. She was at her best towards the conclusion of the piece, especially in her brilliant defence of William; nervousness or stage-fright apparently rather hampering her efforts in her earlier scenes. "Dolly Mayflower" found a youthful representative in Miss Flo. Usmar, who, however, bullied her lover as satisfactorily as if she had been a dame of twice her age. The sailors and lasses certainly deserve a special word, for their decorous little ballet was one of the events of the evening. The piece had evidently had great care bestowed on its management, the makeups were good—though there was perhaps a little too much pantomimic noise—and the performance was creditable to all concerned in it.

A sad incident occurred after a cricket match played between two Companies of The Buffs and Scottish Rifles. The night was pitch dark and Pte. Miller of the Scottish Rifles, starting to go back to barracks, lost his way and fell over the khud onto the parade ground, receiving injuries from which he died in a few hours. An inquest was held and the verdict "Accidental death" returned.

Rolling's Variety Troupe has gone down to the plains again. The entertainment was not a striking success, none of the front seats being filled and the back seats being thinly occupied. The Proprietor sang some good Irish songs, but the other members of the Company were hardly up to the mark.

On Tuesday the 14th a general meeting was held at the reading room to discuss various matters. After some discussion it was decided; that dogs should not be allowed in the vicinity of the reading room or tennis courts; that the bar should not be opened on Sundays; that in future the establishment should be dignified by the title of Club; and that every member on

first day of next year should pay a contribution of sixteen rupees to the Club fund.

A successful subscription dance was given at the newly christened club on the night of the 14th. The room was very prettily decorated and all the arrangements were well carried out. A portion of The Buffs' band supplied the music.

Amongst the coming events are the dance given by Colonel Hart and the Officers of the Garrison class; an amateur performance of "In honour bound" and "Uncle's Will;" another "Buffs at Home" and perhaps, so we hear, amateur theatricals by another troupe.

On the 22nd inst. nearly 100 Corporals, to keep up Her Majesty's Jubilee, assembled at the Standing Camp on the invitation of the Corporals there, and such a scene of conviviality has seldom been seen under canvas. Singing was briskly kept up until 2 o'clock in the morning, only interrupted by a very welcome, and nice little supper to which all did ample justice, and judging by the way in which some of the plates were cleared, the walk to the camp sharpened up the appetites of The Buffs' Corporals. Everything passed off in the usual way, toasts were drunk with the customary military honours, and after some very appropriate speeches the party broke up. It is very gratifying to see such good feeling exist between the different regiments, there being nearly 20 Corps (Artillery, Cavalry and Infantry) represented, and we hope to see this state of friendship continue.

A Station Cricket Club has been formed, with a committee composed of representatives from The Buffs, the Scottish Rifles, the Standing Camp, and the Garrison Class. The subscription is fixed at two rupees a month, and matches are to be arranged for every Saturday.

A very nice little Quadrille Party was given in the Gymnasium, on the 24th inst., by the Sergts. of the Standing Camp. A great number of people from Chaubuttia, Camp and Ranikhet put in an appearance and entered in the festivities with great *eclat*. The Officer Commanding the Camp, S.S.O. and other Officers honoured the party with their presence. A very nice supper was provided by the Ranikhet Universal Provider (The Buffs' Coffee-wallah). Dancing was kept up until 4 a.m. on Saturday morning.

The getting up of this dance was mainly due to Mr. Bradley and Col.-Sergt. Restell, and reflected great credit on them, and we hope soon to have the pleasure of attending another one.

CHAUBUTTIA CHAT.

Writing about Chaubuttia reminds me of the Ethiopian endeavour to expound the "nothingness of nothing." Beyond Ranikhet the outside world knows little or nothing of our movements; remove the "tats" from the bazaar below and we might go off to Timbuctoo and join the "Pond-Lilly Minstrels" without anyone being a bit the wiser. The day may come when the railway whistle will sound in the neighbourhood of Jhula Devi or the Knayton House 'bus throw the Commissariat bread-cart into the shade: and yet there are some who pooh-pooh the idea. Happy thought! why not get Spiers and Pond or Kellner and Co. to open a light refreshment bar about the cross-roads?

The principal residents at present are the Sand-fly family (or a branch thereof); Mr. Jim Crow, family, relations and followers; the Scottish Rifles; and a peculiar sect, at present restricted to the wood-yard, and designated by the peculiar title I.O.G.T. My friend Binks affirms that the letters have become misplaced and should be read G.O. IT. such being the peculiar motto of this peculiar sect. You must not quite credit this as Binks is inclined to be spiteful: in fact Jinks says that Binks had some connexion with the sect at one time and tried to carry his reading of the title into practice as well as theory; result, dissolution of partnership.

I see that Fair Luna is again returning. She won't have much reward for her curiosity, should she expect to find "spooning" going on on this hill. She'll have to look your side for that. At least so say our amourosly-inclined young Sergeants, and from observation of the careful toilets and spruce costumes of those bound down-hill I conclude that there's some truth in the assertion.

However, taking advantage of her last visit, an Out-door Concert was organized by the Officers and an impromptu programme was carried through in a pleasant style under the hammer of Lieut. Blackburn who took an active interest in the concern, and contributed a couple of jolly songs with choruses "Such as Tommy Loves." Our active Commissariat protector joined one of the Bandsmen in a rattling jig and entirely disproved ideas of sluggishness in such

a valuable department. From the hearty manner in which the songs and dances were applauded and the lusty style in which he choruses were repeated, there could be no doubt of the success of the affair. The Band contributed some pleasant "catching" music with vocal refrains in some cases: perhaps, at some future meeting of this sort, they will sing a glee or two; such would be a treat when properly rendered.

Following somewhat similar lines we had some afternoon. out-door sports on the 17th, when the Sahib-log and the Mem-Sahib-log turned out "en masse." All were very pleased to see Major Laye a-foot (or rather a-horse) again and active as ever in such wholesome work: also to welcome the presence of Colonel and Mrs. Ward who drove—actively—on to the scene of contest, the parade-ground. I doubt if the records of Chaubuttia can trace a previous venture of like nature.

The events comprised quoit-throwing and tugs-of-war for Companies, and excited unusual and unexpected interest. The general quoit-contest was rather a novel idea, and from the keen manner in which the various sets were followed up by Officers and men, there can be no doubt of its popularity. The Officers kept the scores and decided doubtful points, and after some clever playing-off the "quoits" prize was awarded to "Letter F" Company which was represented in the final ties by Ptes. Wood and Mc'Cormack each of whom throws a good quoit. Note:—The Committee might decide before next meeting (a) the value of a "ringer" (b) if a "quoit" alighting on the outside but rolling to the inside of the ring should count.

Should not the "hob" or pin be barbed so as to prevent a rebound off it?

The tugs-of-war caused immense excitement. An instantaneous photograph of such a scene should make a fortune for the artist. Everyone yells, dashes his arms about, and screams advice—generally the contrary to what his neighbour vociferates. We all did that and a great deal more on this occasion, and of course some of the teams got "mixed up," couldn't catch our correct instructions and lost of course. In this final tussel between "E" and "C" Companies it was C'n that the latter were not quite at E's, and so the former 1 (Mark Twain improved), their work, however, was not E. C. (ditto more ditto). The "coach" of the winning Company claims the credit for himself and of course we

are all highly indignant. As yet we have not received a share of the prize which was gracefully presented to the winning team by Mrs. Ward who also presented suitable prizes to other distinguished competitors.

The Signallers on this hill must look to their shooting laurels. Those of The Buffs have evidently been showing their *flash* friends a trick or two, judging from the following results of a recent match. Distances 200 and 500 yards seven shots at each distance—Wimbledon target.

Signalers, The Buffs 331 points.

do Scottish Rifles 306 "

Buffs won a "signal" victory by 25 points.

For the losing team Smith 51, Randall, Nelson and Headly 41 each made the best scores. I can't furnish the "winning" scores, but you doubtless have them. Friendly rivalry of this sort is most wholesome.

The Quarter-Master's Department has been playing at Bulls Eyes with the Pay-Master's Department. See the following. (Note :—The losing side whispers that its ammunition was only Dum-Dum "ordinary," but that the winners used best English selected, guaranteed to go straight to the "Bull." Of course there's no pleasing everybody. Every department for itself.)

Pay-Master's Department 143 points.

Quarter-Mr's do 149 "

Binks just drops in with dark hints concerning some nocturnal business at the Theatre!!! (Bless the mark) and from his dramatic air I conclude there's "something in the wind." He has a stage-affliction, but whether he worships on this occasion at the Shrine of Thalia or at the altar of Melpomene I can't inform you, he's off to rehearsal. Perhaps something about this in my next.

THE NAINI TAL WEEK

BY THE SCORER.

A ride to Naini Tal from Ranikhet is not all joy. The good man from whom I hired a steed has the reputation of keeping the best dak ponies to be obtained; but if I had an enemy on whom I wished to inflict the most exquisite torture, before I compassed his death, I should hire him on to go for a day's ride on the grey pony which the said worthy man provided me with for the first half of the journey. He was a performing pony and took a pride in it. Whenever he came to any place where there was a very nasty khud he would fling a hind leg over

with a free and easy jerk and then turn round and bite flies off it (the leg not the khud). This may not sound bad but in actual experience it will be found sufficiently exciting. On the flat he grew sulky because there were no khuds to air his legs over and in spite of all arguments enforced with a large stick, obstinately stuck to a walk.

The Kyrna valley was stifflingly hot, in the late afternoon, and it was a relief to leave the sun baked river bed and to begin the long pull up the Naini Tal hill. The sun sank behind the wild crags and darkness gradually deepened, the overshadowing oak trees plunging the road into a deep gloom. To a tired man on a tired horse the path, which wound up, and up, and up, seemed never ending; until at last a glimmer of steely grey amid the black foliage gave signs of an opening and in a few minutes more the top was gained and Naini Tal, its lake a patch of lighter blue in the darkness of the valley, and its houses showing like clusters of stars, lay below. My readers I, take it, all know what Naini Tal week is. It is the week during which Ranikhet sends over picked teams to compete against Naini Tal at cricket, polo, boat-racing, lawn tennis, rifle shooting and billiards, which teams are put up and most hospitably treated by the inhabitants of Naini Tal and sent away at the end of the week wishing that it was a monthly and not a yearly festival.

The first news on arriving at the club—where an iced peg tasted like nectar after the heat and dust of the ride—was good news. On the first day Ranikhet had scored its first victory by Miss Pemberton and Captain Porter winning the first of the tennis competitions. We all hailed this as a good omen believing that the fair member of the team, who had come over to do battle for our station, would prove a *mascotte* and bring us luck. A dance at the Assembly Rooms which finished at a late hour, after much sampling of the Naini Tal brand of champagne, finished up the first day of the week.

A plunge into the cold water of the lake and then a lounge by the Assembly Rooms rails to see the ponies do their training gallops over the stony course, which runs nearly round the little maidan, down a hill, past the back of the Assembly Rooms, up again, and finally finishes opposite the front door of the Rooms, was the early morning performance on every day of the week before breakfast.

The second day was devoted to polo, and a most exciting match it proved. No Buffs took part in this, the Cavalry contingent, in the shape of Messrs. Butler and Portal of the 17th Lancers and Mr. Henderson of the 8th Hussars supplying three-fourths of the team. Mr. King of the Welch Fusiliers being the one representative of the infantry. Victory all through the game kept trembling in the balance. All Naini Tal had come down to see their champions, make up as they hoped, for defeat, and when the home team gained an advantage a ripple of applause from small gloved hands went down the line, while a goal to the visitors was the signal for a cheer from the small knot of strangers and aliens who clustered together for mutual encouragement. The first goal was hit by the Ranikhet team, but the second and third were secured by Naini Tal, and, as the game drew towards a close. Ranikhet became despondent, but gathered heart when a fourth goal put the score at two all, and became justifiably triumphant when still another one landed them winners of the second of the series of contents. Ranikhet had, I believe, a little the best of the luck but their adversaries were playing on their own ground and were rather better mounted. The dissipation in the evening consisted of a levee at the Government House where all men and conditions of men, some of them rather curious specimens, attired in their best clothes, went up the hill, walked past Sir Alfred Lyall, and then came down the hill again.

Wednesday brought the event of the week, the cricket match, and Ranikhet went out to encounter their adversaries in no too jubilant state of mind for they had heard much of the batting powers of the opposing eleven and is not the bowling of Billings celebrated throughout the land. We won the toss. I say we, because as the scorer I feel that I had a share in the glorious victory, though I was not given a chance of adding a few extra runs to the side I represented, for a hawk eyed Cavalry Colonel looked after the score very keenly in the other interest. We won the toss and sent in Edmunds and Godfrey who were bowled to by Dr. Plank and Major Richardson. The veteran bowler had his deeply scientific bowling badly knocked about by the brute force of the batsmen, who, by hard hitting ran the score up before they were separated.

Godfrey scored twenty-one and Edmunds thirty-two; Captain Porter who played very pretty cricket made twenty-eight; Mr. Stuart from whom we expected a lengthy score con-

tributed a *batak ka anda*; (which is a duck's egg disguised in the Hindoo language so as not to hurt his feelings). Mr. D'Aeth played a good though rather lucky inning for twenty-nine; and Mr. Eales, not out, was well set and had scored ten runs before he had to carry out his bat. Mr. Lloyd was far from well put himself in last and was so weak that he had had quite enough running before he was bowled for six. Total for Ranikhet 142.

Naini Tal's bowling was good though Mr. Billings was not up to his usual form, so they say, Major Richardson and Mr. Beale being both on the spot. Naini Tal went in but though their batting was very good they could not do much against the bowling of Godfrey and Staunton who, luckily for us were thoroughly on the spot and kept on untiredly both, Godfrey especially, bowling maiden over after maiden over up to the very end of the innings. For Naini Tal Captain Walker made a big score of forty-one playing good cricket and putting his runs together very quickly; Mr. Whympers one of their strong bats, looked as if he was in for a long score but was run out in a most unfortunate way; and four others of their team got into double figures. Total for Naini Tal 161. In the second innings Captain Porter and Mr. Stuart were at the wickets when the time for drawing arrived, Mr. Eales having been caught and Mr. D'Aeth having been stumped, he having upset himself on the ground beyond the crease. The band of the Bays played on the ground, and, in the cool of the evening, all the beauty and fashion strolled up and down by the Assembly Rooms and watched the cricket in a perfunctory sort of way. It was Derby Day, the race being run about dinner time and some enthusiasts agreed to set up and wait for the telegram giving the winner, which might be expected in the small hours. The enthusiasm however died out about midnight and Merry Hampton's victory was not known of until breakfast time next day.

Captain Porter who was in a rungetting mood kept putting on runs, when cricket was resumed on Thursday, and, playing very good cricket and giving no chances, made the big score of sixty-seven before Major Richardson bowled him. Godfrey; Staunton, who was playing much more steadily than in the first innings; and Mr. D'Aeth made the next highest scores, but with one exception the whole eleven ran into double figures. Naini Tal has 200 to make to win and it depended on our bowlers whether

we had a chance or not. An Oh! went up from the pavilion when the best bat of the Naini Tal eleven was clean bowled by Staunton for four and after that there was only one stand made, wicket after wicket falling to either Godfrey or Staunton. Ranikhet thus won the third event by 111 runs, principally owing to the excellent bowling of Godfrey and Staunton. One of the features of the game was a swarm of little native boys who established themselves by the Pavillion and took a keen interest in the game applauding every good hit and difficult ball. In the evening the Lieutenant Governor gave a Birthday ball at Government House. The full scores of the cricket match were as follows :

RANIKHET.

1st Innings		2nd Innings.	
Cpl Godfrey, c Dundas b Planck	21	c Tibbs b Richardson	38
Pte. Edmonds, c & b Billings	32	b Billings	10
Capt. Porter, b Whymper	28	b Richardson	67
Mr. Stuart, l.b.w. b Billings	0	b Richardson	17
Cpl Staunton, c Beale b Richardson	3	c & b Richardson	18
Mr. D'Aeth, b Beale	29	st Walker b Billings	18
Mr. Butler, c Planck b Whymper	2	c & b Richardson	15
Mr. Powell, b Beale	3	run out	7
Capt. Richardson, b Whymper	3	not out	2
Mr. Eales, not out	10	c Beale b Richardson	10
Mr. Lloyd, b Beale	6	b Richardson	13
Extras	5	Extras	10
Total	142	Total	225

NAINI TAL.

Dr. Planck, c Stuart b Godfrey	0	l.b.w. b Godfrey	17
Mr. Walker, c Lloyd b Staunton	41	b Staunton	4
Capt. Dundas, b Godfrey	18	b Godfrey	2
Major Sandeman, c & b Staunton	12	not out	0
Mr. Whymper, run out	1	b Godfrey	30
Major Garnett, b D'Aeth	6	b Godfrey	7
Mr. Billings, b Godfrey	12	b Godfrey	15
Mr. Beale, b Staunton	30	b Godfrey	6
Mr. Tibbs, b Godfrey	19	b Staunton	10
Capt. Thurston, not out	12	b Staunton	0
Major Richardson, c D'Aeth			
b Staunton	4	b Godfrey	0
Extras	6	Extras	4
Total	161	Total	95

On Friday two events had to be fought out. The Double lawn tennis and the boat race. In the tennis we sustained our first defeat, Capt. Porter and Mr. Stuart not being up to their opponents' form, though they made a very good fight, winning the first set and making the second set "five all." After this was decided and Naini Tal had rejoiced over their first turn of good fortune, all the world adjourned to the lake side—where the ladies dresses showed like

a flower border among the trees—to see the contest on which really hung the championship, for billiards and shooting were looked upon as certainties for Naini Tal. The Naini Talians had faith in their crew and were willing to back them for many gold mohurs while we, putting our faith in our muscular clerical stroke and the severe training he had put his crew through, were equally confident that our boat would be first between the flags and were ready to back our opinion. When the boats started the event was only a doubt for a few moments the Ranikhet crew took a lead at once and came in easy winners by about two lengths, which might easily have been made six as their opponents were in distress and splashing like a paddle wheel steamer. The lotteries for the next days gymkhana took place after dinner at the club and the Ranikhet owners had no difficulty in buying in their ponies cheaply as there was no great competition for them which as the next days racing showed was not astonishing.

Mr. Ross, one of the, if not the best shot in India, was acting as Captain; in the billiards, one of the Naini Tal champions was the redoubtable Mr. Billings. Captain Porter made a good score in the shooting, but one of our team distinguished himself by persistently missing the target at two hundred yards. Rather bad that for a Hythe marksman! The races in the afternoon were as most pony-races are, only interesting to those on the spot and there is no victory of a Ranikhet pony to record. The week finished with a big dinner given at the Club to the visitors whose healths were proposed by Mr. Ross, the Commissioner. Mr. Lloyd replied in befitting, if rather faltering terms, and the opposing factions shouted "for they are jolly good fellows" at each other. More speeches followed, the health of "The Ambassador" being drunk with enthusiasm while he himself was seized by his friends but whether they wished to chair him round the room or to throw him over the verandah it was hard to say, for an adjournment to the billiard-room stopped the ceremony. Capt. Porter and Mr. Eustace did their best for Ranikhet amid much encouragement and some levity, but the Naini Tal champions were too strong for them and won easily.

So ended the Naini Tal week during which we of Ranikhet received from all hands the greatest hospitality, a committee headed by Mr. Ross making every arrangement for our comfort and amusement.

GARRISON TEMPERANCE TEA MEETING.

On the 22nd inst., an amalgamated tea and entertainment was held in The Buffs' Theatre (by the kind permission of Lieut.-Colonel H. T. Halahan) in honour of Her Most Gracious Majesty's Jubilee, by representatives of no less than four Societies, viz.,

I.O.G.T.—Hope and Perseverance Lodge 104.

" Honor to Victory Lodge, 50

Regimental Temperance Society.

C.E.T.S., (Army Branch).

The room was beautifully decorated, under the able management of Sergt. A. Smith 17th Lancers and Pte. Croxson. The tables were spread, under the management of Sergt. E. Turner, between the hours of 6.30 and 8 p.m., and although great difficulty was experienced, on account of the small space of the building, everything turned out satisfactorily, and 200 members sat down and feasted on the best, the articles having previously been ordered from the Coffee-shop.

At 9.15 the hall was again crowded, an excellent programme having been drawn up, great delight being expressed by each individuals countenance as the musicians broke into a favourite selection. Shortly after, General Sir J. Hudson, K.C.B. was announced followed by Lieut.-Col. H. T. Halahan, and as each took their seats three loud ringing cheers were heartily given and pronounced welcome. Gen. Sir J. Hudson having previously consented to occupy the chair, caused our entertainment to prove more successful than we had at first anticipated, great attention being given as he addressed the audience concerning the evils of intemperance, and the good work that the various Temperance Societies had done to the Army at large. Moreover he informed us that Lady Hudson, who always took a deep interest in Temperance Societies and whose health would not allow her to be present with them, was a niece of Gen. Sir H. Havelock the hero of Cawnpore.

Major Newnham-Davis also added to our programme, a recitation entitled "The feather-bed Soldiers," which gained great applause.

The Rev. A. Stone was also in attendance.

Several other songs and recitations were given and eventually at 12 midnight, the evening's proceedings were brought to a close, the whole of the audience rising and singing with great spirit, the National Anthem, and departed to their respective bungalows entirely satisfied.

Regimental Items.

Brigadier General Sir J. Hudson, K.C.B., dined with the Officers of the Regiment on Wednesday the 13th inst.

The Regiment has been photographed by a representative of Messrs Lawrie and Co. of Naini Tal. The eight strong Companies were drawn up on the parade ground in quarter column—Officers and Colours to the front—the band moving up to the front of the leading Company, and the Staff Sergeants and Pioneers falling in on the left. The dress was white coats serge trousers and helmets. The photograph is stated to be a success.

QUADRILLE PARTY.

The Sergeants of the Battalion gave their first dance in Ranikhet on the 10th inst., and it turned out a very successful affair. Dancing commenced about 9.30 p.m. and was kept up with great vigour until 2 a.m. next morning. About 100 guests sat down to a very nice supper, provided under the able caterership of Col.-Sergt. Patterson. Everybody seemed to fully enjoy themselves, and are anxiously looking forward to the next Sergeants' "Hop."

Brevet Major Robert George Kekewich, from Supernumary Captain to be Captain *vice* H. T. Somerset. Dated 19th Feb., 1887.

Lieut.-Sergt. Woodward passed (in Singapore) the examination qualifying him for the rank of Color-Sergeant.

School certificates have been awarded to No. 1322, Pte. F. J. Cook, 270, Pte. H. Woods, 1232, Boy H. Hasler.

The undermentioned N.C. Officers and men have been transferred;—

Sergt.-Drmr. H. Lawrence to F Compy.

Sergt.-Mr. Tailor J. Connell to A "

Pioneer-Sergt. J. Green to E "

" B. Gates to B "

" T. Cheal to G "

Lieut.-Sergt. C. Martin to B "

Corpl. W. H. Smith to D "

" G. Cook to F "

" F. Staunton to A "

Pte. J. Kluckner to E "

TOMMY ATKINS.

(Continued).

This "sentry go," as he calls it, is no joke. For the whole two hours he must be marching up and down a beaten track about thirty yards long, with his rifle and fixed bayonet properly shouldered, or at the carry or if he chooses to stand still now and then, it must be strictly to attention, or correctly at ease. There is no sentry in the world as steady as Tommy Atkins. Although he has eight hours out of the twenty-four at this monotonous work, and the intervals he spends in lounging about on a form, or trying to snatch an odd hour's rest on the Guard-bed, which is simply a sloping wooden platform, and just about as soft and downy as a fishmonger's slab. A four poster however would be somewhat wasted upon him, seeing that during the twenty-four hours he is on no account allowed to take off any of his clothing or accoutrements, and a tightly buttoned tunic plentifully festooned with belts and pouches, is not exactly the sort of dress to go to bed in. When he comes off sentry he may put his rifle in the arm-rack, and take his shako off, but that's all. Altogether the guard-room is not, like Rosherville Gardens 'the place to spend a happy day in,' and I have often seen Tommy coming off guard looking very washed-out and worn. This duty comes round to him every sixth day or so, and 'takes it out' of Tommy more than any bad climates or hard work. The soldier ages very soon. Tommy Atkins at thirty invariably looks ten years older, and I have heard old experienced army doctors ascribe this principally to the sentry work at night.

Besides guard Tommy has manifold duties to fulfill. There are pickets and fatigues innumerable and he must take his turn of 'Mess Orderly,' help to draw rations in the morning take them to the cookhouse, bring them back again when cooked, &c. He must also assist in keeping his room clean, and the amount of scrubbing and rubbing and scraping, he is perpetually engaged in with this object can only be realised by a sight of his floor, tables, and benches, which are all snow-white as it is in the nature of wood to be. Not a speck of grease is to be seen anywhere when the officer goes round to inspect the rooms for so far as the discovery near the Barracks of Fuller's-earth, or a substitute for it, goes, Tommy is quite a geologist.

I recollect once in the Mediterranean accompanying some Turkish Officer round an English barrack and the tassel of each officer fez nearly stood straight on end with astonishment at the tables and forms. I could appreciate their feelings of amazement when, some months later, I beheld a Turkish soldiers barrack-room for the first time.

In every Company there are certain to be some public characters. The "handy man," the "swag," and the lawyer are generally the three. The "handy-man," is he who can build a rabbit-hutch, or dog-kennel out of nothing (Tommy is fond of pets), cut hair, splice a bat, make a draught board out of—to use an unavoidable figure catachresis—scraps of coloured cloth, make a bird-cage out of an old tin canteen, in short, if he were to give his mind to it, I am not certain that he could not falsify the proverb on the impossibility of making a purse out of a sow's ear. That he will ever bring his ingenious mind to bear on the attempt is improbable, for Tommy has not much use for purses. The "wag" must be able to sing a song, tell a good story, be possessed of "cheek" and a rough-and-ready sort of wit, and have a plentiful stock of good humour. or he will soon be deposed. The "lawyer" is the man who always has a complaint to make to his Officer, who always disputes his accounts, who always thinks he is being put upon.

He is generally better educated than his fellows and has probably been a clerk in a small way; he possesses that little knowledge which is a dangerous thing, and generally ends badly. The handy-man has many friends the wag many admirers, the lawyer neither the one nor the other.

(To be continued).

THE POND LILLY MINSTRELS.

Our regimental troupe of darkies, who have adopted the above name, gave their second performance on the 21st in the theatre. They have made a great step in advance since their aboard-ship appearance, but, while patting them on the back for the progress they have made, we must also point out that there is still much for them to do before they arrive at that pitch of perfection which they will no doubt eventually attain. The performance was too long, for the curtain did not finally come down until between midnight at one o'clock, and in the second part, there were some long waits which tired the audience's temper. Some of the sentimental vocalists were so sentimental that they could not be heard in the body of the hall and the end men were not always over certain of the words of their songs. Now, having finished the unpleasant task of finding fault, we can go on to give praise to what was good in the entertainment. The comic songs, without exception, were well sung, "Oh Susannah," "Sound dat Barnjo," "Sally with the coal black eyes," "Linda Love," "Kitty with the buckles on her shoes," and "Mister Coon," all went excellently with the audience, and the choruses of both the comic and sentimental songs were capitally sung, a proof that they had been well and carefully practised. When the sentimental vocalists make up their minds to get rid of their nervousness and sing out with feeling and spirit they will, no doubt, be entitled to as much praise as their comic brethren. The songs given to them were all very pretty and some of them showed that the singers had good voices. "Come where the Tangled Beeches grow" seemed to be a special favourite with the audience and rightly so. It was well sung. We trust that our sentimental singers will not be discouraged by our remarks, for they have got the talent in them, each and all, to make their songs triumphant successes, but they must let that talent come out.

The band was in every way efficient; and a word of thanks and praise is due to Mr. Birkhead for the time and talent he has given to transcribing the music for the band parts. The

musical portion of the regiment is fortunate in having a bandmaster who so thoroughly takes his share in all our entertainments. The jokes and dialogues all went well and we were glad to see that those licensed jesters the corner men kept their spirits under control while the sentimental songs were being sung. The first part concluded with a comic sketch of a journey by a Pullman car finishing up with a collision and general smash up. Four step dancers opened the second part. Attired in red plush they danced so well that the audience insisted on their doing a second turn, which was only terminated by the fifer's breath giving out. The Ranikhet Jubilee Guard next appeared and apparently went through a general's inspection, a very searching one too, to judge from the way they prodded each other all over with every kind of weapon of war. They were a very awe-inspiring force and showed their dauntless courage by being knocked about without showing any symptoms of pain. Box and Cox, a black version of the time honoured farce, was the concluding item; and it served its purpose, for it sent the audience away in a good temper. All the three performers, fearfully and wonderfully attired, were good in their parts and the little skit went off briskly.

On the whole the Pond Lillies are to be congratulated on a successful performance over which time, money and care, had been spent, and which was such a decided advance on their initial performance, that, if they only keep on improving as quickly, they will soon be as perfect as even their energetic organiser and principal Bones could wish them to be.

GENERALS' INSPECTION.

During the past month General Sir J. Hudson has continued his inspection, giving a separate morning to each subject. The Battalion was exercised in attacking a position, in outpost duty, in musketry, and in the usual drill on parade. After the drill Sir J. Hudson drew the Battalion up into quarter column, and in a short speech expressed his warm approval of the conduct of the Battalion, laying especial stress on the good behaviour and willingness of the men. This high praise is the more gratifying as coming from so thoroughly practical a soldier as our present General.

Cricket.

OFFICERS v. SERGEANTS.

The annual match between the Officers and Sergeants came off on the 9th inst., and resulted in an easy win for the Officers, who, no doubt, have the best team they have had for years. The Sergeants have about the worst team we have seen for a long while, and their chance for the shield in 1887 stands at very long odds. The hospitality of the Officers, was again to the fore, and all did ample justice to a good tiffin.

SERGEANTS.

1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
Lt. Sgt. Brain, c Booth b Bell	5	not out	22
Bd.-Sgt. Steele, c D'Aeth b Bell	0	st Porter b Stuart	2
C-S. Nicholas, b Bell	12	run out	4
Q.-M. Sgt. Cumber, b D'Aeth	4	c D'Aeth b Porter	3
Sergt. Bovenzer, b Bell	0	run out	1
Sgt.-Major Cook, b Bell	0	b Stuart	1
Sergt. Brewin, b Bell	2	c Lloyd b Porter	0
" Eaton, st Eales b Bell	6	c Daughish b Porter	8
Schl.-Mr. Whittle, b D'Aeth	1	b Stuart	0
Cr-Sgt. Patterson, b D'Aeth	1	b Porter	7
Sergt. Watkins, b D'Aeth	0	c Stuart b Bell	3
Cr-Sergt. Andrews, not out	0	run out	1
Extras	3	Extras	13
Total	34	Total	65

OFFICERS

Lieut. Booth, b Nicholas	1
" Hunter, b Nicholas	0
Capt. Allen, b Nicholas	3
Lieut. Annesley, b Cumber	1
" Bell, l.b.w. b Nicholas	0
" Eales, c Watkins b Nicholas	60
" Bayard, c Nicholas, b Cumber	20
" Stuart, b Cumber	21
" D'Aeth, b Whittle	10
" Daughish, not out	20
Capt. Porter, b Cumber	0
Lieut. Lloyd, st Watkins, b Cumber	0
Extras	19

Total 155

D COMPANY THE BUFFS v. D COMPANY SCOTTISH RIFLES.

Two matches have been played between D Company of our's and the same letter of the Scottish Rifles. In both we were victorious—they were played on our ground which should give us an advantage—but, on the second occasion by only one run. The matches were of a very friendly and festive description; The Buffs on the first occasion entertaining their visitors, and the Scottish Rifles returning the compliment when playing the second match. The scores were as follows:—

FIRST MATCH.

"D" COMPANY, SCOTTISH RIFLES.

te. Gardiner, b Manvill	0	s Davies b Manvill	0
„ McDonald, c Hills	0	b Davies	8
„ Emery, b Pennells	14	not out	25
„ Donaldson, c Pennells			
b Manvill	2	not out	14
„ Clunie, run out b Manvil	9		
„ Bowler, b Davies	12		
„ Quinn, c Howarth b Davies	3		
„ Hawison, c Davies b Beck	7		
„ Reid, c Howarth b Davies	4		
„ Smith, not out	1		
Lc Corpl. Cameron, b Davies...	0		
Extras	4		
Total	56	Total	47

"D" COMPANY, THE BUFFS

Pte. Beck, c Donaldson b McDonald	15
„ Price, b Emery	0
„ Goodings, h wicket b McDonald	5
Lc-Corpl. Davies, b Bowler	36
Pte. Pennells, c Reid, b McDonald	3
Dr. Manvill, b Bowler	2
„ Piper, h wicket b Bowler	0
Lc-Corpl. Strike, b Emery	0
Pte. Howarth, not out	21
„ Hills, run out b Bowler	0
„ Simmons, b Clunie	14
Extras	20
Total	116

SECOND MATCH.

"D" COMPANY SCOTTISH RIFLES.

1st Innings.

Pell, b Pennells	7
Bowles, run out Pennells	4
McDonald, b Manvill	5
McDonald, s Howarth, b Pennells	1
Lt. Blackburn, l.b.w. b Pennells	7
Horsburgh, c Hills, b Beck	12
Mould, c Hills, b Beck	12
Emery, b Beck	7
Archer, b Davies	0
Stockey, not out	5
Lt. McFarlane, run out	1
Extras	14
Total	75

2nd Innings.

b Davies	9
b Beck	6
c Price b Manville	8
not out	4
b Davies	0
b Davies	6
c Beck b Davies	8
c Beck b Davies	5
b Davies	0
b Beck	15
c Hill b Davies	0
Extras	5
Total	66

"D" COMPANY THE BUFFS.

