

his countrymen were doing on this side of the Atlantic good, for that patient representative of the tribe of Issachar.

There is, however, a good time coming, and we live in hopes to see the Canadian troops occupying their proper position in the *Royal Gazette*.

With reference to this whole matter, might it not be better to style the Colonial force *Royal*, instead of *Reserve*, the latter name being simply unmeaning. For instance: the Royal Canadian Army—the Royal Canadian Artillery—the Royal Canadian Engineers, would give a definite meaning and idea of existing facts, inasmuch as the Active Militia of Canada is as much an army as that of Great Britain, and is in no sense a Reserve force; because if engaged in its only possible contest it would form the first line of battle at once.

We thank the *Broad Arrow* for writing and thinking of our brave fellows, as an English military journal should think and write of English soldiers; and we can assure him that no offence will be taken at the partial postponement of a distinction to which our soldiers have always aspired, and to which they have been entitled from the very first—as its animus is thoroughly understood—and our gallant fellows are not the men to quarrel with a set of *Brunnigen* Quakers.

We are indebted to Lieut. CARROLL RYAN, of No. 4 Battery, Ottawa Brigade Garrison Artillery, for the very beautiful lines, and the introductory notice of *Abercrombie's Grave*, which will be found in the proper place in this issue.

Our readers will remember that Lieut. RYAN edited the *VOLUNTEER REVIEW* till quite a recent period. That he ranks deservedly high as a poet and literary man, and that his esteemed lady has acquired considerable fame in poetic literature is an admitted fact. We hear it as an *on dit* that the collected poetical works of Lieut. and Mrs. RYAN (nee Miss MARY ANN McIVER,) are to be published in one volume before the close of the year.

It is very pleasing to those who have labored to develop the details of our military system, to witness the conviction which has been forced on all outsiders who come in contact with it, that its provisions are those best adapted to secure an efficient military force from a whole population without compulsion of any kind.

In this issue of the *VOLUNTEER REVIEW* is published an article from the *United States Army and Navy Journal*, on the success of our Rifle Associations, and which is particularly valuable, because it places our military organization in its true aspect; shows the value of the Force and its efficiency, as well as the part it would be likely to play in any future contest.

Our contemporary does the people of Canada justice when it states that they do

not want to quarrel with their neighbours, and very many years indeed will elapse before they will be aggressors in any such quarrel; at the same time we willingly endorse the proposition that the examples of history prove no great nation can exist without war, and a contest between the two countries will occur sooner or later as the consequence of an universal law.

As a people, we do not pretend to superior wisdom, but we find a thoroughly military training tends to maintain social order; and the discipline of the camp is carried, in a manner, into private life. We are quite certain that the saving in the administration of justice alone would be nearly equal to the whole cost of our military force, and that as an item alone would be sufficient to justify our course in keeping it up without looking to contingencies, which will not occur during the lifetime of the present generation.

There is no better guarantee for peace than that of being always prepared for war, and the consideration of the actual saving to the commercial interests of the country alone, by guarding it against panics and fluctuations in the money markets in consequence of political aberrations amongst our neighbours, furnishes another powerful argument for keeping up our military efficiency, as the credit of an armed nation is always good.

We are happy to be able to teach a nation of soldiers like our neighbours, the true method of training an army, and we feel proud of their good opinion; it is assuredly the best way to create mutual respect, and we are proud of the notice our contemporary has given our military force, as it is evident more is known of its efficiency at Washington than at London.

The article referred to is very flattering, and shows what may be achieved by a willing people and an intelligent Statesman, for it is to Sir G. E. CARTER, Bart., Canada owes her military system.

The following generous tribute to gallant seamen and soldiers is copied from the *United States Army and Navy Journal* for July 6th, 1872.

Our readers will find the official report of the officer commanding at the Battle of Plattsburg (Lieutenant General Sir George Prevost) in the Fourth Volume of the *VOLUNTEER REVIEW*, Page 556.

Wednesday last, 11th September, being the anniversary of that fight, which would have ended otherwise if the troops had been led by a man of steady purpose.

#### THE BRITISH DEAD AT PLATTSBURGH.

"On Fame's eternal camping-ground  
Their silent tents are spread;  
And glory guards with solemn round  
The bivouac of the dead."

It was a pleasant afternoon in June when I climbed the fence that bounds the cemetery at Plattsburgh, in search of the graves of the officers who fell in the battle fought

here over fifty-six years ago. I had reached the place from the rear—that is from the direction of the position the English had occupied, with their batteries on the north bank of the river. This mode of ingress—most convenient at the moment, led me over rough fields under cultivation, and across ditches partly filled with stagnant, stagnant water. The tall grass, brambles, and rank weeds that lined the half-decayed, fencing, and through which I forced my way with difficulty, seemed very consistent with, if they did not actually suggest the idea that I was about to enter one of those, to me, always melancholy places, wherein the ruined tombstones and wild, neglected shrubbery, characteristic of the country graveyard, would meet me on every side.

But I was most agreeably disappointed. The spot, taken with its surroundings, was one of the rarest beauty; and the cemetery itself would have been an ornament to any city. The walks and burial lots were laid out with excellent taste; the hedges were neatly trimmed; and the lawn closely cut. There were wild flowers, it is true, but loving hands had trimmed them along the low, white railings, and above them rose a myriad of green cones of the graceful arbutus, contrasting beautifully with the marble shafts that glistened through their foliage. Around me in the distance, rose a glorious amphitheatre of mountains, shutting in, except on the northern side, a lovely, undulating valley through which wound the Sarano, almost at my feet.

To the east ward, looking over the river and the narrow plateau lying between it and the lake, I saw Cumberland Bay, where McDonough gained his victory. Farther on, Cumberland Head projected into the waters of Lake Champlain. These were hemmed in to the eastward by the Green Mountains, that seemed to rise as if from the very shore of the lake, a majestic mass of color of a darker blue than the sky, and with a clear, bold outline, whose highest point I knew was Mount Mansfield. From the lake away round to the extreme right circled the tumbling barrier of the mysterious Adirondacks, while beyond their purple sides, and blending almost imperceptibly with the sky, shot up the faint blue, spooks of Mount Marcy and White Face.

Over the whole scene, made up of the unruffled lake and the softened, sweeping lines of hills, melting into azure, on one side, and on the other the billowed masses of purplish brown crags, there rested that indescribable charm of harmony found in nature alone, and often born of the contrast between perfect repose and rugged sublimity.

Rocks, forests, water and sky may gladden the eye with their infinite variety of colors, but in this new world of ours, there is a freshness in the scenery not found in the old, where tradition, acting on the mind,