

Musketry Instructor to the Brigade, I have conducted the target practice according to the instructions received from you, and also that I found the ranges in the most convenient and satisfactory state, both as regards situation and safety.

Enclosed you will please find a tabulated return of each battalion, which I hope will give all the necessary information which you require.

In closing this report, I beg to call your attention to the fact that the course has been conducted without accident or hindrance to any person engaged. With the exception of the hinges on the trap doors in butts, which were too light, and occasioned a little delay while being fixed, in all other respects everything worked satisfactory.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

JOSEPH WHITE, Captain,

Bgde. Musketry Instructor.

Lieut. Col. DURIE,
Depy. Adjt. General,
Commanding Camp at Holland Landing.

[D.]

Toronto, 2nd Nov., 1874.

Sir, I have the honor to report that the Toronto Field Battery, under my command, assembled for annual drill on Tuesday, the 29th September, 1874.

On the same day at 10 a.m., the Battery commenced the annual ball practice. The target was moored in Lake Ontario, at about one thousand yards from shore.

The firing was high at first, in consequence of the common shell not been charged, as I had instructions not to use powder for that purpose.

Reducing the weight of the projectile by half a pound has a very great influence on its flight, and I would strongly recommend the propriety of not permitting artillery to engage in practice until they are deemed competent to use shell according to regulation.

Twenty eight rounds hit the target out of forty nine fired, the last round completely demolished the superstructure, leaving only the raft and anchor to be towed ashore.

The remainder of the ammunition I retained to be used on some future occasion.

On Wednesday at noon the Battery started on the march for camp at Holland Landing.

A halt was made at Hogg's Hollow, eight miles from Toronto, to water and feed the horses; the men had dinner at the same time.

Arrived at Bond's Lake, twenty miles from Toronto, at seven o'clock p.m., watered and fed the horses, and cooked supper for the men.

Arrived at Holland Landing Camp at forty five minutes past three a.m., October 1st, performing a march of thirty eight miles in less than sixteen hours.

The Battery walked forty five minutes and trotted fifteen each hour on the march, trotting five minutes at a time.

The men and horses were in capital spirits the Battery going into camp on the trot.

I reported to Lieutenant Colonel Denison, Brigade Major, who met the Battery and pointed out the position it was to occupy.

During the camp the Battery was under your immediate orders, and I trust and believe performed its duty to your satisfaction.

Major Irwin, the officer commanding the School of Gunnery, inspected the Battery on Thursday, the 8th October.

The Battery marched out of camp on Friday, the 9th October, at eleven o'clock a.m.

and moved rapidly over the road, as I was eager to make the most of a few hours' day light and fine weather.

A short halt, to feed and water horses, and to cook dinner for the men, was made at Aurora; I also halted the Battery five minutes during each hour, walked forty minutes and trotted fifteen; after dark I discontinued trotting.

I deemed it advisable not to halt for any length of time, as there was every indication of rain, the road already muddy and heavy to travel over, and a new coat of metal laid at intervals along the route.

The Battery arrived at the Old Fort, Toronto, at 11.45 p.m., Friday, accomplishing the march in thirteen hours, and proving beyond a doubt a Volunteer Field Battery can possess that faculty of nobility, without which it is a useless expense.

On Saturday the guns, arms, harness, and accoutrements were returned into store in a clean and proper manner.

The harness was placed in the harness room in a very creditable condition indeed, and this after continual wet weather, but this is owing no doubt to a couple of small prizes offered annually to the drivers by the officers of the Battery.

A prize also given to the smartest subdivision has the effect of keeping the guns at all times thoroughly clean.

I find encouragement better than punishment.

I cannot close this report without noticing the zeal and ability of the officers under my command, and their untiring energy in the interest of the corps, before, during and after the annual drill.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

JOHN GRAY, Captain,

Toronto Field Battery.

Lieut. Col. DURIE,

Deputy Adjutant General,

Military District, No. 2.

(To be Continued.)

REVIEWS.

