

of the horses, and used to talk to them intimately in Gaelic. In his spare time he was always to be found messing about the horse-lines, and the mules even were friendly to him. Those lop-eared misanthropes, who did more than their share of the hard work, seemed to have an understanding with him, quite apart from anyone else. The Quartermaster alone was suffered to approach their hindquarters with impunity, and to him it was vouchsafed even to lift up and examine an injured hoof, without having his brains plastered round the transport lines. The Adjutant suggested to the Quartermaster that they probably belonged to the same clan, but he was always making unprofitable remarks.

The Padre used to say that a mule has no pride in his ancestors, and no hopes regarding his posterity! We always thought this a very brilliant remark, and used not to credit it with being original, but the Bishop maintained it was.

At times the Quartermaster would talk so affectionately and pathetically to his four-footed friends, that the Medical Officer would feel quite *de trop*. At these moments he would go over and talk to his own steed, the fairest of the fair. Him the Medical Officer called by the name of Rhubarb, but whether this was on account of his colour or because of his effect on the Medical Officer's liver, we could never be certain. His other horse, the humble associate of Rhubarb, whose duty was to