

of the 21st of May, inst., it seems proper that some statement of views beyond the mere acceptance of the nomination should be expressed. The proceedings of the convention were marked with wisdom, moderation and patriotism, and I believe express the feelings of a great mass of those who sustained the country through its recent trials. I endorse their resolutions, and if elected to the office of President of the United States, it will be my endeavor to administer all the laws in good faith, with economy, and with the view of giving peace, quiet and protection, everywhere. In times like the present, it is impossible, or at least eminently improper, to lay down a policy to be adhered to, right or wrong, through an administration of four years, new political issues, not foreseen, are constantly arising. The views of the public on old ones are constantly changing, and a purely administrative office should always be left free to execute the will of the people. I have always respected that will and always will and always shall. Peace and universal prosperity, its sequence, with economy of administration, will lighten the burden of taxation, while it constantly reduces the national debt. Let us have peace.

With great respect,

Your obdt serv't.,

U. S. GRANT,

## THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY AT ST. ARMAND'S.

SPEECH OF THE ADJUTANT-GENERAL OF MILITIA.

Notwithstanding the threatening state of the weather the volunteers of this district made a most creditable display. Four companies of the Bedford Battalion—the Bedford, (Capt. Bockus), the Dunham, (Capt. Kemp), the Phillipsburg, (Capt. P. Smith), and the Frelighsburg, (Capt. Tittmore), assembled as arranged, under the Command of Lieutenant-Colonel Fletcher. The Adjutant General of militia, accompanied by Lieut.-Colonel Earle, military Secretary, arrived on the ground shortly before-noon, when he was received with a general salute, and inspected the line. After the *feu de joie* in honor of Her Majesty's Birthday, a number of field movements were performed with much credit, and subsequently the assembled troops proceeded to the Drill Hall, where a substantial luncheon, on temperance principles, had been provided. The usual loyal toasts having been responded to, "The Army and Navy" was given, and replied to in a few happy remarks by Colonel Earle, who, having obtained the permission of the chairman, proposed the health of the "Canadian Volunteers," which was replied to in the following terms by Col. MACDOUGALL:—I am proud to have the privilege of returning thanks for the Volunteer Force of Canada; I have been associated with them now for three years, and no man therefore is better able to bear testimony to the value of that force than myself. (Cheers.) And at a time when there seems to be a general belief that the Fenians are about to make another of the ridiculous attempts on Canada, it is peculiarly satisfactory for me to see here to-day such hardy and intelligent frontier volunteers, convincing me as it does, that the safety of this part of the frontier will be cared for. (Loud cheers.) I have heard that there is a feeling abroad among the volunteers, that, the provisions of the new Militia Bill are adverse to the Volun-

teer Militia; and I am glad to have this opportunity of saying to you and to the force at large, that you should not be too hasty in judging of the manner in which the Bill will operate. One thing I feel perfectly certain, that the Government not only wishes to maintain the present volunteer force, but to do all that is possible to increase its efficiency, and is prepared to treat liberally the comparatively few men who compose the militia force of the country, in order to insure that the service shall be cheerfully performed. And, moreover, I feel confident that, if any of the clauses of the new Bill are shown by experience to be detrimental to the efficiency of the volunteer force, those clauses will be altered at the next session of Parliament. (Cheers.) One word about your arms, the weapon you now carry, is the best military weapon in the world, and I hope you will all show your appreciation of its value by keeping it always in the best order; your rifles got wet on parade to day, and I trust there is not a man among you who will return his rifle to the Company arm-rack this evening without having taken the very small amount of trouble necessary to clean it; any man who does so is quite unworthy to have such an arm in his possession. (The Adjutant General resumed his seat amid loud and prolonged cheering.)

## THE CHARGE OF MURAT AT EYLAU.

The following description of the charge of Murat at Eylau, is given by Mr. J. T. Headly, in his "Napoleon and his Marshals":

It is at Eylau that Murat appears in his most terrible aspect. This battle, fought in mid winter, in 1807, was the most important and bloody one that had then occurred. France and Russia had never before opposed such strength to each other, and a complete victory on either side would have settled the fate of Europe; Bonaparte remained in possession of the field, and that was all, no victory was ever so like a defeat.

