

drill period being carried out, a few additional prizes for good shooting granted by Government, and the officers non-commissioned officers and men, paid for the days they are actually on duty at the time of the annual drill, at the rate laid down in par. 256 of the orders and Regulations for the Militia, I feel satisfied that a very great increase in efficiency would result, and a new life be imparted to the force.

Two new corps have been formed during the past year in Military District No. 8 (New Brunswick), viz: the 74th and 75th.

The details connected with the condition of the various corps of Infantry, and the time required for them to concentrate, &c., &c., will be found in the annual inspection returns and reports of the Deputy Adjutant General.

(To be continued.)

ATILLA, THE SCOURGE.

A CHEERFUL CHARACTER OF THE OLDEST TIME.

After having traversed Germany, leaving behind him ruin and desolation, Atilla penetrated into Gaul in 451, followed by a furious multitude, intoxicated by his bloody success, which he had led from the banks of the Danube. It was the last, but the most terrible influx of the barbarians, who during three centuries, overran Europe, destroying in their path cities and nations. Until then the people who, from the depths of Asia, rushed towards the west, had been, so to speak, satisfied with their triumphs; and, as they approached the civilized world, their savage ardor diminished. They had ended by stopping astonished at the splendour of the Roman Empire, and by trying to imitate the manners and wonders of civilization. But this time the conqueror was pitiless, he disdained the search of luxury; he preferred the solitude of his village of wooden houses, simply painted and carpeted to the grandeur of the Roman cities, their marble palaces and magnificent monuments. Their flocks of varied colors, the vast stretch of two green prairies of the Danube, suited his wild taste better than the cities encompassed by a girdle of walls. In his camp where the riches which Rome humbly sent him as a tribute were piled up Atilla leaving to his companions the vessels of gold and silver, the stuffs of purple, and all the brilliant trophies of victory, received seated upon a stool, before a table covered with wooden plates and coarse meats, the emissaries of the East and West. A stranger to all which moves the heart of man.

HE LIKED THE TERROR HE INSPIRED.

and gave himself the surname of the Scourge of God. Nothing human seems to have penetrated his soul, animated only by the necessity of destroying, which was extinguished before Rome after having accomplished on the whole of Europe his work of extermination. Gaul so many times devastated by barbarians saw this horrid exterminator approach with consternation. He who said "The grass never grows again where the hoof of Atilla's horse has passed," and who replied to the ambassadors of Theodosius, "Do you think there exists a fortress or a city which I could not bring to the ground?" struck terror into the boldest hearts. An accident, it is said, had led the Huns towards the West, a dog had indicated to them a route across the Palus Mæoticæ; an accident also, had armed Atilla. A shepherd wounded his foot in a pasture; he discovered a sword under the grass, and carried it to the Tartar

chiefs; Atilla seized it, and swore he had a right to the dominion of the world. "The stars fall," cried he, "the earth trembles;

I AM THE SCOURGE OF THE UNIVERSE.

The presence of Atilla announced itself in Gaul, as usual, by pillage, massacre and fire. He led after him a destructive horde who only awaited a signal to plunge into cities. Treves, the capital of the North, Metz and a number of cities, were ruined by this dreadful invasion; and it was preceded by these fatal victories that he presented himself under the walls of Paris, or rather of Lutetia. When the flock of barbarians were seen to spread themselves upon the ramparts, to the number of five hundred thousand men, the Parisians looked with terror upon them. Frightened at their approach, they did not even think of resisting them. Flight seemed to them the only chance of safety, and uniting all the barks they could find, they prepared to leave Paris to the Huns. In this fear-stricken populace, one heart alone preserves its confidence: one voice alone is raised to engage the inhabitants to defend themselves. It is that of a young girl hardly nineteen years—we mean Genevieve. Going to the Assembly of the citizens.