Corpl. Davies, b Bell	10	c Stockey	9
Pte. Pennells, b Mould	15		
Lt. Stuart, b Mould	5	not out	5
Pte. Beck, run out	7		
„ Simmons, b Mould	2		
„ Price, l.b.w. b Horseburgh	4		
„ Howarth, b Horseburgh	10		
„ Vickers, b Horseburgh	0		
„ Mephram, not out	7		
„ Manvill, st Archer b Mould	0		
„ Hills, b Mould	0		
Extras	16	Extras	8
Total	76	Total	22

C COMPANY THE BUFFS v. C COMPANY SCOTTISH RIFLES.

This match was played on the 11th inst., and resulted in an easy win for the visitors. Pte. Malloy batted well for 101, and deserves great praise.

After the first innings all adjourned to one of The Buffs' bungalow, where a good dinner was awaiting the players, and they evidently enjoyed themselves so well that they quite forgot to turn out again and go on with the match.

C COMPANY THE BUFFS.

Pte S. Johnson, b Stanton	9
„ A. Golder, b Malloy	4
Mr. C. Whittle, b „	0
Pte. A. Beeden, b „	0
„ A. Paterson b „	3
„ J. Gardner, c Roper b Stanton	4
„ C. Marshall, stumped Malloy	0
„ A. Taylor, b Stanton	2
Sergt. G. Brain, stumped Stanton b Malloy	4
Pte. J. Reynolds, b. Malloy	2
„ H. Goble, not out	1
Extras	10
Total	39

C COMPANY SCOTTISH RIFLES.

Pte McShene, stumped Gardiner	3
„ Penn, b Patterson	6
Lce-Corpl. Stanton, c Schl-Master Whittle	33
Lieut. Robinson, b Marshall	13
Pte Randall, b Marshall	11
„ Malloy, c Golder	101
„ Lynch, b Beeden	10
Sergt Patterson, c Schl-Mr. Whittle	19
Sergt. Lonie, b Gardiner	26
Pte. McGrath, b Whittle	8
Pte. Roper, not out b Whittle	3
Extras	26
Total	259

It would be as well if our cricketers would not persist in wearing spikes and ammunition boots with tips and nails when playing matches, as the matting will not stand such rough usage, and it is a matter of great difficulty to get it repaired at an elevation of 6000 feet. We hear the Regimental police have orders on the subject but this we are sure is a shave.

CHESS PROBLEMS.

4. White.—K. at Q Square; Q. at Q. B 8; R. at Q. B 5; and K. Kt. 4; B. at Q. Kt. 8; Kt. at K. R. 7; P. at K. B. 3. 7 Pieces.

Black.—K. at K. 4; B. at K. B. 5; P. at Q; Q. 4; Q. 7; and K. Kt. 4. 6 pieces. White to play & mate in 2 moves

5. White.—K. at K. R. 5; Q. at K. 4; B. at Q. Square; B. at K. B. 6; Kt. at Q. 5; Kt. at K. B. 5; P. at K. R. 7; 7 pieces.

Black.—K. at K. 3; R. at K. Square; B. at Q. Kt. 7; Kt. at Q. B Square; P. at K. B. 2. 8 pieces.

White to play and mate in two moves.

LOPEZ.

THE BUFF AND THE BLUE.

Others may vaunt of the deeds they have done,
Of desperate skirmish and battle won,
But each breeze that stirs our Colours' fold
Shows our history blazoned in words of gold;
For ever the first in the red fights fore,
Were the gallant Buffs in the days of yore.

Then here's to The Buff and the Blue!
Loyal and trusty and true.

We take as our toast
The Colours we boast.

Here's to The Buff and the Blue!

Red ran the Danube's flood that night,
When at Blenheim we crushed the Frenchman's
might,

And the stricken Spaniard dared to hope,
When we crested Albuhera's slope.

Desert and jungle and Russian steppe,
Records all of our glory keep.

Then here's to The Buff and the Blue!
&c.

And when the bugle bids us form,
And march to meet the coming storm,
We'll pray for hearts as true and bold,
As those that beat in The Buffs of old,
And strive an honour to add to a name
Never yet soiled on the scroll of fame.

Then here's to The Buff and the Blue!
&c.

Varieties.

ALARMS AND EXCURSIONS.

Diary of a Private of The Buffs.

9 p.m.—To bed very tired, want a long nights' rest.

9.30 p.m.—Grass fire reported near Brewery, Company turned out.

11.30 p.m.—Fire put out; to bed again.

11.40 p.m.—Grass fire reported near Commandant's house, Company turned out.

1 a.m.—Fire out. To bed at last.

1.15 a.m.—Grass fire reported near Rustomjee's shop, Company turned out.

3.45 a.m.—Fire out. Bill Smith tells me there is a fire near Company's bungalow, so double up there smart. Find that there is one—in the fire-place. Punch Bill's head and to bed for an hour before Reveille.

BLACKEE'S REBUKE.—A black man proceeding along one of the fashionable streets of the metropolis at the west end, was saluted with the sound of how do you do Blackee,—how do Snowball? he turned round in anger, but on perceiving a parrot he said, ah, ah, you grow rich now,—have a fine golden house of your own,—insult poor man, but I know yourfader when he libbed in a bush—mind dat, and keep a cibil tongue.

MONEY'S WORK.—A soldier, having retired from the service, thought to raise a few pounds by writing his adventures. Having completed the manuscript, he offered it to a bookseller for forty pounds. It was a very small volume, and the bookseller was much surprised at his demand. "My good sir," replied the author, "as a soldier I have always resolved to *sell my life as dearly as possible*."

A READY RECKONER.—The Duke of Wellington, when Premier, was the terror of the idlers in Downing Street. On one occasion when the Treasury clerks told him that some required mode of making up the accounts was impracticable, they were met with the curt reply: "Never mind, if you can't do it, I'll send you half-a-dozen *pay-sergeants* that will"—a hint that they did not fail to take.

A POSER.—A Lecturer, wishing to explain to a little girl the manner in which a lobster casts his shell when he has outgrown it, said, "what do you do when you have outgrown your clothes? you throw them aside, don't you?" "Oh, no?" replied the little one, "we let out the tucks!" The doctor confessed she had the advantage of him there.

ANSWER TO ACROSTIC.

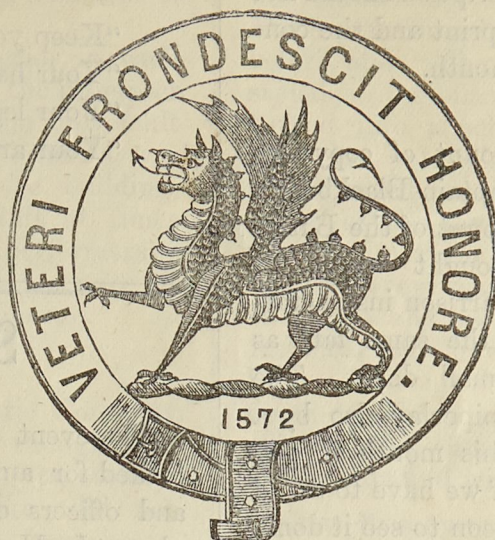
B	R	I	C	-	A	-	B	R	A	C		
R					O	T	U	N	D	O		
A					D	I	E			U		
V					A	L	O	U		R		
E					U	R	E	K		A		
R					E	A	D	I	N	G		
Y					U	L	E	-	T	I	D	E

Correct answers were received from "Kate," "Abe," "Dutchy" "Eques." and "Nanti."

Printed for the EDITOR, by TARA DUTT, at the "Station Printing Press," Ranikhet.

THE DRAGON.

EAST KENT



CHRONICLE

A Paper for the Men of The Buffs.

No. 7

Ranikhet, July 31st, 1887.

Price 2 Annas.

Domestic Occurences.

BIRTH.

MARSHALL.—At Ranikhet, 15th July 1887, the wife of Color Sergeant Marshall of a daughter.

DEATH.

MATTHEWS.—At Ranikhet, on the 19th instant, No. 1483 Pte. William Matthews, H. Coy. of "Hepatitis."

(It is requested that domestic occurrences may be reported as soon as possible by all who belong to The Buffs, whether subscribers or not).

Notes.

"Steady The Buffs!" still remains an unsolved problem. No correspondent has come to the front, but we have been informed verbally that the incident—whatever it may be—that gave rise to it, occurred at Vimiera, at Albuhera, at Punniar, in the Crimea, at a review in Hyde Park, when the regiment

was advancing, when the regiment was retiring, and on a variety of other occasions. The origin of the sentence is certainly a matter of interest to us, so perhaps The Army and Navy Gazette or one of the other military papers, will be kind enough to ask the question for us through their widely circulated columns.

Our poetical competition has produced three contributions from the Regiment and one from the Standing Camp (which we are very pleased to receive, but which, as the writer knows, cannot be admitted into competition). We consider of the three, "Sheepskin's" to be the best and accordingly award the prize to the said Sheepskin, Private J. Cullen of the Drums, whose poem, with, we hope, space permitting, the others as well, will be found on another page.

Our competition next month will be a prosaic one, an ordinary day out of our life here, and as such treated in plain prose. A prize of five rupees will be given for the best description of an ordinary day (its work and amusement)

spent in Ranikhet. The description should not take up more than a page in print and the conditions are the same as last month.

Last month a certain amount of copy was unavoidably crowded out; Captain Blackburn's travels in Japan and an account of the Battle of Blenheim, which we thought would be certain to bring an offer of a garrison instructorship to the editor, sharing the same fate as cricket matches and such small deer. The recipe for making the Buff pipeclay also by a blunder was omitted, but this month it *will* appear in another column if we have to stand over the printer with a bludgeon to see it done. We have also to apologise for the numerous printer's errors, words coming out in a sentence that the writer certainly had never put there and in one case a whole sentence being omitted. Our chess editor was especially hardly used in this respect. In this, as in other matters, our readers must bear with us remembering that at this out of the way place it is very difficult to get a paper out at all.

Sergt. Watkins' pack did not turn out as strongly as we expected (especially after our stern reproof of the lazy ones) for their paper chase on the 7th. Nearly all the young officers had announced their intention of running but when the hounds met they were not forthcoming. We can only wish Sergt. Watkins a better field next time and advise him not to let previous disappointments interfere with his well doing.

Correspondence.

Correspondence or Articles intended for insertion must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence &c. The name of the writer will not be published, any "nom-de-plume" can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

SIR,

Having read with interest "Eques" notes on Horsemanship I beg to offer the fol-

lowing "Ancient Aids" for "sticking" on.—

"Keep your head and your heart well-up,
"Your hands and feet well down,
"Your legs close to your horse's side,
"Your arms close to your own."

Your obedient servant,
"Ubique."

Station News.

The event of the month has been the long looked for amateur performance, by the ladies and officers of the garrison, of the two little plays "In Honour Bound" and "Uncle's Will." In "In Honour Bound" Sidney Grundy has struck a graver note than is usual in one act pieces and this made the little comedy contrast with the light rattle of the comedietta to the advantage of both pieces. In the comedy Mrs. Stewart played Lady Carlyon, (a character which has the disadvantage of being pitched throughout in a minor key with no relief of brightness) with most commendable earnestness, and in the concluding scenes, with Sir George Carlyon and Philip, showed considerable power. With practice Mrs. Stewart should develop into that *rara avis* among amateurs, a good emotional actress. Rose Dalrymple was brightly and pleasantly played by Mrs. Fletcher who got all that was possible out of her comparatively small opportunities and by her light comedy brought into the necessary relief the more serious portions of the play. Philip Graham is a character which it is hard to win any sympathy for, but Mr Butler did all that was possible for it, being thoroughly manly and in earnest throughout. Major Newnham-Davis was the Sir George Carlyon of the cast.

"Uncle's Will" was rattled through by Cpat. Archdale as Charles, and Mrs. Ward as Florence Marigold. Captain Archdale was particularly easy and natural as the good tempered sailor, while Mrs. Ward carried her audience thoroughly with her, scoring point after point by her repartee. Mr. Lloyd was an excellent Barker.

After both pieces the curtain had to be raised and all the ladies received a shower of bouquets.

The sets for both plays, an interior in each case, were very pretty, the voice of the prompter was not heard in the land, and the only fault that could be found with the performance was that the acoustic properties of the building, which are very bad, made it difficult at times to catch the voices of some of the performers.

A dog in the audience lifted up his voice at a critical moment during the first piece.

The Crofton and Ferrell Dramatic Company played for a week to good houses, though with the exception of the two last nights, society, which is rather hermit crab-like, did not turn out of its shell to fill the front seats. Pygmalion and Galatea, David Garrick, East Lynn, The Private Secretary, and Plot and Passion, formed the weeks bill of fare. Mr. Crofton distinguished himself in Southern's old part of "little Davy" and as the revengeful Desmarests; the old uncle in the Private Sec., Chrysos, and Ingot, showed Mr. Ferrell to be an excellent low comedian and Miss Blaine by her good looks and powerful acting made herself a great favourite with her audience, playing characters as widely different as Madame de Fountanges and the ill treated private secretary. By the way why did every body laugh when the secretary was addressed as IT? Our amateurs gave efficient assistance in all the pieces; Mrs. Whittle making a charming Myrine; Messrs. Parselle and Haley scoring in David Garrick; Mr. Parselle again coming to the front as Archibald Carlyle—for which part he sacrificed his beard; Mr. Whittle making a venerable looking Squire Marsland; and Major Newnham-Davis appearing as the head bobby of the First Empire in Plot and Passion, Lieut. Lloyd being the real live prince who comes in at the end, and Haley the gruff Grisbouille.

The dances of the month have been; one given by The Garrison Class when a Polka-Lancers was introduced with great effect; one given by The Buffs when a cotillion was the chief attraction, and a subscription dance given in honour of the Garrison Class which for some of the guests, who did not like to venture home in the thunder-storm, proved an all-night sitting.

The first of a promised series of gymkhanas was successfully carried out on Friday 15th. Much practising had gone on for several days before, and "The Champs de Mars," as it was styled in the official programme, having been turned into a schooling field, ponies, from the high class polo player down to the bazaar tat, might have been seen refusing the jumps at all hours of the day, one officer's runaway pony taking him right over the khud. The races were in every way successful, there were only two falls and no bones broken. The Buff Athletes some how or another were not in good form. The supporters of the canteen put this down to their becoming tea-totalers but the effect of the climate is the more likely cause. The events and winners were as follows:

QUARTER MILE (foot race)

Won by Corpl. Belton, "Leicester Regt."

JUMPING COMPETITION

Won by Mr. Bradley's Chestnut.

ONE MILE (foot race)

Won by Pte. Perry "Scottish Rifles."

VETERAN'S RACE

Won by Pte. Dumphy, "Leinsters."

TENT PEGGING

Won by Lieut. Lloyd, The Buffs.

TROTTING RACE

Won by Lieut. Portal's (17th Lancers) Quicksilver

BOYS' RACE

Won by Hammond, The Buffs.

GIRLS' RACE

Won by Miss Downs (R.A.)

LEMON CUTTING

Won by Lieut. Henderson, "8th Hussars."

TUG OF WAR

Won by Standing Camp.

Corpl. Reynolds was second in the quarter, Sergt. Watkins held the same place in the mile, and Gilbert ditto in the veteran's race. The left half battalion made a good fight against the Standing Camp in the tug of war.

Still more theatricals. Sergt.-Major Usmar encouraged by the success of Black-eyed Susan intends to produce another burlesque; which its name is Ali Baba.

On the 28th a successful concert was given in the regimental Theatre in aid of a charity. The audience were most enthusiastic and, being determined to get their money's worth, encored every item in the programme from first to last. The programme fortunately had been arranged with a view to the chance of some

encores being demanded and so the audience were not kept very late. Mrs. Ward and Mrs. Bayard and Miss Hudson sang, Miss Pemberton played, General Sir J. Hudson, the Rev. A. Stone, and Capt. Richardson were the songsters of the sterner sex, Colonel Ward played a solo on the horn and Major Newnham-Davis recited. Captain Ringwood and Mr. Lloyd introduced the comic element into the proceedings by their songs in character.

—o—

CHAUBUTTIA CHAT.

The mantle of Jupiter Pluvius has fallen, and we are now in that delightfully muggy condition under which the squeaking-jennies chirp and the fish-insects hold high holiday. Some one of your correspondents ventures to hope that the advent of the monsoon would signalise the departure of those sworn enemies of literature and art, classified under the latter title: it is presumed that the inroads on his books, pictures, under-clothing, &c., have since led him to ponder on the futility of irrational trust.

Have you remarked the crowds of native tourists wending their way Chaubuttiward? They come a-foot, a-basket, a-charpoy, a-donkey, and by various other means of fashionable transport. The gambling-school at the "Joss-house" thrives, and the mità-wàlà contemplates the possession of a shanty in the Suddur sometime in the dim future. Here and there, on the cart-road, may be seen a happy pilgrim resting on his haunches, and apparently intent on gazing at that invisible nothing to which photographers and drill-instructors are so fond of inviting attention.

Well, Binks at last made the surprising discovery that idle curiosity draws the crowds of gazers, the grand object of their journey being a glance at the new fence which now graces the off-side of the cart-road.

Among the numerous Jubilee erections this deserves a prominent place; about its "lastingness," some have ventured to express a doubt having observed the "pahari-log" taking stock of the material, and evidently chuckling over the ever-ready supply of fuel for winter consumption. The actual object of the construction is not yet published but Jinks reports that it is intended as a safe-guard during the exciting races between Rustomjee's bullocks and Parvion's mules.

We have had a tournament between representatives from the Corporals and Lee-Corpls. of the "Scottish Rifles." The events may be classified:—

1. *Athletic*:—Cricket, Foot-ball, Long-jump, Hop-step and jump, Shot-throwing and Tug-of-war.
2. *Calculative*:—Shooting, Quoits, Skittles, Dominoes, Draughts, "Checks," Whist, Cribbage, and the everlasting 25's.
3. *Invertive*:—Conundrums.
4. *Musical*:—Song-singing,—no song to have more than 100 verses.

The idea was capitally carried out and showed that the Corporals were superior in the mental contests, while their single-stripe friends preponderated in muscle. As it is well-known that there are some embryo Wellingtons and Wolseleys among the Corporals, the result was scarcely surprising.

Binks chuckles over one of the conundrums given by a patriotic Corporal. What do you think of it? Why is Russia like a girl, bare-headed, in the hot sun? Do you guv it up? Because she wants her 'at (Herat).

Memo:—Are the old days of the fiddle and hornpipe gone for ever? Why then was the step-dance omitted?

The Officers and Sergeants "Scottish Rifles" have met on the Rifle-range and quoit-ground and in both contests the latter "took the belt" The shooting affair was a foregone conclusion though the Sergeants' team could scarcely be termed "representative." The terms were:—Teams of ten, two ranges, ten rounds at each range, Regulation Target.

R E S U L T.

	200 yards.	500 yards.	Total.
Officers ...	219	149	368
Sergeants ...	258	197	455

Sergeants won by points 87

The best scores were:—

Officers:—Lieut. and Adj. Curzon (57)
Lieut. Guise (54) Lieut. Foster (52)
Lieut. Blackburn (49).

Sergeants:—Sergt. Williams (61) Sergt. Neil (58) Sergt. Young (56) Sergt. Titman (56).

The Quoit-match with six on each side brought out some good all-round play, more particularly in the final sets in which Major Laye and Lieut. Curzon pitched against Sergts. Sullivan and Straiton. The pitch of Sergeant

Sullivan was so "deadly" accurate through the contest that his supporters were inclined to give long-odds in his favour, but they certainly did not expect to see him knock the pin time after time as he did. The teams were;—

Officers:—Major Laye, Lts. Curzon, Coombe, Guise, Smith, and Thornton.

Sergeants:—Williams, Hoston, Lonie, Gould, Sullivan and Straiton.

Binks has developed the Dramatic strut and has become intolerable in his endeavour to "pun" on every possible and impossible occasion. He is collecting all the broken crockery and ridiculous garments within reach, practises daily flip-flaps into an empty tub, and consumes cold mutton against time; all this he terms farce-business. Don't expect, therefore, to hear weighty maxims or measured phrases on our Classic Boards for some time. Jinks reports that the '*mise en scène*' is progressing wonderfully: if we believe all he says the affair, whatever its shape, will be of surpassing splendour.

Travellers' Notes.

A TRIP OVER UNBEATEN TRACKS IN JAPAN.

BY CAPTAIN H. BLACKBURN.

Continued.

From Kumamoto I walked to Mûke, about 36 miles, where Mr. Yomo the manager of the coal mines, put me up. These mines, which extend over a good many square miles of country, are worked just like any coal mine at home.

From Mûke I had three days' march to Hakata, where I stayed a couple of days. There are two towns here on the two banks of the river, viz., Hakata, a modern commercial town, and Fukuoka an old town with a castle. Fukuoka seems to be mainly inhabited by soldiers, school-boys and officials. At Hakata I saw about three acts of a Japanese play. A Japanese play, I am informed, usually begins at 9 in the morning and lasts till about midnight, giving the whole life and adventures of some hero of ancient history. The audience come prepared for a whole day sitting and encamp in the house.

The auditorium consists of a pit and a gallery partitioned off into a number of pens, each of which is capable of seating about six people.

One of these pens is the unit for which tickets are given.

The stage is square, with a circular turn-table in the centre. This turn-table has a partition across the middle. Thus, while one scene is being acted, the stage is being dressed for the next scene at the back. When the scene is to be changed the turn-table is turned round, carrying with it the actors who continue acting as long as they remain in sight of the audience. The new scene brings in its actors with it who commence acting as soon as they come in sight. While the table is being turned the scenery at the wings is changed. In addition to the usual entrances there is a kind of bridge running through the pit, by which persons supposed to come from a distance enter, walking right through the audience.

Each of the principal characters has his own prompter dressed in a black gown and hood, who crouches behind him as much out of sight as possible. When it grows dark the prompters are furnished with lanterns at the end of long sticks to light up their characters.

When I came in, the scene was the sea shore with a Daimio (*i.e.*, a Japanese nobleman) walking about in great agitation, as I don't know the gentleman's name we will call him A. Enter to him two fishermen. After some talk the fishermen undress and jump into the sea with a net. Presently they come out dragging their net with something heavy in it, which turns out to be another gentleman whom we will call B. They set to work to bring him to life but without effect till they light a fire and begin toasting him when he begins to come to and is violently sick, to the great delight of the audience. Eventually he is supported off the stage. The next scene shows us B dressed as a peasant, living in the fishermen's cottage and helping them to twist ropes. Exit the fishermen. B takes a broom and begins sweeping up the house, talking to himself, apparently to the effect that he would be better employed with a sword than a broom, for he begins fencing with it as with a two handed sword. During this, enter a man dressed as a servant, and getting in the way of the broom is knocked down. B picks him up and apparently recognises him as a servant of his own, for he begins rubbing his bruises, and the two enter into conversation. The conversation becomes very animated and B constantly forgets what he is about and emphasises his remarks by thumping the servant on the head with his fist. Eventual

ly B goes off by the exit through the pit taking the broomstick with him and followed by his servant.

The next scene is in the house of a third Daimio whom we will call C. C is seated among his retainers. Various people enter and have fencing matches with wooden swords. At last a young gentleman whom we will call D enters and challenges C to fence. C fences with him but will not use any weapon but his fan, with which he defeats D. Then enter from the back of the pit, B and his servant. B still in peasant's dress, with his broomstick, challenges C to fight. C tells off one of his retainers to him, B with his broomstick and the retainer with two wooden swords. The retainer finally gets such a thrashing that he remains sitting on the floor and takes no further interest in the proceedings. Now C seems to think B is worth fighting with, so he takes a long wooden spear and proceeds to fight with him. After a long struggle, C is left in a heap on the floor. Then B and his servant go off.

Next scene is at A's house. A discovered talking to two ladies. Enter to him B in his proper dress as a gentleman, and D. This & the next scene or two are occupied in the delivery of letters between A and C, and finally, the scene being A's house again, on the receipt of a letter from C. A, B, D and their retainers arm themselves and set off across the bridge. The ladies left by themselves begin discussing the business, when a picture hanging on the wall catches fire, apparently by spontaneous combustion. The ladies show great alarm at this, and the scene changes to C's house. Enter across the bridge, A, B, D and retainers, and are met in the wings by C and his people with drawn swords and driven back on the stage. Finally A's party are all killed or disabled and the scene changes back to A's house where the ladies are discovered sitting as we left them. Enter a messenger across the bridge, with a lantern in one hand and a spear in the other and produces a letter. B's servant is called in to read the letter by the light of the messenger's lantern, but the messenger goes stumping up and down the stage in a wild state of excitement talking hard the whole time and the servant after following him round vainly trying to read the letter at last snatches the lantern from him and reads it. Then one of the ladies dictates an answer while the other fetches a fresh pair of sandals and leggings for the messenger who in his hurry ties the sandals on

his legs and the leggings on his feet and rushes off. The two ladies arm themselves with halberds and follow him. Here the act ended and as it was getting late I did not wait for the next act.—(*To be continued*).

Our Honours.—Blenheim.

In talking or writing about the old battles fought and won by the men who went before us, we must remember the very different circumstances under which they marched, drilled, and fought.

When Marlborough and Eugene won Blenheim, there were no long sighted rifles or range finders and any General who would have proposed to deliver an attack in loose formation would have been looked upon as a maniac. Instead of having to take shelter at about a mile from the enemies' position, the men of those days marched up in solid formation until they could see the whites of each others eyes, and then fired away at each other as fast as they could bite their cartridges and discharge their clumsy flint locks, until one side or the other broke and ran. And to the credit of the British be it said, it was generally the other side that did the running.

To come to the battle. On the 13th. August, 1704, Marlborough and Prince Eugene, who held joint command of an army composed of Englishmen, Dutchmen, Hanoverians, Danes, Wurtembergers, and Austrians, advanced with the intention of attacking the Franco-Bavarian army under the command of Marshal Tallard, the Elector of Bavaria, and General Marsin.

The field of battle lay in the valley of the Danube. On the left of the English force the river itself ran in a deep channel, in front a little stream, called the Nebel, flowed through an almost impassable marsh, while the right rested on hilly, broken, and wooded country.

It will be seen that the force which attacked the other would do so under great disadvantages for the army which stood on the defensive had its flanks resting on natural obstacles and its front protected by the Morass.

Marlborough fully appreciated the danger he ran in attacking an army superior to himself in numbers,—for the French had 56,000 men to the English 52,000,—in such a position, but trusting in the valour of his troops and his own genius, he resolved to make the attempt. The left of the army he commanded in person giving

the place of honour on the right to Prince Eugene.

With the true instinct of a great general, Marlborough had seen at once the weak point of the enemies' defence and made his dispositions to profit by it to the utmost. The fault the French had made was this. Their two flanks rested on two villages, Blenheim which was opposite the English left, and Sutzingen which faced their right. These villages they expected would be the points attacked and therefore fortified them as best as they could, and concentrated their infantry there, leaving their centre, which they considered covered by an impassable marsh, to be defended only by Cavalry.

Marlborough's plan was to engage both their flanks and then passing the marsh to crush their centre. The battle was very late in beginning for Prince Eugene met with so many hindrances and difficulties in taking up his position on the right that he was not ready to commence the fight before one o'clock.

While Eugene, slowly and under a hot cannonade, made his dispositions for the attack, Marlborough, after prayers had been offered up at the head of each regiment, placed his troops in position. The Cavalry, with which he intended to break the enemy's centre, were placed between two protecting lines of infantry, while the troops for the attack of Blenheim he formed up in six lines, four of infantry and two of cavalry. Among the regiments selected for this desperate service were The Buffs, then known as Prince George of Denmark's Regiment, under Colonel Churchill, the men of which by furnishing the forlorn hope at Schellenberg had lately given proof of most undaunted courage.

Dressed in big skirted red coats turned back with buff, buff waistcoats and knee breeches, buckled shoes and sugar loaf caps, these veterans of half a dozen campaigns were among the most reliable and trusted of Marlborough's troops.

At one o'clock the signal for the assault was given, and how desperate that assault was, Coxe's description of it will show.

"At one the attack on Blenheim commenced. The troops selected for this service inclined to the right and descending to the bank of the Nebel took possession of the two mills under a heavy fire of grape. Having effected their purpose, they drew up on the further bank where they were covered by the rising slips of ground. They then deliberately advanced towards the enclosures, and at the distance of thirty paces

received the first discharge of the enemy. Many brave officers and soldiers fell; but the gallant General Rowe, who commanded the leading brigade, stuck his sword into the pallisades before he gave the word to fire. In a few minutes, one third of the troops composing the first line were either killed or wounded, and all efforts to force their way against an enemy superior in number and advantageously posted, were ineffectual. General Rowe himself was mortally wounded by a musket ball."

Four times was Blenheim unsuccessfully assaulted, the troops, though harrassed by cavalry on the flank, and swept by grape shot, advancing each time with undiminished courage. Marlborough who from the opposite bank of the stream had watched the combat, at last ordered the assault to be suspended, a feigned attack only being kept up, while he made his bid for victory in the centre.

On the right matters had been going no better for Eugene than they had on the left for Marlborough. Every where the French fought with most stubborn valour, and when Marlborough commenced his attack on the centre, Eugene, whose cavalry, in spite of all his personal exertions, had been beaten and scattered was doing no more than holding his own against overwhelming odds at the head of his infantry. Before the action and during the early portion of it, bridges had been thrown over the Nebel, the stream which ran through the marsh, and General Churchill with the first line of infantry had crossed and the English cavalry, making bridges of pouloon planks and fascines, swimming and wading, were crossing the stream before Marlborough, leaving the extreme left, turned his attention to the centre. When the English general took command personally of the force which was to break the enemy's centre he found it in a most critical position. The first English squadrons which passed the stream and morass were charged by the opposing squadrons and forced to retreat behind the infantry. Towards the right the prince of Holstein Beck fighting on the allies' side had had his leading battalions almost destroyed by the Irish brigade, who fought on the side of France, and the battle at this, the critical point, was tending rather in favour of the French than the English. Marlborough however restored the day by bringing up a fresh brigade, leading a cavalry charge against Marsin's squadrons, who had to retreat, and ordering into action the reserve Artillery. At five in the afternoon all was ready for the

great effort. The English in the centre were drawn up ready to charge, the cavalry having three battalions of infantry placed at intervals in their line with some guns in support, while the French, who faced them, were drawn up in an almost similar formation.

The moment for victory or defeat had come and the English began a movement up the slope under a hail of musket balls and cannon shots. They charged but were repulsed. Nothing daunted they still clung to the hill and after a pause, headed by Marlborough they again charged. This time there was no doubt as to their success, the French cavalry broke and fled leaving their infantry to be cut to pieces or taken prisoners and Marlborough found himself master of the field with the French army cut in two, at his mercy which ever way he chose to turn. Marshal Tallard made one desperate effort to save the troops in Blenheim. He sent a messenger to them ordering them to retreat, and drew up all the forces he could collect, to face Marlborough and gain time for the evacuation. The English however were not to be denied and a second charge of the victorious horse scattered what were left of the French who had formed the centre, either capturing them or driving them into the Danube. Blenheim alone held out; for Eugene, encouraged by the Dukes' success, by this time had the French right wing in rapid retreat; and Marlborough quickly made his dispositions for a final assault on the village. The garrison at first declined to yield, but, eventually, when they saw how hopeless their case was, decided to surrender, and this submission left the English victorious along the whole line. The French loss in killed, wounded and prisoners came to the enormous total of forty thousand men, Marshal Tallard and several other generals being among the captured.

The terror of constant victory which was supposed to belong to the French arms passed over to the English and "Malbrook" became a name of fear to every child in France.

Besides taking part in the first assault on Blenheim, The Buffs are specially mentioned as having driven three French battalions into a morass and having either captured or killed the whole of them. Two officers were killed and a Lieut-Colonel and eight officers wounded.

THE WELLS' DYNAMITE CARTRIDGE.

Pte. Wells has interviewed us, since last we wrote, on the subject of his dynamite cartridge

and shown us a model of his invention. We are sorry, for his sake, to say that the agreement among civilised nations as to the non-use of explosive bullets in war-fare would prevent its adoption as a modern weapon of war. Pte. Wells has, however, evidently spent much thought and time on the designing of his cartridge; so, we give our readers, who no doubt are interested in the invention, Pte. Wells' statement *ipsissimis verbis*, of the advantages claimed for this deadly missile.—

ADVANTAGES CLAIMED FOR AN INVENTION BY No. 1250 PRIVATE J. WELLS, ACTG. BANDSMAN, BAND, 1st Bn. THE BUFFS.

After studying this great momentous question I come to the conclusion that this Cartridge can be used with a very deadly effect.

The advantages of this Cartridge are:

1.—Say on a detached party of the enemy being posted so as to attack the flanks of the fighting lines, as soon as the fighting lines got within effective distance say within or about 800 yards of them, they could with a few well directed shots strike such terror into them so as to compel them to retire.

2.—On being in close proximity with the enemy, and the enemy about to re-inforce, the bullets after passing their fighting lines, would burst in amongst their re-inforcing lines, and so strike terror and confusion amongst them.

3.—Say the enemy being placed in some entrenchments. Dynamite more apt to burst downwards than upwards, and the bullets being brought to burst over their heads (this can be done by watching where they burst) one part of the bullet would most decidedly fall into their entrenchments and so either compel them to retire or surrender.

4.—Artillery.—Say a Brigade of Artillery were doing great damage amongst our fighting line or any other part of the column, it now the system to try and strike one of their wheel-horses so as to stop their movements and make a target for Infantry to fire upon, if this could be effected, and a few of these bullets could be brought to burst directly over their heads, the splinters of the Bullets would strike the remaining horses, and put them into such a restive character so as to compel the men attending them either to abandon their task of unlimbering, and leave their cannons or field pieces totally in the hands of the infantry attacking them, or put them in such utter confusion and compel them either to surrender or fly to save

themselves.

