

CORRESPONDENCE.

FOR THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW.

EXTRACTS FROM MY CRIMEAN JOURNAL.

There is an old Turkish proverb which translated, signifies "when the trees put forth their leaves, beware of robbers." This was verified with a vengeance in the spring and summer months of 1856, around the towns of Varna, Chonmla, and the great house camp of Baltchik, the robberies and murders committed on British and French officers, and soldiers being too numerous to record. One particular instance of the assassination of a young English officer, attached to the Land Transport Corps (now the Military Train) is here related.

A number of horses had been stolen from the camp and were supposed to be concealed in the gloomy and almost impenetrable woods, between Baltchik and Varna, and on the occasion of a very valuable animal, the property of Lieutenant Peirce, being missed, early one morning in the month of June, that officer, alone, on foot, and carrying only a heavy riding whip, penetrated into the recesses of the adjoining forests, and suddenly came on a party of three or four of the horse thieves busily employed in smoking their Chibouques—not in the least daunted, he walked into the middle of the group and seizing one of the fellows by the throat, swore in the best Turkish he was master of, he would be the death of him, if not immediately informed where the horse he sought was concealed—whether the stature of the young officer (over six feet four) the sight of the well-known British uniform, or the cool manner in which he acted, intimidated the ruffians or not, is only a matter of conjecture; but although all were well armed not a man ventured to assail him, and in a few minutes he was in possession of his charged and returned unmolested to the camp.

It is probable that this act of daring on the part of a "Giousar" rankled in the minds of the rascals, and that it was determined he should be waylaid and murdered. A few days after despite of all remonstrances on the part of his friends, he most imprudently started from Baltchik on his way to Varna, accompanied only by a lad of the corps, barely sixteen years of age, taking a bye-path through the forest which considerably shortened the distance he had to travel, and it was in mounting a steep ascent covered with thick brushwood that he received his death shot from an unknown hand.

The English boy above alluded to was the only evidence of the sad occurrence, and stated that hearing a rustle in the copse above him he looked up and saw a gun or pistol pointed at the Lieut. (who was in front) by a man wearing a Fez, that being himself in a dreadful state of alarm, he

jumped off his horse and was in the act of scrambling down the bank when he heard a shot fired, and turning his head saw the officer falling from his charger. The boy after great trouble and in a fearful state of excitement gained the camp and gave the alarm. A party led by Captain Philip's instantly mounted and galloped to the spot, where they found poor Pierce weltering in his blood, a bullet having passed direct through his heart. The body was shockingly mutilated, with knives or daggers and his watch and money belt, said to have contained £400, gone. Search was made in all directions for the murderer but without success, and the next day the disfigured remains of Lieut. Pierce were interred with military honors at the camp, attended by the officers of the Garrison and Cavalry Commandant of Varna, Lieut. Col. L—.

Some slight suspicions were at first attached to the lad George Bray, of the L. T. Corps, but were totally unfounded; and unless the wretch who perpetrated the outrage formed one of the batch that were sometime afterwards hunted out of the woods and hanged by half dozens on the surrounding branches by order of the Pacha of Varna—nothing ever transpired to give a clue to the murder.

R. L.

To the Editor of THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—It must be gratifying to the readers of the REVIEW to observe that it is ever prompt as occasion demands, to censure or defy the *Lex talionis* which our maganimous neighbours across the Lakes have, though assuredly without cause, thought advisable to initiate as the base of their political relations with the Dominion.

We are all quite aware there is much of the absurd Yankee *outrécurance* which may be either laughed at or treated with contempt, but it is equally certain that the indefatigable "keep peggang away, keep hammering away" (English for perseverance it is presumed) system, which they inculcate, and practice to enforce a policy, is not altogether without effect. It is said a man has only to repeat a falsehood often enough to become persuaded of its truth, and in international affairs, why may not fallacies be urged, maintained, reiterated until they assume a similar aspect? "Hammering and pegging" upon a subject demands either acquiescence or investigation, to escape the weariness of discussion, most men prefer the former to the latter alternative. Hence it becomes incumbent upon the Dominion press to enter the lists a *outrance* against the false, arrogant assumption which, almost without an exception, pervades that of the United States; and let us be fully assured that the inordinate national vanity, so peculiarly American, will never appreciate the eloquence or dignity of *silence* on our part, but rather impute it to timidity, or to a sub-

mission born of conviction. True a recriminative paper warfare may not be a very exalted role for a Country's Journalism to indulge in; but it is imperative that the fetid tide of mingled abuse and insult, which daily sets towards our shores, should be shivered against, or recoil from those barriers of truth of which the press is the proper guardian. Nor need the necessary assertion of our claim to the comity of nations, or an indignant refutation of deliberate misrepresentation, social or political, stultify itself by descending to low recrimination.

As one of its constant readers, I beg to congratulate the REVIEW for having so ably taken up *des batons* in a good cause.

Yours,

Dear Sir,

SABREUR.

INSPECTION OF THE QUEBEC SQUADRON "CANADIAN HUSSARS."

To the Editor of THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW.

This fine old Squadron paraded, mounted, on the Plains of Abraham for inspection on Saturday afternoon by Lt. Col. Cassault, D. A. G., and presented a most creditable appearance for Volunteer Cavalry, and we could see at once that much care had been taken by the officers in teaching the men to ride well—the very first requisite in a cavalry soldier.

The inspection of the men and horses having been made by the reviewing officer and the rear rank formed up, the Commanding officer gave the word "March past in Squadron," "Slope sword," and upon the squadron leaders "Troops, right wheel," and the subsequent order to "March," the day's work began. After marching past in squadron, they "Formed Troops" upon leaving the passing line, and the same movement was gone through at the "Trot." Once more arriving on the parade line the front was reversed by the wheel about of troops and they galloped past, left in front, all very creditable indeed. A few field manoeuvres were then gone through, including some non-pivot drill;—Col. Cassault requiring the younger officers to take command and act as squadron and troop leaders as well as the older ones. The squadron then rode in to their stables and riding school, where a number of "Rides" from each troop went through part of the "Single" and "Double rides" and "Sword Exercise."

This squadron turned out as usual with every saddle they have filled, and we were also pleased to see that every officer was present on parade. To them in a great measure is due the efficiency of the squadron, and to their Riding Master and Drill Instructor, Mr. F. Villiers (late 13th Hussars). The following is a list of the officers: Lt. Col. Forsyth, Major Scott, Capt. J. F. Turnbull, Capt. and Adj. F. W. Gray, Lieut. McDonald, Cornet Brown, Paymaster, E. Matte, Quarter-master, M. Julien, Riding