

But we fear that although nothing less heroic will remedy the evil, such a course would be considered too harsh, and would meet with vigorous opposition from many commanders, who, if not afraid of their servants, have at least to conciliate their officers; and officers are hard to be got, as may be judged by looking over the last few months' general orders. Here we find the balance persistently on the wrong side—more leaving than joining—and of those joining, the majority are unqualified. This week, for instance, out of six combatant appointments four are provisional. A word in your ears, *messieurs les commandants*. We think it would be to your advantage to be more strict in the matter of uniform. If you offended some by speaking disrespectfully of their "faded coats of blue," you might get tidier men in their places, and the better class of men you get into your battalion, and the more it is respected, the easier you will find it to secure both officers and men.

The Militia force being spread over the whole Dominion, it would be impossible for us to glean from exchanges particulars of all that is going on interesting to the force. We should therefore feel greatly indebted to any of our friends, especially in the more remote parts of Canada, for keeping us posted as to their doings, their drills, their shoots, or even their dances. We should like to see the GAZETTE a complete epitome of the history of each corps, from this time forward, and are willing to do our part—publish—if the material is provided us.

NOTES OF NO. 1 DISTRICT CAMP.—II.

"Mother av Moses," soliloquized an old regular, as the various battalions were marching into their quarters. "What a conflagration av nateness and color wan's eyes gets used to when yer rowlin' in the luxury av a peaceful camp. Faith, byes, avick, ye may think ye're buddin' daisies wid the laves hanging down and that ye're dressed out to make smithereens av some poor colleen's heart. Och! musha! its just natral, but the divil a wan av ye knows that, be the powers, ye's ought to be ashamed av yerselves. Buckle yer crass belt an' wipe the hair av yer chin. Look at that dirty scallawag wid his trowsers like the ind av a mail bag an' his left hand wurkin' up an' down like a paralyzed pump handle; stritch yer neck ye omadhaun."

"Hold on there," I interrupted, "your remarks will place you in quod, Mickey, if you can't speak a little lower."

"Remarks, captin, yer honor, faith thin I was only remarking to meself, an' whin I spake to meself av my own concirns the divil a wan av me will I be behowldin' to any wan bud meself, now. It's mighty quare if I can't talk to meself widout putting meself in the guard tint."

May I plead the same excuse if some of the ubiquitous arise and consign my notes, my criticisms, and myself, to the cold and comfortless arms of the "guard tint."

Mickey's eyes caught the deficiencies apparent in his fellow soldiers, and his remarks were the outcome of a training which we fain would copy, but dare not for many reasons endeavor to make perfect. The Irishman's expressions were no more than correct and not undeserved.

I took particular pains to meet the incoming battalions, and silently noted their appearance, and watched during their stay in camp for any ununiformity or discrepancies which might present themselves through my near-sighted "gig-lamps."

On the day of the marching in some of the battalions presented a ludicrous appearance. A few were togged out in bran new tunics with civilian's trowsers, and these continuations were even more dolorous looking than Mickey's whitened "mail bag." Others were clothed altogether in mufti, with full accoutrements attached, and many looked as if flung into their habiliments holus bolus and the clothes fastened round their frames like an inflated bag on a very slender bean pole. True, some of the more aspiring brightened up after a few days' lectures, but a goodly number of the uncleanly were as careless and neglectful of their appearance as if the camp were one of slovenly ease, and not a school where the lessons of neatness, cleanliness, and discipline ought to be and should have been incalculated in their lazy bodies.

"You blackguard me," said a non-com, "on my looks; why in thunder don't you brace up yerself and show us a good example? You," he continued, "get yer clothes to fit ye, but be gad ye wear them as if they were a trouble to ye."

Such an accusation, though unmilitary, was in perfect consonance with other familiarities indulged in by the "file," and was in many text writers. The length of the shells, I have found is 1.1 m.m., and respects true of the commissioned gentlemen.

Misty — that sarcastic and racy old warrior — portrays very pleasantly the horrors attendant on the growing and verdant soldier in his encasement of mail. It would be well, mon cher Misty, notwithstanding the tunic-al torture, for appearance sake, for the sake of that respect which men invariably show to a smartly dressed officer, and more especially for the sake of engendering in the breast of the untutored a taste for sprightliness, that some authorized outfitter, aye, or even Poole or other civilized tailor, should be the shingler of these aristocratic personages. The government is most liberal in its allotment of clothing to men, is exceedingly generous in their various equipments, but it is impossible to cut and carve the apparel to the elbows and knots of the awkward and untidy. The pay of the men will not allow expense in transformation. A small outlay on the part of the captains, with a desire for improved appearance, would add immeasurably to the deportment and pride of the men. A man uneasily clad is the most uneasy of animals.

"Dem it Cap you are not pertinent," said one of the familiar, "look at our own commander, who doesn't know enough to ask his servant to polish his boots; true as gospel."

The orderly's father had a bigger form than the colonel, and he wouldnt ask the father's boy to stoop so low.

"Dem it Cap., there's the major with one of the boys' pants on, with a full dress tunic on top."

Well he did it for economy's sake.

"And, dem it Cap., what about your own glengarry, instead of the regulation."

"Head too large this morning for the soap box," I replied.

"Dem it Cap., I can go through the brigade and point out to you more officers poorly, improperly, slovenly and carelessly clad, in comparison to your numbers than you can show me men."

The familiar one was right. It is humiliating, mortifying, to have officers' feelings curry-combed by one of the "unwashed." Fine clothes will not make braver nor more loyal hearts. But "fine feathers," I say, will command respect from an inferior; and without respect from your subordinate, it would be better to have your mortification submerged in an ocean of lager with a millstone round your neck. Aye, better to have remained among the Floras and Pomonas in the damp, dark woods, than be pointed out by the undergrads as a standing example of what you ought not to be.

In some of the lines the officers' uniforms were as dissimilar in shape, cut, color, and material, as the flashy regalia of a Salvationist corps. Some in undress jackets with full dress trowsers, or vice versa, dirty serges of the cheapest kind, and privates' pants on patrician extremities, dirty boots, and unshaven faces, were worthy examples for the subordinate to copy. This in the army of Her Majesty among the brave scions of a cleanly and ambitious people is a disgrace to the followers of Mars.

It was advocated in a former issue of the GAZETTE that the government provide the officers' uniforms on a "sliding scale." I would suggest to that correspondent the addition of a box of perfumed soap, and let the Department pay for it, but not the uniform.

If a gentleman has not the means to supply himself with a proper outfit, and his aspirations are military tinged, let him take a private's post. His advocacy to place an officer on a level with the men is degrading in the extreme. Purchase your own covering and be independent. And for the sake of uniformity, appearance and deportment, get the ninth part of a man to fashion it. Insist on uniformity, oh ye promulgators of Her Majesty's regulations; give us a little more siller and a box of soap.

KEW-EM.

"NOTIONS OF A NOODLE."—IV.

I enclose you another of this "Noodle's" productions. He appears to be warming on the subject, and his evident pleasure at my natural irritation is sadly out of place.

MISTY.

"Now, my dear 'Misty,' I am going to give you a shock, and furnish you with material for a reply to me, when you get over your apparently sulky fit, brought on, I imagine, because some of my arguments are found more impressive than you are willing to own. Well, if it is any consolation to you, in your morose condition, I will now give up the actual clothing for a time and touch on the accoutrements, which, you will be startled to hear, have worse defects by a long way than the clothing, previously spoken of. Though time-honored custom has, in your narrow opinion, made them sacred, my distorted fancy