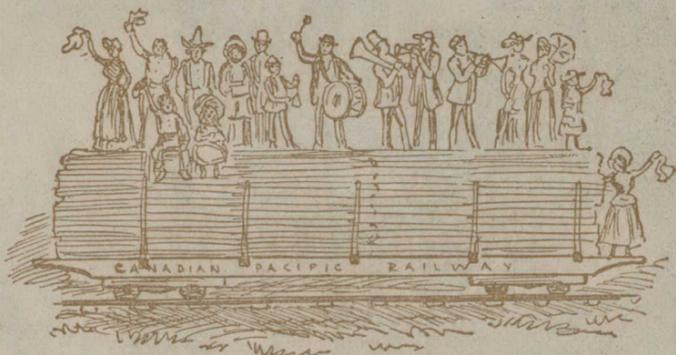


invited to take a drink, and otherwise good-naturedly chaffed by his white brothers. The Midland Battalion's train was the first to start, and it left with the hearty cheers of the Quebecers, who ran along by the cars and warmly shook the outstretched hands of their fellow-soldiers. The good feeling thus manifested was spontaneous and thoroughly reciprocal.



AN S. A. RECRUIT.

It is impossible to properly estimate the importance to the national future of Canada of thus bringing together, from different provinces, representative bodies of the robust manhood of the country. The cordial goodwill manifested augurs well for the permanence of the Dominion. Mention should not be omitted of the fact that among the foremost on the wharf to greet the troops when the Alberta steamed up to it, was a detachment of the Salvation Army, who had turned out in force. The female members of this organization, it was pleasant to see, were by no means frugal of their pleasant greetings to the boys, and if they failed in the first attack to actually capture some recruits, it must at any rate be admitted that they were fairly successful at captivity. The Midlanders, as mentioned, had the first start from Owen Sound, but the untimely break-down of their engine caused that which was to have taken the Quebecers forward to be substituted. This entailed a delay of some six hours for the latter, during which they had abundant opportunity to improve their acquaintance with the residents of Owen Sound, though not much chance to extend their knowledge of the place, as it was necessary to remain within hearing of the bugle, as no one could tell when the "assemble" might be ordered to sound. Eventually, the start was made, and about four p.m. the train moved out. Notwithstanding the delay which had taken place, at every point along the line where a few houses existed, groups of villagers might be seen patiently awaiting the arrival of the train, the passing of which was greeted with the waving of handkerchiefs and other manifestations of welcome. In some of the larger places, some attempts had been made at decoration—notably at Orangeville, where a handsome arch of evergreens, embellished with suitable mottoes, stretched across the track. No stoppages took place, however, to enable demonstrations to be made, but at the one or two points where the train paused to take water, the ladies were on hand with flowers and bouquets to bestow upon the returning soldiers.



"MUSIC HATH CHARMS."

At Markdale, the local brass band turned out, and discoursed sweet music from a flat car loaded with lumber. Here the enthusiasm was particularly marked, the people being particularly anxious to show their goodwill. The people else where sat upon the fences along the line of the railway, or occupied the roofs of adjacent out-buildings, and by waving flags and handkerchiefs proved that they were desirous of doing honor to those who had devoted their time and undergone so much fatigue and privation for the maintenance of law and order in Canada. In cases where the individual was of disposition too phlegmatic to indulge in exuberant manifestations of joy, he would at any rate benignly smile his approval of the services rendered on behalf of Queen and country.

The train covered the distance to West Toronto Junction in little over four hours, and the refreshment rooms here furnished an excellent hot supper to the entire battalion, seated in two successive detachments. At the upper end of the spacious apartment a portion had been curtained off and carpeted, and here the ladies of the village were in attendance to sing patriotic airs during the progress of the repast, Mrs. Thompson, wife of the local clergyman, furnishing an accompaniment on the piano. The hospitality and kindness of all towards the returning troops were manifested in many ways. As an instance, it is well to mention that before the train left the platform every man in the battalion was provided with a cigar by the generosity of Mr. E. C. Burgess, proprietor of the dining hall.



A SMILE.

GENERAL MIDDLETON INTERVIEWED.

To a reporter of the *Winnipeg Manitoba* General Middleton said as follows:—"You will see my position was no enviable one, for I had always to bear in mind that they were volunteers, and not regular troops, and therefore had to be very careful not to expose them unnecessarily. However, when I saw the manner in which they bore fatigue and hardships during the march from Qu'Appelle to Clark's Crossing, I felt reassured, and their admirable conduct at Fisk Creek completely satisfied me that the men had the right stuff in them. I cannot speak too highly of their behavior throughout the whole campaign, and as I stated in the general orders issued at Fort Pitt prior to our departure for home, their ready cheerfulness under hardship, their bravery and soldierly qualities, have made me feel that it was an honor to command such men."

"Do you think, General, it would have been possible to clean the rebels out of the ravine at Fish Creek?"

"Yes, certainly I do; but, as I said at the time to several officers who asked me to allow them to charge with their men, I did not think the result of such a charge would have compensated for the loss of life which we would have incurred."

"It has been said a mistake was made by not charging down into Batoche on the 9th of May, the first day of your arrival there. What do you think about it?"

"It would not have done at all to charge down into Batoche the first day. The troops needed three days' experience to fit them for the final struggle on the 12th."

"Who gave the order to charge on the 12th?"

