

virtually, he declares, for service in India. Gen. Sir Frederick Roberts is said to hold much the same views, except that he would like to see a large increase of the field artillery and of the cavalry of the line.

TATTOOING is the latest diversion proposed for the French soldier—not, mind you, the old fancy of having his body decorated as might seem most suitable to himself, but tattooing on a set plan to be approved by Regulation. The idea is advanced by a military surgeon who recently read a paper before the Paris Academy of Medicine. It was shewn that the majority of the victims of warfare might be easily saved if but the rudimentary knowledge of stopping the arterial flow of blood was possessed by the wounded man or his comrades, and the unavoidable and oft-fatal delay that intervened between the infliction of the injury and the transport of the patient to the distant ambulance or hospital would in a measure be remedied. The simple compression of the artery nearest the wound in many cases would be all that was required to save life, but to determine the precise position of the nearest principal blood-conduit to the wound, and the spot where the compression should be applied, was the chief stumbling block to those untutored to anatomy or the principles of the human organism, as the masses of individuals would necessarily be in the circumstance. In order to simplify the instruction and repair the general ignorance on the subject, the writer of the paper proposed that every soldier should submit to the operation of tattooing. Lines indelibly traced on the cuticle would indicate the course of the main arteries, and a star, or cross, the points where an improvised *tourniquet*, a round pebble or bullet, a shred of linen or handkerchief, and a short piece of stick, or even the finger, might be temporarily applied to arrest the hemorrhage at the wounded part. Of course the surgeons would not have to undergo tattooing—they would not suffer from a lack of knowledge on the subject—and the tattooed private soldier will not have the satisfaction of seeing the doctors partake of a dose of the new medicine.

The Entry into Batoche.

IN a long letter which appeared last week in the *Winnipeg Manitoban*, Major C. A. Boulton deals with the shallow criticism of the management of the Northwest campaign, contained in an anonymous volume published at Toronto a few months ago. Its title was "Reminiscences of A Bungler," and the best the author could say for himself was that he was "One of the Bunglers."

Major Boulton commanded the fine body of men known as Boulton's Scouts, and he and his command rendered creditable service. In his letter the Major shows the absurdity of many of the statements made by this literary Bungler, and adds to the variety of the accounts of the entry into Batoche on the 12th May, 1885, by the following narrative, which must be read with interest:—

Bungler brings up the old question as to who ordered the charge at Batoche on the 12th of May, and speaks of General Middleton awaking from his mid-day snooze at the sound of the troops charging. I cannot allow this statement to go unchallenged, or the impression that is here sought to be created that General Middleton did not know what he was about. The facts are that on the night of the 11th the General determined to take the village of Batoche on the following day. His plan was to make an attack on the open plain one mile to the north of our position, with the mounted men, one gun and the gatling, and when the enemy were drawn in that direction, Col. Straubenzie was to advance the infantry brigade on the left, when the mounted men were to return rapidly and a general advance was to take place, and Col. Straubenzie received orders, when he heard the attack commence on the right, to advance the infantry to their old position and as much further as possible. About half an hour after we opened fire on the right, Astley, one of Riel's prisoners, came out from Riel with the historical message that if we murdered their women and children he would massacre the prisoners. General Middleton, for the sake of the women and children and the prisoners, could not do less than send Astley back to say that if he would put the women and children in one place and let him know, he would see that no shot was fired in their direction, but he did not propose to allow Riel to gain any advantage by a ruse if it were intended as such. He did not continue the attack, but returned to camp with his force,

expecting that an advance would have been made by the infantry. Col. Straubenzie met him on his return to the corral, and General Middleton asked him why he had not advanced. Col. Straubenzie explained that he had not heard the firing, and when General Middleton expressed his annoyance that he had not done so, Col. Straubenzie said, "Well Sir, shall the men advance now, or have their dinners first?" The General's answer was, "Yes, and their suppers too, if you like." Col. Straubenzie did not ask for any more orders, but told the men to have their dinners and when they had finished to form up. In the meantime, General Middleton had dismounted from his horse and sent him to be fed and walked down on foot towards the engineers' lines in the direction of the church, I presume to ascertain if any message had come out from Riel in regard to the women and children. He was received with a hot fire and had to take shelter in our own rifle pits and in half an hour returned to camp. About half-past one o'clock Col. Straubenzie advanced the Grenadiers and the Midlanders to their old position of the day before, having previously addressed them and told them what was expected of them that day; when they reached their old position and went beyond it, they sent up a cheer, as much as to say, we are going to take that place to-day. Col. Straubenzie at once sent in for supports and two companies of the 90th went first, the artillery, the gatling, and the remainder of the troops followed in succession, as they were ordered to the front. With the first supports General Middleton mounted his horse and went out to the line of advance and directed the movements from that time. I was by his side when he gave the "Cease firing" quoted by Bungler. It was given in regard to Astley, who had gallantly galloped from the engineer lines, receiving the gauntlet of the fire from both sides, and the General recognizing him, ordered the cease firing at that point. To Col. Straubenzie, Col. Williams, Col. Grasset, and the men under them, is due the credit of the first rush, which gave confidence to the whole force, but the final charge which took the village did not occur for an hour after that, when all the troops were in line, extending for upwards of half a mile, supporting one another, placed there by the orders of General Middleton; the Midlanders and the Grenadiers on the left advancing on the village, the 90th and the mounted men on their right protecting their flank, with the guns and the gatling in support. At the close of the day General Middleton gave the troops the credit of having struck the final blow which practically put an end to the rebellion, but he himself was on the field from eight o'clock in the morning till nine o'clock at night, with the exception of an hour for dinner, and every move that was made was under his orders. I heard the remark attributed to him, when the first sound of the cheering was heard, and some one said, "I think they are charging, Sir"; his remark was, "I gave no orders to charge." It was perfectly correct; his orders, I believe, were to advance to the old position and as much farther as possible, intending to bring the remainder of the troops up before making the final charge, and I dare say he was also anxious at that time that it should not be made until Astley's return with information in regard to the women and children. These are the leading facts in connection with the last day at Batoche.

"When He was a Soldier Boy."

My love he went for a soldier once
And marched to the sound of the drum,
With his coat of blue and his musket new
He longed for the foe to come.
There were those who wept when he marched away,
A long farewell to joy!
But his face was bright and his footstep light
When he was a soldier boy!

For who would stay at work in the fields
When Honour calls to her side?
My love he heard the bugle blow,
And he never would turn and hide!
But he followed the call through cold and wet
And suns that scorch and destroy,
And laughed at the pains of day and night,
When he was a soldier boy!

The deadly rifle bullets ring,
The crash of the falling shell,
The long dull whirr of the cannon ball,
He knew each one of them well.
And whether behind the breastworks' screen
Or out where the troops deploy,
He took true aim through smoke and flame
For he was a soldier boy!

And all the years that he marched and fought
I was a girl at play;
I did not know I should love him at all,
And be his wife to-day.
And though he is truest and best of men,—
What love is without alloy?—
I wish I had been his sweetheart then,
When he was a soldier boy!

—Mary Stewart, in *American Magazine*.

The chief features of the 8-millimetre type of rifle to be adopted for the Belgian Army have been decided upon. The German Government, however, which, in consequence of the adoption of the 8-millimetre rifle by France, had suspended the manufacture of the 11-millimetre weapon, has finally decided not to adopt the 8-millimetre calibre. This decision will probably reopen the whole question of the calibre to be adopted in Belgium.