The field of Eylau was covered with snow, and the little ponds that lay scattered over it were frozen sufficiently hard to bear the artillery. Seventy one thousand men on one side, and eighty-five thousand on the other, arose from the frozen field on which they had slept the night of February, without tent or covering to battle for a continent. Augereau, on the left, was utterly routed in the morning. Advancing through a storm so thick he could not see the enemy, the Russian cannon mowed down his ranks with their destructive fire, while the Cossack cavalry, which were ordered to charge, came thundering on, almost hitting the French infantry with their long lances before they were visible through the storm.

Hemmed in and overthrown, the whole division, composed of 16,000 men, with the exception of 1,500 were captured or slain. Just then the snow storm cleared up, revealed to Napoleon the peril to which he was brought, and he immediately ordered a grand charge by the Imperial Guard and the whole cavalry. Nothing was further from Bonaparte's wishes or expectations than the bringing of his reserve into the engagement at this early stage of the battle, but there was no other resource left him.

Murat sustained his high reputation on this occasion, and proved himself, for the hundredth time, worthy of the great confidence Napoleon placed in him. Nothing could be more imposing than the battle-field at this moment. Bonaparte and the Empire trembled in the balance, while Murat prepared to lead down his cavalry to save them,

Seventy squadrons, making in all 11,000 well mounted men, began to move over the slope, with the Old Guard marching sternly behind.

Bonaparte, it is said, was more agitated at this crisis than when a few moments before, he was so near being captured by the Russians. But as he saw those seventy squadrons come down on a plunging trot, pressing hard after the white plume of Murat, that streamed in the snow storm far in front, a smile pressed over his countenance.

The earth groaned and trembled as they passed, and the sabres, above the dark angry mass below, looking like the foam of a sea-wave, as it crests on the deep. The rattling of their armor, and the muffled thunder of their tread, drowned all the roar of battle as with firm set array, and swift steady motion, they bore down with terrible force on the foe.

The shock of that immense host was like a falling mountain, and the front line of the Russian army went down like frost before it. Then commenced a protracted fight of hand to hand, and sword to sword, as in the cavalry action at Eckmuhl. The clashing of steel was like the ringing of countless hammers, and horses and riders were blended in wild confusion together: the Russian reserve was ordered up, and on these Murat fell with his fierce horsemen, crushing and trampling them down by thousands. But the obstinate Russians disdained to fly, and rallied again and again, so that it was no longer cavalry charging on infantry, but the squadrons of horses galloping through broken hosts that, gathering into knots, still disputed, with unparalleled bravery, the red and rent field.

It was during this strange fight that Murat was seen to perform one of those desperate deeds for which he was so renowned. Excited to the highest pitch of passion by the obstacle that opposed him, he seemed endowed with tenfold strength, and looked more like a god than a human being treading down helpless mortals, than an ordinary man. Amid the roar of artillery, and rattling of musketry, the falling of sabre-strokes like lightning about him, that lofty white plume never once went down, while ever and anon it was seen glaring through the smoke of battle, the star of hope to Napoleon, and showing that "his right arm" was still uplifted and striking for victory.

He raged like an unloosed lion amid the foe; and his eyes, always terrible in battle, burned with increasing lustre, while his clear and steady voice, heard above the turmoil of strife, was worth more than a thousand trumpets to cheer on his followers. At length, seeing a knot of Russian soldiers that for a long time kept up a devouring fire on his man, he wheeled his horse and drove in full gallop upon their levelled muskets. A few of his guards, that never allowed that white plume to leave their sight, charged after him. Without waiting to count his foes, he seized his bridle in his teeth, and with his pistol in one hand and his drawn sword in the other, burst in headlong fury upon them, and scattered them as if a hurricane had swept by. Murat was a thunder-bolt on that day, and the deeds that were wrought by him will furnish themes for the poet and painter.

WM. B. AIRD,

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