

# STORIES FROM THE SCOTS GREYS

Friday, October 15, 1909.

## NOTICE

Beattie Mineral Claim, situate in the Quatsino Mining Division of Rupert District. Located at West Arm of Quatsino Sound.

Lot No. 209.  
TAKE NOTICE that James A. Moore, Free Miner's Certificate No. B13876, intends sixty days from date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.  
And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.  
Dated this 10th day of September, A.D. 1909.

R. C. PRICE, Agent.

## NOTICE

R. C. P. No. 10 Mineral Claim, situate in the Quatsino Mining Division of Rupert District. Located at West Arm of Quatsino Sound.

Lot No. 282.  
TAKE NOTICE that James A. Moore, Free Miner's Certificate No. B13876, intends sixty days from date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.  
And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.  
Dated this 10th day of September, A.D. 1909.

R. C. PRICE, Agent.

## NOTICE

R. C. P. No. 11 Mineral Claim, situate in the Quatsino Mining Division of Rupert District. Located at West Arm of Quatsino Sound.

Lot No. 283.  
TAKE NOTICE that James A. Moore, Free Miner's Certificate No. B13876, intends sixty days from date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.  
And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.  
Dated this 10th day of September, A.D. 1909.

R. C. PRICE, Agent.

## NOTICE

R. C. P. No. 12 Mineral Claim, situate in the Quatsino Mining Division of Rupert District. Located at West Arm of Quatsino Sound.

Lot No. 284.  
TAKE NOTICE that James A. Moore, Free Miner's Certificate No. B13876, intends sixty days from date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.  
And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.  
Dated this 10th day of September, A.D. 1909.

R. C. PRICE, Agent.

## NOTICE

Eagle No. 7 Mineral Claim, situate in the Quatsino Mining Division of Rupert District. Located at West Arm of Quatsino Sound.

Lot No. 287.  
TAKE NOTICE that James A. Moore, Free Miner's Certificate No. B13876, intends sixty days from date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.  
And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.  
Dated this 10th day of September, A.D. 1909.

R. C. PRICE, Agent.

## NOTICE

Eagle No. 8 Mineral Claim, situate in the Quatsino Mining Division of Rupert District. Located at West Arm of Quatsino Sound.

Lot No. 288.  
TAKE NOTICE that James A. Moore, Free Miner's Certificate No. B13876, intends sixty days from date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.  
And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.  
Dated this 10th day of September, A.D. 1909.

R. C. PRICE, Agent.

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Beattie Mineral Claim, situate in the Quatsino Mining Division of Rupert District. Located at West Arm of Quatsino Sound.

Lot No. 287.  
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Dated this 10th day of September, A.D. 1909.

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R. C. PRICE, Agent.

Although I am now seventy-six years of age the memories of fifty-four years ago are ever present in my day-dreams, when I live over again those pleasant years I spent in my dear old regiment—the Scots Greys. They had just embarked for the Crimea when I enlisted. The standard for recruits had been lowered and the bounty raised, and this kept recruiting pretty brisk, though the men enlisted were of a stamp very different to those who had just gone on service.

It would be useless at this time of day to discuss the question which induces the majority to enter the Army. Candidly speaking, during twelve years' service in the cavalry, where I formed many intimate friendships with men of other corps, I knew very few indeed who had a Commission in view when they first engaged to serve Her Majesty. I was in the majority!

A week after my enlistment I joined the depot in Newbridge, County Kildare. The depot consisted of the 4th and 5th Dragoon Guards, the 8th and 11th Hussars, and the Scots Greys. The officer commanding was Colonel J. C. Hope Gibbons, a peppery old veteran, though a kinder heart never beat under Her Majesty's uniform. He had seen service at the Cape with the 7th Dragoon Guards, but such it was he used to make the most of it. He was irritable and jerky when anything bothered him—few things didn't—and it amused us to see him splutter and show his teeth. He would jangle his scabbard, keep adjusting his belts, twist his moustaches (what was left of them), and spit out his favorite phrase, "I never saw or heard tell of such a thing at home or abroad!"