5.—Should a body of cavalry be in the attacking force, and say coming up in one body they must be attacked at such a distance so as to allow the bullet to strike their foremost horses, this would check the flight of the bullet, if not stop it altogether, even if the bullet did not burst at once it would immediately afterwards, and so causing the horses passing the horses which had fallen or otherwise stopped in its progress to be wounded by bullet which had struck the foremost horse and no animal however tame would stand being struck in this way but would become restive and so give the riders such trouble in keeping them under control that they would either be put in such trouble as to compel them to beat a hasty retreat or to throw themselves entirely into the hands of the Infantry attacking them.

These being the advantages gained is the reason why I have endeavoured to place before the public so injurious and deadly an article.

And a few slight experiments I believe I can bring it to a decided success.

Jordan Wells,
Actg. Bandsman, The Buffs.

Temperance.

C. E. T. S. ARMY BRANCH. "SEC. B"

By the kind permission of Lieut.-Col. H. T. Halahan, the above Society will in future hold their Weekly Meetings in the Garrison Prayer Room at 7 p.m. on Thursdays, instead of Mission Hall, Wednesdays. The society is now in a flourishing condition and shows every prospect of becoming a strong Branch. After the meeting the Room is open for temperance men, the programme of amusements being changed frequently.

I.O.G.T. HOPE & PERSEVERANCE LODGE No. 108

The following programme for July has been carried out:—

- July 4th—Bran Pie. Open Night.
- „ 7th—Charge reading from memory.
- „ 18th—Experience young members.
- „ 21st—Who shall be chief Templar.
- „ 25th—Nom Election of Officers.

Extracts from Minute Book, dated 7th July:—
Bro. J. Mills was awarded a medal for regular

attendance and good conduct.

The Lodge Officials desire you to accept the invitation to visit our Bros. at Chaubuttia frequently, those who have already done so, will never forget the labour and expense bestowed upon them. If you want to associate (as it becomes your duty) with true temperance workers, visit the Honor to Victory Lodge and you will be made W E L C O M E.

CRICKET CHALLENGE SHIELD.

The following rules for the competition for the above have been drawn up with the approval of the Commanding Officer.

1. The shield to be competed for by elevens from the 8 companies of the Regiment only. The companies to play complete, *i.e.*, including their N.-O. Officers, and the Regimental Staff, Band and Drums attached for pay; but Officers not to play.

2. Ties to be drawn yearly in the ordinary method, except when it is found that time does not admit of their being played through. In this case, the holders of the shield are still to keep possession of it unless challenged by one or more companies. The ties are then to be drawn among the holders and challenging companies and played through. If even then time does not admit of the completion of the ties, the competition to extend into the following year within reasonable limits if practicable, and if not practicable, the competition for the year to fall through.

3. When the regiment is split up into Detachments, the different Detachments to play among themselves, and their winning companies to meet when possible, and play off the final ties. If this is not possible, the matter to be arranged as may best suit the circumstances of the case.

A company on detachment by itself must play at least one tie before the final, except with the express consent of the remaining companies.

4. A player transferred from one company to another during the competition is to play with his new company, unless the transfer takes place before a tie, in which he is taking part, is finished, when he will play with his old company for that unfinished tie only.

5. All ties to be played out, unless one side scratches, the match continuing for as many days as may be necessary to finish it, but if it is found that a tie is unnecessarily prolonged, a certain day will be named for its being played

off, and the company that does not appear on the ground at the appointed time will be struck out of the year's competition.

6. All ties to be played under Marylebone Cricket Club rules.

7. The shield to be kept in such place and safe keeping as may be decided on from time to time.

8. Questions left open in the above rules and all matters of dispute, together with any proposed amendment or addition to them, are to be referred to the Commanding Officer for his decision.

The ties for the year will be drawn at the Orderly Room after Morning Parade on Monday the 8th August 1887.

Tommy Atkins.

[CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST].

The handy man comes out strong in the field, under canvas, on board ship, and on all occasions of difficulty; the wag shines on the march, in the barrack-room, in the canteen; and the lawyer has a chance of distinguishing himself at the half-yearly inspection, when the inspecting general asks the whole regiment whether any man has a complaint to make. Now is the lawyer's time. He steps forward, the mark of all eyes, and enters into a long rigmarole whine. In nine cases out of ten the case is frivolous and groundless, for there are very few commanding officers in the service who would not strain every nerve to redress a man's grievance if he have one. The inspecting general, however, will always listen to the lawyer's story, and before he leaves the barracks will investigate it from beginning to end, as if the fate of the nation depended on the result.

Tommy is very fond of 'play-acting,' and in every regiment there is sure to be a dramatic company among the men. He dearly loves to 'strut and fret his hour on the stage,' and to see him do the Duke of Buckingham or the Earl of Rochester in ammunition boots is a sight. His stock pieces are the Miser of Hounditch, Black-eyed Susan (drama), the Miller and his Men, and suchlike.

He is also very fond, when he has the chance, of tripping it 'on the light fantastic toe,' and an uncommonly fantastic toe it is. I never in all my life saw such airs and graces, such bowing and scraping, such pirouetting and teetotumming, such ceremony and deportment, as at a Tommy Atkins's dance.

I recollect some years ago the company with which my lot was cast was stationed on a small island off the coast of Greece. There was little or nothing in the place, itself to occupy the men, and a low fever began to make its appearance among them. To counteract this the captain did his utmost to arouse and amuse them, and, amongst other things, he instituted weekly assemblies, which he and his subaltern graced for an hour or two with their presence. There was one little difficulty at the outset. The only available ladies for Tommy to lead in the mazy dance were his comrades' wives, and all these, scarcely with one exception, had babies in arms which could not be left at home. There was only one way out of the dilemma, and that was

to extend the invitation to the babies. This was done, and so far from the babies destroying, as we feared, the harmony of the evening, they, on the contrary, did much to promote it, by correcting in a great measure the disproportion of men to women. A woman with a bouquet and a fan requires but one partner; a woman with a baby and a bottle must have two, one to hold her, and the other to hold the baby. When Tommy wanted to dance, he was obliged first to secure the service of a baby-cum-bottle-holder, and the invitation to the dance was generally coached in this wise: 'Will yer have a turn, Mrs. Magrath? Bill Potts 'ull 'old the baby.' Of course an infantile wail often went up to the ceiling, and if the babies had only been unanimous on this point, they would have driven us off the field. But they had not yet learned the force of combination, and the two Greek fiddlers were able to cope with them in detail. Waltzes and galops were not much patronised, they were low; redowas, polkas, mazurkas, Circassian circles, varsoviana, and the Caledonians were evidently the correct things. To me who had never seen Tommy except stiffly on parade, and had heard only of Circassian slaves—never of Circassian circles—the sight was passing strange. I could hardly realise that this model of deportment, I now saw before me bending in the graceful varsoviana or *chysseing*, in the stately Caledonians, was the same Thomas Atkins I had been wont to see looking straight to his front, or holding 'his thumbs one inch in rear of the seams of his trousers.' It was in the Circassian Circle, I think, that his grace and elegance were at their zenith. On the fiddlers striking up the first bar he would perform a dignified *passeul* in front of his partner of about a minutes duration winding up with a high shouldered bow that old Mr. Turveydrop might have in vain emulated. Tommy in the redowa was also good: but his high action in the mazurka, though a fine and spirited illustration of the Terpsichorean art, was dangerous and apt to lead to breaches of the paces. These assemblies took place every week for some time, and they did a great deal towards dissipating the low fever born of ennui and idleness. This taste Tommy carries with him to the farthest quarters of the globe, and I have often seen him in the far distant 'land of the rising sun' stolidly working that fantastic toe of his in company with the laughing little maidens of Japan, in some very peculiar national dances.

Tommy has a great idea of keeping up Christmas, and the further he is away from home the greater 'stickler' he will be for the old time-honoured customs. For a week before the festive day he is hard at work, cutting out paper mottoes and devices, and painting strange designs to be fixed to the barrack-room walls; and I almost believe that if he were stationed in the midst of Sahara, he would manage somehow to have a few boughs and green leaves. I know that he once managed it in mid-ocean, which is nearly as unfavourable a locality. It was once my lot to spend a Christmas with Tommy in troopship in the middle of the Indian Ocean, and on visiting the troop-deck at dinner-time I was much surprised to find that most of the tables had burst out into leaf. With an eye to the future Tommy had, it appeared, smuggled on board a few small branches of evergreen when we had touched at the Cape two or three weeks previously. How he had managed all this time to evade the vigilance of the first lieutenant and his myrmidons (Tommy's natural enemies on board a transport), I cannot conceive; but that he did so shows how, when far away from home, the poor fellow cherished these little observances of a time when home, more than at any other period is in mind of the exile. Tommy's Christmas day on shore in his normal condition is a very different affair. The decorations in the way of paper flags and evergreens

are most elaborate.

This is the time when the 'handy man' comes out strong. The wag's turn will come later on, at dinner and after. The feast is always supplied by the captain of his company and his two subalterns. There are generally about seventy men in a company, who are, as a rule, accommodated in three rooms, and in each room a festive board is spread. There's a tablecloth to-day—not a very fine one certainly, but it's very white and clean, and beside each plate there's a wine-glass and tumbler none of your tin canteens to-day. In keeping with all this state the dinner is postponed to the more fashionable hour of two. At the top of each table, by the side of the non-commissioned officer of the mess, there is a tray with a decanter of wine and two wine-glasses which are jealously guarded. The explanation of this mystery is, that the captain and subaltern are sure to come round to see that Tommy is enjoying himself, and to address a few hearty and kindly words to him; and Tommy is not going to be found wanting in hospitality on an occasion of this kind.

(To be continued).

THE REGIMENTAL DINNER.

The annual dinner of the Regiment was held at The Freemasons' Tavern on June the 10th, 1887, when thirty-five officers, in all, among whom were three generals sat down to dinner. Of officers serving in this battalion Captain Hughes and Lieut. Pemberton were present.

We will not publish the menu, as, in this land of beefee steak and muttonee stew, the perusal of it might lead our readers into a useless hankering after the flesh pots of London.

Blanchaille à la Diable and *Nageoires de Tortue à l'Americaine* washed down by Pomery and Greno or Mumm vintage 80, sound very tempting to us dwellers in the Indian Alps.

After dinner the customary toasts were proposed. First, The Queen, by General Raines, the chairman, and a telegram was sent congratulating Her Majesty on the then near approaching golden anniversary of her most prosperous reign, to which next morning the following answer was received, "The Queen thanks the Colonel and officers of The Buffs sincerely for their kind congratulations." The next toast was "The present Officers of the Regiment;" then "General Raines' health," to which the general replied at some length referring to the presentation of The Colours to the 2nd Battalion and the restoration of the buff facings; and the remaining toasts were; the "health of Colonel Hobson and officers 1st Battalion," (telegram sent to Ranikhet) responded to by Captain Hughes; "the Past C Os.;" and "the health of another regiment who were dining over head.

The following is a list of the officers present:

GENERALS

J. A. R. Raines, C.B., (Col.-in-Chief) in the Chair.
Sir J. Maude, G.C.B., V.C. J. Blaksley.

COLONELS

Easton Cox G. Graves
McKinnon Morley

Lynch

MAJORS

Harley Jackson
E. Jones Kekewich
Lyster Ommaney
Spens Wemyss
Worthington Surgeon Day

CAPTAINS

Coles Connellan
Gordon Hughes
T. Jones Campbell-Johnston

Verry

LIEUTENANTS

Gage Fowler (Black Watch)
Pemberton Parry
Hill Barnard
Vickerman Williams

Teevan

Mr. Woolacott.

Regimental Items.

Lieut. V. Bunbury of our 2nd Battalion playing cricket at Canterbury last month for the St. Lawrence C. C. v. Thanet College scored 213 not out. The College made 64 in their first innings and the St. Lawrence 427 for 4 wickets. Plenty of "looking for leather" for one side.

Why are the company dances not kept up? It used to be quite a treat when in India before to go to one, they were always well conducted quiet little parties and everybody enjoyed themselves (as a rule) thoroughly.

We learn that our corporals are giving a Smoking Concert to the N.-C. Os. of the Standing Camp and hope that it will prove a success.

The rehearsals of *Waiting for the Verdict* are now in full swing and this thrilling Melodrama should be played in three weeks.

Though the season for big game shooting has not yet commenced, E company has already distinguished itself by making a large bag, no less than a contractor's mule. The enthusiastic skikarry who achieved this feat, with true sportsmanlike modesty has not cared to make his name public.

We wish to hint that the regimental theatre is not a music hall, and that when a lady on the stage is choked with tobacco smoke the police might take notice of the breach of rules.

We learn from *The Pioneer* that Capt. Coles and Lieut. Mitford, who are both adorned with crack jaw Egyptian titles, have been distinguishing themselves in the recent combat against Dervishes at Sarras.

GOOD CONDUCT BADGES.

The undermentioned men have become entitled to G. C. pay as follows:—

Pte. F. Bishop	@ 1 Penny	28-4-87.
" H. W. Cowland	@ 1 Penny	8-3-87.
" A. Cronk	"	17-3-87.
" G. Ellis	"	2-4-87.
" G. Lipscombe	@ 3 Pence	19-3-87.
" W. R. Littlemore	@ 1 Penny	24-3-87.
" W. Loder	"	18-4-87.
" A. Matthews	"	22-5-87.
" R. Ridgeway	"	31-3-87.
Lce-Corpl. A. H. Baker	"	29-3-87.
Private W. Barter	"	6-4-87.
" W. C. Sexton	"	11-4-87.
" G. Ward	"	28-3-87.
" D. Aherne	"	5-5-87.
" F. Brain	"	16-3-87.
" W. Castle	"	8-4-87.
" F. T. Dunn	"	17-3-87.
" H. T. Marshall	"	14-3-87.
" F. Mitchell	"	14-3-87.
" J. Penfold	"	7-4-87.
" W. Salter	"	19-5-87.
" T. Scott	"	7-4-87.
" A. G. Taylor	"	4-5-87.
" T. Brazier	"	23-5-87.
" J. Clarke	"	8-5-87.
" A. S. Dalloway	"	31-5-87.
" G. Drury	"	27-5-87.
" J. Evans	"	12-3-87.
" W. Evenden	"	6-4-87.
" W. R. Ford	"	8-4-87.
" C. Golding	"	16-3-87.
" A. Greenstreet	"	11-4-87.
" J. Haley	"	16-5-87.
" C. Hickmott	"	24-4-87.
" A. Horscroft	"	9-3-87.
Drummer T. Manville	"	28-2-87.
Private W. Penfold	"	21-3-87.
" W. Pennells	"	23-5-87.
" J. Stratton	"	28-2-87.
" E. A. Young	"	6-4-87.
" T. Carlton	"	2-5-87.
" A. Chapman	"	28-5-87.
" W. G. Fyles	"	15-5-87.
" F. Germaine	"	4-3-87.
" W. Griffin	"	19-5-87.
" F. Hunt	"	1-5-87.
" W. H. Austin	"	24-3-87.
" E. Butler	"	3-5-87.
" W. Davis	"	13-2-87.
" G. H. Jubb	"	29-4-87.

Private G. Knight	At 1 Penny	22-4-87.
" A. Lane	"	1-1-87.
" R. Miller	"	13-3-87.
" J. Weedon	"	30-4-87.
" E. Pitcher	"	28-3-87.
" T. Rutland	"	8-5-87.
" G. Sands	"	18-3-87.
" R. Sayers	"	17-4-87.
" R. Walker	"	18-4-87.
" G. Young	"	2-3-87.
" J. Brown	"	26-3-87.
" A. Coppard	"	17-3-87.
" W. Dean	"	28-4-87.
" A. Goodwin	"	5-3-87.
" A. Ovenden	"	17-3-87.
" C. T. Rivers	"	9-4-87.
" H. Rollins	"	2-5-87.
" M. Tierney	@ 2 Pence	6-1-87.
Lce-Corpl. W. H. Eli	"	27-5-87.
Private G. Gravett	@ 1 Penny	7-1-87.
" T. Simpson	"	28-4-87.
" R. G. Freakes	"	18-5-87.
" W. Benge	"	3-1-87.
" T. Clark	@ 4 Pence	4-6-87.
" W. Larkins	@ 1 Penny	31-5-87.
" E. Sewell	"	8-6-87.
" H. Bradford	"	11-6-87.
" G. Gordon	"	2-7-87.
" F. Maynard	"	21-7-87.
" R. E. McCalla	"	17-6-87.
" C. Milgate	"	20-4-87.
" E. Poolman	"	16-6-87.
" A. Spicer	"	23-7-87.
" G. Tapley	"	8-7-87.
" E. Thresher	"	22-6-87.
" J. Beetles	"	13-7-87.
" F. Sinden	"	20-7-87.
" H. Goddard	"	22-5-87.
" G. Holmes	@ 2 Pence	2-7-87.
" F. Lapetina	@ 1 Penny	20-6-87.
" G. Raven	"	19-6-87.
" F. Smee	"	13-7-87.
" J. Smee	@ 2 Pence	26-7-87.
" C. Webb	"	11-7-87.
" F. Milbank	@ 1 Penny	16-7-87.
" G. J. Latimer	"	24-5-87.
" G. E. Childs	"	17-3-87.
" T. Davis	"	8-6-87.
" J. Dartnell	"	12-5-87.
" C. Aitkens	"	22-6-87.
" J. Ball	"	1-6-87.
" J. Moth	"	4-6-87.
" H. Williams	"	20-5-87.
" F. Nailer	"	5-6-87.
" T. E. Willmott	"	13-6-87.
" A. Attaway	"	25-5-87.
" W. Harvey	@ 2 Pence	7-4-87.
" J. Jeffries	@ 1 Penny	1-6-87.
" A. Keable	"	25-6-87.

APPOINTMENTS AND PROMOTIONS

6th March 1887.—1640 Lce.-Cpl. C. Burrows to be Corporal.
1127 Lce.-Corpl. T. Higgins to be paid Lance-Corporal.

25th March 1887.—Sergeant T. Hoar appointed Drill Sergeant *vice* Color Sergeant J. Bennell; this N.-C. Officer being ineligible to receive the extra duty pay.

20th June 1887.—2014 Private J. Rhodes to be Pioneer.

29th June 1887.—Corpl. M. Roach to be Lance-Sergeant.

6th March 1887.—1098 Boy G. Watson to be Drummer.

1621 Boy T. Manville to be Drummer.

The undermentioned man has changed his name to John Ernest Hall.

1543 Private George Jones.

Musketry.

The figure of merit of H. Company was

Range Averages 98.01

Field Practices 46.33

And classification :

Marksman	1
1st Class Shots	13
2nd do.	29
3rd do.	66

A. Co. Completed the 1st part of the Annual Course on the 7th ultimo beating 'H' in both Individual and Field Practices. The following is the Figure of Merit :

Range Averages 116.90

Field Practices 56.85

And classification :

Marksman	7
1st Class Shots	15
2nd do.	52
3rd do.	32

B. Company finished on the 30th ult., they having in their turn beaten 'A.' Figure of Merit as follows :

Range Averages 114.27

Field Practices 66.63

And classification :

Marksman	8
1st Class Shots	13
2nd do.	45
3rd do.	37

C. Company has finished its course and we hear is only a small decimal behind B.

The exact figure of merit of C. Co. we cannot give but will publish in our next.

A series of rifle matches have been arranged for next month, which according to the programme should prove a success.

The N.-C. Officers of E. Company fired the first of a series of matches on Monday afternoon the 6th ultimo. Sergt. Bovenzer's team winning by 9 points. The following are the scores in order of merit :

SERG. BOVENZER'S TEAM.

	150 yds.	250 yds.	300 yds.	Total.
Lce.-Sergt. Woodward	16	16	26	58
Sergeant Bovenzer	14	12	26	52
Corporal Smith	16	13	20	49
Lce.-Corpl. Tomlin	16	1	15	34
Corporal Perry	9	8	12	29

Total 222

COLOR SERGT. GARDNER'S TEAM.

Lce.-Corpl. Pollard	12	14	23	50
Sergt. Summers	17	8	20	45
Corporal Parsons	14	14	17	45
Cr.-Sergt. Gardner	15	5	20	40
Corporal Hughes	11	7	15	33

Total 213

Figure Targets 5 Rounds at first 2 distances and 10 at 300 yards.

We are warned by the Sergeant Instructor that the Position Drill or Preliminary Practice and the Firing Exercise has again been revised and that now instead of "moving the slide until the top is even with the line on the leaf" you must move it until "its at the place on the leaf or bed giving the elevation for the distance named," &c., &c. Take heed and read mark and inwardly digest for there are rumours of still more Drill Certificates.

Cricket.



The cricket match between the second elevens of Officers and Sergeants was as we predicted a glorious success. The Sergeants lost the toss and their captain tastefully attired in a sugar-

loaf hat, and other clothes—but looking a little worn through having sat up all night trying to compose a prize poem, with the aid of Clery's minor tactics—strewed his men picturesquely around the field. It is not our intention to give a detailed account of this great match, as we feel that our descriptive powers are not up to the mark, but we will mention a few of the most striking features.

In the first innings Captain Blackburn showed a wonderful turn of speed between the wickets; dressed simply but unsententiously in a costume, of which a Terai Hat and variegated socks were the most striking features, he sped from crease to crease with a rapidity which at once established him as first favourite for the officers' race in the next days gymkhana. Lieuts. Hamilton, Annesley and Eustace all played most excellent cricket, but, as they had the misfortune to hit at the place where the ball ought to have been but wasn't, their were scores comparatively small.

Lieut. Booth was the big scorer for he put together some sixty odd runs before he complied with the loudly expressed wishes of his own side and went out, to the great delight of the sergeants who were getting a bit tired of leather hunting and meditated a strike. Major Newnham-Davis came next with 54 and when we say that this cricketer has always been considered by us to be rather a finer player than W. G. Grace it will be seen at once that we are totally unprejudiced in the matter. Lunch was the next part of the entertainment which seemed to be thoroughly appreciated by both teams though a mild suggestion that the cricket should there and then end and the lunch be continued instead was negatived by the stern captains and the officers had to take the field, the bowling, with perfect fairness, being taken by roster, beginning at the top and bottom of roll. The sergeants did not do very much in their first innings, whether it was the handicap of the cake after lunch, or whether they were frightened at the gleaming eyes and set teeth of Capt. Patterson as he bowled a series of balls that would have made Spofforth envious, we cannot say but they only made 98. In their second innings they reversed matters giving the officers 55 to make to win which they failed to put together, the sergeants winning a very cherry and amusing match by 16 runs.

2ND ELEVEN OFFICERS v. 2ND ELEVEN SERGEANTS.

2ND ELEVEN—OFFICERS.			
Capt. Patterson, b Evans	11	b Evans	5
Lieut. Hamilton, b Hoare	4	b Evans	2
„ Annesley, b Hoare	1	c Andrews, b Cheal	5
Major Davis, hit wicket, b Hoare	54	b Cheal	3
Lieut. Eustace, b Evans	5	not out	7
„ Philips, c and b Hoare	4	b Hoare	3
„ Booth, st Short b Evans	60	l.b.w. b Hoare	0
Capt. Blackburn, run out	11	b Cheal	0
Lieut. Tarte, not out	4	b Cheal	7
Extras	10	Extras	7

Total ... 164 Total ... 39

2ND ELEVEN—SERGEANTS.			
Sergt. Gray, b Tarte	4	c Davis, b Booth	38
„ Cheal, b Annesley	33	c Booth, b Davis	3
Col.-Sergt. Gardner, b Davis	1	b Davis	0
Sergt. Evans, b Davis	1	not out	0
„ Lang, c and b Tarte	1	c Tarte b Booth	18
„ Hoare, run out	5	b Davis	6
„ Short, not out	27	run out	28
Col.-Sergt. Andrews, b Tarte	3	c Eustace b Tarte	12
Sergt. White, b Davis	2	b Booth	6
Extras	21	Extras	10
Total	98	Total	121

C. COMPANY v. H. COMPANY.

Played at Ranikhet on 23rd June 1887 and was won by H. Company by 55 runs, Privates Wardle and Lawrence playing very pluckily for the winning team.

H. COMPANY.

Pte. Simson, b Marshall	0	b Marshall	7
„ Firth, l.b.w. b Gardiner	0	l.b.w. b Goble	2
„ Fizzard, b Gardiner	0	b „	9
„ Wardle, run out	8	c Goble b Gardiner	32
„ Lawrence, b Marshall	2	c Alexander b Patterson	50
Sergt. Brewin, b Gardiner	0	b Marshall	4
Pte. Martin, run out	2	c Golder b Gardiner	1
„ Foster, b Marshall	0	not out	11
„ Harding, c Alexander b Marshall	6	c Johnson, b Gardiner	6
„ Coley, b Gardiner	0	b Goble	0
Sergt. Clifton, not out	3	b Goble	0
Extras	4	Extras	11

Total ... 25 Total ... 13

C. COMPANY.

Pte. Golder, b Martin	3	b Wardle	4
„ Johnson, b Wardle	0	b Brewin	5
Lc.-Corpl. Alexander, b Wardle	0	b Wardle	0
Pte. Beeden, b Wardle	0	not out	4
„ Gardiner, l.b.w. b Martin	6	b Coley	13
„ Patterson, c Coley b Firth	6	b Brewin	4
„ Goble, b Wardle	4	b Brewin	0
Sergt. Brain, b Martin	0	b Brewin	8
Pte. Marshall, c and b Firth	4	b Wardle	6
„ Reynolds, run out b Martin	0	b Brewin	3
„ Shanley, not out	0	b Brewin	4
Extras	6	Extras	23

Total ... 29 Total ... 74

THE BUFFS v. RANIKHET.

Played on the 30th June, The Buffs winning on the 1st innings by 45 runs, as unfortunately time did not allow of both innings being completed. When stumps were drawn Ranikhet had 48 runs more to get to win with 3 wickets to fall. The sides were more even than we last played the Station, both elevens being very good in the field.

Mr. Combe proved a dangerous opponent, both batting and bowling in very good form. Mr. Bayard made a very serviceable 17 in the first innings and some of the catches deserve notice; one very pluckily held by Randall when there was imminent danger of a collision and Corpl. Godfrey's and Pte. Edmond's long field catches in the failing light. Major Stewart took several wickets in the second innings as wicket keeper. The scores all round were rather small, but this may be because of the new matting, which is not nearly so good to fine as the old one. The band of the regiment under Mr. Birkhead played during the afternoon.

THE BUFFS.

Lt. Lloyd, c Archdale b Stirling	8	c Combe b Stirling	3
„ Bayard, b Coombe	16	b Stirling	2
Corpl. Godfrey, run out	17	c Bradley	
		b Ringwood	5
Pte. Edmonds, c Bradley b Smith	11	st Stewart b	
		Stirling	0
Capt. Porter, b Randall	7	b Stirling	24
Lieut. Stuart, c Butler b Smith	0	st Stewart, b	
		Stirling	0
„ D'Aeth, b Combe	5	c Stewart b Stirling	4
„ Daughlish, not out	10	b Smith	24
Pte. Kluckner, c & b Malloy	12	c Randall b Stirling	13
Lieut. Bell, b Bradley	5	c Ringwood b Smith	0
Pte. Hildebrand, c Smith			
b Bradley	7	not out	11
Extras	9	Extras	0
Total	107	Total	86

RANIKHET.

Lieut. Butler, run out	1	b Porter	7
Capt. Sheehan, b Godfrey	4	c Daughlish b	
		Godfrey	0
Pte. Malloy, b Godfrey	0	b Porter	16
Mr. Bradley, c Godfrey b D'Aeth	8	c Edmonds b	
		Stuart	16
Lieut. Combe, c D'Aeth b			
Hildebrand	25	c Godfrey b Bell	20
Capt. Archdale, c D'Aeth b			
Godfrey	9	c Hildebrand b	
		Stuart	10
Major Stewart, b Hildebrand	3	b Godfrey	11
Lieut. Stirling, b Godfrey	0	not out	1
Pte. Randall, c Porter, b			
Hildebrand	0		
Capt. Ringwood, not out	8		
Pte. Smith, b Godfrey	0		
Extras	4	Extras	3
Total	62	Total	84

SERGEANTS v. G. COMPANY.

As we surmised the sergeants lost the shield not for 87 but for 86. Their team is very weak now, the Captain would do well also to get them out and have a little catching practice as the number of times catches were dropped was something appalling. Why not impose a fine also for absentees, they batted 3 short in their first innings and 2 in the second.

We congratulate G. Company on their victory which was rather an easy one and hope to see some good play this year between the Companies.

SERGEANTS.

Q.-M.Sgt. Cumber, run out	4	c Want	
		b Hildebrand	10
C. Sgt. Nicholas, run out	9	c Anderson, b	
		Godfrey	22
„ Andrews, run out	0	b Godfrey	1
Schl.-Mr. Whittle, b Godfrey	2	b Godfrey	15
Sergt. Lishman, b Hildebrand	0	b Hildebrand	1
S.-M. Cook, c and b Hildebrand	0	b „	8
Sergt. Lang, b Godfrey	0	c Williams b	
		Hildebrand	0
Sergt. Hoare, not out	3	c Anderson b	
		Godfrey	0
Cr.-Sergt. Patterson, absent	0	st Hussey b	
		Hildebrand	8
Sergt. Brewin, absent	0	Absent	0
Sergt. Steele, absent	0	Absent	0
Extras	1	Extras	7
Total	19	Total	72

G. COMPANY.

Pte. Lynch, b Nicholas	8
„ Russell, st Nicholas, b Cumber	4
Corpl. Godfrey, c sub b Cumber	102
Pte. Hildebrand, b Patterson	23
„ Hussey, b Whittle	16
„ Hicks, b Whittle	0
„ McFarlane, run out	5
Lance-Corpl. Anderson, b Nicholas	0
„ Lawson, c and b Cumber	9
Private Williams, b Nicholas	0
„ Want, not out	1
Extras	12
Total	180

B. COMPANY v. G. COMPANY.

G. COMPANY.

Pte. Hildebrand, b Hills	48
„ Russell, c Holland b Townsend	0
Cpl. Godfrey, c Gilbert b	105
C. Sgt. Nicholas b Townsend	5
Lie.-Corpl. Rollins, b Gilbert	11
Pte. Hussey, b Gilbert	12
„ Lawrence, b Townsend	0
„ Else, not out	21
„ Hicks, b Gilbert	3
„ McFarlane, b Gilbert	0
„ McKeating, c Raywood, b Gilbert	3
Extras	18
Total	226

B. COMPANY.

Pte. Gilbert, b Hilderbrand	...	3	run out	6
„ Ware, b	„	12	b Godfrey	...	0
„ Holland, c Hussey, b Godfrey	0		run out	6
C.-Sgt. Patterson, c Else b	„	0	b Godfrey	...	0
Pte. Hills, b Godfrey	...	5	b Godfrey	...	3
„ Raywood, b Hildebrand	...	15	not out...	...	10
Corpl. Patton, b Hildebrand	...	1	b Hildebrand	...	0
Pte. Rily, c Hussey, b Hildebrand	3		st Hussey b Godfrey	2	
„ Peters, c Godfrey b	„	0	b Godfrey	...	0
„ Townsend, not out	..	0	b Godfrey	...	2
Lce.-Corpl. Baker, c Nicholas					
b Hildebrand	...	0	b Godfrey	...	0
Extras	...	4	Extras	...	3
Total	...	43	Total	...	32

Our Buff Facings.—Official Recipe.

The ingredients are :

30lbs. best Whiting, 1lb Yellow Ochre, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb Venetian Red, and 1lb Glue Powder or concentrated size (Anchor brand).

How to be mixed.—Put the Whiting (first crushing it) in a tub of cold water, let it remain half an hour, pour off water, and add Colouring (first having mixed it up thick in cold water) then add the Size (first having dissolved it by pouring boiling water on it) and thoroughly mix.

To be used in the same way as wet pipeclay. When the facings are dry brush off the rough particles. This quantity would be sufficient to last 3 coys. for 2 months or longer.

THE DEFENCE OF THE KINGS' COLOUR BY LIEUT. LATHAM.

Up Albuhera's gory hills,
The gallant Buffs advance ;
With steady nerve and iron will
'Gainst the veteran host of France.

Brave Walsh the color tightly grasps,
And nobly struggles on ;
Alas ! he falls ! his hand unclasps ;
The colours,' all but gone.

But forward gallant Latham springs,
And waves it in the van ;
Whil'st o'er the field of battle rings
Loud cheers for this brave man.

But see those horsemen speeding past,
The colour to surround ;
And Latham maimed, and bleeding fast,
Is beaten to the ground.

Now up and struggling on again,
The colour waving high,
And spite of wounds he doth exclaim,
I'll save the flag or die.

From off the staff, the silk in strands,
He tears mid'st the battle's roar,
Fainting, he saves from the foeman's hands,
The flag of his gallant corps.

SHEEPSKIN.

Varieties.

A WARNING TO INVENTORS.

A certain inventor of a breastplate, said by himself to be impenetrable, was always bothering the Duke of Wellington when Commander-in-chief at the Horse Guards to get it adopted into the service. And one day the Duke wearied by his importunity, promised to give the thing a trial, so appointed a meeting at his own office for the purpose. His method of testing was simple and might commend itself in these latter days, for ordering the man to put on his cuirass and stand in the corner of the room, he at the same time sent for a file of the guard, their carbines to be loaded with ball. The Duke placed the file opposite the man and told them to fire, but the click of the locks was too much for the luckless inventor, who knowing that the Duke had a way of doing what he said, rushed out of the room cuirass and all, and never troubled the Duke again.

