

The umpire to use his discretion and enforce penalties for breach of above rules or for *moving* the skids with the roller or sleigh.

No part of the gun can be allowed to project over the skids at any time.

The carriage may be placed in any position on the platform, but must be left in centre and run up to hurter—stores clear of platform. No man to be allowed in advance of the line A—B.

Regulation stores allowed.

Everything to be done strictly according to book.

Penalties to be enforced by umpire for mistakes, and for any number, except No. 1, talking, unless it may be necessary to avoid an accident.

N.B.—In building the sleigh the position of the gun *not to be altered, till the sleigh is finished*, and the rollers placed.

Any question that may arise to be decided by the umpire at the time.

(Signed), S. G. FAIRTLOUGH, Lt.-Col., R.A.,
Professor of Artillery, Royal Military College.

The following is the official report of the result, by which it will be seen that there were only 35 seconds between the winning and losing battery.

Actual time in performing the operation—	Add for errors in drill—
A Battery..... 16' 18 1-5"	To A Battery, 2"..... 16' 20 1-5"
B do 15' 32 1-5"	B " 13"..... 15' 45 1-5"
Difference in favor of B Bat. 46"	Final difference..... 35"

(Signed), D. T. IRWIN, Lieut.-Col.,
Inspector of Artillery, Umpire.

The Canadian Militia:—A Historical Sketch.

BY LIEUT.-COL. W. R. OSWALD,

Commanding Montreal Brigade of Garrison Artillery.

(Continued from page 556.)

IN 1861 what is known as the Trent affair occurred, and, says Col. Wily, there was great excitement. A stimulus was then given to the volunteer movement, bringing it up to its present high standard. On that occasion the 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th battalions were raised in Montreal. There had been a company of artillery, as it was called, and a cavalry troop in existence for a number of years. The finest dressed, says an old letter, is the Montreal cavalry corps, which is the admiration of the housemaids and envy of all the linen-drapers' clerks in town, but a corps which has had a long and honorable record. The history of the different corps connected with this city and province—including the old Voltigeurs and Fencibles—would form abundant material for a lecture of itself, and I hope some of my brother officers may take the matter up and give us the benefit of their researches. Meanwhile it is impossible to advert to it to-night, much as I should like to do so.

In 1866, as an outcome of the civil war in the United States, a large number of the unemployed Irish of that country found their way into the ranks of the Fenian brotherhood, and as an outlet to their feelings, or in the hopes of plunder, or licking Great Britain via Canada, found their way, to the number of about 800 to 1,000 men very well equipped, across the border line at Fort Erie. They were met by the Queen's Own, the 13th battalion of Hamilton, and the companies of York Rifles and Caledonian Rifles, 840 all told, all under command of Lieut.-Col. Booker, at Rigeway on the 2nd June of that year. The advantage in this engagement, judging from Lieut.-Col. Booker's report, was apparently with the enemy, but if so, they did not follow it up, and after some fighting in the town of Fort Erie, where gallant conduct was shown by Captain King, of the Welland Canal field battery, and the few with him, and after generally making themselves unpleasant, the "filibusterers" sheered off, and got back as best they could across the lines, leaving behind a number of prisoners, as well as having lost in killed and wounded many more. The worst of this most uncalled-for and ruthless "invasion" was that it cost the lives of some nine or ten fine young men belonging to the Queen's Own regiment, which was ably commanded by a brave and gallant officer, Lieut.-Col. (then Major) Gilmor. The monument to them in Queen's park, Toronto, commemorates their valor. They fell bravely and nobly for their country, and their names inscribed on that monument are enrolled on the scroll of honor.

From 1866 to 1870 nothing special occurred, but in the very beginning of the latter year the call to arms rang out again heralding a similar invasion by these marauders. They crossed the border under Gen. O'Neil at Eccles Hill, and were met and repulsed by the frontier regiments, some Montreal troops, under command of Lieut.-Col. Osborne Smith, C.M.G., including the Montreal troop of cavalry and a company of the Victoria rifles under Captain (now colonel) Crawford, Lieuts. E. B. Greenshields and J. K. Oswald. After a skirmish the Fenian general and his men withdrew. From Malone, a town twelve miles

