

occasion the Ironsides anchored directly over one of these mines, containing a ton of powder, and remained there twenty-four hours, while the enemy were endeavoring in vain to explode it by electricity."

The Admiral lays down these maxims: "There is no difficulty in taking torpedoes up, no matter how carefully planted, if not under the guns of a moving fleet."

"What would prevent boats at night from cutting the wires of any torpedo nest in the channel leading into New York, if the boats were supported by a powerful fleet waiting to remove up to the attack?"

"Even without groping for the hidden wires the sunken torpedoes could be shattered by others devised for such purposes, and the mines sprung or destroyed by concussion, leaving the way open."

That this sailor has a true inwardness of contempt for the work of the engineer battalion at Wilt's Point is manifest from his report, though its open expression is restrained by courtesy. He adds to what we have already quoted:

"No doubt if a torpedo should explode under a vessel it would instantly destroy her; but of the many planted on the bottom few have been found effective in time of need, especially after having lain for a considerable period; and then, unless the torpedoes are to be fired upon impact or by circuit closers, they could do no harm to a passing fleet in a dark night with lights obscured, at a distance of one hundred yards. And what chance would there be of exploding a torpedo nest at the right time? Even supposing a few ships were destroyed, that would not prevent the others from going ahead."

On this authority statement of facts, and this reasoning, which will coincide with the judgment of every practical man, it is the duty of the next House of Representatives to stop the torpedo amusement of the engineer battalion, to arrest its annual waste of the public money, to disband the useless corp of soldiers who are not soldiers, as Gen Sherman scornfully says, and to send their officers back to useful work. This may be done as a special act, or as a part of that great remedial statute which the people demand, to reduce the army to ten thousand men.—N. Y. Sun, Oct. 6th.

The Charge of the Six Hundred.

The old soldiers of the Light Cavalry Brigade, the men who "rode into the Valley of Death" on that fatal October morning one and twenty years ago, were invited to attend a meeting last night to make arrangements for a dinner in celebration of the anniversary of the Balaklava charge. The trysting place was the Prince of Wales Tavern, Villiers street, Strand, and the hour fixed for the muster was nine o'clock, to enable those engaged in business to put in an appearance. In consequence of the disagreeable drizzling rain not so many came as were expected, but a respectable contingent, in every sense of the word, of war-worn veterans answered to the roll-call all the same. Hale, hearty men they were, the most of them; but so portly of build that they set one wondering what sort of a light cavalry that must have been where the weight in the pigskin ran up to eighteen stone of living flesh in sundry instances. Jovial of manner and neat of address, they discussed the matter before them as one might have expected—in brief soldierly, and most harmonious manner. It was agreed that a dinner should solemnized in the Charing Cross Hotel—is not solemniz-

ed the correct word, for has not Charles Lever defined a dinner as a social sacrament?—on the 25th of October, and it was stated that many officers who had helped to write one of the most brilliant pages in our military annals had promised to give the event the sanction of their presence. The greater part of those in the room had belonged to the Eleventh Hussars, that distinguished corps having been principally recruited in London. One warrior had served his apprenticeship to arms under Dolacy Evans in Spain; another was remarkable as having borne the flag of truce to the Russian Lines the day after Balaklava; a third was never tired of celebrating the haughty falls of his ancient Captain, Sir Roger Palmer, who led the E Troop of the Eleventh into action, and did his slaughter with cold steel, having forgotten his revolver in the hurry to jump into the saddle. After the formal proceedings were over there was some rare gossip over former campaigns, and the non-military observer was enabled to pick up some interesting reminiscences.