Young woman (timidly to shopman): "I would like to look at some false hair, please."
Shopman (experienced): "Yes, miss, what colour does your *friend* want?" Sale immediately effected.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My first has long ago achieved great fame,
But many have never heard my second name.

1. In this farfamed historic pile
The Buffs were quartered for a while.
2. An exclamation often used
By persons startled or amused.
3. A garden at whose entrance, lo !
Two angels stood on sentry go.
4. This word means in Hindostan
She, the better half of man.
5. A river where an angler may
Enjoy himself for many a day.
6. This has oft afforded me
Sport as good as sport can be.
7. What has greatly helped of late,
Most of us to imitate.
8. Upright, clean and neatly dressed,
All in one short word expressed.

LINA-MOTH.

Answers marked outside "Acrostic" to be sent to the Editor not later than 20th.

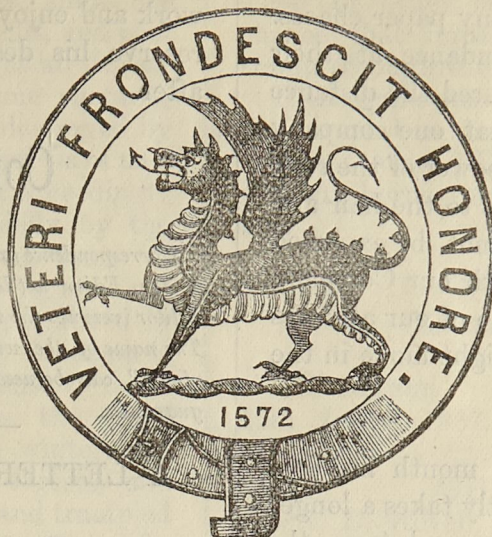
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SCPTIC—Bless you, we don't know. A mackintosh is all the clothes we want in this weather and we can't find a tradesman to give us one on trust.
UBIQUE, COMPETITOR, J. WELLS.—Poems received, but not space to publish.

Printed for the EDITOR, by TARA DUTT, at the "Station Printing Press," Ranikhet.

THE DRAGON.

EAST RENT



CHRONICLE

A Paper for the Men of The Buffs.

No. 8

Ranikhet, August 31st, 1887.

Price 2 Annas.

Domestic Occurrences.

DEATH.

DANIELS.—At Ranikhet, on the 3rd inst, 1088 Pte. E. Daniels, B Company, of Cholera.

(It is requested that domestic occurrences may be reported as soon as possible by all who belong to The Buffs, whether subscribers or not).

Notes.

Colonel Hart has very kindly written a letter this month giving our readers some account of the kind of shooting to be obtained round about the station. The Colonel himself is a keen sportsman and doesn't mind hard work, but he warns shootists who are not so keen (a warning thoroughly confirmed by the experience of those sportsmen of "Ours" who have been out since the 12th) that the pursuit of the partridge in these parts means a great deal of khud

climbing with very little bird to show for it. Col. Hart will be ready, as he has always been, to put any enthusiastic sportsman from the ranks in the way of finding game: but by this we don't mean that a band boy going out shooting sparrows with a catapult, or minnow fishing with a bent pin, would be justified in knocking up the Commandant in the early morning to ask which is the best pitch for his sport. We hope next month to publish another letter from the Colonel's pen, on fishing.

Football has been in full swing this month and the desire to see his fellow man knocked down in the mud, which is engrained in the heart of every mortal, has been thoroughly gratified. A large and appreciative audience has occupied the free seats and applauded vigorously whenever officer or man has been put on his back in the slush or had all his raiment torn off him. At "Association" at present there is too much handling of the ball, and the *dribbling* is slow, while at "Rugby" the *passing* might be improved. These defects however will cure themselves in time.

D. Company has set a good example to other companies in instituting company paper chases. They had a very good attendance at their meets this month and they covered the distance run in very good time. What one company can do is certainly within the power of the rest. We, the editor, being grey as to the hair and redundant as to the figure cannot be expected to fly up and down khuds with our Company hallooing at our heels, but some of our athletes in the different companies might move in the matter.

Our prize competition this month has produced no effusions. It evidently takes a longer time than we supposed to descend from the sublime heights of Albuhera and Latham's gallant deed down to the comparative depths of a simple day at Ranikhet. However, we will leave the competition open for another month in the hopes that some of Mr. Whittle's promising pupils may see fit to immortalise themselves in our columns. There is evidently a poetic spirit in the Regiment, which breaks out occasionally in queer places. One valued contributor has this month sent us "A Poem on a contractor's dead mule." After this we shall look forward to receiving in due course "A ballad to a Bhistie." "The song of a Sweeper," "The Chowkedar's Chant," "Canticles of a Khansama," &c., &c.

The coming visit of the Naini Tal team to our station, and the solving of the great question whether the Regiment is to go down to the plains for the winter, are the important matters in the near future. Everybody seems to believe that Lucknow will be our destination for the cold weather, but nobody can give any authority for the statement. As to the Naini Tal week, a strong committee has been formed and it should be a triumphant success. Our readers however need not expect to find an account of it in next month's Dragon, for the editor of this powerful and widely circulated journal (nobody will write to us, as they do to other papers, and call us pretty names, so

we have to do it ourselves) intends to strike work and enjoy himself during that week, and reserve his descriptive powers till the month after.

Correspondence.

Correspondence or Articles intended for insertion must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence &c. The name of the writer will not be published, any "nom-de-plume" can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.

A LETTER ON GAME SHOOTING.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Dear Sir,

You have asked me to give the readers of *The Dragon* some information regarding the shooting in the neighbourhood of Ranikhet—shooting in Cantonment Forests or the vicinity being strictly prohibited.

Chikor shooting commenced on the 12th August. Chikor is a species of large red legged partridge, found in rocky ravines and among the scrub and in the cover separating the cultivated terraces. The early morning and evening are the best times to shoot, the coveys being then to be found by the calling of the birds but they are generally difficult to get and in the early season it is hard work.

Other partridge shooting commences on the 1st September. Black partridges are to be found but generally require a dog to turn them up.

Pheasant shooting commences on the 15th September. There are many kinds of pheasants, the commonest in Kumaon being the "Kaleej Pheasant." This bird is mostly to be found in wooded ravines where there is water.

The quail come into the crops in the autumn. They are best shot by walking in line through the fields, but care has to be taken not to shoot the women who are in every direction gathering in the harvest.

On the whole, unless a man is very keen he will be disgusted with the bird shooting, though a really good shot will probably think chikor shooting excellent sport—it is not enough, however, to be a good shot, a good "bandobast" is essential.

In the winter many kinds of duck, snipe, &c. are to be found at the foot of the hills, and pea-fowl and jungle fowl are abundant at all times.

There is practically no large game shooting in the vicinity—it has all been destroyed by native poachers. An occasional bear pays us a visit and leopards are common, but exceedingly wary, proving their existence chiefly by the number of dogs they take away every year.

The reserved and protected forests are still closed, and, when shooting is permitted in the autumn, the climate of the low elevation is too deadly and the jungle too dense to make sport possible, except on elephants, the game can be heard but not seen. In winter and spring, soldiers can shoot in these forests, and the undergrowth is then dried up and trampled down, but there still remains a very great difficulty in stalking by reason of the dry leaves.

I have bagged various kinds of game in trips from Ranikhet: Tiger, Bear, Surrow, Gurrul, Hogdeer, Cheetal, Nilgai, Kakar, Blackbuck, &c., but I have had to work very hard for it and have had many and many a blank day notwithstanding having spared no exertion and trouble.

To shoot in the forest a dog is necessary, as a badly wounded deer nearly always gets away unless shot through the body. It is almost cruel to shoot without having a dog available, but he must be kept behind. This year I smashed the hind leg of a Kakar and it took me nearly three hours to track it without a dog, and then I had to shoot it through the body. This sort of thing has happened to me over and over again.

The native shikarees here are impostors, they promise much because they expect to be paid whatever happens—they are mostly mere coolies and not shikarees at all, but they are cunning enough to take in, sometimes, others besides the "Griffin."

It is better to aim well forward at an animal and avoid very long shots.

The prospect of sport from Ranikhet is decidedly bad and the sportsman requires considerable local knowledge and experience. Unless very keen, most men will give it up, but, for my part, I stick to it, being fortunately easily pleased and content with very little—I enjoy jungle life and one successful stalk and one steady shot consoles me for any amount of exertion and trouble.

Always be prepared in the great forests, for when least you expect it, you may come upon a

Tiger or other large game. It is this off chance that imparts a peculiar charm to a tramp through the jungle.

If the game was easy to get, most men would find no sport in shooting it.

In conclusion. Do not shoot females or males without horns, moreover, it is forbidden by law.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

REGINALD C. HART, Colonel,

Commanding Ranikhet.

RANIKHET,

15th August, 1887.

CHALLENGE.

Pte. D. Revell, G Company, 1st Battalion The Buffs, is open to throw the 16lb shot the best of the three following ways. Stakes from 20 to 50 rupees, a-side.

1st Putting the shot with a 10ft. run and no follow.

2nd Shot and follow without run.

3rd Shot with unlimited run and follow

Any man in the Station wishing to accept this challenge please write to Pte. Revell. The Editor of this paper is to be Referee and stake holder.

Station News.

On Tuesday the 16th of the month a meeting was held at the Club to discuss what steps should be taken about the Naini Tal week, that is the week when our nearest hill station sends over teams to play return matches for those played at Naini Tal in the spring. There was less talk at the meeting than might have been expected and it was settled, that Mr. Ross should be written to and asked if the last week in September would suit, that a committee of eight should be appointed to represent the various bodies in the Station, and that the energetic Mr. Lloyd should be appointed secretary.

Mr. Ross on being written to replied that the week proposed would suit Naini Tal very well, and mentioned Cricket, Lawn Tennis (two matches) Billiards and shooting as the different matches. There will also probably be a gymkhana or races of some kind and our enthusiastic football players want to throw themselves

against the Naini Tal ditto. All details, however, are in the hands of the committee which is composed as follows; Buffs, Major Newnham-Davis and Capt. Porter; Scottish Rifles, Major Clarke and Mr. Twyford; Standing Camp, Capt. Archdale and Mr. Butler; and remainder of the Station, Rev. A. Stone and Mr. Flemming.

Our amateurs are going to play "The Lancers" during the Naini Tal week. This play is better known as "The Queens Shilling" and was a great success at the St. James with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, Messrs. Hare, Terriss, Brookfield and Miss Kate Phillips, in the cast. It is a bright play with plenty of action and the plot turns on the escapades of a gentleman's son who has enlisted. He falls in love with a young lady whom he has rescued from the rather rough gallantries of his brother lancers, breaks arrest to go to a dance, chaffs his colonel till that very short tempered officer is nearly mad with rage, gets run through the arm, and next morning when he is recognised by his commanding officer finds himself in a very awkward position; but, as is the custom of comedies, all comes right in the end and the usual "bless ye my cheildren" brings the curtain down.

There have been two gymkhanas during this month and the Station turned out in full force to look at both, the red and the black coats occupying every point of vantage on the hills on both sides of the parade ground. On the first day the novelties were; a syces' race which produced a very large field and some strange methods of running; and a chattie race, which seemed never ending, for as the shades of night were falling fast one of the competitors was still wandering about the ground, blindfold, with a chattie on his head. The boys race, won by the smallest of the lot, and the girls' race, in which one of the competitors was left at the post dissolved in tears, were again great successes. The pony jumping was not very brilliant some of the ponies evidently preferring jumping over a spectator or two to facing the obstacles. On the second day, August 23rd, the pony jumping was much better. A tug of war took the place of the boys' race, but was brought prematurely to a finish by the rope breaking suddenly and causing the opposing teams to sit down more vigorously and suddenly than they liked. The V. C. race was won by an officer who carried off a dummy so badly wounded that it came in half over his saddle

and the stuffing came out of most of the other unhappy wounded in their transit over the hurdle. Below is a list of the winners on both days.

2nd AUGUST.

1. BAND RACE.—Handicap—about 220 yards.
Won by Pte. Brooks.
2. HALF A MILE RACE.—Open to Garrison.
Won by Pte. Parry, Scottish Rifles.
3. LEMON CUTTING.
Won by Lieut. Bayard, The Buffs.
4. PUTTING THE SHOT.—16 lbs. Shot.
Won by Pte. Revell.—34 feet 11 inches.
5. SYCES' RACE.
Won by Lieut. Annesley's Nomination.
6. JUMPING COMPETITION.
Won by Lieut. Blackburn's "Queenie"
7. HURDLE RACE.—Open to Garrison.
Won by Pte. Nash, The Buffs.
8. TENT PEGGING.
Won by Lieut. Combe, Scottish Rifles.
9. GIRLS' RACE.
Won by Miss Fraser, Seaforth Highlanders.
10. BOYS' RACE.
Won by Peter Murphy, Devon Regt.
11. CHATTIE RACE
Won by Pte. Beeney, The Buffs.
12. TUG OF WAR.—Officers v. Warrant Officers & N. C. Os
Won by Warrant Officers and N. C. Officers.

Pte. Weathersby was second in the half mile and Corpl. Reynolds 2nd in the Hurdle Race.

23rd AUGUST.

1. QUOIT COMPETITION.
Won by H Co. The Buffs (Ptes. White & Wardle)
2. THROWING THE CRICKET BALL.
Won by Pte. Veal, The Buffs—112 yards.
3. WALKING RACE.—1 mile.
Won by Pte. Olive, The Buffs—Time 8 min. 46 sec.
4. JUMPING COMPETITION.
Won by Lieut. Blackburn's "Queenie"
5. HURDLE RACE.
Won by Pte. Nash, The Buffs
6. GIRLS' RACE.
Won by Miss Maggie Fraser.
7. SACK RACE.
Won by Pte. Weathersby, The Buffs.
8. TENT PEGGING.
Won by Lieut. King, Royal Welsh Fusiliers.
9. WHEEL BARROW RACE.
Won by Corpl. Davis & Sergt. Watkins The Buffs,
10. V. C. RACE.
Won by Lieut. Blackburn, Scottish Rifles.
11. STEEPLE CHASE.
Won by Pte. Parry, Scottish Rifles.

There was also a Tug of War between two teams of boys.

Pte. Wardle, The Buffs was second in throwing the Cricket Ball; Pte. Maynard, The Buffs in the Walking Race; and E company The Buffs in Quoits.

A portion of the Standing Camp has during the greater part of the month been transferred

to another site about three miles further along the Almora road. The cause of the move, we are glad to say, disappeared and the camp has moved back. We will hope that the torrents of rain which have fallen this month have finally banished the grim spectre which was uncomfortably near to us.

The said torrents of rain were accountable for another all night sitting, the greater part of Ranikhet beauty and fashion being, as the Americans would say, treed at Chaubuttia one evening by a thunderstorm—what time the editor of this paper was spending his time falling down khuds on the way back from Naini Tal—and were put up by the hospitable Scottish Rifles. They were roused next morning by the pipes playing reveillé—and other means.

Messrs. Crofton and Ferrell propose paying this station another visit, probably during the second week in September. They have been playing "Caste," "Our Boys," "Jo," "The Lady of Lyons" and the burlesque of Alladin at Naini Tal, as well as the plays in which we have seen them, so that they will have quite a number of pieces in their repertoire which will be new to us.

We are sorry to say that Sergt. Major Usmar, who last month we mentioned as getting up another burlesque, has suffered a domestic affliction in the loss of his wife.

The Committee of management held a meeting on Friday 26th with reference to the Naini Tal week. It was decided that the events to be proposed to our adversaries should be, cricket, two matches at lawn tennis, shooting, billiards, football and if possible, clay pigeon shooting. There will be the theatricals on Monday night, a Station dance on Tuesday and The Buffs' dance on Friday. Saturday is to be filled up by a Gymkana of which the details are not yet settled. The choice of teams &c. have been referred to Sub-committees.

On September 3rd, there will probably be a concert in the regimental theatre, when our leading amateurs will again enchant us with their sweet strains—(rather a pretty and original sentence that)—and the second part of which will consist of the Comedietta "Cut off with a Shilling," in which Miss McNeil, Major

Newnham-Davis and Mr. Tarte will appear. The proceeds will go to Lady Roberts' fund for providing homes in the hills for nursing sisters.

Nettlefolds sends a riddle anent the Scottish Rifles which is not very brilliant but which may amuse some of our dark coated friends. The question is "Why are the Scottish Rifles like the coal pits?" and the answer is "Because there are so many minors in them."

"D" COMPANY'S HARE & HOUNDS CLUB.

Two capital runs were held by the above club, on the 4th and 11th insts. respectively. The pack is kept in hand by the following;—Pte. Weathersby, Huntsman; Lee-Sergeant Watkins, 1st Whip; Pte. Blackwell, 2nd Whip; Lieut. Eales, Master of the Hounds. For the last run, the hares, Mr. Eales and Lee-Corpl. Moth, laid the trail from the Company's bungalow past the Club, then down into the khud, finally emerging at the Fitzwygram Barracks and finishing at the Police Court. The hounds kept well together, till within a mile from home when the pace began to tell, and Lee-Sergeant Watkins and Pte. Weathersby forging ahead, made an exciting finish, the former winning by a neck, Ptes. Blackwell and Reese heading the remainder of the pack.

For the run on the 11th, the hares, Lieut. Stuart and Pte. Weathersby, led the hounds a pretty dance, starting from the Company's bungalow they went past the Guard Room, then sharp to the left on to the Ramnuggur Road, cross the Rifle range, as far as the cross roads, where they turned to the left, and after about a mile of road, gave the hounds plenty to do to find the trail across country, finishing up as usual at the Police Court. The pace was good throughout, the old hounds. Lee-Sergeant Watkins and Pte. Reese, doing their work capitally, encouraged, doubtless by the red jersey of a strange hound, who ran in first rate style, and stranger though he was, got on very well with the rest of the pack.

As the club is not intended to be a Compy's club exclusively, those who wish to join may do so, on giving their names to the Secretary, Lee-Sergt. Watkins, from whom all particulars can be learnt, and anyone will be gladly welcomed, who can show the way across country to "D" Company.

Tommy Atkins.

[CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST].

The decanter of wine is of his own providing, and nothing I think, would hurt Tommy more than for his officer to refuse the proffered glass of 'sherry white wine,' as he reverently calls it. Of course the captain and his subaltern never do refuse it, and if they taste a slice of cake or better still, a small piece of plum-pudding, Tommy feels doubly complimented. Before drinking the glass of 'Sherry white wine' to the healths of his men, the captain always makes a few remarks, which ought to contain a joke or two. It need not be one of the first water; indeed, only let it be known that it's meant for a joke, and that's quite enough. Even a joke from the bench in a court of justice is not more certain of good reception. By the side of the captain stands the color sergeant, looking alternately at his officer and the men with a smiling face, as much as to say like Captain Crosstree in the burlesque, 'Always laugh, boys, at your captain's jokes.' The best plan is always to have a good stock-joke, and then there can be no mistakes. I know my old captain adopted this course with the most brilliant success. His joke was this: There was a man called Brown, who enjoyed the reputation of having the 'biggest twist'—that is, the largest appetite—in the company, and on glancing round the festive board the most prominent feature was Brown's plate. From its willow-patterned surface there rose a pyramid of roast goose (it is generally roast goose) and baked potatoes, purposely heaped up, I suspect, by the 'wag.' When the captain took his glass in his hand to wish 'his lads' a merry Christmas, I knew what was coming, every man knew, Brown nervously so. The captain in the middle of his remarks about 'not forgetting those at home,' and having 'spent many Christmasses together all over the world,' would suddenly pretend to catch sight of Brown's plate for the first time, and, after shaking his head would say in mock tones of sympathy, 'Ah, Brown, that old attack of consumption coming on again, I see, eh?' We generally here made our exit amidst the most ringing roars of laughter.

'What a joke!' you'll say. Ah, but recollect your frame of mind. You are not about to tackle roast goose, a delight of only yearly occurrence; you didn't know Brown; you didn't know the 'cap'en'; you didn't know the joke as I did. For ten successive years, in England, Ireland, in the middle of the Indian Ocean (not roast goose that time) and in various remote quarters of the British possessions, have I heard it, and like port it improved with age. The 'cap'en' no longer commands the company, he holds a higher military rank, and I know not if his mantle has fallen on his successor's shoulders. If the 'cap'en' did his duty conscientiously, however, when he gave over charge of his company, he should have handed over the joke together with the arms and accoutrements.

Tommy is very fond of pets, and the number of non-descript curs who find a happy home in a barrack is beyond belief, it is very hard even for an officer to keep a dog to himself. If that dog once takes the delights of barrack-room hospitality, he is irreclaimable. From my observations on this point, I have come to the conclusion that your bloated aristocrat amongst dogs is the well bred little fox-terrier. Him alone of all his species I never knew degenerate into a barrack-room dog; not that he objected to honest Tommy Atkins, I suppose, but to Tommy's canine acquaintances, which were very low. You see dogs in a barrack that you would see nowhere else. It would seem almost that they were peculiar kinds of animals made ex-

pressly for soldiers; but the explanation of this is, that such dogs as find favour in a barrack would never be allowed to emerge into puppy-hood in any other sphere. Nothing with a tail at one end, and a bark at the other is too low bred or too hideous to creep into Tommy's heart. In fact, I believe the nearer he verges on monstrosity the deeper hold he has on Tommy's affections. It is very amusing to notice how thoroughly Tommy believes in his cur, and his monomania on this point is to fancy him a sporting dog. His fondness for his four-footed friends is a very good trait in a soldier's character, but it is occasionally a very troublesome and inconvenient one. So great a nuisance, I recollect, did it once become in a garrison abroad, that at last the major-general commanding, (a gallant and rather irascible old gentleman) issued a general order commencing, 'Barking dogs have become an intolerable nuisance,' and going on to direct that only a certain number of dogs would be allowed to each company—five or six, I think—and that the rest were to be destroyed by the garrison police. Those saved were to be numbered and registered in the brigade-office, and each dog was to have a wooden "tally" round its neck bearing its number. 'All dogs found without tallies,' concluded this fearful mandate, 'will be immediately destroyed.' Great was the lamentation and wailing in the barrack-room when this order went forth. How the six per company were taken, whether by selection or lot, I don't recollect; but the order was carried out, and I never saw Tommy Atkins look so black and lowering as when a mighty batch of condemned curs were led away to destruction by the garrison police.

(To be continued).

A SMOKING CONCERT.

The first of a series (it is to be hoped) of Smoking Concerts was given on the evening of the 23rd inst., by Lieuts. Eales and Stuart, in celebration of the prowess shewn by the Non-Commissioned Officers and men of letter "D" Company, under command of the first named Officer, in firing their annual course of musketry for 1887-8.

There is no doubt that up to this time, the hopes of the Editor that each Company in succession at musketry, should beat the prior Company, have been realised.

The evenings' amusement was opened by Pte. Haley (senior) singing "Two Lovely Black Eyes." It is evident that he is an admirer of the "pink 'un."

The next to be favourably noticed was a step-dance performed by Lce.-Corpl. Davis and Pte. Earl, which earned great applause. The company present was then edified by being treated to that well known, and stirring recitation "Bingen on the Rhine," by Lce.-Corpl. Barnes.

Lieut. Eales, who was received with deafening shouts, was, after some length of time permitted to render "Brown upside down," but unfortunately, who was Brown, and how he became

upside down, till now remains a mystery, as this Officer (not Brown but Lieut. Eales) has made himself so popular with the Company, that they collectively, were unable to repress their feelings, and like every "Alfred Seymour," had to give vent to those feelings in continued yells.

The next was a song by Pte Hills entitled "All very fine and Large." Not being present while this song was sung, we are unable to say what it referred to. The rendering of "Eugene Aram" by Pte. Taylor was extremely interesting. Lieut. Stuart was very amusing in his song "Smoking on the Balcony," but being on the bungalow system now, the "Balcony" was hardly realised.

Color-Sergt. Marshalls' modicum of "I'll be drunk again tomorrow," was a severe damper to the spirit of those of the "brethren" present, amongst whom he is a shining light.

Pte. Earls' song and dance of "Love" was decidedly suggestive of "warm quarters," but Paymaster-Sergt. Wilson's "Old familiar Faces" soothed every savage breast. At this juncture a great commotion was noticed in the room, which was caused by the entree of one, beloved by the whole Company, in fact, in greater truth by the Regiment at large, our present Canteen Steward, but late Color-Sergt of "D," to wit Joe Gleeson. It is a great pity that a Non-Commissioned Officer, so well esteemed by everyone who knows him, should always plead inability to sing, as it is well known that his voice, stentorian enough on parade, would always be sufficient to "bring the house down." However, he was forced to come to the front, and after admitting his inability ever to gain for his Company the gold guns and crown, made a flank movement and ignominiously retired.

A recitation by Lee-Corpl. Day was a very good parody on the original, to us, of "My Wife's Cousin." A cornet solo by Band Sergt. Steele was well received as also that familiar topic (and object) to every soldier "The Orderly Man" delivered by Pte. May.

A very amusing rendering of "The gayest colored nigger in the land" by Lieut. Stuart, only required that gentleman to have been blacked, to ensure endless enthusiasm. "Haven't we fought for Old England" by Lee-Sergeant Watkins was received with many encores, whilst as a finish, the "ancient one" in the person of Pte. Brazier caused immense amusement by his futile efforts to complete his toilet, which ended in the unfortunate collapse of the lower button of his coat; this upset his equanimity, that he was unable to favour those present with

the old favourite the "Village Blacksmith," and like one of the sparks from the fire, he faded away and the platform knew him no more for that night.

A few well chosen words by Lieut. Eales, prolonged shouts of "They're jolly good fellows," and the usual show of loyalty to the Sovereign terminated a night which must have been enjoyed by every one, no matter how hard to please.

"The man behind the door."

Travellers' Notes.

A TRIP OVER UNBEATEN TRACKS

IN JAPAN.

BY CAPTAIN H. BLACKBURN.

Continued.

Two days march from Hakata brought me to Kokura on the straits of Shimonoseki. Here I found a boat that professed to be just starting for Shimonoseki, so I got on board and waited. After about an hour or more I began to think waiting monotonous so I asked when they proposed to start, and was told when they had got enough passengers to make it worth while. On asking how many they wanted I was told fifteen. As passengers seemed to drop in at the rate of one an hour or so, I thought I would try and get a boat of my own, and after some bargaining succeeded in doing so, and after two hours sail reached Shimonoseki about sunset. The above is the principle on which all public conveyances in Japan are run. Shimonoseki is a long struggling town lying along the shore of a channel about a mile and a half wide, and appears to be inhabited mostly by women.

It commands the principal entrance to the Inland sea.

Some twenty-five years ago when the nations of Europe had combined together to force their commerce on Japan, a combined European and American fleet under command of British Admiral Kuper, tried to force its way into the Inland sea by way of Shimonoseki, but on getting into the strait, was so knocked about by the Japanese forts that it had to retire, having two ships sunk and the Admiral killed.

After ten days more walking, sometimes along the shore and sometimes among the hills I got to Kobe. I do not propose to write about Kobe or about Osaka and Kyoto where I spent the rest of my time, as more than enough

has been written on these subjects already.

For a cheap and interesting holiday I think one could not do better than I did. The chief hints I would give to travellers are, first—get out of the ordinary beaten tracks, secondly—in travelling in beaten tracks go to native inns, not foreign ones, and thirdly,—most important of all, don't employ a professional guide.

Firstly in going out of the beaten tracks you find the Japanese, as they really are, a pleasant honest and merry people, and not what they have become under foreign influence. For example, while the treaty ports and the usual tourist tracks swarm with beggars, I walked through some five hundred miles of country without seeing a single beggar.

Secondly by frequenting native inns instead of those on the foreign system, you reduce your expenses by half, and are considerably better fed and lodged. Thus the charge at a native inn for dinner, breakfast, a bath and a night's lodging varies from as low as 15 cents in some remote country places, to 35 cents in the towns and 60 cents in the neighbourhood of the treaty ports. The foreign hotels charge 3 dollars a day.

Lastly, a guide is an impostor especially to be avoided. He is bound to make his profit out of every transaction with the natives, so that he squeezes them down to the uttermost farthing, and at the same time piles it on to your account. On my first visit to Japan I employed a guide and found my expenses run to about 5 dollars a day. Further if you employ a guide he will get between you and the people so that you shall see just what he chooses and no more. The less baggage one takes the better. If I ever have the luck to go travelling in Japan again I shall limit my baggage to tooth-brush and a razor. Your inn-keeper will find you in everything else.

Regimental Items.

Qr.-Mr. Sergt. Cumber has received the Medal for Long Service and Good Conduct.

The wives of Drummer. Stevens and Private Cochrane are to join the Battalion during the ensuing trooping season.

Pte. Louis Zennetti has changed his name to Lewis Gunner.

Col. the Hon. H. Parnell is, we hear, to get command of the 3rd Regtl. District upon the retirement of Col. Degacher.

The draw for the first round for the Cricket Shield (1887) took place this month with the following results.—

A to play D

B do. C

E do. H

F do. G

Appointments to Lance-Corporals :—

1233 Pte. A. Parsons.

1276 „ W. Rogers.

1084 „ J. Harlow.

874 „ J. Latter.

930 „ F. Marchant.

847 „ W. Carter.

1057 „ J. Froggott

470 „ E. Heffron.

1230 „ J. Hall.

Col. S. Graves and Col. F. T. Hobson retired, 1st July, 1887.

Lieut.-Col. H. T. Halahan and Lieut.-Col. W. F. Kerr to command 1st and 2nd Battalions respectively.

Major R. G. Kekewich has been appointed Brigade Major at Cairo.

Capt. H. Blackburn to be interpreter to the Battalion, there being no qualified Subaltern available.

Sergt. Lishman to be Acting Pay Sergt. of B Company during Color-Sergt Patterson's absence at the School of Musketry, Pachmari.

Sergt. G. Eaton to be Regimental Gymnastic Instructor.

The undermentioned Officers have passed in subjects A and B for promotion to Captain,—Lieut and Adjutant R. Bayard, Lieutenants L. G. N. Eales, A. L. Bell and R. H. D'Aeth.

During the month news has been received of the marriage of Lieut. Ravenhill to Miss Sargent, daughter of Major-General Sargent. Gen. Sargent commanded our 2nd Battalion for some years, and his old Regiment again served under him in the China command. The marriage of his daughter to one of our Officers will form yet

another tie between the General and "The Grand Old Buffs" as he delighted in calling us. Capt. Connellan was the best man, and the band of the Scots Guards played during the breakfast.

A match came off on the 20th inst. between Ptes. T. Williams and W. Want, of Letter G. Company under the following conditions:

7 foot run and no follow.

3 throws.

Weight of shot—17 lbs.

Stakes Rs. 8 aside.

After a severe struggle Pte. Want managed 30ft. 1 inch, winning by 3 inches only.

The following have become entitled to G. C. Pay as follows:

1547	Private	J. Croft	@ 2 Pence
170	"	W. Powell,	@ 1 Penny
733	"	C. Yeo,	"
1458	"	M. McCann	"
1885	"	F. J. Beany	"
967	"	A. H. Fullford	"
1902	"	E. Smith	"
1825	"	C. Ansell	"
1072	"	J. Morris	"

Lieuts. Hunter and Bell have passed the lower standard in Hindustani.

Lieuts. V. P. Bunbury and A. F. Campbell-Johnson to be Captains.

A sad-accident happened on the 18th inst, to a Drummer (Johnson) who had voluntarily climbed to the top of the wall of the Racket Court for a ball, when the rain gutter gave way and the boy fell a distance of about 30ft., severely fracturing his arm. He is progressing favourably.

It is probable that after the rains, the Regiment will take part in some manœuvres on a larger scale than it has been possible to attempt since we marched up here. Rumour has it that we are to march in the direction of Almora and that the Gurkas are to meet us, one corps manœuvring against the other. The pattern of tents and khakee clothing has become one of the topics of the day.

The Corporals' Smoking Concert has been unavoidably postponed until the first week in September owing to sickness in the Standing Camp.

An acrostic has been sent to us which bears on regimental topics, we insert it under Regtl. Items.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

These at one time held the sway,
The Buffs were merry, light and gay.

1. To beat the best, a higher score was needed,
The afterone failed, but the next succeeded.
2. A handy little article, I'll be bound,
In Regimental workshops I'm always found.
3. Its a cordial, nice, you mix it I think,
Don't fancy I mean an old woman's drink.
4. Luckless Shikarries do oftines find,
The parents gone and left the son behind.
5. A flashing author, as yet unknown to fame,
You will find him all there at athletic games.

Depot News.

Our Depot correspondent writes as follows;—
Little of interest has occurred at the Regimental Depot during the month of July 1887.

Thirty-five Recruits were sent to the 2nd Battalion at Dover on 1st inst.

Very few deserters from The Buffs have up to date availed themselves of the Queen's pardon.

No. 1646 Color Sergeant W. Brown who deserted at Dublin on 28th December 1882 has applied for and been granted a protecting Certificate under the provisions of para. III of G. O. 102, 1887.

No. 896 Pte. F. Gilbert who deserted from Malta just prior to to the Battalion embarking for Singapore has confessed whilst fraudulently serving in the Royal Artillery at Malta.

Lc.-Corpl. J. Townhill discharged 14-6-87 at 1/- per diem.

Pte. T. Toast discharged 14-6-87 at 1/1 per diem.

Football.

D COMPANY'S FOOTBALL CLUB.

Two matches have been played up to date by this club, the first, against a strong team captained by Lieut D'Aeth, in which the Compy was beaten by a goal and a try to nothing.

The feature of this match was a magnificent goal placed by Lieut. D'Aeth.