The Aldine for April (No. 16 of the current series), certainly presents features of excellence entitling it to something more than the usual attention: a part of them, too, in a direction which would six months ago have been something of a surprise to those who had merely known it as an admirable exponent of art. In this issue, taking time by the forelock in a manner somewhat startling, it springs to the front, in topics and features connected with the Centennial, quite as much, without a doubt, to its own profit, as to the pleasure of its thousands of patriotic readers. There can not be other than a most assured sensation, in the "Historical and Centennial Romance of the Revolution," which it commences in this number, under the taking name of "The Spur of Monmouth," with the additional information that it is written by an "Ex-Pension Agent," and that the events to be portrayed have been preserved in the memories of eye-witnesses up to a certain period, and thence conveyed by one who listened to their narratives—the whole being, as the writer phrases it, "from personal relations and documents never before made public." Probably no greater pleasure could be imparted to the American people, at the present juncture, than is to be found in the knowledge that there is really a romance of the Revolution, of importance and interest, not yet published, and of which we are now to have the reading, in the clear type and on the fine paper of *The Aldine*. But the Cen-

tennial tendency of *The Aldine* does not end here: there is a full-page picture of the "Battle of Lexington," capably drawn by John S. Davis, and showing the salient features of that memorable conflict, in a manner equally blending force and judgment. The character of the country, the agricultural avocations of the patriots before they sprung to arms, the variety of ages in the combatants—all are shown with rare skill, the picture really conveying the feeling of the time to a degree which needs sight for appreciation.

In other art features this number of *The Aldine* is rich almost beyond the average. "The Path of Duty," a capital drawing by Davis, after Merle, engraved with admirable effect by T. Cole, some of whose exquisite work we have already noticed; three views in Southern Utah, the "Narrows," Valley of the Babbling Waters," and "Temple of the Virgin," all by Thomas Moran, convey the scenery of that wild region with great force and rare beauty; "Joan of Arc at the Siege of Paris," and "The Parisian Men of September," illustrate two very different yet equally striking scenes in French history; and a noble group of "Gnarled Gray Trunks," three fine views of Wells Cathedral, and a pair of splendid "Stag-Hounds," make up the pictorial treasures of what we must again designate as a remarkable number.

Literarily, the variety and the excellence are equal. In prose, besides the new novel already mentioned, we have another (and nearly the last) installment of "Lost Lillian Bracy," a sweet little bit called "Dream-Fairies," by X. B. Reaux; a tasteful, brief story, "Clochette," by Augusta Von Bubna; "A Gift from St. Petersburg," sparkling with diamonds, by A. K. Sulzer; a pleasant paper on the "Habits of Authors," by Amanda B. Harris; and "In the North Woods," having a mournful significance as the last printed utterances of the late artist, John A. Hows. In the direction of rhyme—we have a poem of heart-breaking sadness as well as beauty, "By the Dead," by Eben E. Rexford; a sadder, and if possible a sweeter one, "For Baby's Sake," by Sophy Langdon; a sparkling "Little Jack Frost," by Chas. Sangster, (the Canadian poet); "Ice Jewelry," by W. W. Bailey; and "Lord Ronald's Stag Hounds," by John Hay Furness. Once more, and finally—a marked number; let who will assert to the contrary.

The Aldine Company have established an Art Union, similar to the well known Art Union in England, and are distributing their works of art, both sculpture and paintings, which are constantly collecting, among their subscribers. Art premiums, valued at \$2,500, are distributed among each series of 5,000 subscribers. Subscription tickets; at \$6.00 each, entitle the holder to *The Aldine* for a year, to the new chromo and to a ticket in the distribution of art premiums. The Aldine Company, publishers, No. 58 Maiden Lane, New York City.

Major General Smyth on Tuesday last, requested Colonels Bowell, Skinner, Brown, Kirkpatrick, and Higginbotham to meet him at his office, which they did. He stated that he wished to consult them with reference to militia clothing, drill, etc. The officers entered fully into these subjects, and the General expressed himself desirous of meeting their wishes and the wishes of the force, as far as practicable. Concerning the style of head-gear, Col. Higginbotham recommended the broad-brimmed felt hat, looped up at the side, such as was worn by the cavalry during the Southern war. This idea was approved of, and it was decided to give it a trial.