On the day his daughter was married to Lieutenant Maddox, of the 11th Hussars, he dictated to me (I was at the time acting orderly room clerk) the marriage notice for the Scotsman, and was pleased to hear that I came from Edinburgh, and knew all about the Pentlands and Rullion Green (his estate). Next day saw me seated in his quarters, sipping his sherry, smoking his cigars, and chatting about my prospects in the Army.

## Changes in Uniform

The uniform of the regiment has undergone little or no change, but at that time we wore a coat instead of tunic, and in place of the present shoulder straps we had brass epaulettes quite unsuitable for guard duty, as it was perfectly impossible to lie down on the bench with them on. Our greatcoats were red, and the famous "jackets" blue; our waist-belts had a square buckle, with the national thistle in bold relief. This was afterwards supplanted by a sergeant, which caused our jocular colonel to say "that the dirty Irish snake had swallowed the good old Scottish thistle."

The saddlery appointments have changed very much. We had embroidered shabrachs as well as black sheepskins. Our carbines were muzzle-loaders, and though grooved, were anything but serviceable weapons, and our swords were heavier than at present.

The drill has undergone a complete change. I had lately in my hands a manual of cavalry exercises by General Baden-Powell, and wondered how we could possibly have acquired any efficiency without something similar to guide us. Our drill was mostly confined to changes of position on the field; skirmishing, vidette duty, and scouting were done in a very perfunctory manner. In those days the object aimed at was, apparently, the execution of movements with precision by the men, and the enunciation of the words of command with accuracy and without hesitation by the officers. Neither adjutant nor drill sergeants had the advantage of a regular training at the centres of instruction which now exist. The Red Book was their Bible, and it was learned by rote. All the same, they took particular good care to make us as perfect as possible according to their lights, before they allowed us to quit the barrack yard and become "formed men."

It was really amusing when at carbine instruction drill to listen to the then adjutant (a ranker) trying to explain to us the laws of gravitation, inertia, velocity, tangents, trajectories, etc. etc.

## Old Time Pay

There was Kneller Hall for the band boys, but Hythe, Aldershot, and the Curragh were only in course of formation. Athletics were non-existent, unless you consider single sticks and boxing in the riding school under that head. Perhaps I should have begun my reminiscences with some reference to the bounty and pay received. What our bounty was I cannot remember, but one thing is certain, it was never sufficient to keep us free from debt for months after we joined. Our pay was 1s. 4d. a day, from which 9d. was deducted for rations, etc., leaving 7d. for a man's full pay when clear of debt—if in debt, then 6d. was deducted, leaving 1d. a day to provide ourselves with beer, tobacco, pipeclay, oil, and bathbrick, etc.

Our daily rations consisted of 1 lb. bread and 3/4 lb. meat without bone. For breakfast we had coffee and dry bread; dinner, meat, broth and potatoes; tea (at 5 p.m.), with any bread we had left over from breakfast; no supper. You may easily believe that the recruit, after an hour's hard riding in the school before breakfast, might consume the whole of his bread at this meal, leaving none to supplement his dinner, accompany his tea, or serve him for supper. His youth, new conditions of life, health drill, and hard work grooming his horse required more generous diet. Soldiers nowadays fare much better.

This was a serious matter in many ways; it was the cause of frequent desertion. Certainly it was the cause of one memorable episode in the history of the regiment, which I will refer to later.

## Off to the Crimea

In June, 1855, a draft of one sergeant, 106 rank and file, and 116 horses, under Captain Sir George Hampson, Bart., embarked at Kingston for Balaklava on the transport Assistance. There were several detachments of artillery and infantry also on board. We had at least two men in our draft who openly professed their intention to work for a commission. One was the sergeant in charge. When he joined as a recruit he wore an eyeglass, top hat, and fashionable clothes.

"Where shall I put my hat?" was his first query on being shown into his barrack-room. "On the peaewanie," shouts a voice from the corner.

He did not succeed in getting a commission, but he turned out to be a first-rate dragoon and had already got promotion.

The other man and I were smoking on deck one day, when we noticed a sergeant of infantry staring at us.

"Do you know him?" asked my chum. "No, but I'll see."

