

thurs and thence to Winnipeg. Here the regiment expect to arrive about Tuesday noon, and whither our instructions are to mail to-day's VARSITY.

THE TORONTO UNIVERSITY SCOUTS.

My name has been mentioned in the public prints of the last few days in connection with the organization of a corps of scouts from the University. I wish to state my reasons for joining in that movement. I have seen something of frontier life in Texas and Arkansas and have had many opportunities of judging of the best way of fighting Indians. Between El Paso and the Pecos River is broken country and consequently a favorite resort of the Apaches. From this vantage ground they make raids over portions of Texas, steal horses from the rancheros and run them into Mexico. There they can easily dispose of their booty. The Federal Government tried for years to put a stop to these incursions by means of regular troops—infantry and cavalry. But detachment after detachment was ambushed and destroyed, and it was only when nearly an army was lost that the Government changed its tactics and proceeded to fight Indians as Indians. Scouting companies were formed and mounted men armed with repeating rifles hovered continually around the hostile bands, picking off their foraging parties, and harassing them in every way. At last the Apaches found that no one could leave the main body with any certainty of returning. Thus their supplies were cut off, and to avoid starvation they decamped into Mexico. On the frontier it is generally acknowledged that a white man can beat an Indian at his own game. A white makes a better woodsman, a better hunter, a better shot, and is an Indian's superior in handling a canoe. The half-breeds have the reputation of being certain shots, but such is not the case. The origin of the common idea is not hard to find. Indians are pot hunters and have no cartridges to throw away, so they always wait until the game is certain. Thus, while it is true that an Indian may get more game for a certain number of cartridges, yet he will not make so big a bag in a given time as a white man. War parties of Indians are rarely met with in the open, but almost always under cover, and even then an Indian will not shoot unless he thinks his way of retreat clear. A running fight is his desire. A band will mass behind some cover, hold their position until it becomes dangerous, then scatter in every direction, only to reform one mile or ten away. The object of this corps is to keep them moving, cut off their supplies, intercept their foraging parties, and in time starvation will bring them to terms.

Yours respectfully,
J. R. GORDON.

BUGLE BLASTS.

Provisional Corporal M. S. Mercer, of "K," will be gazetted Lieutenant in the next gazette.

Lieut. A. Y. Scott has, it is said, the best word of command in the Q. O. R.

The 'Varsity has two correspondents with the Toronto contingent. Their instructions are to spend their own money freely in forwarding the latest news from the seat of war.

First Onlooker: "What are the engineers for? What d'they do?"
Second do.: "D'ye never hear of a train of artillery? They run the train."

Q. O. R. NOTES.

Lieutenant Acheson, commanding "K" Company, has issued the following orders:—

Company will parade with the rest of the battalion on Wednesday evenings and at such other times as may be ordered by the regiment.

All clothing not in use must be returned to the armoury at once, as there are some still unprovided with uniforms.

Recruit classes will meet each afternoon at 4 p.m.

It is hoped that a large number of capable men will come forward to keep up the reputation earned in '66, especially as there is great likelihood of further calls being made on the company for active service.

All members of the company holding sergeant certificates will hold themselves in readiness to act as drill instructors when required.

The following provisional appointments: To be acting corporals, Privates M. S. Mercer, H. J. Hamilton, A. C. Levesconte.

On Saturday, 4th inst., and on each succeeding Saturday at 9 a.m., "K" Company will parade in Convocation Hall for company drill. Every man having a uniform is requested to be present.

War Songs.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

[The following beautiful and famous hymn was sung far and wide throughout the Northern States during the late American war.]

Mine eyes have seen the coming of the glory of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He has loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible, swift sword:
His truth is marching on!

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on!

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel;
"As ye deal with my contemnners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on!"

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat:
O, be swift, my soul, to answer him! Be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on!

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

—MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE.

LA MARSEILLAISE.

Allons, enfants de la patrie:
Le jour de gloire est arrivé:
Contre nous de la tyrannie
L'étendard sanglant est levé.
Entendez-vous dans les campagnes
Mugir ces féroces soldats?
Ils viennent jusque dans vos bras
Egorger vos fils, vos compagnes.

Aux armes! citoyens; formez vos bataillons;
Marchez! qu'un sang impur abreuve vos sillons!

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Que veut cette horde d'esclaves,
De traîtres, de rois conjurés?
Pour qui ces ignobles entraves,
Ces fers dès longtemps préparés?
Français! pour nous, ah! quel outrage
Quels transports il doit exciter!
C'est nous qu'on ose menacer
De rendre à l'antique esclavage!
Aux armes, citoyens! &c.

* * * * *
Amour sacré de la patrie,
Conduis, soutiens nos bras vengeurs:
Liberté, Liberté chérie,
Combats avec tes défenseurs:
Sous nos drapeaux, que la victoire
Accoure à tes mâles accents;
Que nos ennemis expirants
Voient ton triomphe et notre gloire!
Aux armes, citoyens! &c.

—ROUGET DE L'ISLE.

DIE WACHT AM RHEIN.

Es braust ein Ruf wie Donnerhall,
Wie Schwertgeklirr und Wogenprall:
Zum Rhein, zum Rhein, zum deutschen Rhein!
Wer will des Stromes Hüter sein?
Lieb Vaterland, magst ruhig sein,
Fest steht und treu die Wacht am Rhein.

* * * * *
Er blickthinauf in Himmelsau'n,
Da Helden-väter niederschau'n,
Und schwört mit stolzer Kampfeslust:
Du Rhein, bleibst deutsch wie meine Brust!
Lieb Vaterland, magst ruhig sein, &c.

* * * * *
Der Schwur erschallt, die Woge rinnt,
Die Fahnen flattern hoch im Wind:
Am Rhein, am Rhein, am deutschen Rhein
Wir Alle wollen Hüter sein!
Lieb Vaterland, magst ruhig sein, &c.