"Now, there is another thing in which I have been grossly misrepresented in the papers, for which reason I cannot say. On the morning of the 12th, I ordered that Colonel Straubenzee should lead the infantry into Batoche on the centre and left of our position, whilst I with the artillery drew their attention on the right. For this purpose I went out early in the morning, taking the guns with me. I was considerably surprised, however, to find after we had fired the guns for some time, that the infantry were not moving, and accordingly came back to see what was the matter, and can you be surprised that I felt angry, and used some strong expressions, when I found they had not advanced at all? I went on foot to Col. Straubenzee and told him that I must take the rifle pits that day, and went out some distance ahead of the line, risking my own life to give confidence to the troops. The order to charge was then given, and I returned to the corral for my horse. Never at any time during that day did I call out to the men, 'For God's sake, cease firing,' as I hear I have been reported

to have done, and whoever says I did must have considerable inventive power. All the men did well on that day. I am proud of them."

"Could you tell me anything about the general conduct of the campaign?"

"Well, that is rather a difficult question to answer, as it covers rather a wide field. I may say I have had difficulties and discouragements to meet and overcome at every step. I have been vilified and misrepresented by many of those with whom I have been brought in contact, chief amongst whom have been the general body of the press correspondents, who, in spite of the generous treatment I accorded them, have done scarcely anything else than blacken my character. According to their ideas I never had any plans, never knew what to do, nor how to do anything. And what was the reason for all this? Simply because, when they came to me and asked for information respecting my plans and future proceedings, I refused to give it them, partly from motives of caution, and partly from the fact that it was absolutely impossible to tell what was likely to happen in the course of such a campaign. Besides, I did not consider it was consistent with my position to give away information which was necessarily of a private nature."

"I consider that after the generous treatment accorded the correspondents they behaved in an unjust and ungenerous manner, and if my reputation as a soldier depended upon their criticisms they would have inflicted an irreparable injury upon me. As it is, I can say with justifiable pride that my reputation is above such attacks as these. I deeply regret that one or two of my officers joined with my traducers in these attacks upon my ability as a commander, and I have heard the most galling remarks made by people in my camp without taking any notice of them. When marching from Gabriel Dumont's crossing to Batoche I made a considerable detour, as you are aware, to enable me to attack the rebel position at a point which, according to the plan of Batoche I had in my possession, was the most advantageous for an attack. As I did not tell every Tom, Dick, and Harry my plans, such remarks as 'The General is lost,' 'He doesn't know what he is doing,' and the like were heard on all sides. Such a state of things would not be allowed in the regular army, but as it was a volunteer force I had to make allowances, although at times I must say it was very trying. If they had only formed a just estimate of the difficulties I had to contend with, such remarks would never have been made. I consider the people of Canada owe me a debt of gratitude, and I am happy to say, that since my arrival in the city of Winnipeg, it has been gracefully and amply acknowledged, notwithstanding the continued cavilling of my traducers."

CANADA'S WELCOME.

PEAL out, ye bells, loud beats the rolling drum!  
With victory crown'd from war's red plain they come.

Canada, rise! and honor pay, for brave deeds done  
In thy dear name, to every warrior son.

"Are these my sons," she asks, "I greet to-day?  
Where are the boys I sadly sent away?"

"These are all men, sun-bronzed, and battle-worn.  
Are these the lads for whom my heart was torn?"

Yes, these are they! death faced with courage stern  
Makes lion-hearted boys brave men return!

Take then thy sons home to thy mother heart,  
For well and nobly have they played their part.

But in thy joy and pride forget not those  
Who guarded thee at home from all thy foes.

'Twas not their fault they share not others' fame,  
They too would dare and die to uphold thy name!

So clasp them all to thy breast and say,  
"Thank God for sons and country safe to-day!"

—E. C. P.

CHARGE AT BATOCHÉ.

DESCRIPTIVE SONG.\*

By J. W. Bengough.

Who says that British blood grows tame,  
Or that the olden fire is gone,  
That swept the fields of deathless fame,  
When heroes led our soldiers on?  
Let tyrant Czars, grown great on wrong,  
Believe that fable if they will;  
While I rehearse, in martial song,  
A story of Canadian skill,  
And Canada is British still.

In duty's name, we lay before the pits  
All day like targets for the rebels' lead,  
Wasting our bullets on the sullen hill,  
In whose grim side the enemy was hid.  
In duty's name, we choked our anger down,  
And clenched our rifles in impatient grasp;  
Blazing at random, just in duty's name,  
While comrades round us gave their dying gasp.

Out rang the signal shrill,  
Each soldier's heart to thrill,  
Along the line the glorious signal—  
Charge! charge!! charge!!!

Up sprang the Midland and the 90th then!  
Up flashed the scarlet of each Royal Gren!  
Forth thundered Boulton's scouts and French's men!  
On dashed brave Howard's gatling in the van!  
'Twas charge! charge!! charge!!!

With rousing British cheers  
The loyal volunteers  
Swept grandly on,  
Blanched at the whirlwind dread,  
The shattered rebels fled—  
Batoche was won!  
That's how Batoche was won!

Won! but, ah! dearly won those steeps,  
For on the field in manhood's pride  
Lay heroes whom our country weeps:  
'Twas for Canada they died,  
For Canada—fair Canada—  
Our gallant heroes fought and died.

Who says that British blood grows tame,  
Or that the olden fire is gone,  
Must first forget Batoche's name,  
Our Volunteers and Middleton.

\* Set to music by Barton Browne; published by the Toronto Lithographing Company.