

THE CANADIAN MILITIA:

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH.

BY

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THE CANADIAN MILITIA.

An Historical Sketch of their
Services to the State.

THE WARS OF 1759-'76 AND 1812.

The Fenian Invasions and the Recent Troubles
in the Northwest.

The following is a full report of a lecture delivered by Lieut.-Col. Oswald, M.G.A., in St. Paul's Church lecture room, Montreal, at the request of the Young Men's association of that church, on Monday evening, the 8th March, 1886. The chair was occupied by Mr. R. A. Ramsay, president of the association. Col. Oswald having been introduced by the Chairman, said:—

Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, and, I was going to say, comrades—let me say comrades of the church—I bring before your notice to-night no great story of the soldier's glory; I cannot sing, as old Virgil did, of mighty deeds of arms and of men; I cannot, with Macaulay, weave into heroic measure "lays of the brave days of old;" neither can I rouse your Scottish blood into enthusiasm with stories such as bewitched our childhood, of the desperate valor of Wallace and of Bruce, or gladden the English heart by recounting great battles like Trafalgar and Waterloo. I can but try to portray to you in unskilled language some of the endeavors of

your forefathers, and of your brothers of the present day, to keep intact and safe from internal trouble or foreign invasion the great inheritance of this Dominion. And yet, was there ever nation born into this world under a fiercer or more glorious struggle than that which dye! with blood the Plains of Abraham on the 13th of September, 1759, when in the midst of heroism and of death the "fleur de lis" of France gave place on the rocky Citadel of Quebec to the "ensign" of Great Britain? To most of you the story of this great achievement is well known, but inasmuch as from it sprang the British Canada of to-day, and that in it I find the

FIRST RECORD OF AN ENGLISH VOLUNTEER

in Canada, a slight reference to it now may not be amiss and to its hero—General Wolfe. In the assault Wolfe himself led the way at the head of the Louisburgh Grenadiers. Then over the fields arose the British cheer, mixed with the fierce yell of the Highland slogan. The clansmen drew their swords, keen and swift as bloodhounds. A shot shattered Wolfe's wrist; he muffled his handkerchief about it and kept on. Another shot struck him, and he still advanced. When a third lodged in his breast, he staggered and sat on the ground. Lieut. Brown, of the Grenadiers, one Henderson, a volunteer, and a private soldier, aided by an officer of artillery, who ran to join them, carried him in their arms to the rear. He begged them to lay him down; they did so, and asked if he would have a surgeon. "There's no need," he answered, "its all over with me." A moment after one of them cried out: "They run! See how they run!" "Who run?" Wolfe demanded, like a man roused from sleep. "The enemy, sir. Egad, they give