

GETTING READY FOR BATOCHE.

That noight, the 8th ov May, wuz wan that o'll niver fergit as long as I live, sor. Ov coorse we knew that we were within a few hours ov the rebel strong-hold, an' that before long we would agin be in the thick ov it, an' the min looked at wan another an' wondered—well! jist wondered things, that's all. Kurnel Grasett he calls all the officers into the Quartermaster's tint, an' sez.

"Gintlemen," sez he, "things has come to head at last," he sez, "in a short time we will have met the inimy in foorce, an' there's no knowin' what the ind ov it all will be. We must bate thim," he sez, "becase we have no place fer to fall on an' no place fer to retreat to—an' we will lick thim I know but, gintlemen," sez he, "we musn't lose soight ov the fact that some ov us who are here to-night won't be here at the finish, whin the 'Cease Fire' sounds an' the day is won! I merely wish to remind yez ov this, gintlemen, so that if any ov yez have any matters to arrange or any letters yez want fer to wroite—well, gintlemen—yez understand oim sure. That will do, gintlemen," sez he, an' out ov the tint they came.

Now wusn't that jist loike him, sor, an' you know him, too, ivery inch a soldier. an' not only a soldier, but a man as well.

A little whoile after that wan ov the listinints who wuz passin' a lunch ov nin heerd them discussin' somethin' about a man in Number 4 Company who wuz readin' his Bible, not makin' fun ov him, sor, only jist discussin' it loike. One ov the min, oi won't tell ye his name, sor, fer hear he moight be a relation ov yours an' that wud be koind ov uncomfortable loike. "Oh, pshaw," sez he, "oi don't take no stock in that sort ov rot," sez he. "Oim an infidel," he sez, "that's easy." The listinint stops an' sez "me man," sez he, "did ye ever hear the story ov the Riverend Mister Spurgeon an' the man that sez he wuz an infidel?"

"No, sor," sez this man.

"Well, thim," sez the listinint, "I'll tell it to yez, it may do yez some good. It wuz jist loike this: Mister Spurgeon wuz walkin' around among the men who had stayed behoid at one ov his enquiry meetings an' he goes up to wan fellow an' he sez, "An' you me friend," he sez, puttin' his hand on the man's shoulder. "I'm not yer friend," sez the man, "I'm an infidel. I'm only here wid a chum ov moine." "Yer a what?" sez the Mister Spurgeon. "I'm an infidel, so I am," sez the man. "So an' yer an infidel," sez Mister Spurgeon. "An' how's that? Have ye read the Old Testament?" "Yes, some ov it." "Ever read the New Testament?" "No, not all ov it." "Ever read Paley's Evidences ov Christianity?" "No, never heard ov it," sez the man. "Oh, my friend," sez Mister Spurgeon, lookin' as solemn as an owl, "you're mistaken." "How's that?" sez the man. "Why," sez Mister Spurgeon, "you're not an infidel, you're a bass."

"Now look here," sez the listinint, "I don't believe you're an infidel at all, you're nothin' but a dam fool," an' off he walks. Some toime after whin Rev. Mister Whitcombe joined us as chaplin I puts him on to the dam fool ov an "infidel" an' he tuck him in hand an' it wuz more than amusin' fer to see him at the first church parade we had at Fort Pitt singin' louder an' makin' more noise over the responses than any two "beleEVERS" in the whole outfit

THE FIGHTING ALL DAYS SUNDAY

Well, sor, nixt mornin', that wuz the 9th, d'ye moind, revally sounded at four o'clock, an' ivery mother's son ov us wuz on the jump on no toime. We wuz each

