

grant of land, without actual residence, of one-quarter section, such grant is hereby confirmed, and the Minister of Militia and Defence is hereby authorized and required to issue the necessary warrants therefor accordingly.

The words italicized are those important to the present argument, and their relevancy will be made clear by a brief explanation. When the Red River Expedition was determined on, the existing corps of Active Militia were invited, by a general order dated the 16th April, 1870, to contribute seven hundred and fifty men, who were organized as the 1st and 2nd Battalions of Rifles, for this special service. Each battalion consisted of seven companies, and numbered three hundred and seventy-five of all ranks. The whole of the troops thus embodied took their departure, though one company of the 2nd Battalion was afterwards left to garrison Prince Arthur's Landing, now called Port Arthur. The two depot companies were not formed till some months after the departure of the expedition—indeed, not till early in the following August. The purpose of their organization is explained by the departmental report of the Minister of Militia of that day, in the following words: "One company for each battalion, in accordance with military requirements, in order to replace, if necessary, any casualties that might occur from time to time, from sickness or other causes, in the service companies of their respective battalions." These depot companies were stationed at Kingston until the expiration of the eighteen months' period of *continuous service* for which they were enlisted, and yet they participated in the land grant conferred upon the service companies, a precedent which may be found useful in support of the present claims of members of the permanent corps, whether men who went to the front or soldiers who remained at the headquarters of their corps. As regards the position of such troops as the Toronto Field and Garrison Batteries, the Prince of Wales' Rifles (Montreal), the 32nd (Bruce) Battalion, and the New Brunswick Provisional Battalion, it will certainly furnish these corps with a strong colourable ground for urging a claim to enjoy a share of the country's generosity. While it may, perhaps, be contended in opposition to such claim that these troops were not called upon to undergo risk of life and health by actual campaigning, it can be urged with reasonable force that they exhibited their readiness to encounter all such risks by the prompt response they made to the call to arms. Moreover, it is but just to remember that men who, at brief notice, left their civil occupations to perform the dull routine of barrack life, while hourly awaiting the anxiously looked-for summons to the tented field, made almost as great economic sacrifices as their brethren-in-arms whom the fortune of war favoured with the call to the front.

The text of the Act passed last session, already quoted, does not authorize the Government, at present, to extend the bounty to the corps in question, as they were not "serving west of Port Arthur"; but an amendment to the Statute may, perhaps, be procured next session. Some amendment of the first clause must assuredly be made, for its scope does not, at present, include the corps of special constables who fought with such heavy loss at Duck Lake. This engagement took place March 26th, and, as the Act contemplates the grant of bounty reaching members of the "enrolled militia force" serving west of Port Arthur since the 25th of that month, it is not unreasonable to suppose that it was intended to include the brave men of Prince Albert. By no stretch of prerogative, however, can they be regarded as militiamen qualified for bounty, seeing that they were not enrolled under the provisions of the Militia Act, but simply sworn in as special constables by Major Crozier, exercising the functions appertaining to him as justice of the peace. As the law stands these men are certainly excluded; but, if the Government's intention was otherwise, there should be no difficulty in procuring the passage of an Order-in-Council giving recognition to their just claims, pending the necessary amendatory legislation.

CHAS. WM. ALLEN, Capt. (Retired List).

A LOVE OF A BUSTLE!

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—In 1837, at the end of the season, the late Miss Brenchley, who had been passing the summer in Toronto, decided to return to Montreal to join her brother-in-law, the late General Sir William Rowan, Commander of the Forces, and the late Mr. William H. Boulton, of the Grange, offered to escort her. Just as the steamboat was leaving, the cashier of the Bank of Upper Canada came on board with a package of banknotes, and seeing Mr. Boulton asked him to take them to a bank in Montreal. This was before the days of express but even of railroads, and the exchanges between banks were very loosely managed. I myself, some seven years before this date, when a boy of ten years, returning from boarding-school about one hundred and fifty miles by stage-coach, had a package of several hundreds in my trunk which a bank president had asked me to take charge of. It is unnecessary to add that there were not so many sharpeners then, nor any danger of being "spotted." Mr. Boulton put the parcel in his carpet-bag and laid it on one of the seats in the cabin. When they arrived in Kingston the next morning they found, to their surprise—for there were no telegraphs then—that the rebellion had broken out, and, moreover, that the last boat had been taken off, and the only way to proceed was by stage. The inhabitants were firing their guns in all directions. It was not feared that they would attack ordinary travellers, but Mr. Boulton dreaded that if they learned of his money, which amounted to some hundreds of pounds, they would undoubtedly rob, and perhaps murder him. Fortunately a bright idea struck him. He broke the seals, and gave the banknotes to Miss Brenchley, who retired to her apartment and soon after returned wearing a most beautiful bustle! After about a week's coaching, during which time they passed several parties of insurgents, they arrived safe in Montreal, and the "bustle" was sent to the bank.