On my approaching the man, he asked my comrade's name. It was as he thought. They met. It turned out that he recognized my friend as an officer in the regiment, then serving in India. He had been cashiered for card-cheating at mess, and challenging his accuser to a duel. His antecedents never became known in "ours," and he attained the rank of sergeant, took his discharge on the reduction of the Army, and was last seen in the Central Park, New York, riding a grey horse in General Maclellan's staff, when the troops were reviewed on the conclusion of the American War.

We steamed past Constantinople in the evening as the sun was setting in a clear sky, and those of us who had read Miss Pardoe's City of the Sultan had to acknowledge that her description of such a scene, sublime as it was, came short of the reality. We did not stop, but pushed on for our destination, Balaklava, where the awful din from the forts, batteries, and combined fleets on our left front awakened us to the fact that playing at soldiers, as far as we were concerned, had evidently come to an end.

## The Charge of the Heavies

On reaching our camp it may be imagined how proud we were to meet our big, bearded, good-natured comrades who had so signally upheld the honours of the regiment in the famous charge a few months before—how we listened to the recital of incidents which occurred on the memorable morning of 25th October; how they hurraed and cheered when the charge was sounded; how they broke the Russian line; the first contact of weapons; the thrusts, cuts, and parries; the trouble with excited horses at the moment of impact; the selection of specially turbulent and pugacious opponents for their steel, to the avoidance (not having the blood frenzy) of the chattering white visaged, half-hearted "passive resistors," protected by thick heavy great coats and impenetrable shakos; how they cut completely through the four regiments of Hussars and Cossacks opposed to them, and then back again. The whole of the Greys and two squadrons of the Enniskillens were the first line, the 5th Dragoon Guards and one squadron of the Enniskillens the second line, and in reserve the 1st Royal Dragoons and 4th Dragoon Guards. The Greys had four officers wounded, two men killed, fifty-three men wounded, ten horses killed, and twelve missing.

To know such men as "Jock" Grieve, V.C.; Ramage, V.C.; Wilson (now a retired major), Scott-Lang, Lister, Christie, Borthwick, and others would answer the question often put to soldiers—How they felt on such occasions? Here it is. They saw their officers, gentlemen much above them in social position, cool, level-headed, and fearless in danger, bracing themselves up for the fight; they saw the brave Scarlett, with Elliot, his A.D.C., increasing their pace as they neared the Russian columns; their enthusiasm was raised to the highest pitch, and impelled them to follow such leaders, thinking of nothing else.

## Some Edinburgh Men

Scarlett plunged in on the bridle hand of Count Riff, the commander. Elliott, on his right, wearing his cocked hat, was thus taken to be the English general. He parried the thrust the Count made, and ran his sword through his body, but in withdrawing it, he got unhorsed, just at the moment the Greys dashed in, and got fearfully mauled about the head and body by the hoofs of the maddened horses. Of course, until the ground was cleared of their cavalry, the enemy could not bring into action the horse artillery they had in reserve.

William Donaldson had his leg shot off. As they carried him off the field, mangled as he was, he shouted, "Hurrah for Auld Reekie!" He was for years porter at the Waverley Station. Davie Ramage's horse was shot under him. He was afterwards chief porter at the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary. W. Hammond, still living, got his face disfigured by a splinter, and J. Wilson was bowled over.

The regiment was kept in reserve while the Light Brigade under Cardigan made the fatal charge in the adjoining valley. Realising what was done, Lord Lucan said—"They have

sacrificed the Light; they won't the Heavy." The success of the Heavy Brigade certainly saved Balaklava harbor, but it did not secure the control of the Horowitz Road, the highway from Sebastopol to Simpheropol, which remained in the hands of the Russians.

## Sergeant Ramage, V. C.

I have mentioned Sergeant Harry Ramage (an Edinburgh man), who got his V. C. for gallantry in galloping to the assistance of Private John Macpherson, who, wounded and surrounded by a knot of Russians, must have succumbed, had not Ramage fearlessly plunged in among them and rescued him. I knew John well during my stay in the regiment. He also was an Edinburgh man, and our acquaintance was afterwards renewed in civilian life, when he was employed as porter in Professor Grainger Stewart's department at the Royal Infirmary. Then his health broke down, and, as he had no pension, he was compelled to go into Craigleith Poorhouse. His deplorable condition was brought to the notice of Dr. W. R. Philip in Charlotte Square, and he at once sent his own carriage and removed him to comfortable lodgings, paying for his board until he got into the Longmore Hospital, where he died in 1894, the year the "Scots Greys" Regimental Association was formed in Edinburgh.

