

Whose fault is this? With the spirit of Canada in '61, '66 and '70, anything might be done (for any Government would have been supported in any measure, no matter at what cost) for the defense of the country, but the golden opportunity was lost, no one apparently knowing how to embrace it.

But the company is ordered out for the annual drill, and we will start with it to camp. Now is the winter of the Captain's discontent. How the —— is he to make up the company? "Tom, old fellow, won't you come with us to Niagara this year? Nothing much to do you know, and you will be back before haying." Tom can't see it. "Ned, you were a corporal in the old company, eh? Come with us for this drill and I'll make you color-sergeant." Say, Jack, won't you help me to fill up a bit; here we are for Niagara next Thursday morning and I've only got twelve men; do give us a lift like a good fellow; Here are twenty dollars; go and see Pat and Bill and Harry; tell them I will never ask them out again, if they will only come this one time; make the money go as far as you can; no swearing in you know, and if any of them want to come home before the camp is over, I will get them leave from the Colonel. —— the whole thing I'll resign."

On the fated Thursday morning, five or six companies are formed up at the station, waiting for the cars, and to look at them, one would think that "motley" was the wear of the Canadian militia. There is a fellow in a straw hat; there one in a wide-awake. Here is one in a forage cap, trousers and shirt sleeves; there one with a uniform coat *across his arm*, but no other article of uniform about him. (The clothing has to last five years, understand, and has already been worn by two or three parties, coming out *minus* or *plus* something at every transfer.) The rifles and knapsacks alone, look serviceable, the rest of the get up being filthy through carelessness and neglect.

The cars bear in sight at last, and are saluted by a yell, which is returned with energy by a party of the gallant 191st, proceeding likewise to camp, and who in the meantime are amusing themselves in a war dance on the tops of the coaches. The train has scarcely stopped, till the station is covered by a cloud of skirmishers, ostensibly for water, in reality to "see a man" in every tavern in the neighborhood. By the time the men are on board, the skirmishers have closed, a good many showing that they have had enough of it. Off we go, the platforms covered with men, and in two or three hours, a fair proportion of the new arrivals, give conclusive evidence, that whiskey at least has done its duty. Any attempt at keeping order fails. The men have'nt been together before for a year, and most of them are greenhorns, who never were in uniform, who don't even know their officers. Many of the officers only hold provisional, or Regimental appointments, and won't attempt the exercise of any authority. The non-commissioned officers know nothing whatever about their duties, and if they did, are not going to make a row with their neighbors, may be there own relatives. The men in fact, are absolutely without restraint, and jump off in scores at every stopping place, in all stages of drunkenness, and in every variety of *dishabille*, and I've seen or heard myself, of almost every crime that disgraces a soldier in uniform, from insulting women, to threatening an officer,