served out wid 100 rounds ov ball cartridges an' we knew dam well we'd he pumpin' it into some wan befoore long. We lift the camp standin' an' pushed on to Batoche, feelin' our way along kind ov cautious loike. A few shots now an' thin comin' acrost the river kind ov stirred us up a bit an' made us anxious fer to take a hand in. About a moile an' a half from the village we heard heavy foirin' an' the whistle on the Northcote blowin' to beat the band an' we suspicioned that things had gone wrong. A little further on "A" battery sint a shrapnel plum through a house jist ahead ov us an' out comes some halfbreeds an' skeddaddles off through a ravine that wuz jist behoid it; about 300 yards further on wuz a church an' a school house. The "hurdy-gurdy," that is the Gatlin' I mean, sor, wuz brung up to about 100 yards from the church an' wuz jist goin' to let fly whin out comes a priest an' waves his handkerchief around. Thin the Gineril he roides up fer to see what wuz wantin' an' sure an' there wuz five priests an' some other folks thad had taken refuge loike in the church. The Gineril promised the priest that they wudn't be hurted, an' thin the firin' goes on. One ov the guns begins shellin' a house a bit further on whin out runs about a dozen wimin an' childer, frightened out ov their sivin senses loike. Our min stopped foirin' an' were standin' there watchin' the poor divils gettin' away whin BANG! BANG! goes the rebel roifles right in front ov us, an befoore ye cud say Jack Robinson the fight wuz goin' on in dead earnest. The Injins and halfbreeds had let fly at us from a row ov roifle pits fixed up in a bluff right in front ov us. The roifle pits began about 300 yards east ov the church an' ran zigzag loike from east to north 30 or 40 rows ov thim, an' from 15 to 25 pits in each row. We were koind ov surprised loike, but we guv thim divils as good we got, an' Howard, "the man wid the Gatlin' gun," as he wuz called, turns his hurdy-gurdy on thim. The cute divils laid low loike an' sez nothin' for a few minits, but they were soon at it agin, shootin', yellin', cheerin', an' ki-yi-yin' loike the very devil, an' in the foineest cover they cud wish fer—Roifle Pits—an' we cudn't. Oi tell ye, sor, thim divils wuz "out ov soight," an' no mistake. This wuz our first taste ov the Gatlin' gun, an' as soon as "Cap" Howard begins workin' the handle fer all the world loike a hurdy-gurdy, Mac turns to me an' he sez "Oirish," sez he, "Did ye iver see the bate ov that fer quick foirin'." Sure an' that man Howard's the quickest divil oi iver seen wid a trigger. Trigger be damned, sez oi, that foirin's bein' done by a crank, sez oi. "Oi don't give a dam if he is a crank," sez Mac, "he's a moighty handy man whin it comes to foirin' a gun." The ignorance ov him, d'ye moind.

(To be continued.)

Thirteen Hussars Condemned

VIENNA, Monday Night.

A sensational court-martial was concluded this evening at Rzesow, in Galicia, and resulted in thirteen Hussars being condemned to be shot, while ten other men of the same regiment were sentenced to penal servitude for life. Some weeks ago a sergeant, who was said to have made himself obnoxious, was found dead, and his body almost riddled with bullets. Inquiry revealed an extensive plot to kill the sergeant, and the 23 soldiers now tried were arrested.—Naval Military Record.

Seige of Quebec by the French in 1760.

JOURNAL OF WHAT OCCURRED LAST WINTER, ETC., AT QUEBEC, AND IN ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD; BEING AN EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM AN OFFICER OF THE ROYAL AMERICAN REGIMENT.

(Reprinted from a Contemporaneous Magazine.)

QUEBEC, May 24th, 1760.

SIR,—Ten battalions, two companies of the artillery, one company of rangers, all harassed by one of the most fatiguing and difficult campaigns, many of them afflicted with the scurvy, in all, 7,000 men, made up our army. The city of Quebec that was to be our winter quarters, was by no means secure against a coup de main. Six bastions with their curtains, that formed a chain from the scarp of Cape Diamant to that of St. Roch, was then our whole defence; no foot-bank to the curtains, no embrasures made, no covered way, nor any out-works; and, finally, the cannon on the flanks so laid that they were quite useless. It would be impossible to describe the miserable state of the city; near one third of the houses were reduced to ashes; and what remained were so shattered by the cannon, during our besieging it, that very few were fit to be inhabited.

The French army consisted of five battalions of old troops, 30 companies of marines, two companies of light horse, 1,200 savages, and about 8,000 Canadians, being in all about 13,000 men, all in good health, and who had not undergone a tenth part of the fatigues our troops had been exposed to.

That army had many advantages over us: First, the men were healthy; secondly, they were perfectly acquainted with the country; thirdly, they had fresh provisions in abundance, having under their dominion, all the south coast from Quebec downward; lastly, none of our motions could escape them, by the uncommon situation of the town. Such was the army we had to contend with. It may, perhaps, be thought we have been blockaded all winter; but this was not our case. We stay'd within our walls no longer than was necessary to repair our houses and render them habitable, and secure our ramparts against a coup de main.

The repairing of nearly 500 houses, building eight redoubts of wood out of the city, making foot banks along the ramparts, opening embrasures, placing our cannon, blocking all the avenues of the suburbs with a stockade, carrying eleven months' provisions into the highest part of the city, and forming a magazine of 4,000 fascines, were only the forerunners of the toils and fatigues still reserved for us. The enemy's patrols, during all this time carried off our cattle often under the cannon of the place though not always with impunity.

As soon as we had taken all the precautions human prudence could dictate, for our own preservation, we took the field. Six hundred men marched out in