THE COURAGEOUS GIRL.

said to them, "Why do you fly? He who said to the sea, 'be dry,' and to the Jordan, 'Go back into thy source,' will he not raise a defence between you and the enemy? Paris has nothing to fear from this barbarian king, who pretends to be the scourge of mankind and of God. Your city will be preserved, while that to which you propose flying will be sacked and pillaged." They listened to her advice, and prepared to defend the city from the invasion of the Huns. But they did not even have to fight. For some unaccountable reason, Atilla drew back and changed his route for the first time. During the night Atilla, the terrible conqueror of nations, whom the masters of Rome greeted with trembling, who dragged after him so many subjected tributaries, had faltered before a young girl, and moved off with his barbarous host.

DEATH OF OMER PACHA.

Our despatches of this morning, 26th ult., announce the death of Omer Pacha—one of the most distinguished generals of modern times—and one whose name is familiar throughout the British empire on account of the active part he took as Generalissimo of the Turkish army during the last Russian war. The deceased general was of Croat origin, and was born in the year 1801 at Plaski, a village in the district of Ogulin, about sixty miles from Fiume, on the Adriatic. While at the high school of Thurn, in Transylvania, young Lattas Michael, it is said, distinguished himself by his proficiency in mathematics. He then became a cadet in the border regiment of Ogulin, and shortly afterward he was appointed an assistant surveyor of roads and bridges. Tiring of this drudgery he deserted from the Austrian army, when, being in quest of a living, he was induced, as a means of qualifying himself for the position of tutor in the house of a Turkish merchant, to adopt the creed of Islam, and thereupon took the name of Omer. He applied himself with great assiduity to study the language, manners and customs of his new countrymen—among whom he was destined to rise to such dis-

tingtion. He subsequently became a master in the new military school at Constantinople when Kosrew Pacha, Minister of War, perceiving the talent and enterprise of Omer, now in his thirty third year, appointed him an officer in the regular army of the Sultan, and shortly afterwards made him adjutant on his personal staff. Omer first distinguished himself in quelling the insurgents in Algeria and Albania, and he was equally successful in Kurdistan. In 1818 he became a Pacha and kept the aggressive policy of Russia in check in Wallachia. In 1852 he was sent against the Montenegrins, but was recalled before he brought his troops into action; and in 1853, when the Russians marched into Moldavia and Wallachia, Omer Pacha, now Generalissimo of the Turkish army, defeated them with great loss. He was equally successful in several subsequent actions. He also repulsed the Russians at Eupatoria in the Crimea in 1855. He subsequently joined Lord Raglan and General Canrobert with a part of his army before Sebastopol, but his troops took no part in the siege. Omer Pacha was a zealous protector of the Christian subjects of the Sultan, and the ameliorator of their lot. At the time of his demise he held the honored rank of Grand Marshal in the Turkish army—a position to which his great merits and loyal services to his country richly entitled him.

A POLITICAL SQUIB.

LOST IN GALE.—We have to chronicle the wreck of her Majesty's ship *Ontario*, of five guns, carrying the broad pennant of Commodore Cross, on Crook's Reef, during the gale which raged with such fury all over the country on the 21st March. It appears that the good ship was heavily laden with specie, but, through some great fault of the Commodore, it shifted, the vessel careened, and, before you could say Jack Robinson, she drove from her moorings, and went high and dry. The night being dark, it was with some difficulty the great guns were saved. We hear that the authorities, in the absence of the old Admiral, now in Washington, directed Commodore Blake to render all the assistance in his power; and, from last accounts, there is every probability that the specie, amounting to \$1,500,000, will be saved, and the good ship floated off by the next tide. It is contemplated building a lighthouse to commemorate the event. It is to be erected on the extreme point of Crook's reef, on a spot well known as McKellar's Flat, of the best Mackenzie granite, and furnished with one of William's patent standing lights.—*Hamilton Times*.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.—Send to the American Publishing Company, Rutland, Vt., for their beautiful Specimen Book, and make ten dollars the first day you show the book. Read their advertisement in another column, concerning the Parlor Album, and you will get full particulars.

The Parlor Album contains more beautiful embellishments than any other work extant. The Specimen Book is sent free on receipt of postage.

It has been decided to arm the English volunteer artillery with the 30 pounder breech-loading Armstrong gun, and to place it, as well as the militia artillery, under the command of officers of the Royal Artillery in the different districts.