

simply impossible to show any part of the body before it was struck." These are the words of a conservative, cool-headed soldier one not given to exaggeration, and who was at Fredericksburg, Gettysburg and the Wilderness. After an examination of General Custer's trail from the point where the three detachments separated, and bearing in mind Custer's expressed intentions, Colonel Rono summarizes the probable causes of defeat, which theory we may assume is also entertained by the surviving officers of his regiment. His unreserved praise of the gallant Benteen is no doubt fully deserved. In conclusion and in the bitterness and anguish of spirit of one who had lost nearly three hundred gallant comrades, of the *élite* of the army, in an hour; who had but just emerged from that fearful valley of the shadow of death, in which he had nearly remained with those dead comrades, sacrificed to the murderous and suicidal Indian policy of our Government, the surviving commander makes this appeal: "the narrowing sight of the dead bodies, crowning the height on which Custer fell and which will remain vividly in my memory until death, is too recent for me not to ask the good people of this country whether a policy that sets opposing parties in the field, armed, clothed and equipped by one and the same Government, should not be abolished." If the lessons of this terrible misfortune do not indirectly cause a radical change in our Indian system, nothing more convincing can possibly be expected to occur. Our boast of civilization will continue to be a mockery, our national progress a delusion, and our "model" Republic a snare to those who in the future may seek a home among us or "a refuge for the oppressed."—*Army and Navy Journal*.

### Our Thirteenth Birthday.

Thirteen years ago this month, on the 29th of August, 1863, the first number of the *Army and Navy Journal* made its appearance, and with the present number closes the thirteenth yearly volume. The journalistic year of fifty-two weeks is one and one quarter days shorter than the solar year of three hundred and sixty-five days and six hours. Hence it is that our fourteenth volume begins with the date of August 12th, 1876, whereas our first volume began with that of August 29th, 1863.

Thirteen years is not much in the life of an individual, but it is something in that of an American paper, and especially an American military journal. We hope that our readers find that age has not abated our natural force nor diminished the ardor of our enthusiasm for the cause we serve—that of military efficiency, military honor, the development of true martial spirit, not only in the ranks of the Services, but in the country at large. When we issued our first number the American Army numbered hard on to a million men, and the Navy counted over four hundred ships, scattered on every sea, and commanded by men who forced from the most unwilling, the homage of admiration for their achievements. As our fourteenth volume opens, the Army congratulates itself that it has barely saved to itself the inadequate force of 25,000 men, while the Navy can count but sixty-two vessels in commission, but with 7,500 men to man them, and a long list of officers "awaiting orders," for want of vessels to command. Thus has it come about that men are once more looking for the advent of the millennium, and the old prejudice against the military institution, as a useless tax upon the country, is sought to be re-

vived. It is the mission of the Army and Navy Journal to combat this prejudice, and on the one hand to keep the country in mind of the necessity for an Army, and of the services rendered by our soldiers and sailors, and on the other hand to recall to the Army and Navy their past glories, to record their present achievements, and to stimulate them at all times to maintain the highest standard of military honor and efficiency; that even now, with adverse fates against them, they may, as in the days of "glorious war," compel the universal recognition of their value to the country.

In keeping with this mission it is our office to afford our readers the means of not only learning the particulars of military life on this side of the Atlantic, but of comparing it with that abroad. We seek to garner all that can be most of use in educating our officers, as well as to place within the reach of their friends, the means of informing themselves as to the movements of regiments, companies and individuals, which information constitutes so large a part of the value of our paper to those who read it. The index we publish this week will show how wide is the scope of the paper and what a storehouse of facts a single volume is; and though an index might not at first sight appear interesting as reading matter, we think that in this point of view ours is worth attention, and will be found, not only for future reference, but for immediate perusal, well worth the space we give to it. It contains over four thousand separate references, in which we do not count many less important paragraphs impossible to include without unduly swelling the list.

### Terrible Conflagration.

THE CITY OF ST. HYACINTHE DEVASTATED.

MONTREAL, Sept. 3.

