

MORE GRUMBLINGS FROM THE GOAT.

I haven't been able to write much lately because these people here have kept me shut in all summer. What for, I don't know. They kept me shut up all the nice hot weather, and now all the spree is over, they let me out. Common sense is very scarce in this station. This musketry business is the heavy thing now. You can hear nothing but these beastly rifles snapping all day. Look here. When a man sings out "At the advancing cavalry at 350 yards," what does he mean? I never see any horses here except Currie's and the butcher's, and you can't hardly call the butcher's animal a horse, it looks more like a hay-rack. Things don't improve here. I went round the rooms the other night. One of the doors was shut, I particularly wanted to go in, so I just biffed the door with my head. Of course there was a storm and I was kicked out, because they said I had broken the catch of the lock. If they are so much afraid of the catch being broken, why do they put it on at all. I wonder if Berlinger is going to play the fool this winter like he did last. If he thinks he can keep me out of the drill hall this year, he must have increased considerably in smartness. The cook in the sergeant's mess has got a lot of animals stuck in a cage. I heard some idiot propose to put me in. I said "You just put Foster in and shut the door after him." I can fetch them every time. Marsh is still alive, but I think he's afraid of me, for I have given him some terrible looks sometimes when he tries to attract my attention by whistling. The minstrel troupe have started again. They want me to do the wounded stag at bay. That's a poor one. I can act as well as Bayers. They grumble about my being fat, but I'm no worse than Corpl. Torrance: anyway, I have got whiskers, and that's more than a lot of them can say, especially Matheson. My old friend Major Wadmore said good-bye to me the other day. I wonder if Johnson has got any more cigarettes. I must go and see.