

tales of personal adventure with the Indian pig. Here one was stating how his troopmare, "C" 16, had turned her tail upon the advancing foe, and with her iron-shod heels had sent his front teeth rattling down his throat. And there another, a budding Munchausen, was relating how he stood the attack of "not only one, but four bloom-in swine, all of a go," and how all single-handed and alone he had beaten them off. It was a day that was talked of for months afterwards in the regiment; and though this one experience can have done no more than give the men a momentary taste of the ecstasy of a fighting gallop, pig-sticking is nevertheless par excellence a soldier's sport; it tests, develops, and sustains his best service qualities, and stands without rival as a training-school for officers; nor is it ever likely to languish for want of votaries so long as boars and Britons continue to exist.