The second match D Company v. All comers deserves more than passing notice. On the ball being started the All comers began at once to force back the Company, and in spite of good runs by Ptes. Hills and Rankin; a try was obtained out of the scrimmage by Lt. Hunter; the place kick was however a failure. Half time was now called; and ends being changed, the Company, playing very well together, kept the ball on the opponent's territory, and from good play on the part of Ptes. Reese, Vickers and Rankin, a try was obtained by Pte. Gallagher. The place at goal, by Lieut. Eales, though good was a failure, the ball just falling short of the cross-bar. A second try was soon after obtained for the opposition, but the try at goal was a failure. Nothing further occurred, leaving the Company beaten but not disgraced by two tries to one. For the All comers Mr. Powell dropped a kick in grand style, and good runs were made by Lieut. D'Aeth and Pte. Hilderbrand. For the Company Lieut. Stuart and Pte. Reese, in the scrimmage, Sergt. Watkins and Hills outside, showed good play. Rough play was rather too conspicuous in this match, and it would be as well in the next match, to have two umpires, and not for everyone to imagine he is an umpire, and lay down the law accordingly, as there was too much shouting in the game all through. The teams were as follows:—

D COMPANY.		ALL COMERS.	
Lieut. Eales, Captain	} $\frac{3}{4}$	Lieut. D'Aeth, Captain	} $\frac{3}{4}$
Pte. Hills		Pte. Hilderbrand	
„ Rankin	} $\frac{1}{2}$	Mr. Powell	} $\frac{1}{2}$
Sergt. Watkins		Lieut. Bayard	
Pte. Curley	} $\frac{1}{2}$	Pte. Brown	} $\frac{1}{2}$
Lce.-Corpl. Stirke—Back		Lieut. Annesley—Back	
Lieut. Stuart—Forward		Capt. Allen—Forward	
Pte. Reese	„	Lieut. Hunter	„
Lce.-Cpl. Davis	„	„ Bell	„
Pte. Vickers	„	„ Eustace	„
„ Chalklin	„	Lce.-Cpl. Pollard	„
„ Howarth	„	Pte. Williams	„
„ Page	„	Corpl. Behrens	„
„ Gallagher	„	Sch.-Mr. Whittle	„
„ Gates	„	Pte. Taylor	„

LEFT v. RIGHT HALF BATTALION.

On Wednesday the 24th and Thursday the 25th, two important games were played on each day. On Wednesday the game was Association, on Thursday Rugby. The left half Battn. won both matches rather easily, but, in the Thursdays' match the right half Battalion had

not got their strongest team in the field, Lieuts. Eales and Annesley not being able to play. The list of names of the sides has not come to hand. There is talk of matches against the Standing Camp and Chaubuttia at early dates, and it is hoped that Naini Tal will bring over a team during the week.

D COMPANY v. C COMPANY.

This game was played on Monday the 22nd inst., and resulted in favour of D Company, by one goal and two tries to nothing. From the first, D Company were seen to be the stronger, and though the greatest exertions were made on behalf of C Company by Lieut. Annesley, Mr. Whittle, Lce.-Corpl. Froggot and Pte. Gardiner it was of no avail; as D Company were clearly the superior in every point of the game. For the winning Company, the whole team played well together, but especial mention must be made of Ptes. Reese and Vickers in the scrimmage and Lce.-Sergt. Watkins outside. There was a great deal too much shouting, and it would be well if the umpires were left to do their work and not interfered with by players who cannot see as much as those outside the game do.

A DAY IN RANIKHET.

As we say elsewhere, no contributions have been received, setting forth the usual round of duty and pleasure in Ranikhet, to compete for the prize: but that volatile officer Mr. Smith has favoured us with his description of his day. We are bound to say that it reads very like a page from the bad boy's diary "when he was growed up;" but we know that a certain gentleman is not so black as he is painted, and, for Mr. Smith's sake, we will hope that he has photographed his proceedings on one of his unfortunate days.

"Panch baja Sahib." Grunt.

"Chhote haziri, Sahib? Sahib! Sahib!!"

At the last "Sahib" (accompanied by a gentle pull at my right toe) I turn over on one side.

"Barsata hai?" "Nahin Sahib."

"Kuchh nahin." "Kuchh nahin, Sahib."

Bother!

Leaning on one arm I swallow a cup of scalding coffee and having ejaculated "Chhe baje" sink once more into oblivion.

Thus ends my daily formed resolution of taking the bull by the horns and getting up in

time to have a comfortable wash and to make certain of being in time for 6-30 a.m. parade.

"Chhe baje, Sahib."

"Sahib!" another gentle pull at my toe, but forewarned is forearmed and with one vigorous kick I send my too anxious domestic spinning across the room. It is only putting off the evil moment.

"Barsata hai?" "Nahin Sahib."

"Ghora taiyar?" "Sab taiyar Sahib."

I painfully get out of bed and dip my aching head in cold water. A vigorous brush at my hair and then at 25 minutes past 6, behold me ready equipped for what an incorrigible sub once termed "your Pyrotechnic display Sir."

"Lakri, Topi." Whack! "Get on you brute!"

At the bottom of the hill (our parade ground is approached by a very steep one) I ejaculate "Well I have done it this time," when Tum-le-tum, Tum-le-tum, tra, la tra, la tum ti le tum, from the bugle informs me that I have indeed done it and am again late "Pakaro."

"I beg pardon, sir, I mistook the time."

"That will do Mr. Smith."

Parade "Fours right, fours left, fours about" and all the well known words repeated. I distinguish myself by ignominiously failing in marching on my marker by an ingenious method of my own. Next comes the march past, in which I put the whole battalion out, and a few simple movements of which I make a complete mess, in spite of the whispered efforts of my Color Sergeant to keep me right and then, Hurrah! "Officers fall out," "Ghora la,o," "Orderly room ja,o," "Oh Smith," etc. "C. O. wants to see you after orderly room." Oh!!!

"Really Mr. Smith, I do not wish to be severe, but you have been so often late for parade besides other irregularities," etc. etc. "do not let it occur again."

A crest fallen "Ghora la,o" "mess court ja,o" and then breakfast. "Really this messman is too disgusting another bad egg." "Pepper punch la,o." "There you are again spilt half of it." Hulloo!! Letters; bah!! Two bills and a touting circular.

"Ghora la,o. Bungla ja,o."

This morning I really will employ my time profitably; yes I will translate a French novel into English.

Start translating and writing with a will. On second thoughts, it really is not worth while writing down, I will read it to myself.

Long chair. This chair is not very comfort-

able I will lie down in my bed.

Mum, Mum, Mum.

"Ek Baje, Sahib."

Really I do believe I have been to sleep for a minute or two, I feel seedy, will walk up to tiffin.

Tiffin. "Really this messman is too disgusting etc. etc."

"Will you play tennis? Yes. You? and you?"

4 p.m. Tennis

"How do you do Mrs. Brown?"

"How do you do Mr. Smith? Have you been out shooting?"

"Yes, I only got one bird."

"My husband——"

"I really must be off, good evening, Mrs. Brown."

"Hulloo." Ha! ha!! ha!!! I receive a tennis ball straight in my eye. Shall not be able to go to the dance tomorrow—just like my luck.

"Play a rubber?" "Yes I don't mind."

Jones + 30, Robinson + 30, Evans - 30, Smith - 30, that brings me up to - 125 for the month, and off to dress for dinner.

Bath, Dress. "Ghora la,o" and then up to mess. Late again, whack! whack!! "go on you brute."

Arrive breathless, with shirt front crumpled, just in time for the joint. "Really that messman is too," etc. etc. "Anaconda la,o."

"Will you play poker?" "Yes." "Yes." "Yes." "Yes." Just the right number. Ante-up, 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30. See you! "Split whisky and soda la,o" 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30. "Whisky and soda la,o" and so on till 11 p.m. "Sandwiches la,o, whisky and soda la,o." "Stop after the next round" "All right! Brown + 10, Jones + 20, Evans + 30, Robinson + 20, Smith - 80. Just my luck! "One more split?" "Ghora la,o." "Bungla ja,o." "Pyjama la,o, kal panch baje, parade ka kapra, Ghora mangte."

Yawn**Yawn***Yawn. Oblivion.

REGIMENTAL DRAMATIC CLUB.

On the 26th, 27th and 29th of the month the newly created Regimental Dramatic Club gave their first performance. "Waiting for the Verdict" is a melodrama which runs on the old lines of a good young man upon whom evil is brought by villains and who, after he has been in imminent danger of losing his life, is

restored to happiness through the agency of his wife and strikes an attitude in the centre of the stage while the villain dies to slow music or is marched off in handcuffs. In "Waiting for the Verdict" Mr. Whittle played Jasper Roseblade, the hero, who is arrested twice during the course of the three acts, once for poaching and once for murder—needless to say on false evidence—and he played the part with earnestness and go, making his appeal to the Court in the Trial scene with the necessary fervour and being sufficiently down on his luck when condemned to be hung. Blinky Brown was played by our "old friend and favorite" (as they say in the music halls) Pte. Haley and the whole of the low comedy element rested on his shoulders and those of Sergt. Eaton, who played a girls' part amusingly and without vulgarity. Blinky is a broken down sporting character and Haley in a curly wig and scarlet moustache, kept the house in a broad smile by his eccentricities, his catch-word "There's nothing like it" being always followed by a roar. Jonas Hundle was played by Pte. Taylor with more intensity than we have seen him show before, and he did his disagreeable work so well that the audience greeted him with those groans and hisses which are so dear to the theatrical villain's heart. He made Jonas a very telling character sketch. Sergt. Lishman, eye-glass and all, was the gentlemanly villain of the piece. He sneered with appropriate fiendishness throughout, and he too was treated to a round of groans when the hand-cuffs were clapped on him at the end of the play. The Rev. Owen Hilton found a most benevolent and clerical looking representative in Sergt. Laing and he turned up at the correct moment to get the hero out of his various difficulties in the true melodramatic manner. Sergt. Summers played the broken down old man Jonathan Roseblade at very short notice—circumstances over which he had no control preventing the original Jonathan from playing the part—and was satisfactory in that role. Sergt. Avis was a good Lieut. Florville. Sergt. Levason and Mr. Tarte made their speeches for the prosecution and defence with becoming eloquence; Mr. Lloyd as the wicked young nobleman struggled hard before he consented to be murdered; Lce.-Cpl. Barnes was impressive as Sir H. Harrington; Sergts. Batty and Keeler made picturesque game keepers; and the other minor parts such as the Foreman and the Sheriff were well and conscientiously filled.

Mrs. Whittle, who has made a decided step in advance in her acting, played Martha Roseblade with much feeling and tenderness, and went for the villain, in the last act, with great energy.

The scenery, which was elaborate, worked very smoothly, and great praise is due to Sergts. Short and Lishman for the trouble and time they have spent in painting it and for the effective shifting on the nights of the performance.

The members of the club have made a very satisfactory first appearance and we hope to see them on the boards again very soon.

Musketry.

The figure of merit of C Company was

Range averages	118.36
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Field practices	60.91
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And classification:

Marksmen	5
1st Class Shots	19
2nd do.	46
3rd do.	28

D Company completed the first part of their annual course on the 22nd inst. beating the Companies that have fired before, in all practices.

The following is the figure of merit:—

Range averages	124.94
----------------	--------

Field practices	68.50
-----------------	-------

And classification:

Marksmen	8
1st Class Shots	22
2nd do.	62
3rd do.	18

A series of Rifle Contests commenced this month, under the following conditions, and will be continued each month if a sufficient number of entries are made. All entries to be made by the 3rd of each month through Pay-Sergts to the Asst. Sergt. Instructor of Musketry:—

1. Distance 200 yards. Position—kneeling, sitting or standing. Entrance fee, four annas. First prize—one third of the entrance money. Remainder in prizes of five and three rupees in equal numbers. 10 rounds Wimbledon Target.
2. Distance 500 yards. Any Military position. 10 rounds Wimbledon Target. Entrance fee, four annas. Prizes same as No. 1.
3. Distance 600 yards. Any Military position. 10 rounds Wimbledon Target. Entrance fee, four annas. Prizes same as No. 1.

4. For the best aggregate score in the above three competitions. Entrance fee, one rupee. First prize—one half the entrance money. Remainder in prizes if 10 rupees or less as far as the money will extend. No man will be allowed to enter for this prize after he has fired for any of the preceding ones.

The following are the prize winners in the first competition :—

200 YARDS.			
COY.	RANK AND NAME.	SCORE.	PRIZE.
A	Cpl. Locke	44	Rs. 10
E	Pte. Ballard	43	" 5
F	Color Sergt. Andrews	42	" 5
A	Pte. Adams	41	" 3
A	" Etherington	41	" 3
H	" Smith, E.	41	" 3
H	" Groombridge	41	" 3
B	Lc.-Corpl. A. H. Baker	41	" 3
A	Pte. Crockett	41	" 3
500 YARDS.			
A	Cpl. Locke	43	" 10
H	Pte. Roche	40	" 5
A	" Fisher	40	" 5
H	" Crumby	39	" 3
G	" Russell	39	" 3
A	" Adams	38	" 3
A	" Hooker	38	" 3
600 YARDS.			
A	" McGee	42	" 8
B	Lc.-Corpl. A. H. Baker	35	" 5
C	Pte. Marshall	35	" 5
A	" Crockett	33	" 3
G	Lc.-Corpl. Rollings	33	" 3
AGGREGATE.			
A	Pte. McGee	110	" 26
A	" Adams	109	" 10
A	Corpl. Locke	108	" 10
A	Pte. Crockett	103	" 6

THE BUFFS BRANCH OF THE SOLDIERS ABSTINENCE ASSN.

Roll of members by companies :—

A	Company	...	37
B	"	...	10
C	"	...	15
D	"	...	28
E	"	...	26
F	"	...	20
G	"	...	10
H	"	...	11

Total 157

Names of N.C.Os. and men in Office :—

Pte. McGee, W.	President
Cpl. Burrows, C.	Treasurer
Pte. Wynn, E.	Secretary
Lc.-Cpl. Kent, E.	Chairman
Lc.-Sergt. Saville, A.	Vice-President
Pte. Piper, G.	" Secretary

Medals distributed by the Temperance Lodge :—

Color Sergt. J. Marshall, 5 year Star	
Staff Sergt. C. Simons, M.S.C. Singapore.	
Corpl. C. Burrows, 12 Month Medals	
Lc.-Sergt. A. Saville	"
Corpl. E. Kent	"
" A. Carter	"
Drmr. W. Davis	"
Pte. E. Wynn	"
" G. Piper	"
" T. Cullen	"
" H. Darby	"
" A. Firman	"
" C. Cobb	"
" G. Blank	"
" H. Bush	"
Lc.-Corpl. G. Harlow	"
Private W. Beeslee	"
" C. Newport	"
" J. Crouch	"
" W. McGee	"
" J. Arthur	"
" J. Willis	"
" J. Needham	"

I. O. G. T.

HOPE AND PERSEVERANCE LODGE No. 108.

At an election held on the 4th inst., the following officers were duly elected, and were installed the same evening by Bro. J. Laing, D. G. W. C. T. for the ensuing quarter.

Bro. J. Marshall, W. C. T.
" W. Hurrell, P. W. C. T.
" W. H. Gorin, W. S.
" E. Turner, W. C.
" H. Blackwell, W. D. M.
" J. Benabo, W. Sentry.
" T. Ward, W. V. T.
" R. Smith, W. F. S.
" W. Day, W. A. S.
" T. Franks, W. M.
" H. Hills, W. Gd.
" J. Laing, W. T.

The following programme has been arranged for September 1887.

1st Sept.—Drill night, Lodge Deputy in the chair.

8th Sept.—Letter Box ; "What I think." Letters to be addressed W. C. T.

15th Sept.—Sing, recite, or pay.

22nd Sept.—Grumbling night, all to grumble, none to take offence.

29th Sept.—The Good Templars Obligation, what it says and what it means.

DIXEY.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

By the kind permission of Lieut.-Colonel H. T. Halahan, a Smoking Concert will be held by the above society in the Theatre on 5th September, 1887. The programme will consist of Presentation of Temperance Honours by Genl. Sir J. Hudson K.C.B., Songs and Recitations, and one of Christy's Farces entitled "Rumuns from Rome" or "Ajax and Hercules."

Cricket.

A COMPANY v. H COMPANY.

This match was played at Ranikhet on the 19th Aug., 1887, and was won by "A" Company after a very close match by 1 run.

Pte. Sewell, c Coley b Pickett...	4	c Wardle b Cumber	4
" Brewer, b Wardle	3	c Harding b Brewin	5
" McCulla, c Wardle b Pickett	11	b Cumber	0
" Fisher, b Pickett	4	c Talbot b Brewin	2
" Edwards, b Pickett	9	b Cumber	8
" Howe, b Cumber	8	c Wardle b Cumber	3
" Leek, b Pickett.....	1	c Wardle b Cumber	2
" Spiller, b Cumber	5	b Brewin	3
" Hewitson, not out.....	1	c & b Brewin ..	1
" Dunham, c & b Cumber ...	0	not out	1
" Maynard, b Cumber	15	c Wardle b Cumber	7
Extras	12	Extras	1

Total 73 Total 37

H. COMPANY.

Q.M.S. Cumber, b Brewer	0	c Leek b McCulla	8
Pte. Adams, b Edwards	16	c Howe b Brewer	0
" Wardle, c & b Brewer	11	c Fisher b Spiller	30
" Tizzard, b Edwards	1	run out	0
Sgt. Brewin, c Howe b Brewer	6	b McCulla	0
Cpl. Pickett, c Fisher b Brewer	5	st. Sewell b McCulla	0
Pte. Foster, c Brewer b Edwards	0	run out	5
Lt. Tarte, b Edwards	5	run out	1
Pte. Coley, not out	6	st. Sewell b Spiller	8
" Harding, c Dunham b Brewer	1	b Spiller	2
Sgt. Talbot, run out	0	not out	0
Extras	1	Extras	3

Total 52 Total 57

Varieties.

RELATIONSHIP.—Mr. Brown had two daughters by his first wife, the eldest of whom was married to Mr. Jones, this Jones has a daughter by his first wife, whom Mr. Brown married, and by her had a son, therefore, what relationship could Mrs. Jones claim to the family?

(Answer published in our next).

POEM ON A CONTRACTOR'S DEAD MULE OR NEW FIRE TACTICS.

A story is told of a soldier so bold,
Who approved of the Morriss' practice,
And down to the range straight away he strolled,
To rehearse the new Fire Tactics.
The target being only made from stone,
He resolved on a different rule,
And picked out a target of live skin and bone,
In the shape of an old water mule.
He brought the gun up to his shoulder,
Then took a most steady aim,
And, thinking that none could be bolder,
He fired,—and not in vain.
He, no doubt, tried so very hard,
Altho' not quite at his ease,
But the distance was only five yards;
Alas! the cost,—“ek sau” rupees.
Then at the settling day,
Each man looked like a fool,
As every body found he'd to pay
For the poor old water mule.
Each man gave a deep deep sigh,
And wished to heavens the man would die
That shot the mule so very sly,
For which we paid 12 annas 10 pie.

A. Victim.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

PROBLEM.

Here doth he strut and stride and frown;
Wear lowly garb, or kingly crown.
Assume a smile; let fall a tear,
Be ought, in fact, from clown to “Lear.”

LIGHTS.

In one, two or three and sometimes in four,
I harrow your feelings—often I bore.
At expense of my first, this, alas, doth resound,
When at all his efforts, fickle fortune hath frowned.
If you are this, I promise you, you can
Be wilier even, than the Grand Old man.
Thro' halls, long ruined now, it has been said,
The tone of music, here its sweetness spread.
To live you must do this, a proverb old;
But live you not, to do it: so we're told—
The times have changed since Moses lived, I trow;
He would be this I'm sure, if he lived now.
Perhaps out of you, I may have taken this
But only for the rhyme; I vow it is.

ANSWER TO LAST MONTHS' ACROSTIC.

T O W E R
H A
E D E N
B I B I
U S K
F I S H
F I R E
S M A R T

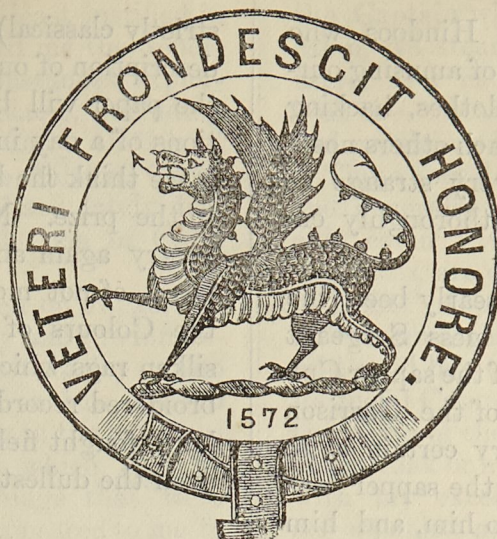
Correct answers received from “Billy,” “Duchy,” “Kate” and “Nanti.”

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our Depot Correspondent.—Thanks. Please address EDITOR.

THE DRAGON.

EAST KENT



CHRONICLE

A Paper for the Men of The Buffs.

No. 9

Ranikhet, September 30th, 1887.

Price 2 Annas.

Domestic Occurrences.

DEATH.

HARDINGE.—At Naini Tal on the 24th August, 1887, No. 1235 Pte. George Hardinge of Cholera.

(It is requested that domestic occurrences may be reported as soon as possible by all who belong to The Buffs, whether subscribers or not).

Notes.

Football has been the amusement of the month and our Non-Commissioned Officers and men have shown us that with a little practice we shall have a first class team at the Rugby game. The Officers of the Regiment were fairly beaten by the men in the first of the two big matches of the month and in the second, (against a team stronger than theirs in some respects), the men by dogged perseverance

managed to make the match a tie. A return match of Gentlemen of Ranikhet v. N. C. O's. and men of The Buffs will have been played by the time this paper is in our readers hands, and with two so closely matched teams we shall not attempt to prophecy which will be the winner. The Ranikhet team will have been training on all the dissipations of the Naini Tal week which are not likely to improve their staying powers. The excellent temper shown by the men in all the matches deserves a word of note.

Military philanthropists are always descending on the benefits of bringing Officers and men together and if any of those benevolent gentlemen had visited our football field their hearts would have been gladdened within them, for when a brawny Britisher butts his Officer in the pit of the stom—beg pardon, lower portion of his bosom, and the two roll about together in the mud, it would be impossible to bring them any closer together unless one of them were to eat the other. It would be interesting, if it were possible to obtain it, to hear the candid

criticism of some of the mild Hindoos who watch the game, on our method of amusing ourselves by tearing each others clothes, hacking each others shins, and rubbing each others noses in the dirt. It must seem very strange to them but curiously enough we thoroughly enjoy it.

The Officers' mess cat has nearly been the cause of a *cause celebre*. The mess Sergeant found his cat in the possession of the sapper Cpl. who watches over the destiny of the Garrison Class. The Sergeant was very certain as to the identity of the animal and the sapper was equally sure that it belonged to him, and him alone. There was no doubt that the mess cat had four white paws and the cat in dispute had three white paws and a doubtful one. The question, what is a white paw? was referred to the Garrison Class, but their united genius failed to solve it, and the Commandant himself was unwilling to give a final decision on this weighty point. Law was the only way out of the difficulty and we foresaw column upon column of report in *The Pioneer* on the celebrated Buff cat case when it was tried in the High Court of Calcutta. But the majesty of the law would have nothing to say to the cat, and so arbitration, that last resource of mighty minds, had to be resorted to, and the Assistant Commissioner and Cantonment Magistrate, (to give the gallant Officer his full title), agreed to take the post of Arbitrator. Each side mustered its witnesses and on the appointed day the sapper, clothed in his full regimentals and the consciousness of innocence, appeared clasping the cat to his manly bosom, while the mess-Sergeant gazed mournfully at his beloved tabby in another's arms. Fears were entertained that the matter might be settled *à la Solomon* by cutting the kitten in half, but his worship managed to satisfy both sides without resorting to such incisive measures; for the sapper believed that he had won the case and the mess-Sergeant got the cat.

As we thought, it only required a little time for our journalistic geniuses (or genii to be

strictly classical) to turn their attention to a description of our Ranikhet life; and this month the paper will be found to teem with descriptions of a day in Ranikhet. Pte. O. Kendal's is we think the best and he is therefore entitled to the prize. Next month we will break into poetry again and give our prize for the best poem, of not more than twenty-four lines, on the Colours of the Regiment. The glorious silken rags which are held together by the embroidered record in tarnished gold of so many hard fought fields should bring inspiration to even the dullest poet!

Correspondence.

Correspondence or Articles intended for insertion must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence &c. The name of the writer will not be published, any "nom-de-plume" can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.

WILD FOWLING ON THE CHINA COAST.

To the Editor of The Dragon

SIR,

My experience of the shooting in this neighbourhood is at present so limited that any attempt on my part to describe a days sport would, I fear, be only ridiculed by the great Shikarries of Ranikhet as the experiences of a "Griffin" or as the Yankees better describe it, the wanderings of a "Tender foot."

But as I have promised our gallant Editor, (notwithstanding his sarcastic remarks in the July number of *The Dragon* on my cricket performances), that I would contribute a letter on shooting, I propose to give an account of one of the many successful trips I made while we were stationed in the China Command. For some unaccountable reason it was the custom to abuse Hong-Kong and say there was absolutely nothing to do there, in fact, I don't suppose anyone said so oftener than I did. But now when I look back upon the four years we were quartered on that island "at once the Malta and Gibraltar of the East," and think of the many successful shooting expeditions I made

from it, I of all others was the least justified in abusing the place which afforded me the opportunity of visiting, and in some instances, exploring many and interesting places, including Shanghai up to the Nai-doo country, the island of Haiman twice, Swatow twice, Siberia, Corea and lastly Japan of which we have lately had such graphical accounts from the pen of Capt. Blackburn.

Personally I don't "go" much on Japan, the country is certainly very pretty and the inhabitants positively charming, but after a day or two the traveller gets accustomed to this and to pass the time, pours out his yens in the purchase of a variety of curios, some of which may be good, but the majority of things that were brought back to Hong-Kong appeared to me to be terrible trash. But I am diverging from my shooting story, what I mean to say about Japan is, it is not a sportsman's country, you can't walk about with a "banduk" on your shoulder and loose it off at what and when you like. The Jappers to a great extent, and very rightly too, keep the best of the shooting to themselves. I don't mean to say that Britishers are not allowed to shoot, because they are, and some have had remarkably good sport, but the Japs throw a lot of difficulties in the way which makes it hardly worth the while, especially when you have the coast of China at your disposal just over the other side of the road.

In the month of January 1885 having safely landed the grand old "Quaker" Company through the perils of its Military Training and Musketry to the satisfaction of all concerned, I ventured to slip in an application for three weeks leave with the praiseworthy object of making an expedition to Swatow for wild fowl shooting. The leave was readily granted and the evening of the 6th of January found my gunner friend and myself embarked on board one of Douglas Lapraik's comfortable steamers bound for Swatow, which place is the home of the wild fowl in those parts. Of course we had fully armed and equipped ourselves before starting, and as I had been to the same place before, it was left to me to make all the arrangements for our arrival in Swatow.

Our battery was as follows: my friend had a double barrelled 10-bore and ditto 12-bore, whilst I had a double 12-bore and a very killing weapon in the shape of a double 8-bore, both barrels full choke. We took no dogs, as the country I knew to be unsuitable. In 24 hours, during which time my friend played piquet with

the Captain while I stuck like a leech to my cabin, we steamed into Swatow harbour and there, as I had anticipated, found our houseboat the "Maid of Kent" ready, fully stocked and provisioned.

These houseboats are built for shooting trips, and generally in addition to having a comfortable cabin with gun racks, and other conveniences, are good sea boats; and the "Maid of Kent" we found no exception to the rule. In less time than it takes to describe we had said good bye to the good ship "Douglas" and its genial Captain, and were fairly under sail for the home of the wild fowl. Our crew consisted of a lowdak or head boatman and four coolies and with my excellent servant A-tong who had accompanied me on many previous occasions, made us up to a party of 8 all told.

It was towards evening on the 9th when the great embankment at the mouth of the river Han came in view, and it was in the vast mud flats that we eagerly strained our glasses to catch the first glimpse of our quarry. There sure enough along miles of flat mud on the edge of the sea, and still a long distance from our houseboat, were not hundreds, but thousands and thousands of every sort of wild fowl that it ever entered the heart of the delighted wild fowler to conceive. Although late we quickly got our tick-tacks (the name the Chinese have for small, light, flat bottomed punts) and coolies (each tick-tack is manned by two Chinese coolies, some of them thorough sportsmen themselves and well versed in the art of bringing one up within range of the fowl) and mad for blood, we slowly advanced on the enemy. Of course we separated, as by keeping close each gun spoils the others sport; very shortly the heavy boom of the 8-bores was heard followed quickly by the sharp reports of the cripple stoppers, and then, without exaggeration, the sky became positively darkened from the flocks and flocks of every species of wild fowl which for the next ten minutes flew hurriedly from one direction to another mostly circling round and round but too high up in the air to shoot at. Then all settled down again though perhaps as much as a mile away. So our coolies set to work to bring us up again to the flocks—but this time it was no go—the birds quickly detected their enemy and gave us a wide berth, and we didn't even get within 200 yards of them. We soon learnt by experience that after having once disturbed the large flocks the plan was then to follow up the isolated birds which would generally stop until the tick-tack

was brought up within gun shot. The shots that we had however were long ones, and if we had not our long range guns with us I don't suppose we should have made the bag we did.

It would be wearisome to describe day after day what is anything but wearisome to perform. We were able to vary our attacks on the wild fowl by some days of moderate snipe shooting; for unfortunately for us the snipe time comes rather before the wild fowl come in, and the birds we had to go for are what the Swatow people call resident snipe, and are consequently considerably wilder, and less plentiful than the migratory snipe; we however gave a fair account of what we saw.

The most difficult of all to approach were the geese, I only saw one variety and that was the common "bean goose" though the Swatow people said there were two or three kinds. They were rarely to be met with singly or in ones and twos, but generally they would settle in large flocks right in the open and for days they defied all our efforts. We bagged twelve during our trip, but this in no way represents the time we spent in trying to circumvent them. They are splendid birds for the table, varying in weight from 7 to 8½ lbs each; whether on the open mud or in the fields behind the embankment, there always appeared to be the inevitable sentry; and after crawling on hands and knees for two or three hundred yards, we invariably had the satisfaction of seeing them get up with a mocking cackle and sail away; it was only by getting them on the flight in the early morning and evening that we were able to bring a few to bag. We made a very good account of the duck which included almost every variety, mallards, pintail, shovellers and that handsome bird the sheldrake. Besides fowl the place abounds in shore birds, curlews, dotterels, sandpipers, golden plover, grey plover and red shanks, but with the exception of the plover we never troubled ourselves about them. Fifteen days of this sport did we enjoy when the inevitable time arrived to return to headquarters.

Our bag amounted to just over three hundred and fifty head of game all told—not very large considering the time taken, but to anyone who has had Swatow shooting and knows the labour and time required, it will not, however, appear a particularly small one. Then we turned our faces sadly and resignedly towards Hong-Kong.

HERMIT

A DAY'S DOINGS.

Sir,

I beg to give you a slight insight into a day's doings of a member of a very useful department in a regiment in this Command, and if you think it worthy of a corner in your valuable and very widely circulated &c. &c. journal why, kindly insert.

On the last notes of Reveille sounding I hear my Bearer whispering "Sahib Panch baje!" "Achchha! ja'o." I roll out and immediately set to work at my toilet, which being completed, swallow my tea and toast and off out to the ration stand where I generally find a prominent member of the Commissariat Department before me, no matter what time I arrive. The usual parade of Orderly Corpls., Men, Cooks and the several Jemadars being over, we start on the rations, which, under very old and experienced hands are soon distributed to the various companies. The next thing (very often) is a complaint from one of the married women (Mrs. Brown) who states that Mrs. Jones called her child some name other than its Christian one, and that she "could not stand by and hear that, as she was a respectable married woman *and had been so for the last ten years.*"

Mrs. Brown (of course) "did not say one word," but Mrs. Jones immediately called her everything." (In the meantime a chaprasi had been despatched for Mrs. Jones, who arrives,) Now for it.

The Bara Quarter-Master.—"Well Mrs. Jones! what have you to say to this report of Mrs. Brown's?"

"I don't know anything at all about what you mean, sir.—This is the first I have heard of it. I never said a word (of course) to a woman in all my life."

Mrs. Brown immediately opens fire.—

"Oh! you nasty great big story teller (or words to that effect). How can you stand there and tell the gentleman that, when you know you called my little boy Freddy "a nasty stinking little pig?" and (crying) "I can't stand that Sir, as I always keep my children clean, and have been a decent *married women for the last ten years* and never in front of an Officer before."

Mrs. Jones retaliates in similar strains until at last the Bara Sahib, getting rather tired of it, comes out with—"Well now I tell you what it is; if I take this case to the Colonel he will

get you both sent back to your Regiment and a report will go against you and very likely your unfortunate husbands will get into trouble over your confounded tongues, so I think you had better go home now and try and live in peace and quietness for the future."

Both ladies, simultaneously.—"Very good, sir, we will try, good morning sir"—"Come along Freddy," and depart in opposite directions looking daggers at each other.

This probably occurs once or twice a week and of course furnishes a certain amount of amusement for outsiders, but it is always the same tale,—"I never said a word."

Next arrive at Orderly Room where, after various little things are got through, such as—"Can I get a tent to-day for the cricket match?" "Yes sir! what time do you want it?" "Oh, about 10!" "Very good sir, it will be all right," or "One of my married women reported she gets too much bone in her meat." "Very good sir! that shall be seen to." Breakfast at 9 a.m. and then for a little more variety entertainment.

