

## CORRESPONDENCE.

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(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

MONTREAL, 13th July, 1870.

The heat has been intense, this week and I can compare it with good reason to about the same standard as that of the West Indies, Demerara for instance; minus, the refreshing sea breezes in the evening.

The Mount Royals, as well as the 5th Fusiliers have received their uniforms from England, Colonel Labranche commanding the former reports that the material, is not what it should be.

The Lacrosse Team on its arrival from Europe, received an ovation not likely to be forgotten. They speak in the highest terms of their reception in the *Old Country* and the condensation evinced in abolishing all etiquette on their presentation after playing a match before Her Majesty.

The saving of two men from drowning by a young lad twelve years old, the son of Mr. Edger Lovelace, and grandson of our fellow citizen Colonel Lovelace, took place at Longueuil a short time since, the boy was out in a small boat at an early hour of the morning, and hearing cries of distress, rowed at once to the spot when he found two young men clinging to a bark canoe that had been upset and was drifting bottom upmost, after some trouble he succeeded in rescuing them from their perilous situation and landing them safely on shore. "The Evening Star" heads the article "Gallant Rescue by a Lad."

I see by the *United Service Gazette*, that the head dress of the Artillery, Engineers and Infantry of the Line, is to be changed to black leather helmets, similar to those worn by the German troops.

The Montreal Hussars have commenced their annual drill. It is probable that the law students of the city who are desirous of joining some of our volunteer corps as a body, may be formed into a second troop, thus making up the Cavalry to a full squadron as in Quebec, and other large towns of the Dominion.

The remains of ex mayor Bernard are to be interred on Saturday next with Masonic honors.

To the Editor of the VOLUNTEER REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—If the Government really wish to give their Infantry Militia any training this year it would certainly seem advisable to issue some amended orders, men cannot be got, as volunteers, to do 8 days full drill, and board themselves, for only fifty cents a day. Their nett pay would be little more than 25 cents each, and in many cases not that. More than half of the men of the regiment I belong to live in the country, &

c. outside the limits of the town or villages where their company Head quarters are situated. Many of the men live 5 and 10 miles from Company Head Quarters: some even further, such men could not possibly come in for evening drills; and if they come in and took to doings in town they would not have enough left for beer even. This evening drill system can only answer in large cities like Montreal or Toronto where all the men presumably live within the city limits. If the Government want to train even a portion of their country Regiments of Infantry this year let them choose one Regiment out of every two, by lot, and pay the men and officers according to their respective grades, as done last year. The money voted would suffice for this.

Another good plan would be to have only staff or Skeleton Drill (as already proposed by a correspondent in your paper); call out only the Officers and Non Commissioned Officers, and perhaps a few men per Company, and pay them all according to their grades for as many days as the money voted would allow. It would be a sorry exhibition, to the world if the Mother Country were set upon by Russia or Germany, as seems by no means unlikely at the present moment, and Canada (which boasts herself to be England's greatest Colony) were unable from want of training to send even our soldiers across the seas to her help. If England were conquered by Russia or Germany, how long would Canada stand alone against either of those powers, or against the United States? very possibly Germany would make it one of the conditions of peace to extort Canada from England, just as she took Alsace and Lorraine from France. Germany would thus at one stroke have the largest Colony and the greatest amount of ships of any nation in the world. What a "coup" for ambition like Bismark's!

Your obedient,

RED JACKET.

COMPLIMENTARY.—The N. Y. *World* says:—Two additional illustrations of the differences between the Canadian and American way of manging Indians have been afforded us during the past week. At Winnipeg four white men have been arraigned for the murder of an Indian, the crime having been committed a long way out in the wilds, and a magistrate has been sent to Fort Pelly, in the Rocky Mountains, who is punishing with impartial hand offences committed by whites and Indians. The mounted police have scoured the country of whiskey traders and destroyed the stills, and now their numbers have been reduced till the whole force that keeps order between Red Liver and the Pacific coast is something less than sixty sabres, and its object is to protect the Indian. Settlers are pouring into the country, and the line of the projected Pacific Railway is dotted with surveying parties, but there has not been and will not be an outrage heard of. Is it not about time that we should teach the Indian by example that treaties are to be observed, and that the law of the land affords them the same protection and confers on them the same responsibilities that whites enjoy and incur?"

pose would join them. The Bashi Bazouks had been hanging on their rear of several hours, but had been repulsed, and so resigned themselves to play the part of blood hounds. Brought to bay, they had thrown themselves into the old monastery, where they meant to sell their lives as dearly as possible. One assault had been tried, but the result had not been satisfactory, and Hussein Bey thought that it would be far easier to trust to starvation and to 'bombardment.' An immense amount of powder must have been burned without any effect, and as I began to get tired of the monotony, I went into the town, where the women and children were huddled into corners moaning with fear. There were a good many Tchirkesses, in high fur caps and long pelisses, with cross belts stuffed full of cartridges, looking about for booty, and an occasional scream told of some act of violence, but even my Zaptiehs could not have protected me, if I had ventured too intimately among these demons, exasperated by the loss of several of their number in the attack made early in the day. The besieged kept very quiet, the occasional singing of a bullet being the only indication of the resistance still offered. It must have been 8 p.m. when my attention was attracted by a bright glare on the southern side of the village; there was a loud shout, a tumultuous rush of redifs, Tchirkesses and Bashi Bazouks, the artillery ceased, and the sharp rattle of musketry. It did not last more than fifteen minutes, and then was a dead silence, almost painful in its contrast to the noise of the last six hours. The church and monastery were in flames, and before morning nothing remained but the blackened walls. As soon as the fire first appeared, I rode over to the headquarters, and, a little later, to the field. Finding that succour was hopeless without food or water, and fully aware of the fate in store for them if captured, the besieged had determined to cut their way out and get to the mountains. So they applied the torch to the church, and under cover of the flames dashed into the ranks of the Turkish soldiery, which had crowded down in disorder to witness the burning of the Giaours. With their yataghans between their teeth and revolvers in hand they fought their way through ten times their number. I counted 130 dead Bulgarians, but did not see a single prisoner. The Turks say the wounded shot themselves rather than surrender. A powerful looking Bulgarian, with his thigh broken by a ball, was lying on one side of the church amid the bodies of five Turks, an empty revolver in his hand, and a bullet in his head, as if he had blown his own brains out. How many men the Turks lost it is impossible to state, but I should think between five and six hundred killed and wounded. The sally had taken them quite by surprise, and the fighting was at such close quarters that, until the insurgents had almost reached the outer circle of encampment, they could scarcely make use of their revolvers. I noticed, however, that the fighting parties were very busy on the field, and that the best houses of Dravno were deprived of their ordinary inmates in order to serve as hospitals. I rode away as soon as the fight was over, for I had no wish to witness atrocities which I was powerless to prevent, but from the screams and yells I knew that pandemonium was at large, and the sickening sight of Bulgarian heads carried about on the ends of Arab bayonets was not calculated to prolong my stay. My journey has taught me that the Osmanli, despite the assertions to the contrary are still brutal and bloodthirsty, and that the Bulgarians will fight if cornered, and, perhaps, if well led.