

REGIMENTAL FEUDS.

There was a row in Silver Street that's near to
Dublin Quay,
Between an Irish regiment an' English cavalree;
It started at Revelly an' it lasted on till dark;
The first man dropped at Harrison's, the last forninst
the Park.

For it was "Belts, belts, belts, an' that's one
for you!"
An' it was "Belts, belts, belts, an' that's
done for you!"
O buckle an' tongue
Was the song that we sung
From Harrison's on to the Park!

There was a row in Silver Street—the regiments
was out,
They called us "Delhi Rebels," an' we answered
"Threes about!"
That drew them like a hornet's nest—we met them
good an' large,
The English at the double an' the Irish at the
charge.

Then it was: Belts—

Kipling.

Rudyard Kipling, in that one of his Barrack Room Ballads from which the above is a quotation, tells of the readiness always displayed by the British soldier to resent any attack upon the honor of the particular regiment or branch of Her Majesty's service to which he may belong. The rough joking and badinage of the barrack room, and the rivalry of battle fields and regimental sports, have often been the occasion of serious rioting. There is a certain Irish regiment which, in consequence of an incident in the trenches during the Crimean campaign, cannot meet the Guards and keep the peace. Some of the present citizens of Halifax once witnessed a decidedly interesting argument with belts and sticks at garrison sports in that delightful old city, occasioned by the effrontery of an infantry tug-of-war team in defeating ten stalwart artillerymen.

But the most recent regimental row of any importance had its origin, strange to say, in South Africa. The scene of the riot was not Dublin Quay, but Bulford Camp Salisbury Plain, and the time was the night of the 2nd inst. From the accounts published in English newspapers it seems that English soldiers have been much annoyed by the swaggering, gasconading, and excusably ostentatious air of the Irish militia when on parade, and by their naturally somewhat proud and boastful references when in the canteen to the bravery of their *bhoys* in the Transvaal. We will let the correspondent of the London "Morning Leader" give us his own account of what the paper calls "Rioting at Bulford Camp." The occurrence possesses a curious kind of interest for Soldiers of the Queen in all parts of the Empire, and will probably be made the subject of song and story for many years to come. The special correspondent says:

"They are said to have taunted the Third Gloucesters, for instance, because the Second Gloucesters showed the white flag at Nicholson's

Nek. There was a sharp encounter on Sunday between English Irish and Welsh. But on Monday the Irish militia made a set attack on the Gloucesters' camp, destroying kits and doing much damage. But the Gloucestershires are a very orderly regiment. When their officers sounded the command for them to fall in, they left the scene of the conflict and formed up out on the plain. The Irishmen went on smashing things like a pack of savages. Their officers ordered and then implored, but the men were frantic with passion. Then the officers realized that the Gloucestershires could hardly be expected to stand by and see their things smashed and torn to rags and atoms. The word was given; the Welsh regiment was called out under arms. They were drawn up between the Gloucestershires and the Irish. The command was sounded, and the Welshmen fixed bayonets. Steadily they drove the Irishmen back out of the Gloucestershires' lines. Then there they stood. Had the Irish renewed the attack the word would have been given to the Welsh to charge them, and the bayonets were lowered to ready. But after a short shower of mallets, bottles, buckets, stones, rifles, bayonets, and any other missile that could be got hold of, the Irish backed to their own lines."

Altogether this the most recent of regimental rows appears to have fully maintained the reputation of Mulvaney and his companions as lovers of fighting, and incidentally it may be useful as a rough notification to the British army that references to Nicholson's Nek or other bits of delicate ground in the land once controlled by Steyn and Kruger may provoke a decidedly lively argument, and will not be permitted in the presence of any of the comrades of the officers and men who have been the unwilling guests of the Boers in a place called Pretoria.

MONTREAL CLEARING HOUSE.

JULY 26th	Clearings. \$	Balances. \$
Week ending.....1900,	14,034,439	2,121,222
Corresponding week, 1899,	14,548,635	2,455,625
" ..1898,	13,686,643	2,134,327
" ..1897,	11,857,044	1,812,573

MARITIME INVASIONS.—The *Italia Militare e Marina* contains an interesting article from the pen of Signor Benucci on the subject of maritime invasions. The employment of mercantile steamships, he observes, has always given good results, as when, in the Egyptian expedition of 1882, England transported a large force with all its equipment and horses to the theatre of operations without deranging the traffic of its great steamship lines, which, in the present campaign in South Africa, have rendered excellent service, more than 60,000 men during the months of October and November alone having been carried by fifty steamers from Southampton to Durban, although the voyage is little short of 25 days. Again, a few steamers sufficed in 1895 to transport 40,000 Italian troops and 9,000 horses from Naples to Massowah in ten days. Yet in 1830 the French army despatched to Algeria, numbering 35,000 men, 4,000 horses and 100 guns, required for its transport 377 ships and 230 small vessels, without taking into account Admiral Duperre's escort of 34 line-of-battle ships and frigates. To-day the great oceanic liners are each capable of transporting 2,000 men during voyages lasting for weeks.