It is a curious circumstance that every man but one who won that supremest of all military distinctions, the Victoria Cross, in the magnificent and ride immortalized by the laureate, had his horse shot under him. There was Trooper Samuel Parkes, of the Light Dragoons, who stood on the ground with his charger writhing in the death agony beside him. Trumpet Major Crawford flashed by; his good steed stumbled, the rider was dismounted, and his naked sabre sent whirling out of his grasp. A pair of Cosacks saw their opportunity and spurred upon the defenceless Crawford, but Parkes confronted them and kept them at bay. When the retreat came the two brave fellows followed their comrades, and were pursued by six Russians, but Parkes, with his single sword, held them at arm's length and retired slowly, fighting and defending the Trumpet Major until deprived of his weapon by a shot. This is no rhodomontade, but plain fact, as recorded in the Gazette. Lieut. Alexander Robert Dunn, of Cardigan's boys, was another hero of that day, faithful in helms. He saved the life of Sergeant Bently, of his own corps, by cutting down two or three Russian troopers who were attacking him from the rear, and afterward hewed to the chin a Russian hussar who had fallen upon Private Levett. This Dunn, it will be remembered, afterward commanded the Thirty-third, being the youngest man of his rank in the army, and perished in the Abyssinian expedition. Riding-master Joseph Malone had his horse snort in the charge, but properly speaking, his bit of glorious gun-metal was gained the day previous, when he volunteered with three troopers, on the march to Balaklava, and captured an escort of the enemy's cavalry and the baggage they were conveying to Sebastopol. Troop Sergeant-Major John Berryman, of the old "Death-head and Cross-bones," the same sturdy cavalier who took prisoner three Russians while they were within reach of their own guns at Mackenzie's Farm, behaved splendidly at Balaklava. When his horse was shot under him he stopped on the field with Captain Webb, who was surrounded, and a shower of shot and shell, and although repeatedly told by that officer to consult his own safety, and leave him, he refused to do so, and Serjeant John Farrell coming by, the two faithful fellows carried Capt. Webb out of range of the guns. The courageous Irishman Farrell, who had lost his horse, like the majority of his plucky companions, and had gone near

to losing his life, was awarded the envied honour, but did not long survive to wear it. Charles Wooden, now a Quartermaster in the one Hundred and Fourth Foot, was another of the Seventeenth Lancers who earned the Cross on the 25th of October, 1854, and he too had his charger killed in the wild mêlée. Assisted by Dr. Mouatt, of the Inniskilling Dragoons, he succeeded in carrying Major Morris, of his own regiment who lay dreadfully wounded to a place of safety. In chatty recollections such as those we have tried to pen, and in tales of hair-breadth escapes in the hard days gone by, the time was pleasantly passed, and shortly before midnight the survivors of the "Six Hundred" separated, looking forward with joyous anticipation to a merry meeting on Balaklava Day.

A telegram has been received from Valparaiso announcing that a terrible fire has taken place at Iquique, Peru. Three quarters of that town are said to have been destroyed.



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA

Friday, 5th day of October, 1875.

PRESENT:

HIS EXCELLENCY THE ADMINISTRATOR OF THE GOVERNMENT IN COUNCIL.

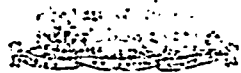
ON the recommendation of the Honorable the Minister of Customs, and under the provisions of the 5th and 5th sections of the Act passed in the Session of the Parliament of Canada, held in the 31st year of Her Majesty's Reign, chapter 6 and intitled "An Act respecting the Customs," His Excellency, by and with the advice of the Queen's Privy Council for Canada, has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that the Out Port of Penetanguishene (now known as Kincardine), attached to the Port of Goderich, in the Province of Ontario, be and it is hereby constituted a Port of Entry and Warehousing Port, the same to take effect from the first day of October, 1875.

W. A. HIMSWORDTH,

Clk., Privy Council.

October 21, 1875.

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MAIL CONTRACT.

TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, On Friday, 5th Nov'r, 1875.

for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years SIX times per week each way, during winter season, between CARILLON and OTTAWA (South shore), from the close of navigation, 1875.

Conveyance to be made in suitable vehicles. The Mails to leave Carillon on arrival of mail from Vaudreuil and reach Ottawa in seventeen hours afterwards.

To leave Ottawa at 7 P.M. and reach Carillon in seventeen hours afterwards.

The contract may be terminated or reduced on the opening of the Northern Colonization Railway.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen, and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Ottawa, Carillon and all intermediate offices en route.

T. P. FRENCH,

P. O. Inspector.

Post Office Inspector's Office, Ottawa, 4th Oct., 1875.

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