At 1.30 this afternoon a fire commenced in the west end of the city of St. Hyacinthe, and fanned by the high north-west wind blowing, soon literally swept the lower part of the city out of existence. The flames lapped over first into the main street and ran down both sides with lightning-like rapidity, taking in its road the St. Hyacinthe, Quebec, and National Banks, post office, market, court house, factory, and over eighty wholesale and retail stores. Everything fell before the devouring element, despite the frantic exertions of the poorly organized fire brigade and the citizens. The fire during this time, or about three p.m., had spread by means of burning cinders and the wind to the three parallel streets and burned everything up, house after house, which, being mostly of wood, were swept off like chaff. People had not time to save a stitch, and at seven p.m., the news came that 600 houses had been burned, and that the conflagration was over, because there were nothing more to devour. At two p.m., a despatch was sent to the Chief of the Montreal fire brigade from the Mayor, saying:—

"The city is all on fire; water works burst; send all the help possible."

Immediately on receipt of this ten men and a steam fire engine were sent by special train, and reached St. Hyacinthe at 5.30 p.m. It was then too late to save much, and by the time the hose was laid to the river and operations began it was six o'clock. An attempt was made to blow up some cut houses and stop the spread of fire to south-east, but it utterly failed. Hundreds of families are homeless and with nothing to eat; food is urgently needed. Such a terrible fire never visited a Quebec town be-

fore, with the exception of that of St. John's. No serious casualties are yet reported. The loss is roughly estimated at two millions of dollars. The royal, Stadacona, Quebec, Provincial, and Royal Canadian are heavily interested.

LATER FROM ST. HYACINTHE.

A despatch at 9.30 p.m. says:—"Not a mouthful of bread in the city; we are in a terrible condition."

On the arrival of the Montreal steam fire engine at St. Hyacinthe's Station, thousands of the inhabitants of the place gathered round the fire engine, for the purpose of lifting it off the platform car bodily, and it was with difficulty they were prevented from doing so. The train hands and firemen lost no time in removing the engine, and steam being on, the firemen were directed to operate upon a large shoe factory in which about 100 hands are employed. They succeeded in saving this building and several others, amongst which was Madam Duclos' French Protestant school. The latter building miraculously escaped, while all round was burned to the ground. An aged woman, after leaving her dwelling which was on fire, returned again, it is supposed for some hidden treasure, and was burned to death. In the consternation of the inhabitants fleeing from the flames in vehicles several people were knocked down and run over. One man had his leg broken and several others more or less injured. Tavern and hotel keepers dealt out ginger ale and intoxicating drinks whilst the flames were consuming the buildings, in which they were. The insurance companies will suffer severely. The Royal Canadian is supposed to be in for \$25,000 and the fire not extinguished yet. The fire engine belonging to the place was almost valueless; the Montreal firemen and engine are overtaxed, but they hope to prevent the further spread of the fire at this hour 11 p.m.

### The Prince of Wales.

The London correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* writes:—"The friends of the Prince of Wales need not fear, I think, that his constitution has been enfeebled by his journey to India—that is, at least, if they will judge by the undertakings in the way of amusement and duty which he fulfilled yesterday. Till about 4 a.m. he was dancing at Lord Carrington's ball; at 7 he was off by rail to Dover to accompany the King and Queen of the Hellenes as far as that port on their departure from England; at about 10 he started back again for London, arriving here a little before noon; and by 1 p.m. he had donned his Field Marshal's uniform and was off again by rail to that cool, sequestered spot, the Long Valley at Aldershot, where he passed two hours in the saddle inspecting the troops. On his return to London he drove down to Hurlingham to make one of the guests at a dinner given there by the Marchioness of Ailesbury. Now those who remember yesterday's temperature, and are well aware that under it dancing is not quite a matter of rest, that railway carriages even royal saloons—are like ovens, that a Field Marshal's uniform is not the coolest of attires, that the Long Valley is only a degree or so less torrid and less dusty than Sahara, and that after all this a dinner at home might be less fatiguing without than with a five-mile drive to it, may perhaps be as much surprised as pleased to learn that in spite of all this his Royal Highness is as fresh as ever to-day, and like the memorable assemblage at Rheims, not 'one penny the worse.'"