

(Continued from page 371.)

Halifax City.	—Private Charles Graham, 66th Battalion Infantry.
do	—Corporal C. E. De Wolfe, 63rd Battalion Rifles.
do	—Lieut. H. P. Clay, 2nd Halifax Brigade Garrison Artillery.
do	—Private Thomas Lambert, 66th Battalion Infantry.
Cumberland.	—Bugler O. L. Harrison, Cumberland Provisional Battalion.
Halifax City.	—Ensign John Howard, 66th Battalion Infantry.
do	—Gunner Edward Palmer, 1st Halifax Brigade Garrison Artillery.
Cumberland.	—Corporal G. Howard Black, Cumberland Provisional Battalion.
Halifax City.	—Private George H. Archibald, 63rd Battalion Rifles.
do	—Private Thomas Billman, 66th Battalion Infantry.
do	—Sergeant Richard Gough, 63rd Battalion Rifles.
do	—Gunner John E. Hills, 1st Halifax Brigade Garrison Artillery.
do	—Gunner John Mahoney, 1st Halifax Brigade Garrison Artillery.
do	—Gunner Lewis Ridgway, Halifax Field Battery.

Errata.—General Orders 13, 30th June, 1876.

SECOND CLASS CERTIFICATES

Captain J. R. Hutchins, should read Ensign J. R. Hutchins.

Captain C. J. Geddes, should read Captain C. G. Geddes.

Errata.—General Orders 14, 21st July, 1876.

The initials of Lieut. Dibblee, Woodstock Field Battery, N. B., should read F H J. not F. G.

By Command,

WALKER POWELL, Colonel,

Adjutant General of Militia,

Canada.

The Wimbledon Meeting.

WIMBLEDON, July 24, 1876.

Since writing my last I find that the Victoria Challenge Match, of which I gave you an account, was not for glory alone. The N. R. A. gave each of the winning team a silver cup, and the zoological lamp given by Williams & Bach, of New Bond street, was included in the contest. The latter is not an object of the most refined taste—a monkey (out of whose head is a large paraffin lamp) dressed like a lady, having her boots brushed by a monkey shoeblack, and exposing a striped stocking.

The meeting, instead of closing as heretofore with a review, terminated with games after the order of the military sports at Lilley Bridge—foot races, jousts, tent pegging (of which you will remember Miss Thompson's capital sketch in the last Christmas number of the *Graphic*), tent-pitching, wrestling and sword and lance combats, taking one back to the days when the knights of chivalry entered the lists with fair maids' favours in their bonnets. The whole of the sports were arranged by a Mr. Waddell, who proved a friend in need in lending his services when the review was abandoned. The scene was an impressive one. Looking across the common the view suggested Mr. Poynter's picture in this year's Royal Academy, and which many of your readers will have seen, of "Atlantis's Race," especially as one caught a glimpse of a couple of young athletes running in precisely the manner of Hippomenes in the picture. The sports were not perhaps of the first order taken in detail, but generally were a counter attraction to the distribution of prizes by H. R. H. the Duchess of Teck. The latter part of the day's programme began at 4.30, when there was a full dress parade. Colonel Kirkpatrick's men looked smart and were heartily cheered as they entered the enclosure. The guard of honour was composed of the 2nd Middlesex Rifles, the regiment to which the Queen's prizeman is attached. The distribution was a quiet and formal proceeding, but the company was enthusiastic at the end when, to the strains of "See the Conquering Hero Comes," Sergeant Pullman walked modestly forward to receive the Queen's gold medal, £250, and the rifle with which he had won them. Lady Werncliffe had purposed distributing the prizes for the sports, but was prevented by the certificates being incomplete.

In the Scurry Match at 200, 500, and 600 yards, T. Mitchell, of Hamilton, was a winner of a massive casket containing cut glass toilet bottles filled with perfume. If he be a ladies man, and what Canadian is not? surely that prize will solve the doubts of one!

The aphorism that "the world is very small," propounded in "No Thoroughfare," has been strongly illustrated here. Mr. Butler represents British Columbia in the Canadian team. Within the last day or two Mr. Butler was introduced, by a friend whom he had met in the camp, to another Mr. Butler. The names being identical they naturally followed the acquaintance up, and strangely enough their quarters were not within stone's throw of each other merely, but were actually adjoining and within range of the ordinary tones of conversation. On comparing genealogical notes, moreover, Mr. Butler No. 1 discovered Mr. Butler No. 2 to be his first cousin, a member of a family of whom he had often heard far away on the Pacific slope.

The cheers with which the Canadian team was received on Saturday, as mentioned

above, indicates its great popularity, and it would certainly be difficult to find a company of riflemen at Wimbledon better conducted than those from the Dominion. And here I may be allowed to revert to a subject previously touched upon. High praise is due to Colonel Kirkpatrick for the gentleness but firmness of his rule; and to Major Arnold for his ability in seconding the efforts of his chief in administration and in social courtesy. In the qualities that attract the attention of those who admire manliness and independence with gentle behaviour the whole of the team excelled, and I venture to say that everyone of them, coming in contact as they did with crowds of mechanics, labourers, and yeomen, not to mention many of the upper class who influence others, gave a more favourable opinion of Canada than any number of lecturing agents. Lecturing for emigration purposes has never succeeded except under conditions of intense excitement, but a more effective mode of securing emigrants is that which may be called the conversational. In their character of talkers, without design concerning the life and resources of the great Dominion, these Canadians, in the full vigour of their manhood, coming annually to the largest and most comprehensive gathering in Europe, are doing an immense deal of good, and no other proof of the statement is required than that *everybody* visits the Canadian quarters; and on the intermediate Sunday of the meeting one might almost walk across the enclosure on the heads of stalwart labourers, navvies, or other burley toilers.

Almost the last words uttered on the Wimbledon Common were complimentary to the Canadian men. At the close of the Victoria match, after cheers had been given for the winners and the Austrians, Colonel Malcolm, M. P., proposed three cheers for the Canadians, and said they were deserving of the greatest commendation for their pluck in accepting a challenge, the first stage of which involved the use of the Martini-Henry, a weapon with which they were wholly unfamiliar. Coming from one of Colonel Malcolm's official position, he being a member of the Executive Committee, this was not an idle compliment.—*The Mail*.

The Indian War.

Gen. Sheridan forwarded the following to the army headquarters on the 9th:—"Three Crow Indians came through from General Terry on the 19th. At that time all the trails were leading up Little Big Horn mountains, not even a pony track going back. On the 25th or 26th all hostile Indians left the foot of Big Horn mountains, and moved back in the direction of Rosebud mountains, so that it is now impracticable to communicate with Gen. Terry by carrier. I am fearful they will scatter and there is not sufficient game in that country to support them in such large numbers. Gen. Merritt joined me with his command that evening. On the morning of the 14th we will cut loose from the waggon with 2,000 aggregate fighting men, including friendly Indians and small lots of the hot citizen volunteers. We move down the Missouri River in the direction we suppose the hostiles have gone, carrying with us fifteen days' rations. If we meet the Indians in a strong force I will swing around and fight with General Terry. Nothing has been heard from the Utes yet, but I shall leave instructions if they reach here within a reasonable time to follow on after us. Your management of the agencies will be a great benefit to us here."