

the light that we look at it, but the mere outworking of their natural character. They put an enemy off his guard, and then when he thinks all is safe come down suddenly on him. This trait of theirs shows itself in their manner of fighting and hunting.

Many may not be able to see the connection between a lie and tact shown in warfare, but there is one, nevertheless. It is the same cunning, crafty, secretive nature that can conceive both to perfection. Of course, there may be a great love of truth in a General noted for his tact in the field; but we are not speaking of civilized men, but the uncivilized savage. A friend of mine, who has lived all his life amongst Indians, says he never allows one to walk behind him in the woods, especially if the other has a rifle. He may be an extremely cautious man, but as he says "I never trust them; you may have a pet animal that may suddenly turn and bite you for no accountable reason whatever."

Great stress has been put on the friendly feelings of the chiefs towards the whites throughout the country. We may take this for what it is worth. The chiefs are not the individuals who would likely precipitate any trouble, but the young bucks. And when these are once aroused, the chief's power is lost. These young men, impetuous, restless, and eager to be on the war path, are the ones from whom trouble is to be feared; and if a chief wants to be bad, he has only to swear fealty, and wink at the young warriors, as Big Bear did.

We do not wonder at the Indian's being morose and uncommunicative, considering that he has never been in circumstances to subdue those feelings, but rather to increase them. Naturally proud, with no appreciation for art or humor, and reserved, they can be often seen for a whole day, without uttering a word, and without a smile on their lips, making you feel inclined when you see them to know their thoughts. So little is wit appreciated by them that I came across an individual out here, who had a slight touch of white blood in his veins, who was looked upon as crazy, because he gave way to laughter when anything occurred that would strike his visible faculties.

They appear to be very reckless of their own lives, as well as those of others, and when liquor gets the better of them, it leads frequently to terrible feuds. Then they will hack and slash each other with knives till parted. This, with other reasons, is why the liquor traffic amongst them has caused frequent trouble, and is being stamped out as much as possible by the aid of the Mounted Police.

The late rebellion was not anticipated to be any serious affair till the outbreak at Duck Lake. Major Crozier, of the Police, two days before that fight, said that all was right; and at Battleford there was no cause for alarm. All the agents were of the opinion that things were going on smoothly. One man in particular, Peter Ballondino, who had been amongst Indians all his life, wrote, one day before the Frog Lake Massacre—"The Indians appear to be well disposed, and do not seem to desire to cause any further trouble. From my conversation with them, I have every reason to believe they are favorably inclined at present." Note the words in italics; it would appear as if the man himself felt there was danger, but was afraid to speak out.

These mis-statements of the instructors have been put down to incompetency, but more likely it sprung from their inability to read the hidden motives of the red man through his great power of deceiving others. It would require a very astute mind to read the hidden motives of these men.

If trouble occurs again, it may come as suddenly as the last, but careful watching of the red man's motives and proper treatment may stave it off till future years, when the more thickly populated country will be a security in itself.

In conclusion, I may say, that those who desire more information on this subject, can obtain a great deal from Ham's letters to the *Toronto Mail*, and Mrs. Gowanlock's account of her life in Big Bear's camp, both well worth perusal.

SEMON.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

THE CANADIAN MILITIA.

VIII.

SUPPLIES—OF ACCOUTREMENTS AND NECESSARIES.—It is unnecessary to go into details on this point. The form and fitting of accoutrements is in a transition state, and those who have them under their eyes in the Dominion stores, and the Commandants of Schools, which should be kept supplied with the latest patterns, ought to be able to originate improvements and simplifications. But expenditure should not be grudged in this direction, and, as I said before, efforts ought to be made to establish manufactories in Canada.

But an essential point in emergencies is that a full supply of equipments of thoroughly good patterns and quality should always be in store at District Head Quarters, so that no delay, beyond that unavoidable in concentrating country corps if required, should occur in fitting out and despatching the force called upon. Every article should be good, but I may mention as requiring particular care, the quality of boots and water bottles. I am not acquainted with the present state of District stores, but there should certainly be always on hand in each, equipments for from two to four such battalions of 200 men as I have mentioned. Not half-and-half equipments, but such as would turn out 400 or 800 men in a few hours, perfectly fitted for the field.

There should, of course, be a large reserve behind this; but so much at least ought to be perfect, and ready at a moment's notice. While the despatch of the first drafts is in process, prompt measures should be also in progress for keeping up the supplies for re-inforcements.

MILITIA LIST.—The present form of this highly necessary publication is susceptible of one great improvement. It has received much amendment and addition during recent years, and is, on the whole, a credit to that

branch of the department which superintends its issue. In the lists of corps in which promotion goes regimentally—mostly, if not entirely, that is to say, in city corps—there is no defect. But when we turn to corps whose promotion goes by companies, we are struck with the clumsiness of the arrangement by which company after company is strung out, with "Captain," "Lieutenant," and "Second Lieutenant," repeated over and over again in a sort of orderly chaos. Notwithstanding a system of promotion within companies it is desirable to be able to ascertain regimental seniority at a glance. I should therefore recommend a form such as the specimen I append, which I have tabulated from my old battalion, the 40th, as it appears in this year's list. It might be objected that the repetition of numbers and localities would cause additional printing. It is possible that it might; but, taking into account on the other hand, the constant repetition in the present system of the words "Company," "Captain," "Lieutenant," and "Second Lieutenant," and that the number and locality has as it is, to be given once. I cannot imagine the difference would be material, while, the change once made could not but be acceptable to all concerned.