B. H. D.

The late Lord Houghton was once at a breakfast given by Samuel Rogers, and Crabb Robinson was for a time the subject of conversation. Milnes constantly referred to him in his cool and self-sufficient way as "Crabb," "I said to Crabb," "Crabb said to me," etc. Finally Rogers exclaimed: "Mr. Milnes, it is extremely unpleasant to hear you talk of a gentleman so much your senior in this curt and disrespectful way." Milnes was not a bit abashed. Turning to the company, he remarked: "He says that, you know, because he knows I always call him 'Old Rogers.'"

The father of the late Lord Houghton was a great shot. He thought nothing of anybody who could not shoot straight. Once he tried his son, afterwards Lord Houghton. The youngster hit nineteen out of twenty, but the one miss mortified the parental soul. "You great thickhead," he exclaimed, "you will never make a sportsman while you live." But then Milnes' *père* had a right to be angry, for he was a perfect sportsman. He once made a wager that he would shoot a thousand head of game in a day. The stakes were a thousand guineas, and he won them. He accomplished the feat at Frystone.

ONLY A BOX.

ONLY a box, secure and strong,
Rough and wooden, and six feet long,
Lying here in the drizzling rain,
Waiting to take the up-bound train!

Only its owner, just inside,
Cold and livid and glassy-eyed;
Little to him if the train be late;
Nothing has he to do but wait.

Only an open grave somewhere,
Ready to close when he gets there;
Turfs and grasses and flowerets sweet.
Ready to press him 'neath their feet.

Only a band of friends at home,
Waiting to see the traveller come,
Naught he will tell of distant lands;
He cannot even press their hands.

He has no stories weird and bright,
He has no gifts for a child's delight;
He did not come with anything;
He had not even himself to bring.

Yet they will softly him await,
And he will move about in state;
They will give him, when he appears,
Love and pity, and tender tears.

Only a box secure and strong,
Rough and wooden, and six feet long.
Angels guide that soulless breast
Into a long and peaceful rest!

—City Ballads, by Will Carleton.

UP THE SITTEE IN A PITPAN.

It was the Dignitary's plan. Out of his august inner consciousness the Dignitary always evolved pleasant plans; therefore, when one hot morning, under the musical pattering of the cocoa-nut leaves, he delivered himself of a proposal to "pitpan" up the Sittee, we arose in joyful concurrence and said we would. The Dignitary lives in Belize, which is the capital, as you are probably not aware, of British Honduras. British Honduras is not an island nor an extinct volcano, as is popularly supposed, but a colonial dependency of Great Britain, occupying about 75,000 square miles, between Mexico and Guatemala, on the Atlantic slope of Central America. I am thus explicit, because when I arrayed myself in my linen duster and stated my intention of visiting the colony, I observed a certain blankness upon people's countenances that led me to the not unreasonable supposition that it must be situated in some other planet. The Dignitary, to revert from popular geographical depravity to a more agreeable theme, is a Briton, of course, with a ruddy complexion and a rising inflection, as is also the private secretary, without the complexion. The private secretary, however, has many characteristics less calculated to minister to his vanity which make his acquaintance valuable.

A quaint old town is Belize. The jalousied frame-houses throw long shadows across the unpaved dusty brown streets that wander hither and thither past the flaming garden growths and out to the desolate black-pooled mangrove swamp. A wide-roofed market stands in the middle, around which smiling Caribs squat in the sun and dispose of the yams and plantains and salt fish that constitute Honduranian diet. Spanish Indians are there too, gracefully lounging against the posts in bright loose garments, sashes and broad hats. Sauntering through the town are to be seen the magnificently-physiued men of the West India Detachment stationed here, in their short red jackets, white turbans, and loose blue trousers gathered at the ankle. Almost all the colonial officials and their wives are white, and most of the tradespeople; beyond that the population is chiefly composed of Creole negroes of every imaginable shade. A church spire here and there, and lying out toward the sunset the lonely graveyard, where the dead people are housed as in Louisiana. Very desolate and still is this grassy place, with its straggling rows of these moss-grown final habitations of all the Honduranians. "*Super terrene*" is the orthodox expression, which the Dignitary, who ought to know better, has corrupted into "soup tureens," thereby adding a new and culinary horror to death in Belize.

The waves plashed foaming among the great conch shells along the shore, rolled back in a crystalline hurry, and stretched away blue and shimmering among the coral cays that tossed their graceful palm fronds against the sky, on the morning that witnessed the maturity of the Dignitary's plan. A ten-minutes' pull from the shore lay the mail steamer *Dallas*, by which we were to make the thirty-mile run to the river bar. Her broad upper deck was crowded with olive-skinned Spaniards; grizzled old men, long-nosed and meditative over the invariable cigarette; young matrons of twenty, wan and worn, smiling down upon a numerous and energetic progeny that kicked its dusky legs on the deck, and was a constant source of embarrassment to the private secretary, who invariably stepped on it. By-and-by, when the yellow flame began to burn lower in the west, and a