No. 1. Chit per a little boy.—"Please oblige with my oil, I quite forget it on the 1st Yours thankfully, Mrs. Webster." I oblige of course. No. 2. Chit from a Colour Sergeant,— "Please mark this cap, I forgot it before, and we are for parade in caps tomorrow." Very good, complied with. No. 3,— "Will you please exchange these boots sir?—I was in hospital when they were issued and these are too small." All right. No. 4, Fruit-wallah,— "Salaam Sahih, mera sab chiz lut kiya." "Kiska Company?" "Tis lumbar Bungla." "Achcha ham ek chaprasi abhi bhej-do." No. 5, Another chit,— "Kindly send a dozen small buttons for my khaki coat." Booked up, and sent of course.

No. 6, Pte. Khowli enters,— "Beg pardon sir, but Mr. So and So wants to know whether you can oblige him with wheel-barrows, sacks, get a hole dug, fill it with water, have the bhisties on the parade ground at 4 p.m. with mussocks full, some blank ammunition, old clothes to manufacture V. C. dummies, a couple of tents, tables, forms, and (in fact a score of other articles too numerous to detail) here to enable the Gymkhana to go on, and Mr. So and So says if he cannot get these things, the whole affair will fall through, and that he will be much obliged and ever pray &c. &c. if you will please do your best to see to all these things." I reply—"What in the name of heavens do you take me for? I was not apprenticed at White-

ley's, neither am I a descendant of a director of the Co-operative Stores, but tell Mr. So and So I will see what I can do." "Here Chaprasi! sab Jemadar and Tindal bhej-do," "Bugler sound Pioneers,"—When all my factotums arrive I give the necessary orders for a few of these things to be carried out, and turn the stores upside down looking for old clothing which, thank goodness, was left at the Ordnance Department Singapore and I hope will remain there.

Well now, surely I have done with these variety chits and can write a couple of letters; but, no, at a quarter to one precisely up come six carts loaded with stores from the Commissariat Department, just arrived from Allahabad, Calcutta, &c. and again Pioneers" go on the double. I have to wait very patiently, probably half an hour for them to arrive, as the dinner bugle has just sounded and it would be rather hard to make minors of them so just give them a little jocular advice. "It takes you a long time Andrews to get through your "mulligatawny" and "don't let it occur again"—and, now off to dinner myself, inwardly exclaiming I will have an hour or two in peace, but no, I am within 20 yards of my door when an inveterate gambler turns up with "Oh! I beg your pardon sir, but as you are a long time in the regiment, would you kindly tell me when Letter "D" Company was the best shooting company before this year, as I have bet a chap half a gallon about it." I reply—"They have not been the best shooting company since I have been in the Buffs and that is nearly 19 years, but still they were always near the top of the roll, and I am very glad to see them best this year as it is my old troop." My questioner smiles and says "Thanks sir, very much, I knew I was right," and departs with pleasant anticipations of the coming half gallon of Mr. Fleming's home (Ranikhet) brewed.

My mid-day meal is often interrupted by some infernal chaprasi with a chit stating that the cricketers (for whom the tents were required) want some 5 or 6 gallons of beer, I of course hurry over my dhall curry, swallow hurriedly some *very fat and tender* Ranikhet beef &c., and then off to issue the beer, which being done, I go up to the Office and find waiting for me an order that No. 14 room, 11 Bungalow is to be vacated *at once*, fumigated and whitewashed, as a case of measles has occurred there three weeks ago and it has just been found out that this quarter has been

used by a married man with a family of five, all that time, and that we shall certainly all get measles if these orders are not carried out immediately. I, of course, go to the half moon barracks and give the necessary orders for the family to shift &c. &c. On my road back, have a look at the cricketers who have evidently finished all the beer as their wickets are falling like nine pins. Surely no one will find me down here out of every one's way, but alas! the orderly room peon espies me and—"Salaam Sahib, Chitthi hai." "Oh go to the— Le ja'o Daftar." "Bund ho-gaya Sahib." (The usual thing while the cats away, the mice &c. the clerks, I afterwards find, have gone off, one to sleep, one to shoot, and the other to bed). So I take the usual pile of letters, sign the despatch book, and with "Achchha ja'o" commence to open them very suspiciously. It does not take me long to request the blessing of some individual of the lower regions, upon your English Educated Office Babu who has got you, as he thinks, upon a good string because you have requisitioned for "Pick Axes" instead of "Axes Pick," and calls the Colonel's very particular attention to para. 1971 of the I. A. R., Vol. XXIII as amended by A/C, clause 225 of 1886, in which it no doubt states that very great inconvenience is caused &c. &c.

The whole of the letters I look casually through, and with a smile stick them in my pocket as "out of sight, out of mind" I intend to be verified in this particular case.

It is now nearly five and I think a trot on the pony will do me good, so go home, and after a brush and clean up so as to appear smart in the eyes of dandy coolies and syces, I mount and away at a nice quiet trot. Near the Post Office I meet a couple of ladies, and wonder why, as I am passing, they have a quiet grin (I'm certain it was a grin). It suddenly dawned upon me that I had not received any lessons in my young days in equestrianism, and no doubt made a most ludicrous figure on a horse, holding on by one hand like grim death, for he had just shied at a Ricksha (without the Chinaman) coming along.

After visiting Rustomjees', I return home without any casualty, and have my tea, which over, I find I have to play in a Billiard handicap, this of course, for want of practice, I lose, and by the time this is over it is opening time for the Buffs' Theatre, but just as I am off, that ubiquitous chaprasi is at my heels again with another note, this time, as follows:—

"My dear—

"I am very sorry indeed to trouble you, but could you lend me 40 Rupees? I want to buy a horse. I will pay you back at 5/- a month, or if I get the money I expect from home next month will pay you then.

"Trusting you will oblige

Your old friend and enlisting chum

J. JOHNSON."

Now this was too good, human flesh and blood could not stand it, so I very politely acquaint the unfortunate chaprassie with the toe of my boot, at the same time telling him "Jawab Kal."

Our old friends the Choctaw Pond Lily Minstrels were giving a Smoking Concert which was a very good entertainment, particularly the "Blind Beggars." This was very well rendered indeed and I sincerely hope that the same fate will not befall these two performers as befell the first two who put it on the boards in the Buffs' Theatre, Hong Kong.

And now for home and bed. One nip of Glenlivet and sweet sleep, but not without its troubles, for, what with dreaming of chits, khaki clothing, gymkhanas and our expedition to Majkhali next month, I pass a very restless night.

Now, Mr. Editor, I have given you a fair description of one day's work. I don't want to compete for the monthly prize as I am entitled to compensation for my boots this month, and if any of your readers feel grieved, please ask them not to insist upon fire-arms for the meeting, as I have gone off in my shooting lately, and would stand a very poor chance.

I am,

Sir,

Yours obediently

CHOTA SAHIB.

NOTES ON FISHING.

BY COLONEL HART, V.C., R.E.

There are only three kinds of fish that require mention:—

Chilwabs, Indian Trout, and Mahseer.

Many of the smaller streams abound with Chilwabs, they are a very small silvery fish and there are many species, they take the fly freely and may afford amusement if the large fish refuse to take. In a stream near Dagshai I once caught 198 in an afternoon and would have

caught many more had my flies been smaller, but I have never before nor since known fish to take so freely.

The Indian trout is spotted like a trout and is a very game fish, but is really not a trout at all. It is principally procured where the bottom is sandy or where a small tributary enters the larger stream. Those I have caught are generally about $\frac{3}{4}$ lb, they take the fly or small spoon. I have never deliberately fished for them but catch them occasionally when trying for mahseer. In the rains I am told they take a worm.

Now we come to the great mahseer. If the natives were not such poachers the streams would teem with these beautiful fish. They will take a fly, especially at sunset a white fly, but far more can be caught with small spoons—use the very finest of gut and stalk your pools as you would a stag. Fish in the runs into pools, throw the spoon to the opposite side and allow the stream to carry it down and then draw it up slowly on the near side. Do not draw your spoon too fast. Fish every inch of the run and expect a fish in eddies and behind rocks. You must wade. The Mahseer strikes the bait with great force and impetuosity, and does not require the smart striking that is usual with the British trout. If he is a big fish let him go, it would be like trying to stop a steam-engine, but never slacken your line.

You can catch enormous mahseer in the streams near Ranikhet, but the water must be so clear that you can see your boots when wading above the knee. Mahseer big bottom-feeders are supposed not to see well in dirty water whatever the cause you will catch none in discoloured water except with live bait. Put on a chilwah alive and tie a small stone with thread about two feet from the bait so as to anchor it, by this method, as a rule, you only catch very large fish so be on the look out and do not lose a valuable line, winch, and English rod into the bargain as I did last year through taking refuge from a heavy thunder storm a few yards from my rod. Even when the water is like pea-soup you will catch fish with live bait and when it is useless to try a spoon or fly.

It is not safe to sleep in the valleys during the rains, and if you try it, soon after the rains you will certainly catch something else besides fish, namely a bad malarial fever. If you fish in October, sleep as high up as you can, and be provided with quinine. Bear in mind that the direct action of the sun is not so much to be feared as chills.

Mahseer will not take in the mountain streams during the winter but they will in the plains. The best months at Ranikhet are March, April, May and June.

Mahseer, like all fish are uncertain, sometimes everything seems favourable but they will not move, perhaps they know that rain threatens in the upper hills and food of a particular kind is coming down.

I have had excellent sport but it is expensive, —the tackle of the Indian makers is ruinous, soldiers might, with advantage, send home for what they require, and make up the spoons cheaply in the workshops, a handy man might make it worth his while to undersell the Indian dealers

A very long line is necessary for the large mahseer, 100 yards or more.

Mahseer can be caught with gram, dough and other bait but I have never cared to try these methods and so must refer you to the natives who know them well. By whatever means you hook him a big mahseer will give you good play.

I have caught many with the artificial minnow but the dead bait spinning is far better if you have the patience.

If you want a startling surprise put your hand well down a mahseer's throat just to feel what his throat teeth are like, he has no teeth in his mouth.

The man who is a good fisherman in England must not be too proud to study the eccentricities of the mahseer or he will find himself only a bad fisherman in India. I recommend the sporting men to club together and buy "The Rod in India" by Thomas. It is an expensive book but by studying it you will learn more in a week than you will pick up in years.

Station News.

The following is a general idea of the manoeuvres proposed to be held under Brdr.-Gen. Sir John Hudson, K.C.B., Commanding Rohilkund District. It is proposed that a force of between 600 and 700 men from Ranikhet composed of The Buffs, Scottish Rifles, and possibly a detachment from the Standing Camp, shall march from Ranikhet about the 10th Oct. taking simply water-proof sheets, blankets, kitchen utensils and entrenching tools. This force will probably find its advance beyond Majkhali (about 8 miles from barracks) by a hostile force coming from Almora composed of the 3rd Gurkas, and it is expected that the

Ranikhet field force will bivouac the first night near Majkhali. The next three or four days there will be a series of manœuvres between the two forces which owing to the hilly nature of the country it is hoped will give the troops a good idea of what real warfare amongst the Indian frontier hills is like. It is expected that the troops will return to Ranikhet on the sixth day.

A Quadrille party was given by the Sergeants of the Standing Camp on the 23rd inst. It was held in one of the new huts which answered admirably. It was very well attended by outsiders except The Buffs who no doubt went to the dramatic entertainment instead. Dancing was kept up until 4 a.m. A good supper was provided by The Buffs Coffee Wallah. The whole arrangement was well carried out and reflects great credit on the committee.

SMOKING CONCERT.

The members of the Pond Lilly Minstrels emerged again from the cold shade of private life into the glare of the footlights on the 19th of the month. As our dramatic critic was busy, during the greater portion of the performance, in manufacturing for himself a false nose (which came off half way through the performance of The Blind Beggars) and in rubbing mud on an ancient and one-tailed dress coat, he did not hear very much of the performance, but the roars that came from the front showed that Pte. Haley's song was thoroughly appreciated and on the other hand, the dead silence with which the audience listened to Pte. Taylor's recitation of "Eugene Aram" showed how thoroughly interested they were. Sergt. Short, deserting shirt-sleeves and scene shifting, for the stage and dress clothes, sang a much appreciated song, and a step dance and bones duet were good.

"The Blind Beggars" an operetta supposed to be written by Farnie and Offenbach was the concluding item, but as sung and acted by Lieut. Lloyd and our Dramatic critic, either of those gentlemen would have had much difficulty in recognising their handy work. Our D.C. (not D.T. Mr. Printer) had only had a half an hour to learn his words, so, with the fertility of genius, (nothing like modesty) he substituted a libretto out of his own head. Any way, Offenbach and Farnie or not, the audience was mightily amused. Mr. Birkhead—though he blushed deeply when compared, by the elder of

the ruffians, to Handel—retained sufficient presence of mind to follow the eccentric phrasing (good word that) of the vocalists. People who had listened to La blache, Tamburini, Mario and Sims Reeves do say that they had heard better singing, but then some people are so absurdly critical. Pitz, a dasch-hund, made his first appearance upon any stage, but, being taken with stage fright retired under a chair and refused to fight the toy dog of the other beggar, or to take any further interest in the proceedings.

THEATRICALS &c.

On the 8th of the month an entertainment was given at The Buff's Theatre, the profits of which were to be devoted to Lady Roberts' homes for nursing sisters. There was not as full a house as we have been accustomed to see and Lady Roberts is not likely to be able to build any very stately home out of the contributions of the Ranikhet Theatre, but the seats that were filled, were filled by an audience in the best of tempers who apparently enjoyed themselves immensely.

The first part consisted of a concert in which, after an overture by the band, Capt. Richardson sang "Maid of Athens;" Mrs. Bayard "In my Garden;" Brigadier Gen. Sir J. Hudson, K.C.B., "The Scout;" Miss Hudson, "Eileen Alannah" and as an encore "Cherry Ripe;" The Rev. A. Stone, "She Wore a Wreath of Roses;" and Mr. Lloyd disguised in a bright scarlet wig and chess board-pattern trousers chanted those classical ditties "Nobody knows" and "The Tipperary Christening." Each song was deservedly encored, and all the ladies had bouquets thrown to them. This brought the first part to an end.

The curtain rose again, taking some of the mantle-piece decorations up with it, on the Comedietta "Cut off with a Shilling" wherein Mr. Tarte appeared as the young and beautiful *jeune-premier* who is cut off with the humble "robert" and spoke out his words manfully. When he is a little more used to the stage he will be a decided acquisition. Miss McNeill who made her first appearance upon our classic boards, played Kitty Gaythorne, the young wife who is the cause of all the misunderstanding, but who, in the course of the piece, appeases the wrath of the irascible old uncle and brings everything to a happy conclusion. Miss McNeill spoke with commendable distinctness, had carefully thought out her bye-play and was quite at

home on the stage. She did full justice to the character. Major Newnham-Davis was the irascible old uncle with a grievance and the gout.

A small parrot the presiding spirit of the theatre, made its appearance on the scene, its last one, for it has since been stolen, and, in the middle of the piece, an apparition as of a scene shifter crawled across the main street of Weston-super-mare on his hands and knees.

The Comedietta went brightly throughout and the curtain had to be raised a second time in response to a very unanimous call.

On Friday the 23rd "The Lancers," a comedy in three acts, written by a Frenchman, translated into very doubtful English by an M.P., and adapted to the Ranikhet stage and made to coincide, as closely as may be, with the realities of soldier life by local amateur authors. We gave, last month, a sketch of the plot which runs on the well worn lines of love and jealousy, with, in the third act a *volte-face* on the part of the Colonel who instead (as the odds are, in real life he would have done) of trying one of his men, who had grossly insulted him, by courtmartial, suddenly turns round and presents him with his discharge free, gratis, and for nothing.

We have no fault of any kind to find with the representations of the play. All the parts were well filled; some of them exceptionally so. Miss McNeill played the heroine and was excellent in the light comedy scenes of the first and second acts; her appearance, manner and voice were all that the most critical could wish, and she was thoroughly at home on the stage. In the third act, without reaching the high strung pitch of passion with which Mrs. Kendal used to electrify the house in "The Queen's Shilling" Miss McNeill yet managed to gain the sympathy of the audience for her sacrifice, when, to save the man she loves from going to prison, she offers her hand to a man she cares nothing for. Miss McNeill is entitled to high praise for the playing of the part, which is a very difficult one.

Mrs. Fletcher played "Mrs. Major Ironsides" and revelled in the humour of the part. She had caught exactly the right idea of the character and carried it through most consistently. It was a very clever performance. Mrs. Archdale as "Phoebe" was very bright, pretty, and piquante. She thoroughly looked the neat handed, tastefully dressed hostess whom we admire on the stage (but never see,

alas! in real life) and she played her scenes with Tom Smith very prettily. Miss Pember-ton had very little to do, except to look pretty, but what little there was in her part she did very gracefully. Mrs. Grant kindly appeared as a guest, and the Misses Good played nicely the comely village maidens who had to cross and re-cross the stage.

Of the men; Capt. Archdale played the leading part "Dick Larkspur" with that easy manner we expect from him, and in the strong situations showed all the requisite force and earnestness. The part, which had great temptations to over acting, was, with him, in thoroughly safe and reliable hands.

Capt. Richardson gave us an excellent portrait of the old fashioned N.C.O. with a gruff voice and a very nice taste in the matter of beer. He made a good character sketch of the part.

Mr. Lloyd made "The Trumpeter" a very amusing, if somewhat loutish character. He was continually being called lout, booby or blockhead, and he scratched his head and received these complements with a gravity which always brought a roar from the audience.

Mr. Butler played the thankless part of "Claude Leslie" looking very much like the Poet Laureate in his younger days with a dash of Ben. Disraeli, and spoke his words clearly. It is a bad part, but Mr. Butler did all that he could in it.

Mr. Tarte looked very sweet (as of course a tart should be) in the part of the magnificent "James."

Ptes. Bell and Allcock played the two Lancers admirably. They had thought out their bye-play and without obtruding on the principals, turned their parts into little character sketches.

Major Newnham-Davis played the part of "Lieut.-Colonel Ravelin."

The scenery was much admired. The properties were all in keeping, and the scene shifting in the practised hands of Sergts. Short and Clifton was as quick and as noiseless as it could possibly be.

A DAY IN RANIKHET.

AWARDED PRIZE.

"The trumpets clarion note proclaims the morn." With the last strains of reveillé ringing in my ear I spring from bed refreshed by a night of unbroken repose and with soldierlike

alacrity perform a simple toilet. Six o'clock!!! Now to down the snowy belt, the glittering bayonet and its glossy sheath, and rifle in hand saunter towards the square for our inevitable matutinal parade. Swiftly speeds the hour on its wings of wind; "dismiss," that ever welcome dictum has gone forth, and we bronzed warriors all abandon the ground to the envy no doubt of yon squad of callow recruits performing a series of picturesque contortions not inaptly termed "monkey motions."

At eight or thereabouts breakfast appears on the scene. Hardy steak and milkless tea discussed with lusty appetite evaporate in a twinkling. What to do with myself this morning is a question not easily settled, a stroll through the Bazaar finally commends itself as a satisfactory mode of passing the time, accordingly in company with a friend I proceed towards the busy haunts of men. Already is business in full swing. Even now the sweetstuff vendor displays a varied assortment of confections dear to the palate oriental and the wily merchant marks his legitimate victims as we approach his spacious establishment, politely greeting us with a "good morning Sahib, what for you to day?" and invites an inspection of his real "Europe goods." A silken (?) handkerchief of ambitious design and gaudy hue attracting my comrade's eye, the following brisk dialogue ensues: "khitna pice?" "two rupee" placidly rejoins the shopman, "what, for that?" Throwing the article down feigns a retreat "come back, come back Sahib, what you give?" "eight annas and no more" is the prompt reply "Ah Sahib you hard, you very hard, take it, give it pice." Thus is the bargain effected, hardly our way of business at home, "they do these things better in England."

Having at length exhausted the various attractions of the Bazaar, we repair homewards. Lo! the "cook-house door" resounds and our own particular 'Bawareh' and his motly collection of stews, curries, duffs and other preparations caters with more or less success to the numerous requirements of a hungry though occasionally critical squad.

Siesta—happy institution, succeeds the mid-day meal. Reclining comfortably on my couch, book in hand, pipe in mouth, I lazily peruse a page or two till a delicious languor gains ascendancy over my senses and casting away the volume "I woo the drowsy god."

At three rise and prepare for the evenings'

drill. An hour later the bugle heralds the advent of tea, a small section of my daily dole of the "necessary" washed down by a pint of Bohea constitutes a light wholesome repast. From four to five our columns occupy the drill square, then the remainder of the evening lies at the soldiers disposal.

Come friend, join we yon numerous train of kindred spirits, and pot in hand repair we to the abodes of merriment and revelry—the Canteen. Methinks I discern from afar, lounging on the threshold, the familiar form of "Moucher" of The Buffs, worse luck he has caught sight of me and approaches with various greetings proffering his half consumed cigar. This latter act of munificence on the part of "M." fills me with suspicion. "Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes." Aha, I thought as much he just wants two pice to make a pot. Rapidly draining my regulation pint (no more) I enter that adjacent erection "the Library," finding as usual every paper of importance in the hands of eager readers, waiting patiently, secure *The Irish Times* and retire disgusted.

Home at 8, furbish up for to-morrows parade, a slender meal termed supper, the fragrant weed, and finally to bed—pleasant conclusion to yet another of our happy though uneventful days at our comfortable little Indian Station—Ranikhet.

Pte. O. Kendal,
The Buffs.

A DAY IN RANIKHET.

It was on a Monday morning when lying in bed half-awake, I heard the drolling notes of the Bugle sounding Reveille and exclaimed "Well bed, the best of friends must part," the Bugler finishing up with a long wail, which struck me as sounding much like the wailings of a dog from the effects of a German Band. Having dressed and got half way to parade my domicile being at what is better known as "Mutiny point," to my chagrin I found I had forgotten my gloves. What was I to do? A brilliant idea flashed across my mind. Seeing Jones just in front of me with his gloves under his shoulder strap, I at once had him set. On coming up with him I directed his attention to a mere nothing in an opposite direction to me when I succeeded in securing his gloves, he not discovering his loss till it was time to form up for inspection. How he fared there I did not take the trouble to enquire but on parade being dismissed I slowly wended my way back with Jones and dropping his gloves in an out of the way place down the khud and without his detection, I sang out "Jones there's your gloves" Sure enough they were, and he was so elated on me having found them, that although wondering how he could have dropped them there, he gave me credit on, (to use his own expression, "having my eyes about me," and afterwards rewarding me by asking "What was I going to have to drink." I gloried in my success but could not help inwardly exclaiming "poor fellow." After breakfast which

didn't go down at all bad, I betook myself to my quarters and pored over those ever welcome new Musketry Regulations, over which I fell asleep till the inspiring notes of the Dinner Bugle sounded in my ready ear. Dinner over, me and Jones agreed for a trip to Chaubuttia, so securing a couple of Tats we made off as I thought in fine style but on going by the Station Hospital I was thrown clean on my head. A dizziness came over me as a Drummer Boy coming at full gallop shouted to Jones "Kiss him for his mother" very consoling certainly, but having recovered myself and mounted once more, we reached our destination without any further accident. After spending a jovial afternoon with our friendly neighbours we prepared for home, but lo and behold! our coolies had mizzled with the Tats thereby causing us to do the journey back on foot. Arriving back about 8 p.m., six of us adjourned to a game of cards where of course, me again, I was let in for half a dozen rounds, but this is not all. Giving up cards for a game of Billiards, (it would have done anyone's sight good to have seen my attitude, Poole, was no where). I made a ripping stroke at an easy cannon, very ripping certainly for having missed it I was struck by the Marker shouting out: "Five rupees please, table ripped over two inches in length and pay for glass broke by knocking it down with butt end of cue." After a great deal of laughter at my expense I squared accounts and trudged home to bed hearing no familiar tinkle in my pockets and vowing I would never handle a cue again.

"Brandy Sauce."

AN ACTING BANDSMAN'S BRIEF ACCOUNT OF A DAY AT RANIKHET.

SATURDAY.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Sir,

Will you kindly allow me to enter your competition under the heading of A Day in Ranikhet.

Somewhere about five o'clock I was awoke by the sounding of the Reveille, and after opening the doorways of our virtuous domicile to admit a small quantity of fresh air I commence to make up my bed, while undergoing this performance in comes the "nappy" for his morning rounds, and with a short stiff brush he daubs my chin and cheeks with soap lather for about the small space of time of 3 minutes, then with an old piece of iron, or steel, supposed to be a razor, he commences to scrape my face, this is what he might call shaving, but for want of a better name I should call it scraping a man's face to give it a polished appearance, after this performance is over I finish making up my bed, and now for a wash to open my eyes, after this refreshing operation I go back to my room. But alas! what is awaiting me, why just to get ready for Kit Inspection, now for a hunt down deep into my box for the smaller articles of Kit where they may have been stowed. After cleaning and laying out the Kit I now wait for my breakfast, and after running into the messroom several times, and every time giving the cook a shout just by way of letting him know that we are getting impatient. At length breakfast heaves in sight, and I sit down to the sumptuous repast of a small "beef steak" with a piece of "roti" together with a pint of tea. After this longed for feed is over, I repair to my room again when the stentorian voice of the O. S for the week, shouts out, hurry up there for Doctor's Inspection.

Now for a walk, up and down khuds to the small square where we wait about fifteen to twenty minutes, at length the inspecting officer arrives, and now a long series of inspecting soldiers hands and faces commences

Band—Right Turn—Dismiss.

Now for a walk back again, next comes singing practice, and after going through the necessary parts of the service for the morrow the order is given to fall out for a few minutes, now for a whiff of the pipe, and a short rest, next comes march practice. This finishes the duty for the day.

Now for "khana."

Afterwards for a short time our attention is required to the pipe claying of our belts and Buff-facing collars and now I march off to see some sport, some good cricket and a grand foot-ball match, why it is new for me to be a spectator, as it is generally my place trying to deafen "Tommy's" ear with that lovely noise called "music," but this afternoon I'm going to look on. After enjoying myself for some considerable time I again trudge up the mountain side for some tea as there is a concert on to-night. This ends the day which I have briefly described.

Acting Bandsman.

Tommy Atkins.

[CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST].

I now come to Tommy's best trait as a soldier—his respect and liking for and his confidence in his officer. In the field he will follow him anywhere and do anything he tells him; in quarters he will take the greatest delight and pride in his sporting process—Tommy dearly loves a bit of sport in his officer—and will trudge many a mile to see him ride a steeplechase or play a cricket match, and cheer till he is blue in the face over a victory in either field. Nothing struck the foreign military critics at our Autumn Manœuvres so much as the admirable relations between the men and officers of our army; they are splendid. This feeling is the true foundation of British discipline, and therefore in a great measure of British success. It is the opinion of many experienced officers that the short-service system will strike at the root of this excellent spirit. Under the old long-service plan the lot of man and officer was cast together in many strange scenes and countries, and a mutual feeling of esteem, together with reciprocal knowledge of character useful to both commander and commanded, sprung up between them. But in the short service, just as a man begins to know his officer and to appreciate and understand their relative positions, he leaves. It is not irksome to render implicit obedience to one you know and respect; but it is to one you do not respect simply because you do not know him. In the former case discipline will never break down, in the latter it totters and may collapse under the first severe test.

Tommy Atkins, however, not army organisation, is my theme. You will perhaps think that I regard him through a pair of rose-colored spectacles, and I want you to do the same. Not at all. Of course I know that Tommy is at times a thirsty soul and even a drunken black-guard. I know too that he will on occasion take off his belt and amuse himself with hammering the heads of peaceable citizens, with the buckle. But are there not black sheep in every fold? Are there not scoundrels amongst clergymen, lawyers, doctors, and in every rank of life?—scoundrels too with more education to keep them straight, and less tempta-

tion to send them wrong than the poor soldier has. The instances of depravity which the above professions occasionally furnish do not in the least damage their deservedly high corporate characters, for are there not even fallen angels? But it is different with the soldier; he is condemned for the few. It is the opinion of a large number of Tommy's countrymen that, though a plucky fellow, he is but a drunken worthless member of society. I know an old lady who has only to see a red coat to be ready to make an affidavit on the spot that the man inside is reeling. It is not wilful perjury on her part, it is monomania, and a monomania which in milder forms possesses many people. A much fiercer light beats on Tommy Atkins reeling back to barracks in bright scarlet than, on the labourer rolling home in sombre garb, and Tommy gets the full benefit of the glare and blaze.

But you should make allowances for him:—

'The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger;
Remember he's his country's stay
In hour and day of danger.'

I fear that Burns has written this last injunction in vain. The only time you do remember that the soldier is his country's stay in hour of danger is when that hour is nigh or still fresh in your minds, and then you recollect it fast enough. You will pat him on the back certainly, and give him a right hearty welcome, when he 'comes marching home after a victorious campaign; but when war's alarms are over, and when his deeds have ceased to be a nine day's wonder, the 'brave poor sodger,' I say, is 'despised,' and I say it advisedly. I recollect a color-sergeant coming to my room with his bronzed face—he had but recently returned from a ten years' tour of service in the East—all aflush with indignation. He told me his story; it was this: He had been up in town 'on pass' for the day with the young wife he had just married and some of her people. They enjoyed themselves very well, walking about looking at the shop-windows and noticing all the London life and bustle, until they arrived at one of the leading West-end thoroughfares, when his wife remembered that she had a cousin an attendant damsel at one of the stalls in a fancy bazaar close by, where a band played and people lounged about. Just the very thing: in high spirits they were about to enter. His wife and her relations—father and brother, I think—were allowed to pass; but as the color-sergeant stepped within the portals, the janitor in green-and-gold placed a debarring arm across his path. 'Soldiers in uniform not admitted here,' was the inexorable order. The party turned away. The passing mechanic, if he were decently dressed the meanest shop-boy, the most pimple-faced, stunted, unwholesome-looking grub of a grocers assistant, were all at liberty to enter, but the bronzed soldier, standing stalwart and erect in the uniform of the British army, and wearing on his arms the crossed colors of his country, the badge of one of the highest positions of trust in the non-commissioned ranks, was ignominiously turned away as if he had been a felon. This too before his young bride! before her relations! It was piling Ossa upon Pelion. It must have been rather a bitter moment that, I should think. The day's jaunt had been looked forward to, I'll be bound, with great pleasure, but I believe the little party was not a very jolly one after this. 'And now, sir' concluded the color-sergeant, his face more than ever aglow after the recital of his wrongs, 'my object in coming to you with this story is to ask you to write a letter about it to the *Times*. I feel I ought to take some notice of it.'

Of course I wrote a letter; but it was a bad letter, I fear, full of tautology and repetition, for the color-sergeant's

flushed face was looking over my shoulder while I wrote, and I went on my subject with rather an indignant and slap-dash pen. He would have written a much better one himself probably, but the incident of the day had taken all self-confidence out of him. The *Times* kindly inserted the letter the following morning, for which the color-sergeant was very grateful; and I afterwards found out that the proprietors of managing committee of the bazaar in question rescinded the obnoxious order. When this is the treatment the uniform meets with, you will not be surprised to learn that sergeants on leave in London for a day or two often prefer wearing seedy plain clothes, and running the risk of getting into trouble for doing so, to appearing in their uniforms. As shabby civilians they command more respect and consideration than as smart soldiers. I could give instances *ad infinitum* of how Tommy is slighted by his countrymen when there is no immediate prospect of his services being required; but I fear I have already occupied more space than you will probably think the subject is worth. In conclusion, I hope that the further knowledge of Tommy Atkins, which is a perusal of this paper will afford the reader, will lead to the conclusion that he improves on acquaintance, and is not such a 'worthless drunken fellow' after all.

Concluded.

Depot News.

Capt. Smith has been selected to succeed Major A. E. Ommanney as Adjutant 1st Volunteer Battalion The Buffs from 1st November next.

Capt. Bunbury has been posted to the 2nd Battn. on promotion.

Lieut. Buttanshaw 2nd Battn., has been ordered to join Depot for duty vice Captain Bunbury relieved on promotion.

Ten recruits were sent from Depot to 2nd Battn. at Dover on the 18th August.

The wives of Dr. Stevens, Ptes. Featherstone and Cochrane were to leave for India in the Crocodile about the 6th inst.

Regimental Items.

A Billiard tournament was played this month by several of the members of the Sergt's. Mess for a very handsome cue presented by Mr. Parselle of the Military Works Department. No less than forty entered. Some very good play was exhibited and very interesting evenings were passed watching the players. It was finally won by Orderly Room Sergt. Butler who beat Sergt. Laing after an exciting contest

Capt. A. F. Campbell Johnston has been posted to the 1st. Battn. on promotion.

Sergt. R. Montgomery appointed Assistant Instructor in Signalling 21st April, 1887.

No. 282, Lce.-Sergt. G. Watkins changed his name to Joseph Samuel Underhill.

No. 1855, Pte. Thos. Bell changed his name to John Jefferson Brown.

Lieut. Booth has passed in subjects C. & D. and Lieuts. Annesley and Hunter in subjects A. and B. for promotion to Captain.

To be Lce.-Corporals 20th Sept. 1887 :

860. Pte. J. A. Price.

1214. „ E. Gouge.

1920, „ C. Crumby.

2122, „ S. W. Johnson.

G.C. pay has been granted as follows :—

Pte. J. Saunders at 1 Penny 2-9-87.

„ E. Humphries „ 25-8-87.

„ T. Arthur „ 11-9-87.

„ D. Lalley „ 14-9-87.

„ W. Hannam „ 12-9-87.

Dr. W. Harrison at 2 Pence 7-9-87.