The usual heading descriptive of the Battalions, etc.

Lt. Col.	Major	R. F.	v b 1	20 Mar. 85	Company No.	Locality.
	Rogers, (F) Gravely,	I. V.	v b 1	20 Mar. 85		
				16 Nov. 76		
Capt.	(F) Bonnycastle,	R. H.	m s 2	26 Jun. 68	3	Campbellford.
	Duncan,	W.	v b 2	5 July 71	8	Castleton.
	Butler,	W. C.	m s 2	10 Oct. 73	3	Brighton.
	Guillet,	G.	v b 2	24 Oct. 73	2	Coburg.
	Duncan,	G. L.	m s 1	2 Sep. 81		Adjutant
	Snelgrove,	H. I.	m s 2	20 Mar. 85	1	Cobourg.
	Hurlbut,	R. P.	prov.	28 Sept. 68	4	Warkworth.
	Dennis,	H. C.	prov.	1 Sept. 85	6	Grafton.
Lieut.	McCaughey	I.	v b 2	25 Oct. 73	2	Coburg.
	Givan,	I. E.	m s 2	1 Sept. 82	3	Campbellford.
	Bailey,	F. R.	prov.	1 Mar. 85	7	Colborne.
	Quick,	W. A. D.	prov.	10 April 85	1	Brighton.
	Deering,	W. A.	prov.	27 Aug. 85	1	Cobourg.
	McCallough,	H.	prov.	6 Nov. 85	8	Castleton.
2nd Lieut.	Guillet,	C.	m s 2	2 Sept. 81	2	Cobourg.
	Boyce,	G. H.	prov.	2 June 71	9	Warkworth.
	Roberts,	I. W.	prov.	31 Aug. 83	6	Grafton.
	Greer,	F. C. R.	prov.	20 Mar. 85	7	Colborne.
	Black,	W. E.	prov.	10 April 85	8	Castleton.
	Hamilton,	W.	prov.	21 Aug. 84	1	Cobourg.
Pay mas. (F)	Floyd,	W. H.	hon. mem.	19 April 72		
				23 May 72		
Adjt.	Duncan,	G. I.	Capt.	1 Sept. 81		
Quar. Mas.	Van Ingen,	A. I.		8 Oct. 69		
			hon. mem.	31 May 82		
Surgeon	Powell,	N. W.	M. D.	19 April 72		
As Surgeon.	Willoughby,	W. A.	M. D.	19 April 72		

FRANC-TIREUR.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

A CITY OF OTHER DAYS.

The Madeira Islands are situated in the Atlantic off the coast of Morocco, in latitude thirty-two thirty north, and on the seventeenth degree of west longitude. They belong to Portugal, and the inhabitants are mostly descendants of immigrants from that country. While making a journey to this queer old fashioned dominion, our sea conveyance was the staunch, swiftly sailing barque *Nes Scotland*, which swept out of the La Have river before a keen north-wester, one marrow-chilling March day, while the inland slopes and even the rocky promontories along the coast, were covered with newly fallen snow. When we were a few leagues out, so as to feel the full sweep of the Arctic current running along this shore, the air became intensely cold, and wherever the flying spray touched our trim craft it instantly crystallized, and soon made the barque look very much like a small iceberg. But the wind blew almost directly off shore, and as our log indicated a speed of nearly twelve knots an hour, we could comfort ourselves with the fact that before many hours we were certain of reaching a milder climate. Still, as we sought our small but comfortable state room while the gale was howling wildly enough, and from the swiftly scudding clouds every now and then there came a thick squall of winter's gossamer messengers, we could not help thinking our condition was much better on shore than out here with only a foot or so of timber and plank between us and the icy water which had flowed from somewhere about the north pole, and was then having a royal circus dancing and foaming under the influence of a Hudson Bay zephyr.

However, in spite of our inability to look over the dreary now and see the cheerful to come, we fell asleep, even while grumbling thoughts made us forget this was what we had got into the berth for. On awakening next morning, the first thing to attract our notice was the pleasant fact that a tempest no longer shrieked through the rigging, and also that the spitefully breaking waves of the previous evening had given place to those long, smooth rollers, only found in mid-ocean during moderate weather.

On reaching the quarter-deck we became aware of another agreeable circumstance. At sundown the mercury was below zero; now it stood at fifty above, and everything around showed that a run of less than two hundred miles had brought us within the limits of the wonderful Gulf Stream, whose tepid waters generally so affect the air above them as to completely neutralize whatever blizzard influence may be pushing out from the North American continent. With a clear sky over head, and only a few faint scales of cloud in sight, a torrent like a summer shower came dashing upon the deck, as the heat rapidly obliterated the records of last night's cold, which, in the clear sunlight, were glittering upon mast, spar, and every inch of sail and cordage. The intense blue of the sea, and the golden haze about the rising sun, completed the evidence that we were flying through that vast ocean river whose tide flows from the equator to a point farther north than man has yet gone.