At John's funeral in the Grange Cemetery, on overhearing the company round about commenting on the decorous manner in which the military from Piershill (Greys) had conducted themselves, I, as president of the newly-formed Association, approached the officer in charge—Lieut. E. Usher—and reported what I had overheard. "Oh, Mr. R—," he replied, with a merry twinkle in his eyes. "I will be very glad to do as much for you." I thanked him, saying he was very kind. He fell, riddled with bullets, in the Boer War, and his name is on the bronze tablet of the "Grey" memorial statue in Princes Street Gardens.

## A Veteran's Reminiscences of 50 years back

There was no cavalry engagement during the summer of 1855, although on the 6th of August the Greys, with the cavalry division under Scarlett, were in reserve but not engaged at the battle of the Tchernava. In December the regiment embarked for Hakla Pasha, about two miles from Scutari, where the whole cavalry division went into temporary barracks for six months.

During our stay there, two Royal palaces were totally destroyed by fire. I remember witnessing one afternoon a mad prank played by Lord Ernest Vane Tempest, of the 4th Light Dragoons. An Arab (Turkish coach) was coming up the plain, when his Lordship, for a lark, seeing two ladies with "yashmaks" inside, rushed down, and presenting something which resembled a pistol at the driver's head, got a closer inspection of the fair occupants than it was possible for him to get legitimately.

When peace was proclaimed, there was a grand review of the troops, which Sultan Abdul Medjid graced with his presence. Not long after this, rumors of an early return home got abroad. One day we were ordered to trot out our horses (dismounted) before a portly Pasha and some Turkish officers on the plain, for them to select as many as they chose. As far as I could make out, we were to get £30 for each horse, thus saving the expense of transport home. Next day and for days after, many of these horses were to be seen running loose all over our camp, especially when they heard our trumpets. The Turkish soldiers must have bungled in the transfer, and no wonder, as we gave them no assistance to secure the animals after we had slipped the collar and bridoon off their heads.

## On the Way Home

At last a dismounted draft of two officers, six sergeants, and 114 rank and file embarked for home on 7th June on board the Ayrshire, with others from various regiments. Our first stoppage was Gibraltar, where an amusing incident occurred. The vessel was taking up ground or sea room in the bay and was gradually swinging into position, when we suddenly saw a Turkish Government transport, which we supposed to be at some distance from us, but which unfortunately was not the case. In a few moments the crash came, and improvised fenders, hatchets, knives, etc., were all brought into use to get disentangled. We managed it, but what an escape, and what a mess our rigging was in! About half-an-hour afterwards we saw a boat lowered from the Turkish steamer, manned by sailors, with a Turkish officer resplendent in gold lace sitting in the stern. Our officers (Major Loftus, of the 17th Hussars; Captain Nugent, of ours, and some others), clustered round the gangway wondering what was to be done if this terrible Turk couldn't speak English. One said his French was rusty, another his Spanish was never there when wanted, and so on.

## A Scottish Turk

On deck the boat, and up came the Turk on creak. Mutual salaams. "What d— credit was that at the wheel?" in unmistakable Broomielaw were the first words he spoke. He was the chief engineer, and I need not say a Scotsman. A few spare spars, some cordage, and some Glenlivet in the saloon soon, however, settled matters.

We trained to Aldershot, and on the second day after arrival presented anything but a creditable appearance when we paraded dismounted in front of the pavilion before Her

Majesty, Prince Albert, and the Duke—there was only one Duke—Cambridge—in a military sense in those days. Her Majesty passed slowly along the line and took a good look at us, individually, and through the Duke expressed her satisfaction. Next day we took train to Newbridge, Ireland, very much to our disgust. There was a feeling of irritation among both officers and men at being banished to this outlandish place, where drill, drill, eternal drill was the order of the day.