In our critique on the Dramatic Clubs' performance of "Waiting for the Verdict" we mentioned Sergt. Lishman as being one of the energetic but silent scene shifters: it should have been Sergt. Clifton. Sergt. Lishman has done good work for the theatre in looking after the accounts &c., but Sergt. Clifton and Sergt. Short have spent all their time, when not on parade, at the theatre painting and carpentering.

The signalling awards for 1885 (10s. each) were gained by the undermentioned signallers:

Sergt. Watts.

Lce.-Sergt. Brand.

Corpl. Cork.

Pte. Walker.

„ Lipscombe.

„ Tucker.

„ Latimer.

„ Greenwood.

„ Wilson.

Lce.-Corpl. Reynolds.

„ Tomlin.

Sporting Notes.

Some of our gallant Shikarees (this time of G Company) have been bagging large game again this month, but in a slightly different form to the celebrated mule which was eulogized in our last; this time it was a pet bear the property of one of the Standing Camp. The unfortunate cub being accustomed to gambol and frolic with its owner and his comrades and seeing two gallant "Buffs" within a couple of hundred yards of the Camp, approached them, no doubt with a playful intent, but alas! poor bruins' fate was sealed. A couple of charges of No. 6 shot turned it over and upon picking it up life was found to be extinct and its *leather collar* severely damaged. The usual reward will not be claimed we hope in this case.

Fine weather favoured the sports held at Chaubuttia (Scottish Rifles) and at the Standing Camp this month. The whole of the beauty and fashion turned out, and the parade put one in mind of a race meeting at home. The events were very keenly contested and below we give the prize winners of the Battalion :—

SCOTTISH RIFLES' SPORTS.

Hurdle race, Pte. Nash first.

Quarter mile „ Gardner third.

One mile Lce.-Sergt. Underhill third.

STANDING CAMP SPORTS.

Putting the 24lb shot Pte. Revell first.

Quarter mile flat-race „ Gardner third.

Throwing the hammer „ Revell first.

A match under the following conditions came off on the 17th inst., between Pte. Revell The Buffs and Pte. Campbell Seaforth Highlanders :

1. Putting the shot, 10ft. run, no follow.
2. „ „ with follow, no run.
3. „ „ unlimited run & follow.

Weight of shot 18lb.

Stakes 50 rupees a-side.

Three tries only allowed.

The first event was won by Campbell, distance 33ft. 7in., Revell being 6 inches behind.

The second event won by Revell, distance 38ft. 4ins., Campbell a foot behind.

The third was won by Campbell, distance 43ft. 2ins., Revell a foot behind.

The ground was very bad it having been raining hard all day, but the Scotchman came

prepared with a pair of spiked shoes which certainly were an advantage over ammunition boots as worn by Pte. Revell. However, Revell must not be discouraged at his defeat but bear in mind the old adage of "trying again."

Another challenge has been sent by Revell for 150 rtpes a-side, but up to date has not been accepted.

Musketry.

"F" Company have finished the first part of their annual course with the following result:—

Range Averages	114.82
Field Practices	67.50

Classification:

Marksmen	9
1st class	16
2nd "	53
3rd "	31

AVERAGES OF COMPANIES UP TO DATE.

	Range Average.	Field Practice.	Total.
A	116.90	56.85	173.75
B	114.27	66.63	180.90
C	118.36	60.91	179.27
D	124.94	68.50	193.44
F	114.82	67.50	182.32
H	98.01	46.33	144.34

The following are the prize winners in the Monthly Rifle Competition for September 1887:—

200 YARDS.

Coy.	Name.	Score.	Prize.
E	C.-Sgt. Gardner	47	Rs. 10
H	Pte. Groombridge	43	" 5
	Lc.-Cpl. Penn (K.R.R.C.)	43	" 5
A	" Kent	42	" 3
A	Pte. Hooker	41	" 3
D	Sergt. Greenland	41	" 3
E	Pte. Smith, A.	41	" 3
E	" Ballard	41	" 3
H	" Smith, E.	41	" 3

500 YARDS.

C	Pte. Marshall	42	" 7
A	" Charlton	39	" 5
	Lc.-Cpl. Penn (K.R.R.C.)	39	" 3
D	Pte. Wynne	38	" 3
F	Lc.-Corpl. Hodgins	37	" 3

600 YARDS.

F	Cr.-Sgt. Andrews	37	" 5
A	Sergt. Evans	36	" 3
G	" Laing	35	" 3
A	Corpl. Locke	35	" 3

Coy.	AGGREGATE.	Score	Prize
A	Sergt. Evans	112	Rs. 22
D	Pte. Wynne	111	" 10
A	" McGee	101	" 6
D	" Bell	101	" 6

Temperance.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

On the 5th inst., a smoking concert was given by members of the above society in the presence of Gen. Sir J. Hudson, K.C.B., Col. Halahan and the Rev. A. Stone.

About 8 p.m., the Hall was crowded, the first announcement being greeted with loud applause from more than two hundred temperance men, who were so eager to enjoy a sociable evening.

A programme consisting of songs, recitations and two sketches was laid before the audience. Gen. Sir J. Hudson, K.C.B. performed his part of the programme by presenting the following honours:—

Sergt. S. Smith, 17th Lancers, 5 years medal. Col.-Sergt. Marshall, Lce.-Sergts. Laing and Underhill, Lce.-Corpl. Hurrell, Ptes. Stanton, Brooks, Cooper, Borland, Golds, Gorin and Blackwell illuminated Cards of Honour, concluding with an address on temperance and such other advice which he thought would be becoming for every soldier of Her Majesty's Service to adopt.

The curtain fell at 11.45 p.m. after a very pleasant evening, to the strains of our much beloved "National Anthem."

I. O. G. T.

HOPE AND PERSEVERANCE LODGE No. 108.

The following programme has been arranged for October.

6th.—Open Session. Temperance League to be invited.

13th.—Speeches from speechless members.

20th.—Lodge officered by last joined member W. V. T. in chair.

27th.—Formation of New Cabinet.

November 3rd.—Dissolution of Parliament. Redistribution of seats.

At the Grand Lodge Session held at Lucknow this month, great praise was bestowed upon the above Lodge, it having once again proved itself to be the strongest working Lodge in India.

The American and Indian Orders have at least united, and great things may be expected.

Football.

On Monday the 12th, the Non-commissioned officers and men of The Buffs put a fifteen in the field at Rugby football against a team of the gentlemen of Ranikhet and again showed what excellent material for a really first class team there is to be found in our ranks. The gentlemen on this occasion were stronger behind the scrimmage than when the officers played the former match and for the first half hour the ball was nearly the whole time in the mens' 25, 2 goals were got very easily. After half time matters changed the forwards on the Ranikhet side had had almost enough while the men were as fresh as ever—it was a case of a pound of bread and a pound of meat against soup, fish, entrees, joint, second course, and sweets, and the pound of bread and meat proved to be the best to train on—and though in the scrimmage there was no appreciable difference the men's back began to make incursions into the Ranikhet territory getting one goal by a drop cleverly kicked by Pte. Sewell and another, just as darkness came on and the game was stopped, from a touch down, thus making the game a tie.

Up to the time of writing, this has been the most closely contested and altogether the best game played on our ground and the return match which will have been decided before this paper is in the hands of our readers should be most interesting.

The sides were as follows:—

N.-C. OFFICERS & MEN THE BUFFS
v. OFFICERS THE STATION.

Full Back.

1 Mr. Powell, C.E.

Three Quarters.

2. Mr. Greenway, The Kings.
3. Mr. D'Aeth, The Buffs.
4. Mr. Woodyatt, 1/3 Gurkhas.

Half Backs.

5. Mr. Eales, The Buffs.
6. Mr. Stuart

Forwards.

- | | |
|------------------|---------------------|
| 7. Mr. Annesley. | 8. Mr. Hunter. |
| 9. Major Davis. | 10. Capt. Allen. |
| 11. Mr. Eustace. | 12. Capt. Ringwood. |
| 13. Mr. Bell. | 14. Mr. Tarte. |
| 15. Mr. Lloyd. | |

Full Back.

Corpl. Godfrey.

Three Quarters.

Pte. Hilderbrand, Corporal Davis and
Pte. Gallagher.

Half Backs.

Ptes. Brown and Sewell.

Forwards.

Corpls. Peach, Behrens, Ptes. Williams,
Adams, Taylor, Straw, Davis, Vickers,
and Reece.

Cricket.



A COMPANY v. D. COMPANY.

This the first tie for the Shield was won easily by A. Company by 94 runs. For the winners Sewell made altogether 100 runs in very good style, while Leek played a very hard hit innings of 34 in the 2nd innings. Brewer's bowling, and catches by Corner at cover deserve mention. D. Company worked hard and were well captained by Corpl. Davis who played very well for 39 in his second innings, and was seconded by Pennells, Piper and F. Hills in their different departments. The fielding on both sides was very good.

"A" COMPANY.

1st INNINGS.		2nd INNINGS.	
Pte. Fisher, b Davis	4	c Hills b Davis	9
" Maynard, b Manville	1	b Piper	0
" Edwards, c Piper b Davis	14	c Hills b Davis	1
" Sewell, run out	38	b Manville	62
" Brewer, b Piper	3	b Piper	6
" McCalla, l.b.w. b Pennells	19	b Manville	4
" Leek, b Pennell	0	st. Hills b Pennells	34
" Spiller, b Pennells	0	do. do.	0
" Corner, c Pennells b Piper	0	not out	0
" Ransley, ht. wkt. b Piper	0	b Pennells	1
" Hewitson, not out	1	b Piper	21
Extras	5	Extras	9
Total	85	Total	147

"D" COMPANY.

1st INNINGS.		2nd INNINGS.	
Lc.-Cpl. Davis, b Edwards	3	c & b Brewer	39
" Price, b Brewer	4	b Brewer	7
Pte. Piper, ht. wkt. b Brewer	4	c Corner b Brewer	10
" Goodings, b Brewer	0	b McCalla	11
" Pennells, b Brewer	4	c Corner b Brewer	2
" Beck, b Brewer	4	b Brewer	1
" Simmonds, st. Sewell			
b Brewer	0	not out	2
" W. Hills, b Brewer	0	b Edwards	15
" H. Hills, b Edwards	8	st. Sewell b Brewer	4
" Manville st. Sewell			
b Edwards	5	b McCalla	0
" Howarth, not out	5	c Maynard b Brewer	8
Extras	0	Extras	1
Total	38	Total	100

A GALLANT DEED.

Where is the pen or tongue that can pourtray,
The heights of Albuhera, on that fatal day.
When "Walsh," though sorely driven, tried in vain,
To defend his charge, the "Colors" midst the slain.

Wounded, "surrounded," the flag fell from his grasp,
"Brave Latham," 'his the hand; the pole to clasp,
Hemmed in on every side by a fierce foe,
Hacked, gashed, disfigured, he scarce felt a blow.;

His one thought "Duty," no thought of life,
A lion at bay, he stood amidst the strife,
A deadly sweeping cut sheds arm and hand,
At once the other grasps the silken band.

Weaponless, defenceless, he yet essays to hold
His prize, the "Colors," dear to him each fold.
Pierced by lance and sabre, he now confronts the foe
With his life stream welling forth at every blow.

The silk from off the pole, he tears with mighty grasp,
While round his body, he then essays to clasp.
The blood stained, honored, flag, which yet shall wave,
Above the grand old corps, which still revere the brave
"Latham"
UBIQUE.

Varieties.

Why is Thomas Atkins Esq. on a hill pony
like a drum and fife band?***** Do you guv
it up? Because he's continually beating the
Tatu.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

PROBLEM.

At the top, or very near it, when in Hindostan before,
Year after year among the highest, The Buffs were found
I'm sure.

At my second too we held our own, the city of palaces it
could tell,

And now we have as good material to emulate those who
did so well.

LIGHTS.

A high office held by a county magistrate,
Who on certain occasions, parades in great State.

Around the luminary, or secondary planit,
A ring will be found if you only look at it.

A village well known between Lucknow and Cawnpore,
You know, the name, you have heard it before.

One of the very first things to be, that a soldier should
be taught.

Though Tommy don't appreciate it as much as he ought.

I'm one of five, which in two places you will find,
On young and old, to look, if your are inclined.

Something in my mind has come of late,
And what it is, I beg of you to state.

You will find me on a finger, sometimes in a wall,
Very useful some will say, either large or small.

To gain it, is always the players ambition,
He who succeeds meets with prompt recognition.

PTE. HOLLAND, The Buffs.

Answers to last months acrostics:—

AMATEUR—THEATRE.

A c T
M irt H
A bb E
T ar A
E a T
U sure R
R is E

DANCE—CLUBS.

D & C
A w L
N oyea U
C u B
E ale S

Correct answers received from Dutchy and Billy.

RELATIONSHIP.

Answer.—Mrs. Jones became the following peculiar rela-
tion in-law, viz.—Mother to her father, mother and sister
and grandmother to her brother.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PTE. WELLS.—Never mind what people accuse you of. Remember Bruce and the
spider and have another try. No one ever did any good in the way of inven-
tions without meeting disappointments.

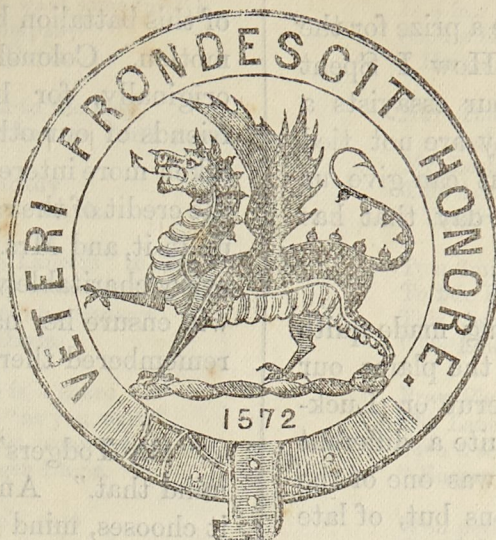
NOTICE.

Owing to want of space several cricket, football matches, &c., have been left out.
These will be published, if possible, next month.

Printed for the EDITOR, by TARA DUTT, at the "Station
Printing Press," Ranikhet.

THE DRAGON.

EAST RENT



CHRONICLE

A Paper for the Men of The Buffs.

No. 10

Ranikhet, October 31st, 1887.

Price 2 Annas.

Domestic Occurrences.

BIRTHS.

- ELLIS.—On 6th October, 1887, wife of Sergeant Ellis of a daughter.
WATERS.—On 7th October, 1887, wife of Sergt. Waters of a daughter.
NICHOLAS.—On 17th October, 1887, wife of Color-Sergt. Nicholas of a daughter.

DEATHS.

- FINCH.—On 14th October, 1887, No. 938, Pte. J. A. Finch C. Coy., of dysentery.
EARL.—On the 22nd October, 1887, No. 1146, Pte. A. Earl, D Company, of concussion of the brain. (Accident).

(It is requested that domestic occurrences may be reported as soon as possible by all who belong to The Buffs, whether subscribers or not).

Notes.

With this number we complete the first year of the revised life of our paper and, as the custom is, we will commence our second year by congratulating ourselves that the paper is still an existing fact. Our first number was a very small

one, only eight pages, but during the year we have grown, and we are now generally able to find material for some sixteen pages. We have had to grumble at intervals at the lack of correspondents in the regiment but, on the whole, we have been very well supported, a lack of subjects to write about rather than an unwillingness to write being the reason of the small number of our contributors. We trust, however, that in the coming year some more of the bashful geniuses will overcome their modesty, and allow their talent to appear in print. We had hoped before this to have been able to publish a monthly account of the doings of our other battalion, but that, with other hoped-for features, will probably make its appearance in our columns during the coming year.

Next month there will be no *Dragon* for we shall all be on the move down to Bareilly, and it would be impossible to get it printed; but we hope to make our number of the month after that an extra large one to do honor to Christmas and the New Year, and hope that our contributors will help us by supplying us with the

necessary "copy." We will give a prize for the best written description of "How I Spent Christmas Day" which gives our essayists a wide field to choose from as they are not tied down to any particular year but can give us the history of any Christmas day that has made a mark in their memory.

It is needless to say that, having made quite certain that if we were to go to the plains our destination would be either Meerut or Lucknow, we are under orders for quite a different Station. Bareilly in old days was one of the most favourite of Indian Stations but, of late years, it has gained a name for dullness, why exactly, nobody seems to know. Our men will have a better chance than they have had here to play cricket, the big grass maidan seems made for football, there is one of the best race-courses in India, good shooting, a nice little theatre, a club with good gardens, healthy climate, and, with the head quarters of five different corps there to spend the cold weather, it will be very strange if the place is not awakened out of its stupor.

The way our men worked amongst the hills in this month's manœuvres shows what an improvement in health and condition has been made since we crept up the hill from Kyrna. Both on the second and last days of the fighting the really hard work of taking to the mountains and making a turning movement, which had to be executed in a certain time, fell to the lot of the regiment, and their climbing and fighting brought the most liberal praise both from the General and the Commandant. The Duke of Wellington said that the battle of Waterloo was won in the playing fields of Eton and we fancy that this summer's games of football and paper-chases have much to say to the good condition and physical training our men showed at Majkali.

Colonel Degacher has this month given up the command of the Depôt to Colonel Hobson who has just retired from the command

of this battalion but who did not join us on promotion. Colonel Degacher though not a Buff originally, for he commanded the 24th, old friends of our other battalion, could not have taken more interest in or have worked harder for the credit of the regiment if he had been brought up in it, and Mrs. Degacher's kindly interest in every charitable work connected with the Depôt will ensure her name being long and pleasantly remembered there.

"Oh Todgers's could do it when it chose! mind that." And *The Dragon* can do it when it chooses, mind that. When we do go in for poetry we go in for it thoroughly and no mistake. A real live poetess has allowed us to print some verses on "The Lancers" which will make the ghosts of Sappho, Miriam, Adelaide Ann Proctor, Mrs. Hemans, and other great poetesses of the past, sit up and look to their laurels; that is if they see *The Dragon* where they are. Manager Davis is represented as using strange words to the company, but all those who know his bland and child-like manner will never suppose him capable of giving utterance to such blood-curdling imprecations as, Great Scott! Oh Lawks! and Holy Biddy!

THE LANCERS.

These folk they would an acting go,
Whether the Station it liked it or no.
Such an interested, ignorant, company
"Heigh Ho!" cries Manager Davis.

Well! first all the men want the hero's part;
The ladies but bargain the dresses be smart
Such a queer-tempered, quarrelsome, company
"Peace! Peace!" cries Manager Davis.

They are quieted now, tho' each to please,
Major Davis had almost to go on his knees.
Such a furious, fuming, young company
"My conscience!" cries Manager Davis.

The first rehearsal went right well,
And all was merry as a marriage bell.
Such an amiable, affable, company
"Thank goodness!" cries Manager Davis.

But last this don't, for at Naini Tal
The actors hear there's a fancy ball.
This unsteady, unstable, young company
"Oh dear!" cries Manager Davis.

The ladies, led by the leading one,
Said, 'We'll all be off, for we want some fun'!
This fun-seeking, frivolous company
"All's up!" cries Manager Davis.

The hero alone says he'll stick to the play,
"What courage!" says all, "but we don't mean
to stay!"

This rollicking, ricketty, company
"Great Scott!" cries Manager Davis.

But kind Fate steps in "The Lancers" to save,
The ball, an invention of some wicked knave.
This deserting, distracting, young company
"Hurrah!" cries Manager Davis.

The company finding the ball is a snare
Return, and are all to a man "as you were,"
This painstaking, praiseworthy, company
"Good! Good!" cries Manager Davis.

The worst of it is, the heroine's part
Is played by a lady who's minus a heart.
Such a statuesque, stony, young company
"What next!" cries Manager Davis.

And the fine lancer uniform got out of store,
Won't fit the young Giants they intended it for.
This troublesome, tall-grown, company
"Oh bother!" cries Manager Davis.

The peasants turn restive and will not appear
But the guests remain *faithful*, the Major they fear
This rebellious, refractory, young company
"Holy Biddy!" cries Manager Davis.

Rattan, he always forgot his cues,
So busy behind there recounting the news.
Such a haphazard, how-you-like, company
"Come on!" cries Manager Davis.

Mrs. Major remarks with a martial air quite,
"My brother the Colonel is *always* right,"
Such a soldier like, sensible, company
"Well said!" cries Manager Davis.

Dick Larkspur the private might not quite agree
For the Colonel had called *him* a scamp don't
you see.
Such a curious, crotchety, company
"Odd's Fish!" cries Manager Davis.

Now a gentleman Dick was, who took to the ranks
When his father began to find fault with his
pranks,
Such a restive, rash, rabid, young company
"Prodigious!" cries Manager Davis.

Yet now a free agent he wishes to be
As he's fallen in love with Miss Gladys you see,
Such a desperate, dissatisfied, company
"Hard lines!" cries Manager Davis.

His discharge his friend Leslie now tries to obtain
But the Colonel says "No where he is he'll
remain,"
Such a rough spoken, resolute, company
"By Jove!" cries Manager Davis.

The Colonel tho' rough, soldier-like too and tall
Is a fair spoken man and a trump after all
Such a brave, brief, blunt, young company
"Heigh Presto!" cries Manager Davis.

Now Tom Smith describes Leslie as being "that
cool,"

Mr. Leslie describes Tom Smith as "a fool,"
This flattering, farcical, company
"They're young!" cries Manager Davis.

Tom Smith is a lancer, a trumpeter too,
To fair Phoebe Hawthorne he pays his vows true,
This absurdly, adoring, young company
"Oh Lawks!" cries Manager Davis.

Pray Phoebe the *Piquant* now give us your ear
The Lancers are waiting for home brewed beer!
Such a scatter-brained, song-singing, company
"Encore!" cries Manager Davis.

Well perhaps you may like to hear my good friends
That each marries his true love, all happily ends
Such a heartily, happy, young company
"Bless you!" cries Manager Davis.

The large kindly audience applauded each scene
And said that they wished the play longer had been
Such a clever, convivial, young company
"We Bows!" cries Manager Davis.

So now to our friends farewell let us say
And hope we may all meet at some future day,
Such a severing, scattering company,
"Good bye!" cries Manager Davis.

But first for the Major a good hearty cheer!
May success aye attend his histrionic career!
Say this giddy, this grateful, young company
THREE CHEERS FOR MANAGER DAVIS.

FATAL ACCIDENT AT QUOITS.

On Saturday evening the 22nd inst. a fatal accident occurred at No. 15 Bungalow. Between four and five p.m. Lc. Cpl. Harlow, Ptes. Connor, Uzzell and Warren were playing quoits. After Cpl. Harlow had delivered his throw, the quoit rolled down the khud, Cpl. Harlow went after it and Pte. Earl took his place, Uzzell and Warren commenced their throw, with three quoits between them, after two had been thrown, Earl thinking they had finished their throw, stooped down to take up the quoits as Uzzell was delivering his second throw, Uzzell and Warren shouted to Earl, but he could not get clear, the quoit hit him above the left ear, and knocked him senseless, the players ran to his assistance and brought water etc. to bring him round, he came to in a few moments spoke quite sensibly, and told Uzzell he knew it was an accident,

they took him to his room, and after sitting down a minute or two, stood up to go to the wash-house, as soon as he went to the door, he began to talk at random. Sergt. Underhill seeing he was taking a turn for the worse, sent for the dhooli, and sent him to the hospital. senseless, he did not regain consciousness and died about 7 p.m. The men of the battalion deeply deplore his loss.

Station News.

Of Station news this month there is practically none. Most of the male portion of the community have spent their time, in the early part of the month, in reducing their weight by scrambling about the Majkali hills, while the softer sex sat in the deserted club and bewailed the dullness which had fallen upon the Station as a reaction from the excitement of the Naini Tal week; a letter or a messenger from the camp was an excitement and accounts of attacks and tales of turning movements were listened to with interest by fair critics. Since the return from the war all the preliminary symptoms of the breaking up of the Station have set in with severity, the Standing Camp has been going down the hill in dribblets, Chaubuttia has packed up its goods and chattels and expects its orders to move daily, and The Buffs are wishing themselves well through the discomforts of the march and settled down at Bareilly: in theatrical slang, the rag is being rung down, the stage cleared, and the company dispersing for the winter to re-appear again next spring in a fresh piece. It is always a little saddening, the breaking up of a small community, and, more especially so, when it has pulled so well together as we have done here. Hill stations are notoriously divided into cliques, but, with us, it has been one big clique with its different divisions; nobody has rubbed up against his neighbours' sharp angles and "live and let live" has been the order of the day. Of course it took some time for the community to settle down, for the various affinities to discover each other, for the friendships of the season to be struck up and, for the first month, people looked at each other as the members of a perambulating happy family do when they are first introduced to each other in the cage: but the pleasant Mondays of the Scottish Rifles and the small dances of The Buffs soon brought about a thaw.

Once during the season there were signs of

the gathering of a storm in a tea-cup, and that was when the "peg and puppy" question was on the tapis, but whatever had temper there was, found a safety valve in some very bad speech-making, the dogs were excluded from the club, (an order which the dogs have declined to obey) and Sunday remained a temperance day. Of dances we have had our fill. For those who like afternoon dancing the Rifles cleared their mess-room on Mondays, The Buffs in the early part of the season gave a series of small dances at fortnightly intervals and a big one during the Naini Tal week, there were several Station subscription dances, the last being the most elaborate and successful, and Lady Hudson gave a very pleasant dance at the club. In theatricals too we have been lucky, for, from amongst our small numbers, a great deal of talent has evolved itself. Mrs. Stewart proved, in that pathetic little play "In Honour Bound," that with practice she would make a good emotional actress; Mrs. Ward showed comedy power and a good clear elocution in "Uncle's Will." Miss McNeill played prettily in "Cut Off with a Shilling" and developed into an admirable comedienne in "The Lancers;" Mrs. Archdale was a piquant soubrette, and Mrs. Fletcher disguising her good looks under the wrinkles of Mrs. Ironsides, played a difficult comedy part excellently, Capt. Archdale, an old theatrical hand, could not have been better in the leading parts, and Messrs Lloyd, Butler, Richardson, Tarte and Newnham-Davis all did their work well.

The "Lancers" was the theatrical success of the season, being played for four nights, and, even then, leaving the public asking like little Oliver for more. The company who played in it achieved an almost unprecedented feat in theatrical annals, amateur or professional, for they all attended every rehearsal and there was never at any time the shadow of a disagreement amongst them. Our two Concerts gave us a chance of hearing Miss Hudson, (whose "Letter Song" caught the ear of the whistling public), Mrs. Ward, and Mrs. Bayard, whose songs were always encored, while Sir J. Hudson, Messrs. Stone, Richardson, Lloyd, and Ringwood among the sterner sex contributed songs, comic and sentimental. Miss Pemberton we are sorry to say only gave us one chance of hearing her brilliant playing.

Of other amusements polo was tried and given up, cricket flourished before and after the rains, and during the annual deluge the energetic

rolled about in the mud at football both Rugby and Association. The Gymkanas have been successes, the club tennis grounds have nearly always been full, and to the club itself—which this season has grown out of its infantine state of a reading room—it is now proposed to add a supper-room and some sleeping apartments. During the latter part of the season there has been a mild eruption of picnics, and Cupid, the patron deity of engagement rings, has shot at least one arrow home. Last, but not least, the Naini Tal week was a triumph in every way.

So ends the brief chronicle of the short six months during which Ranikhet lives. "The rest," to quote Hamlet's last words, "is silence."

NAINI TAL WEEK.

As all the world knows, or ought to know, Ranikhet was victorious all along the line, winning every event but the shooting. We will take the events day by day. Monday was the day on which the week was supposed to commence and about ten o'clock the first representatives of Naini Tal put in an appearance hot and pardonably thirsty after their ride through the Kyrna valley. They had all been told off to quarters and were marched off by their respective hosts to wash and brush up and make themselves as handsome as possible for the beauty show at the club in the afternoon. Lawn Tennis at the club was put down for 4.30 on the programme and really began about 5, Miss Pemberton and Capt. Porter playing for our Station, while Mrs. Cockin and Captain Walker represented Naini Tal. The first set was won easily by Naini Tal and it seemed as if Miss Pemberton's luck bringing powers had deserted her, (though she has not yet gone through the ceremony which deprives a *mascotte* of her powers) but the second set was won after a struggle by Ranikhet and the third fell to us pretty easily, thus giving the Station their first victory.

The beauty and fashion sat in lines on the benches and criticised each others dresses and looks, when not occupied in watching the tennis, the Naini Tal ladies coming to the conclusion that they were better dressed and better looking than the Ranikhet ladies, and the Ranikhet ladies expressing the same opinion with respect to Naini Tal. The men of the two parties, whatever they might have thought privately, had of course to agree. The evening was occupied by a performance of "The

Lancers" which went off as well as ever, (a detailed criticism of it appeared last month) and a large party went off to supper at the Mess declaring that it was the best amateur performance they had ever seen in India. After supper there was a small impromptu concert of classical music, with Capt. Grant at the piano; Capt. Banbury's rendering of "The Bally hooly blue-ribbon brigade" being specially admired; and a serious discourse on a variety of subjects by a high legal luminary terminated the first day.

Tuesday was given up to cricket, and, as the *Pioneer's* Naini Tal correspondent puts it, we made an example of the opposition team. Our two bowlers were thoroughly on the spot and their best bats somehow or another failed to come off. A detailed account will be found further on. Our band upon whose shoulders the whole of the hard work of the week was thrown played both on Monday at the club and on Tuesday at the cricket ground. Tuesday night brought the Station dance and another toilette show. The floor was good, the band of the Scottish Rifles played in good time, there were many tents in which a dim religious light encouraged a light, if not religious conversation, a full moon had been especially engaged, (indeed the scene was so lovely that one enthusiast declared that it reminded him of Vallombrosa) the supper was excellent, and champagne undeniable. Everybody seemed to enjoy themselves and it was voted a great success.

Wednesday was taken up by cricket with a dinner of forty in the evening, at the Mess, to meet Mr. Ross the Commissioner.

On Thursday three events were decided, shooting, single Lawn tennis, and Billiards. In shooting we were beaten, but in that there was no disgrace, for three of the best shots in India were in the Naini Tal team. The scores were as follows:

NAINI TAL.

	200 yds.	500 yds.	600 yds.	Total.
Mr. Davis	32	28	32	92
Mr. Ross	27	31	29	87
Capt. Haines	29	28	24	81
Mr. Walker	29	23	21	73
			Total	333

RANIKHET.

	200 yds.	500 yds.	600 yds.	Total.
Capt. Porter	29	24	21	74
Major Stewart	31	20	16	67
Mr. Fitz-Curzon	26	22	16	64
Mr. Jones	24	15	19	58
			Total	263

Naini Tal winning by seventy points.

In the afternoon the Man's single set of tennis was played in the club grounds, when our champion Mr. Gorman never gave Captain Walker a look in, winning all the sets fairly easily. Billiards came after dinner and resulted in another win, Capt. Walker and Mr. Fowler for Naini Tal putting together 264; while our representatives Messrs Eustace and Combe made 300. There was also a moonlight picnic which the picnickers said was very enjoyable though the night was very cold.

Friday was to have brought the great exhibition football match, but the week had been too much for one team, and that not the mens'. No sooner had the sun risen, than the Chauttia contingent flashed down that pressing engagements prevented them from playing, and throughout the morning the perplexed captain of the team received as many various excuses for non-attendance, as the giver of the feast in biblical parable did. (This veracious historian did not send an excuse, but was very glad, all the same, that the game didn't come off). The Buffs' dance took place that evening and made an excellent termination to the week. The big mess-room had been cleared for dancing and the floor which had given a lot of trouble turned out eventually a very good one; the mess cook, put on his metal by the club supper, came out strong, and there are two guests now in the Station sorrowing and refusing to be comforted because they omitted to eat of the game pie; the polka lancers and tempête were danced with an *entrain* not often seen in our insular ball rooms; and many of the guests heard reveillé sound before they set off on their way home. Saturday was an off day, and most of the Naini Tal people started on their way home, but there was a fourth and final performance of "The Lancers" at the theatre at which as big a crowd of men had to be turned away from the doors as at the previous performances.

The week after, a Ranikhet crew volunteered to go over to Naini Tal and row their champions, with disastrous results. Naini Tal had had all the season for practice which we had not, and so the boat-race turned into a procession in which the Ranikhet boat did not take the lead.

NAINI TAL v. RANIKHET.

This match, played on 27th and 28th Sept., resulted in a hollow victory for Ranikhet by an innings and 104 runs. Ranikhet had the advantage of two steady and untiring bowlers

in Corpls. Godfrey and Staunton, but even without their aid victory would probably have been still with the home team. It is due however to the Naini Tal team to say that the matting must have been intensely trying to them, and the angle at which it was placed on the ground, though allright for those who are accustomed to it, is sure to baulk strangers, but it was found that a better pitch, and also better boundaries could be obtained by placing it in that manner. Naini Tal won the toss and sent in Mr. Walker and Major Pemberton to Corpls. Godfrey's and Staunton's bowling. A very smart catch in the slips by Corpl. Godfrey got rid of Mr. Walker, very fortunately for Ranikhet, as he is a magnificent batsman and if set would have given a lot of trouble. Major Pemberton made a stand but the wickets fell very rapidly except that of Mr. Lafone, who played a very steady and good innings of 24 not out, out of a total of 59.