across the border and south of Huntingdon, another column invaded our territory and were met some two miles on this side of the line by a force sent out under Col. Bagot, of the 69th regiment (regulars), the Huntingdon Borderers under Col. McEachern, the Hemmingford Rangers under Col. Rogers, and the Montreal garrison artillery under Lieut.-Col. H. MacKay, in all about 1,000 to 1,200 strong. On a bright summer day in July we marched from Huntingdon (I was a lieutenant in Capt. Ramsay's battery) and met the enemy, who were entrenched behind barricades made of trees cut down and fences taken from the adjoining fields, thrown across the road for some distance on either side. On their left front a flanking party had been thrown out and occupied a clump of trees, from which we were saluted with some sharp volleys. Skirmishers were sent out by Col. Bagot from the Borderers, the 69th and No. 1 battery Montreal garrison artillery, the latter being commanded by Capt. Theo. Doucet. After a short fusillade the Fenians thought discretion the better part of valor, and took to their heels and ran. The whole affair did not last over an hour, and the casualties, if any, were light, but while it was going on it was very enjoyable, the ping-ping of the bullets about one's head giving a pleasant Æolian harplike sound. Had the enemy been better handled and had the barrels of their Springfield rifles not been of bright polished steel, which spoiled their aim, the result might have been different. When we went back to camp at Trout river on the evening of the affair, the commandant, Col. Bagot, and two of his officers came over to the artillery quarters to discuss the events of the day and the chances of the morrow with our colonel. After a little stimulating and refreshing beverage had been partaken of there was no doubt in the worthy commandant's mind that some men had been killed on both sides. As the decanters' contents decreased the number of casualties increased until they reached several killed and wounded on our side—loss of the enemy large but unknown. I had always considered Fenians and Fenianism more of a myth than anything else, but I had an opportunity at that time of going to Malone on the day they were taken prisoners while at mass, by the United States troops, and I was astonished to see the large number of them, amounting I should say, to between 2,000 and 3,000 in brilliant green uniforms. Their generals Gleeson, Mannix and others, I saw confined in the skating rink at that place, and fine looking soldierly men they were. After remaining ten days or so in camp, and having been inspected and complimented by General Lindsay and Prince Arthur at Huntingdon, we returned home under Colonel Ferrier, who had come out and assumed command as senior officer. We had not suffered much physically it is true, but we had nevertheless willingly taken our chance and made up our minds to whatever dangers might be in store for us, and many had suffered materially in a pecuniary way. A number of men were repaid by being refused employment in their places of work, and they and their wives and children suffered accordingly, thus illustrating the lines written on the walls of Delhi by a British officer:—

"War proclaimed and danger nigh,
God and the soldier is the people's cry;
When war is over and danger righted,
God is forgotten and the soldier slighted."

In the beginning of this same year (1870) the first North-West or Riel rebellion broke out, causing much trouble and uneasiness in that, in those days, somewhat remote country, and culminating in the cold-blooded murder of Scott before the gate of Fort Garry. Col. Wolseley was sent up with a force of about 1,000 men taken from the ranks of some of the best British regiments, the 60th rifles and others, and two battalions of Canadian militiamen who volunteered. The expedition was admirably managed throughout; they had hard work clearing roads, portaging, etc., going up, but not a single life was lost. It forms (says Major Boulton in his new book) the first of a series of exploits under the leadership of Colonel (now Viscount) Wolseley which have reflected much credit on his gallantry and administrative ability. He is affectionately regarded and held in high esteem by Canadians, among whom he long resided, and who watch his career with the deepest interest and with pride in his success. Neither has he forgotten his old Canadian friends or that it was in Canada that his brilliant career really commenced, in proof of which I may say that a few days after the fight at Batoche Gen. Middleton received the following telegram from Saukim:—"Best congratulations to you and my old gallant comrades of the Canadian militia.—Wolseley." He arrived at Fort Garry on the 24th August, 1870, and Riel only gave up the reins of power a few moments before his arrival, preferring not to remain to render an account of his short but iniquitous reign.

You are most of you aware of the several events connected with the calling out of the militia at different times since the Fenian raid until now. On more than one occasion has the country been indebted to its militia force for preserving order in our midst. Police duty is not what the militia ought to be called upon to do, and there is no more disagreeable duty that a soldier can perform; and yet in order to save rioting and bloodshed the militia of Canada has, notably in this city, frequently re-