Shortly after we came home a general order was issued that no officer or man, except the farriers, were to be seen on parade henceforth with beards and side whiskers. The next church parade we had, we had some difficulty in recognizing each other, as the razors only came into use late on the Saturday night or on Sunday morning. My troop had passed the sergeant-major's inspection, but the adjutant (a ranker) on making his, stopped at the man on my right, said, "Here, sergeant-major, see this man's chin. How does he dare to come on parade with an imperial?—more than I or any officer dare do." The fact was the man, having no practice for a long time, had not made a good job with his razor.

## A Saddle Inspection and Sequel

One Saturday afternoon the captain of my troop found fault (unreasonably, we thought) with our saddlery appointments, and ordered another inspection for next day—Sunday. This was an unheard of proceeding. It necessitated extra work on that day, cleaning and burnishing, stripping and refitting saddles, etc. Now this sort of high-handedness is much resented by the men, and is of much graver importance than civilians can imagine. After dinner the roll was called, but no one appeared on parade to answer his name. The non-coms. came to our rooms, and told us, each by name, to go down to parade. We did so, and were marched over to the stables, where the captain made his second inspection, but he had occasion to rue it.

That afternoon, being thoroughly roused, I wrote to the principal Presbyterian chaplain at the Curragh, detailing what had happened, and pointing out that this being a national regiment, the recurrence of Sunday brought with it the memories of former days, that on this day our thoughts beat reciprocally with our friends scattered throughout the villages in Scotland; that no doubt many a prayer had been offered up for wayward and absent sons, that many of us did honestly try to pull ourselves together on Sundays, etc., etc, and indicated that his interposition at once might prevent some mischief being done. I did not disguise my handwriting, although my signature, "A Grey," was not altogether fictitious.

## The Fourth Commandment

Allow me to disabuse the minds of those of my readers who may think that there was something childish, unmanly, and unsoldierlike in writing such a letter. There was nothing of the sort. It was risky in the extreme, as I made myself amenable to trial by Court-martial. It is not enough to say that had I gone about the business in a more straightforward way my object would have been secured. I say so—emphatically no. This particular kind of annoyance might not have been repeated, but others would have been substituted, whereas the salutary fact was developed that there was some meaning after all in our motto—"Nemo me impune lacessit." Acting on the regimental form of procedure, my chum, Jackson, approached the troop officer to take him before the Colonel with this identical grievance. He stated his case much on my lines, and this was the answer he got—"You quite misread the Fourth Commandment. It says—'Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work.' Now evidently you have not done all your work, or you would not have been asked to finish it on Sunday. Go to your duty."

But I succeeded in my object, and if my plan had been followed in recent years, the Coldstreams would not have been sent to Bermuda, and there would have been no saddle-cutting in the Royal Horse Guards, 13th Hussars, or 6th Dragoon Guards, such as is no doubt fresh in the minds of those who read these sketches.

Next day (Monday) during the mid-day stable hour, on looking through the doorway when grooming my horse, I saw the chaplain driving across the barrack-yard direct to the orderly-room. The Colonel was there. In a few minutes "Officers' Call" was sounded. When the meeting was over my captain passed me in the stable, and when his eye caught mine, there was no sign of irritation; if anything, he was more composed than usual. I was never called in question. My troop was detached to Athy, about sixteen miles distant, and it was when lying here for eight months that my attention was first directed to the incipient disloyalty of the people, which afterwards developed into Fenianism.

## To the Curragh

Then we were moved back to Newbridge, where I was requisitioned for the Paymaster's Office. The non-com. in charge had been misbehaving, and I had to take up his work as he left it, but I had served my apprenticeship as clerk in the Caledonian Railway Goods Department, Lothian Road, and my knowledge of auditing accounts came in handy, and I treated "balances brought forward" as myths and made up the quarterly pay-list correctly. As the officer did not recompense me for doing this arduous work, I resumed by stable duty.

Once more we went to the Curragh, and a miserable three months we had under canvas. It rained every day, and foraging duty—that is,

bringing bales of hay and sacks of corn on our backs through the mud was sickening. We built long stretches of turf walls six feet high, six feet at the bottom tapering to two on the top, to protect our horses picketed in the open. This, certainly, was the most miserable part of my life in the ranks.