Mr. Bayard and Mr. Stuart went in first for Ranikhet and were not separated till they had put together 81, and broken the bowling thoroughly, the former playing steadily while the latter made most of the runs. Mr. Combe and Mr. Greenway followed with two well played and well hit innings of 25 and 41 respectively, the side getting out for the big score of 286 just as it was time to draw stumps, of this score 46 were byes due to Mr. Lafone's fast bowling, who, very expensive in this respect, took three dangerous wickets with balls it was almost impossible to stop. Capt. Fowler fielded splendidly at cover, and all the Naini Tal team did well in this respect on the difficult ground and during a very hard day. Capt. Ivatt bowled very well and steadily, taking five out of the ten wickets. In the second innings of Naini Tal, Ranikhet were again fortunate in getting Mr. Walker's wicket from a good catch at the wickets by Major Stewart before he had made a run. Mr. Lafone made another splendid stand, and he and Mr. Clarke got together and brought on the only change of bowling Ranikhet had to make, replacing Corpl. Staunton by Mr. Combe. However, a clinking ball of Corpl. Godfrey's bowled Mr. Lafone for 36, and Mr. Clarke was caught by Mr. Bayard for a well hit 22.

On the Ranikhet side Corpls. Godfrey and Staunton were too good altogether, bowling up to their very best form, and the fielding was good throughout, Mr. Greenway at point especially. It is a pity the match was so one-sided, but it was a very pleasant one, and let us hope to repeat it next year, serving as it does as an

excuse for such a pleasant week.

The scores are as follows :—

NAINI TAL.

Mr. Walker, c Godfrey			
b Staunton	1	c Stewart b Godfrey	0
Major Pemberton, b Godfrey	10	c Greenway b Staunton	5
Mr. Whymper, c Greenway			
b Godfrey	1	b Godfrey	0
Capt. Haines, c Godfrey			
b Staunton	2	do.	10
Mr. Lafone, not out	24	do.	36
Capt. Fowler, b Godfrey	3	c Greenway b Staunton	14
Major Evetts, b Staunton	4	not out	8
Mr. Owen, b Godfrey	0	b Staunton	6
Mr. Clarke, b Godfrey	0	c Bayard b Combe	22
Capt. Ivatt, b Staunton	4	b Combe	9
Mr. Ross, b Staunton	0	c and b Godfrey	6
Extras	10	Extras	7
Total	59	Total	123

RANIKHET.

Mr. Bayard, b Ivatt	14
„ Stuart, b Whymper	58
„ Combe, b Lafone	25
„ Greenway b Lafone	41
Major Stewart, b Lafone	14
Capt. Porter c Fowler b Ivatt	18
Mr. D'Aeth, b Ivatt	21
„ Daughlish, b Ivatt	4
Corpl. Godfrey, c Ivatt b Walker	11
Capt. Archdale, not out	4
Corpl. Staunton, st. Haines b Ivatt	9
Extras	67
Total	286

Depot News

Our Depot correspondent sends us the following items :—

Major H. W. Maclear, Adjutant 3rd and 4th Battalions The Buffs, took over the duties of Acting Adjt., 3rd Regimental District on the 1st September, 1887.

Capt. V. Bunbury joined the 2nd Battalion for duty on 31st August, 1887, and Lieut. Buttanshaw has arrived at the Depot for duty in his stead.

Major Ommanney, on being relieved of his duties as Adjutant 1st Volunteer Battn. The Buffs, has been ordered to join the 2nd Battn. for duty, pending his being brought in from the supernumerary list and posted to either Battn.

Capt. J. Hughes is under orders to embark for India with a draft of the Suffolk Regt.

Col. H. J. Degachier, C.B., completes his period of Command of the 3rd Regl. District on 16th October, 1887. Lieut.-Col. Hobson is appointed to succeed him.

Lieut. P. F. Brine joined the Garrison Class at Aldershot on 1st Sept., for a four months course of instruction.

The following N.C.O's. and men are the best shots in their respective companies this year in individual range practices :—

A Coy.	Lc.-Sergt. H. Herbert	} All of 1st Battn.
B „	Pte. J. Read	
C „	„ W. Griffiths	
D „	Corpl. Sherridan	

Regimental Items.

Capt. Blackburn has been granted 12 months leave of absence on private affairs from 20th October, 1887.

Lieut. Hunter has been granted six months leave of absence to England, on private affairs, from 2nd October, 1887.

Capt. Porter and Lieut. Booth have been ordered to the Depot for duty.

Lieut. A. L. Bell has been appointed Hindustani interpreter to the Battn. vice Captain Blackburn on leave.

The undermentioned men left the Battalion en route for England on the 25th inst. :—

1681,	Pte. R. Dumphy
1974,	„ R. Turner
1379,	„ F. J. Styles
1294,	„ A. Ryder
2033,	„ W. J. Spickett.

The wives of Pte. Cochrane, Pte. Featherstone and Lce.-Corpl. Stevens joined the Battn. on the 14th inst.

School certificates have been awarded as follows :—

SECOND CLASS.

385,	Lce.-Sergt. A. Batty.
1411,	Lce.-Corpl. A. Donnelly
1278,	Pte. J. Stevens
155,	„ E. Bing
210,	„ J. Bourne
935,	„ G. Moon

1965,	Pte.	J. Garvey
1587,	"	E. Wynn
1214,	"	E. Gouge
1698,	"	C. Bailey

THIRD CLASS.

1043,	Pte.	J. Mansfield
124,	"	H. Rollins
422,	"	W. Hawkins
1470,	"	J. W. Crowson
1783,	"	W. Salter
1651,	"	J. Brown
1795,	"	W. Gooze
1577,	"	J. Stratton
1686,	"	C. Elvey
1555,	"	W. Percival
1615,	"	A. Coppard
1377,	"	A. Isard

FOURTH CLASS.

1612,	Pte.	A. Cronk
1448,	"	W. Cross
1584,	"	W. Rigden
1675,	"	A. Roberts
1678,	"	T. Casey
1901,	"	G. Wraight
1817,	"	J. Adams
1869,	"	A. Keable
1725,	"	W. Loder
1376,	"	T. Curley
1534,	"	F. Cottenden
1335,	"	G. Young
1539,	"	J. Colvin
1753,	"	S. Dean

MAIL NOTICE.

The Overland mail leaves Ranikhet Post Office on Mondays at 4. 30. p. m. instead of Fridays.

Postage of the "Dragon" to England is one anna six pie, and need not be franked. Any paper insufficiently stamped is not forwarded but retained at the dead letter office Bombay.

Soldiers letters must not exceed half an ounce when franked, postage to be prepaid at the rate of nine pie.

Any soldiers letter exceeding $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. will be charged double rate of postage on arrival at destination.

Musketry.

"G" Company's average :—

Individual 121.67.

Field Practice 70.40.

Total 192.07.

The following are the prize winners in the month's rifle competition for October, 1887 :—
200 yards.

Coy.	Name	Score	Prize.
E	Pte. Lyons	46	Rs 7
D	Sergt. Greenland	44	" 5
A	Corpl. Locke	42	" 3
A	Sergt. Evans	42	" 2

Coy.	Name	Score	Prize.
A	Pte. Owens	42	Rs 2
A	" Etherington	42	" 2
F	" Taylor	42	" 2

500 yards.

K.R.R.	Lce.-Cpl. Penn	43	" 5
A	Sergt. Evans	40	" 3
F	Pte Taylor	40	" 2
A	" Etherington	39	" 2
A	Col.-Sergt. Bennell	36	" 2

500 yards.

A	Sergt. Evans	45	" 4
A	Pte McGee	36	" 3
A	" Dunham	33	" 3
A	" Matthews	30	" 2

Aggregate.

A	Sergt. Evans	127	" 16
A	Pte. Etherington	108	" 6
F	" Taylor	107	" 6
A	" McGee	103	" 5

SHOOTING MATCH.

BAND 'THE BUFFS' v. BAND 'THE SCOTTISH RIFLES'

Fired at Ranikhet on the 28th inst, at the Wimbledon target, 10 rounds 500 yards. Won by The Buffs by 12 points although not very brilliant scores. Pte. Gilbert, The Buffs making top score, and Pte. Howe, The Buffs, the bottom score on either side, the latter just managing to get an outer; *thanks to the wind*. After the match all partook of a substantial meal accompanied by the usual refreshments, provided by The Buffs, and spent a jolly evening.

The Scores were as follows :—

The Buffs.		Scottish Rifles	
	Score		Score
Pte. Gilbert	38	Pte. Cunningham	32
" Hindmarsh	31	Cpl. Staunton	28
Lc.-Cpl. Hodgins	30	Lc.-Cpl. Amos	27
Pte. Sheed	30	Pte. Cogdell	26
" Morriss	27	" Allen	21
Bd.-Sergt. Steele	23	" Dobson	21
Lc.-Cpl. Price	23	" Curry	21
Pte. Bevan	10	" Hicks	13
" Ward	7	Bd.-Sgt. Stockey	10
" Howe	2	Pte. Spencer	10
221		209	

Correspondence.

Correspondence or Articles intended for insertion must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence &c. The name of the writer will not be published, any "nom-de-plume" can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.

To the Editor of The Dragon

SIR,

Knowing that you are very interested in all matters appertaining to sport, I hope you will be able to find space for this short letter, from an old friend. I was out on the 22nd of last month shooting small tigers, and had been fairly successful having bagged about 6 brace. My dogs, a cocker and a Sussex spainel were working very well, and I was in momentary expectation of another shot, when suddenly the dogs stopped working and crouched behind me uttering plaintive cries. The whole air was filled with an indescribable something, and on my turning to my Shikaree I saw, rather than heard, his livid lips tremblingly utter the word "Chichau." I must own myself to a feeling not far from alarm, as I was only armed with a small twelve bore repeating rifle, but quickly surmounting this feeling I seized my shaking Shikaree by the arm and dragged him behind a huge boulder. Then we heard the noise made by the flapping of the beasts wings, a noise once heard never to be forgotten. My Shikaree again whispered to me this time that word of evil omen "ata," he comes, and then we saw him. His dreadful jaws extended, flapping those enormous wings, his small red eyes glaring at us from his scaly head. I place my rifle on the rock and take a steady though hasty aim, I pull the trigger, he staggers. Again I fire my twelve bore and this time, let me own it, with a sigh of relief, I see him fall to the ground! But all is not over, with supernatural strength he rises on his fiery legs and rushes down the hill. Again I stood and this time with a shout of exultation I saw him sink upon the ground never to rise again. I turn to my Shikaree, but the sight of the monster has been too much for him, he has fled. This I believe to be the *only* specimen of the genuine *Chichau*. "*Chickor difficilis*," as get killed in this district, though many have gone out to pursue him to return alas empty-handed,

Believe me

yours very sincerely,

J. J. J.

Well! well!! well!!!—Its a poor heart that never rejoices: but we didn't think it would come to this. When a noble sportsman assured us that he danced a cachuca with a dragon on the cart road, we thought that the Temperance Society would know where to look for an awful example: but it was nothing to this. One word of advice Mr. J. J. J. Don't, in the state you're in, go endangering your life looking for demon Chichau about the khuds, you stop quietly by your fireside and fight green crocodiles and blue and pink gazelles there.

EDITOR.

A HYENA KILLED WITH A PEN-KNIFE.

A TRUE STORY.

In the year X, before the flood or thereabouts, I was quartered in the cantonment of R—. with the Nth. native cavalry. R—. was not an attractive place, being situated in the midst of a sandy desert stretching hundreds of miles in every direction, an occasional date tree being about the only feature in the landscape. However the desert was full of "Telloor" or great bustard, and one spent a fairly happy time hawking them.

The Nth. being a native corps, and consequently not liable to Church Parades, were free men from mid-day on Saturday till day-light on Monday, and so the custom arose for everybody who wished to do so to ride out 16 or 17 miles on the Saturday into the desert, play polo in the evening and camp for the night, spend the Sunday hawking and ride home on the Sunday evening.

On one Sunday we had been beating for some hours and finding very little sport, when suddenly a large dog hyena got up in front of us and cantered off. Some four or five young Sowars who were with us went off after him, but the white men of the party (Captain G— and myself) reflecting that there were no weapons in the party, pulled up and waited. Presently an idea occurred to G—. and he signalled to me to follow. The hyena was running in a curve, so we cut him off very soon and then getting the Sowars into line we rode straight at him and every time he tried to double, we charged him and knocked him over. Usually in these charges we left some one or more horses sprawling about on the ground, but with out any damage. After a run of about twenty minutes, the hyena got so dazed that he did not know which way he was

going and two Sowars dismounted and muzzled him with a puggaree. Then arose the question how to finish him, as there was not a single deadly weapon among us. After some search it was discovered that some one had a penknife; so they cut the poor beasts throat with it.

Rather an ignominious end after the sport he had given us.

LAZARUS.

A WEEKS' MANŒUVRES.

The long talked of manœuvres have become an accomplished fact and most of us, in the past month, have had a peep at what the realities of warfare on the frontier would be; some of us have had the skin burnt off our noses, and we have all been given something to talk about for a month to come.

Thursday the 13th. was the first day on which the manœuvres began, but the Scottish Rifles marched out a day previously to take up a position and bivouac at Upatket. For some few days before the regiment marched out into the wilds, the weather had been misbehaving itself, storms of sleet and rain and bitter cold at night, making the prospects of a bivouac most uninviting; but before the appointed day the clerk of the weather relented, and, throughout the operation, we could not have had pleasanter weather if we had ordered it for ourselves. The regiment paraded at half past seven on Thursday morning in the workmanlike kit of Khaki, which is the soldiers' fighting dress in India, and at eight marched off down the Almora road with drums beating, but not with colours flying, for they had been left at home. The scheme of the first days fight was as follows:—

An enemy coming from Almora was supposed to have sent on a force to reconnoitre, and this force had arrived somewhere near Upatket. The commander of the forces at Ranikhet sent out an opposing force to find out these intruders and to drive them back when found. The Scottish Rifles and the detachment from The Standing Camp represented the intruding enemy, while The Buffs were sent out as the champions of Ranikhet. Nothing was seen of the enemy until the advance guard arrived at the spot where the cart road debouches on to the plateau of Upatket. Here they were found to be holding a little knoll which commands the road for some 200 yards, and was very difficult to attack from either flank. Company after company was deployed against it and it was eventually taken with a severe loss to the attackers, for both

fighting line and supports, each lost half a company. The said half companies instead of being down as dead men are supposed to be, piled their arms and grinned at their comrades who had still to go through the greater part of the days work. A short interval was allowed for the Almora force to take up a fresh position, and then the fire sounded again and a fresh attack was made on another position, which, extremely strong by nature, had been further strengthened by shelter trenches. From this position the enemy were again ordered to retire, the attacking force however having lost one third of their numbers in the assault. The enemy then took up a third position with an open space in their front, on to which they hoped to tempt the attackers, who however, made a flank attack on the right of the defence, which was repulsed by a counter attack, before some other companies which had been sent round the enemies left could come into action. Then the "cease fire" sounded. The Scottish Rifles marched back to Majkali, and the Standing Camp detachment to their tents, while The Buffs stopped on the battle-field and watched with interest the rather slow process of cooking their dinners. That night everybody bivouacked. The men mostly rigged up little *tents d'abri* with their blankets, while the officers varied in luxury from a four post bed with a waterproof canopy, down to the humble couch of grass, a blanket, and a waterproof sheet. The men sang lustily until "lights out" (though there were no lights to put out except the stars) went, and the party round the officers camp fire, where choruses and hot grog were the order of the day, did not break up until near midnight.

Two camps had been pitched some time previously, one at Majkali for the regiment, and one, four miles further on in the Almora direction, for the Scottish Rifles and the 1/3 Gurkas at a place called Dwarsin. The second days work consisted of the Regiment and The Standing Camp, (who had now come over to our side), fighting their way to their camp, being opposed in this laudable desire to get home, by the Scottish Rifles and the Gurkas. The cooks were sent on early in the morning and were passed through the enemies lines. "Come not betwixt the Lion and his prey" says the proverb, but he is a bolder man who comes betwixt a Buff and his dinner, and this was what the enemy were trying to do. There was a strong position at Rioni, a big plateau with its front and right protected by khuds which it was

certain the enemy would hold, and this position the Commandant, who had taken over command of the Ranikhet force, determined to attack by sending The Standing Camp troops by the road to hold the enemy in his position, while he himself with The Buffs took to the mountains and, detaching a party of 250 to attack the left of the position, tried to gain the rear of the enemy. The operation worked like clockwork. The Buffs scrambled up khuds in Indian file and half slipped half ran down them, every man was as keen as the commander himself, there was no straggling, and perfect silence was kept. Before the enemy had time to change his position he was attacked on the front and left flank and a flag of truce arrived from the rear pointing out there where 400 men on his line of retreat and, in the cause of humanity, giving him a choice between unconditional surrender or no quarter. The enemy duly surrendered and marched back to their camp, whilst the victorious Buffs proceeded to enjoy their well earned dinners. The camp was placed on one of the mountain spurs, the ridge that overlooks the great Almora valley lying in front, and the Rioni plateau behind it. The tents were pitched in lines on the terraces which went down step by step to the stream, the officers' being on the crest. The stream had been dammed a little way down to make a bathing place, and polite sign posts about the camp directed the wanderer to the bath, to the canteen, and other important places. The men were in some cases as many as ten in a tent, but, in camp life, every body cannot expect to find a four roomed villa ready furnished to receive him, and any small discomforts there may have been were looked upon as part and parcel of the campaign. Every man was allowed to get two pints a day of beer from the canteen, a great improvement to Tommy's mind on the "temperance" campaigns which are the fashion. Drunkenness was an impossibility, and the men were able to have their customary pint with their dinners and another to sit and talk over in the evening.

The third day was a quiet day spent on outpost duty. Piquets were thrown out on the ridge overlooking the valley in front to watch the three roads which ran, one to Almora, one to Bainsket, and one to Pahawl bagh. Three piquets, of a company each, did this work, two other companies under cover of the ridge acting as supports, and the other companies on the camp hill, and a spur which ran parallel to it acting as the reserve. At eleven o'clock the

piquets were withdrawn and again sent out at four o'clock when the General went down the line. At sunset they were placed in their night positions, and, as darkness came on, they were marched back into camp.

Sunday, the fourth day, was a day of rest. The Chaplain had come out from Ranikhet and in the early morning held an open air service, the men forming three sides of a square, with the piled drums, which served as pulpit and lectern, in the centre. The remainder of the day was free for the lazy to lie on their backs and do nothing, and the energetic to scramble up the hills. A proposal, made the night before by some enthusiastic Officers, to send on lunch into the country and then shoot across the khuds to it, was reconsidered and negatived, and though in the afternoon some Officers did take guns and scramble down a precipice and toil up again, they brought back no birds, though they seriously frightened several.

On Monday the Almora force which in the two previous days fighting had stood on the defensive, took the offensive and attacked the Majkali position. The dispositions for the defence of the position were very much on the same line as that held by the piquets two days before, but one more company was brought from the reserve and placed in the front line on the right. The enemy were first seen over a thousand yards away, moving off the Almora road, then some of the Gurkas were reported to be working round our left, and, finally, the main body of the enemy heralded by a cloud of dust appeared on our right. A small ridge in front of the ridge was seized by the enemy who after an interchange of volleys tried to break our right by a rush of seven companies which were met by independent firing along the line which would effectually have stopped any charge. The enemy was sent back and after a time essayed another attack, this time bringing up his men in a cloud on the extreme right of the position. This finished the work for that day as the Scottish Rifles and Gurkas had to march to Upatket.

Tuesday, the last day, brought another fight very similar to Friday's one; the attacking force again making a feint on the centre which later on was turned into a real attack while a turning movement to gain the right rear of the enemy's position was carried out amongst the hills. At the close of this day's fighting Bgdr-General Sir John Hudson, who throughout the manœuvres had acted as Umpire-in-chief,

brought all the troops together and when they had formed up, told them how pleased he was with the discipline, temper and hardiness the men had shown, and that he was very pleased to be able to report on them as favourably as he would do. The men then had their dinners; the Officers lunching with the hospitable Gurkas, and in the afternoon all the corps marched back to their quarters all the better in health for their week amongst the hills.

The following is extracted from Rohilkund District Orders :—

"On the conclusion of the series of manœuvres which have recently been carried out in the Kumaon hills between Ranikhet and Almora, by the troops quartered in these stations, the Major General Commanding the district desires to convey to the officers, non-commissioned officers and men of the corps engaged, the expression of his complete satisfaction with the manner in which all have worked.

"The keen and intelligent interest evinced by all ranks in each days' operations was unmistakable, and went far to make them thoroughly instructive to all engaged in them.

"It cannot fail to be a source of satisfaction to both officers and men, many of whom had no previous experience in hill operations over difficult and densely wooded hills, and that if called on to take the field in a similar country on our frontiers they will do so with a certain well grounded experience.

"The senior officers have had opportunities of commanding small columns in the attack and defence of position, and in directing and controlling their movements over a hilly country, they have been able to realise some of the difficulties incident to hill warfare, and it is hoped have acquired knowledge which may prove useful on active service. Throughout the operations the conduct of the troops has been excellent no complaint of any kind has reached the Major General.

"As regards the health of the troops, Surgeon Major Mally, P.M.O. reports. 'The men during the time they have been in the field have been unexceptionally well, in fact much better than in the cantonments, only three men were sent back to the base hospital.

And this in a force of close on 1500 men.

"The appearance of the troops when the Major General saw them at the close of the manœuvres on Tuesday certainly justifies Dr. Mally's opinion.

"The manœuvres were sanctioned by H. E. the Commander-in-chief on the provision that they should occasion no extra expense to Government, much therefore depended on the arrangements which could be made by the Commissariat and Transport, at its disposal, these were admirable worked out by Capt. A. J. W. Allen, The Buffs, who acted as D. A. Q. M. G. to the force during the manœuvres, and whose previous experience in the Transport Depot in the Soudan proved most useful.

He was zealously assisted by Mr. Routleff and Sergt. Glynn of the Commt. Dept. and the excellence of their arrangements contributed, not only to the comfort of the troops, but very materially to the success of the operations.

"Sir Jno. Hudson desires to offer his cordial acknowledgments to Colonel Hart, V. C., R. E. Commanding at Ranikhet, whose scientific attainments and professional knowledge were throughout, most useful, and especially so on the umpires staff. To Colonel's Ward and Halahan, Major's Stewart and Bishop' Commanding corps, and to all ranks

serving under their orders for the hearty co-operation they accorded him.

"It will be his pleasing duty to report to H. E. the Commander-in-chief who takes an especial interest in the subject, that the manœuvres were a complete success, and it was the excellent spirit which animated the troops which made them so."

J. HUDSON,
Major General.

Cricket.

"B." COMPY. v. "C." COMPY.

On the 6th. inst this, the 2nd. of the ties for the Regimental Shield was decided in favour of B. Compy. by one innings and 10 runs. C. Compy. were first at the wickets, and owing to the fast bowling of Gilbert, which was simply unplayable, and Townsends underhand screws which proved very dangerous, the whole team was dismissed for 31 runs. B. Compys. first 3 wickets fell in quick succession, but Raward made a good stand, and played a faultless 38, and the innings closed for 77. For C. Compy. Gardiner bowled well, he cleaned bowled five and two others were caught off him. In the second innings again C. Compy. could not stand against the splendid bowling of Gilbert and Townsend, and although they tried their best to save a single innings defeat only passed their former score by five runs. Score :—

"C." COMPANY.

Pte. Golder, b Gilbert	0	b Townsend	11
„ Gower, run out	4	b Gilbert	1
„ Gardiner, b Gilbert	2	b Townsend	8
Sch. Mr. Whittle, b Townsend ...	1	b Gilbert	2
Lc. Sergt. Brain, b Townsend ...	1	run out	0
Pte. Beeden, ht. wt. b Gilbert ...	4	run out	0
Lc. Cpl. Alexander, b Townsend	0	b Gilbert	2
Pte. Cooper, b Gilbert	4	not out	1
„ Marshall, c Patten b Gilbert ...	0	ht. wt. b. Townsend	0
„ Hall not out	4	e Riley b Gilbert ...	3
„ Reynolds, b Townsend	1	c Riley b Gilbert ...	2
Extras	10	Extras	6
Total	31	Total	36

"B." COMPANY.

Cpl. Patten, b Brain	4
Pte. Gilbert, c Hall b Gardiner	0
„ Frazer, b Gardiner	0
„ Raward, b Gardiner	38
„ Ware, b Gardiner	3
„ Gibbs, d Gardiner	4
Lc. Cpl. Baker, c Alexander b Gardiner ...	1
Pte. Sageman, b Gardiner	8
„ Peters, b Gardiner	0
„ Townsend, not out	13
„ Riley, b Marshall	0
Extras	6
Total	77

"E" COMPY. v. "H" COMPY.

This match, played on the 8th Oct., 1887, was for the Shield, and resulted in a victory for E Compy. by 5 wickets. After the match, the two teams adjourned to E Compy's. Bungalow where a large spread had been prepared under the supervision of Col.-Sergt. Gardner. A jolly evening was passed in singing, reciting &c., the two companies regretting very much that matches for the shield did not take place weekly.

"H." COMPANY.

Sergt. Talbot, b. Wickens	1	b. Edmonds	4
Pte. Firth b. Simmonds	13	b. Edmonds	9
" Foster, run out	4	b Simmonds	5
" Wardell, b. Simmonds	29	b. Edmonds	29
" Adams, b. Wickens	5	b Edmonds	4
Lce. Corpl. Pickett, b Kluckner	14	b. Edmonds	2
Sergt. Brewin, b. Wickens	2	b. Edmonds	0
Pte. Harding, b Wickens	12	b. Edmonds	9
" Tizzard, not out	1	b. Edmonds	7
" Caffrey, b. Simmonds	0	b Edmonds	6
" Coley, b. Simmonds	0	not out	8
Extras	7	Extras	8

Total 88

Total...91

"E." COMPANY.

Pte. Edmonds, b. Wardell	35	b. Brewin	22
" Mitchell, b. Brewin	0	b. Pickett	0
" Kluckner, b. Wardell	1	not out	6
" Simmonds, c. & b. Brewin	1	not out	62
" Wickens, b. Brewin	0	c. Harding b. Brewin	3
" Straw b. Wardell	0	b. Brewin	9
" Roberts, b. Wardell	17		
" Dillon, b. Wardell	5		
Lce. Corpl. Smees, b. Pickett	1		
" Tomlin, b. Wardell	0		
" Pollard not out	0	run out	3
Extras	10	Extras	6
Total	70	Total	110

"F" COMPANY v. "G" COMPANY.

This match for Shield was played at Rani-khet on the 27th October, 1887, and resulted in a win for "G" Company.

The scores were as follows:—

Pte. Wenman, b Godfrey	6	b Godfrey	6
" Veale, b Godfrey	0	b do.	6
" Hillman, b Hilderbrand	4	b Hilderbrand	12
" Morris, st. Hussey, b Hilderbrand	14	b Godfrey	0
" Bates, b Godfrey	3	b Hilderbrand	3
Lc.-Cpl. Mansfield run out	5	b Godfrey	0
Pte. Reed, b Godfrey	7	c & b Hilderbrand	2
" Targett, b Godfrey	3	b ditto	4
" Saunders c Rollins b Godfrey	2	c McKeating b Hilderbrand	0
" Cherry, run out	2	not out	1
" Spinner, not out	2	Extras	10
Extras	7	Extras	10
Total	55	Total	54

"G" COMPANY.

Pte. Hilderbrand, b Reed	0	c Veale b Reed	1
Lc.-Cpl. Rollins, not out	35	not out	7
Cpl. Godfrey, run out	13	c Wenman b Reed	5
Col.-Sgt. Nicholas, c Morris b Hillman	6	not out	0
Pte. Lynch, b Reed	4		
" Lawrence, b Hillman	1		
" Hussey, c Spinner b Hillman	5		
" Else, run out	1		
" Hicks, b Reed	5		
" Lawson, b Reed	13		
" McKeating, run out	4		
Extras	8	Extras	3
Total	95	Total	16

GAZETTE.

The Buffs (East Kent Regiment)—Lieutenant Edgar E. Ravenhill, Adjutant, to be Captain, to complete Establishment. Dated 1st. July 1887.

Lieutenant Robert E. Phillips to be Captain, *vice* A. F. Cambell-Johnston, seconded for service on the Commissariat and Transport Staff. Dated 1st. July 1887.

The appointment to a Second Lieutenancy of Gentleman Cadet F. W. Lethbridge, from the Royal Military College, which was notified in the *Gazette* of the 13th. Sept. 1887, is cancelled.

Second Lieutenant Lewis J. B. Hulke, from the York and Lancaster Regiment, to be Second Lieutenant in succession to Lieutenant V. T. Bunbury, promoted. Dated 28th. September 1887.

Gentleman Cadet Francis Washington Lethbridge from the Royal Military College to be Second Lieutenant in succession to Lieutenant R. E. Phillips. Dated 28th. Sept. 1887.

Lieutenant E. C. M. Parry, posted to 1st. Battalion.

A SUBALTERN'S ROOM IN INDIA, AND ITS CONTENTS.

A small iron sofa without any head,
By day made a couch, by night made a bed;
A chair with three legs propped up by a stick,
An allowance of candles, all tallow no wick;
A miniature portrait of some pretty face,
A small chest of drawers that pack into a case
A carpet that does not half cover the floor,
A target chalked out on the back of the door;
An old tiger skin placed by way of a rug,
On which sat a greyhound, a mastiff, and pug;
Apparatus for washing, a foot-pan and can,
Part of an Army List, half of a fan,
A fawn coloured glove, a lock of false hair—
Both highly prized gifts from some lady fair,
A case of blunt razors, a helmet and plume,
A fishing rod, shot belt, rifle, and broom;
A broken-down candlestick smelling of brass,
The last Army Act, and a cracked looking-glass;
A mould to cast bullets, the top of a boot,
The bowl of a pipe, the half of a flute;
A regimental sword knot, a treatise on drill,
Some lighters made out of the last arrived bill,
A musical snuff-box, a bottle of port,

An unstrung guitar, an unfinished report,
 An invite to dinner, the card of the priest,
 A sketch of the Colonel described as a beast;
 A print of the Queen, and a favorite mare,
 The brush of a fox, the scent of a hare;
 Two swords and one scabbard, a box of cigars,
 Some snuff and brown sugar in two broken jars
 A letter from home, the troop order book,
 A nightcap and sabretache hung on one hook,
 A map of the district, a mane-court and spur,
 An opera cloak all bedizened with fur;
 "Hints to young officers," part of a novel,
 One half of the tongs, and bit of the shovel,
 A pair of new overalls tossed on a chair,
 Six large tins of jelly just sent by "la mere,"
 A huge meerschaum pipe, the rules of the mess,
 And his toilet laid out on his table to dress,
 Boxes and parcels so heaped on each other,
 T'would puzzle a saint to tell one from the other;
 A lot of horse furniture pitched in a heap,
 With "Paradise lost," and "The Life of a Sweep;
 A pair of thick shooting boots covered with grease,
 Two foils and a mask, and a full dress pelisse;
 An easy arm-chair only wanting the back.
 A sketch in burnt cork of 'My wonderful hack';
 A sheet of pink paper, and a withered moss rose,
 Five rupees worth of silver, a box of new clothes;
 A gun-case, and money-box wanting a lock,
 A huge pistol loaded with ball, at full cock;
 A powder flask lying close under the candle,
 A ponderous lock on the door without handle,
 A large book of prints and foreign costume,
 Towels and slippers strewn over the room;
 An empty canteen, an old leathern stock,
 A Bible and Prayer Book, the face of a clock;
 A red hunting coat, and a whip in the pocket,
 And a tea-caddy open, containing a locket;
 Some Bryant and May's matches a candle to light,
 Some Eau-de-Cologne, the account of a fight;
 In the midst of this chaos, as gay as you please,
 On the rickety table perched quite at his ease,
 A pipe in his mouth, and a foot in the grate,
 His thoughts ever bent upon changing his state?
 He puffs and he puffs whilst the columns of smoke,
 Are enough e'en the throat of a German to choke,
 Till dozing and puffing he falls half asleep,
 While visions of field day's around him will creep,
 Till wearied, and watching, he turns to his lair,
 Where we'll leave him to dream of the ladies so fair.

MAIL NOTICE.

Since printing the mail notice which will be found on page eight the following has been circulated by the Postmaster at Ranikhet.

"Notice is hereby given that from the 1st. inst., the mails for Almora, Kumaon, together with Naini Tal, and Bareilly, up and down country, will be despatched from this office at 5 p. m., letters &c., should be in the letter box by 4 30 p. m. Foreign mails will be despatched at 5 p. m. on Monday.

Varieties.

POOR PADDY AGAIN.—An Irishman one day found a light sovereign which he was obliged to sell for seventeen shillings. A few days afterwards he saw another sovereign lying in the street. He stood looking at it and at last exclaimed "Bad luck to ye, I'll have nothing to do with you as I lost three shilling by your brother last week.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

PROBLEM.

In the columns of our journal we each month find a place,
 Although little competition has yet crowded up our space.
 And if these you give 'as sure as you're a sinner!'—
 And a prize was offered you would be a winner.

LIGHTS.

1. I'm small; but very useful, so they say—
And used by young and old fifty times a day.
2. All powerful, dreaded, always have been,
And defy every object although I am green!
3. I'm a word depicted by an artists' pen,
And thus make myself known to intelligent men.
4. A scene of gaiety, beauty and military display;
Tommy doesn't wish for another tho,' for many a day.
5. To do this we must; for to live we must die!
Find out the answer, 'tis easy if you try.
6. To embarrass, to entangle it means without a doubt,
And 'tis the name of a man who looks after us en route.
7. At home and abroad in hot and cold clime,
For this, miles we would travel many a time.

NANTI

ENIGMA.

She was beautiful, and he loved her to distraction;
 She hated him, yet womanlike did all she could
 to catch him.

Query. Who was he? (answers requested).

Answer to last months acrostic:

SHOOTING—FOOTBALL.

S herif F
 H a l O
 O o n a O
 O b e d i e n T
 T h u m B
 I d e A
 N a i L
 G o a L

Correct answers received from "Billy" and "Kate."

Printed for the EDITOR, by TARA DUTT, at the "Station Printing Press," Ranikhet.