One day when working at a gravel pit, Colonel Derby Griffiths had a narrow escape with his life. He was standing on the bank watching us working, when it gave way, and he was completely buried. We set to work like terrier dogs to reach him, and when we did, the cigar he had been smoking was flattened against his mouth. He was rather seriously injured, and had to go on leave.

## A Dublin Row

From the Curragh we went to Dublin. I remember well the day Lord Eglinton, the new Lord-Lieutenant, made his entry into Dublin. He arrived at Westland Row Station, and proceeded through Dame Street to the Castle. All the troops in garrison were out, or ready for any emergency. Our regiment formed up in front of Trinity College gate, where the students were hilarious to insanity. The excited mob outside heard what they took to be "Down with the priests"; the actual words were, "We don't want the police," who, I thought, made themselves much too conspicuous. Some squibs or other fireworks were thrown about our horses' legs by the mob, and stones were thrown by the students at the police, who could not get at them, the gate being closed.

Old Colonel Brown, a Peninsular hero, Chief of the Constabulary, seeing how threatening affairs looked, uncovered his head, took a paper from his breast pocket, and read the Riot Act. He was within three yards of me—quite regardless of the missiles thrown at him. When he finished with "God save the Queen," he calmly said, "Now, men, open that gate, use your staves, and clear the way for the mounted men (constabulary)."

The police went at their work so amore, and in about ten minutes, amidst showers of stones, the gate was burst open and a road cleared for the horsemen, who used their swords right and left, captured several students, killed one (Mr. Leeson) outright, and wounded several. The affair was taken notice of in Parliament, and Colonel Brown lost his appointment.

On the whole, I liked Dublin duty very well. The reviews in the Phoenix Park were grand affairs. One day I remember being ordered to General Lord Seaton, of Peninsular and Canadian Rebellion fame, an old veteran of eighty. Well mounted as I was, it took me all my time to keep pace with him.

## A Sham Fight

At these reviews all branches of the service are present and generally some pre-arranged programme is carried out. One day, when riding in the left troop of the line, a staff officer galloped over to say that this troop was to be detached to act as the enemy. He gave our captain his instructions, where to go, and what to do.

Off we started across the fifteen acres towards Chapel Izod, and in a very short time things began to get hot for us. The captain was at his wits' end. "Really, I would like to show some pluck, but how am I to do it?" The Artillery were within a few yards of our horses when some one suggested that we should try the cops on our left. Here a perfect storm of blank cartridges blazed in our faces. Then we had the steep banks of the Liffey in our rear. We would gladly have given in, but no sound of "cease firing" was heard. There we were—in front of its twenty guns and two thousand rifles peppering away, our horses were frantic, and were glad to hear the welcome sound to stop the joke.—The Scotsman.

## ONLY TWELVE HOURS

A good story is told of a great man in India, who was so careful in the education and training of his son that he engaged an old servant to be constantly in the presence of the boy for this purpose, that whenever he was keenly enjoying some pleasure, the old man might say, "The day hath but twelve hours," and whenever the lad was sick or in trouble, he might repeat the comforting message, "The night is but twelve hours long." A strange and yet admirable idea. The first message would rouse the youth to make the most of time and opportunity, the second would console and cheer him and show him that the night of suffering would soon end. The motto is one which might well be kept before our view during daily work. Twelve hours will be enough to accomplish all that needs to be done, if they are well used and carefully planned.

## SOME QUEER CRADLES

In Lapland a new-born baby is cradled in its mother's shoe, a big affair, covered with skin and stuffed with soft moss. This the mother can hang up to a tree or cover with snow, while she is busy.

In India the baby rides in a basket which hangs from its mother's head, or from her hips in a hammock. Sometimes the baby's nose is adorned with a nose-ring, and in some parts its face is wrapped in a veil like its mother's.

The Chinese baby is tied to the back of an older child; while the Mongolian infants travel about in bags slung on a camel.

Strangest of all, the mother in Guinea, buries her baby up to its waist in sand, and that is the only cradle the baby ever knows.