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The Volunteer Review

AND MILITARY AND NAVAL GAZETTE.

A Journal Devoted to the Interests of the Military and Naval Forces of the Dominion of Canada

VOL. II.

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No. 50.

YANKEE MACCARONI.

The fifth number of the *Tuistonian*, a neat and well prepared paper, issued by the secret societies of Tufts College, contains the following macaronic poem, entitled "Aman-tis Res Adversa," or, as it might be translated, "A Lover's Hard Luck:"—

A Homo that one dark night,
Puellas visitare,
And mausit there so very late,
That illum constat care.

Pueri, walking by the house,
Saw caput in fenestra
Et sunt morati for a while,
To see qui erat in there.

Soon, caput turn'd its nasum round,
In visupuerorum;
Agnoscent there the pedagogus,
Oh! maximum pudorum!

Progressus puer to the door
Cum magna quietate,
Et turn'd the key to lock him in,
Moratus erat sate.

Then pedagogus rose to go,
Est feeling lunky dore;
Ille non potest to get out,
The key's outside the fore.

Ascendit sweetheart nune the stalt:
Cum festinato pede,
Et rous'd puellas from their sleep,
Sed, habent not the door-key.

Then excitato domino,
By her tumultuous voce,
Insanas currit to the door,
Et obvenit the lady.

"Furentem place!" the master roared,
"Why spoil you thus my somnum?
Et, cito from the other door,
Si rogus have locked the front one!"

Puella tristis hung her head,
And took her lover's manum
Et, cito from the other door,
His caput est impulsum.

Cum magno gradu redit home,
Retrorsum nunquam peeping,
Et never ansus est again,
Vexare people's sleeping.

DEATH AT THE ALTAR.

(Continued from our last.)

I was shown into the drawing room, and was quickly joined by Mrs. Mansfield. "So very unfortunate for poor, dear Clara," she said, sailing up to me, and taking my hand in her vulgarly-artificial manner; "so peculiarly, unfortunate, Doctor, at present. I suppose you know that she is engaged to be married to Sir Richard

Burley? Such an excellent match! Dear Clara has the highest respect and regard for him, and he, dear man, is most impatient for the ceremony to come off. Indeed, papa and I have just been talking it over with Sir Richard, who is still with Mr. Mansfield, and who talks of a fortnight; but we both thought that nothing less than a month would be proper and decorous. Do you not agree with me, Doctor?"

"Madam," I said, gravely, "my time is valuable: I was not aware that you sent for me to discuss your daughter's marriage. I gathered from your note that she is ill, and hurried here, as, from what I know of her constitution, I greatly mistrust and fear these fainting-fits."

I could scarcely keep my temper during the next five minutes, in which Mrs. Mansfield insisted upon treating me with the whole history of the arrangements—the liberal settlements promised by Sir Richard, the family jewels, and all the other primary points in the eyes of the sons and daughters of mammon.

"Will you allow me to see your patient, Mrs. Mansfield?" I said at last, resolutely, "or I must wish you good evening!"

"O, certainly—certainly! Doctor," she said with some asperity, for she could not fail to notice the air of displeasure with which I listened to her worldly cackling.

I was shown into a small room up-stairs, which the sisters called their own. I found my poor little pet, Clara, with her face buried in the pillows of the sofa, and sobbing as if heart would break. I had little difficulty in eliciting everything from her. I had attended her from her childhood upwards, and had been her confidant and adviser in many a childish sorrow. Now she was only too glad in being able to tell some one her misery and repentance.

"And do you really mean to marry Sir Richard Burley?" I asked, when she had concluded.

"How can I help it, Doctor? He asked me before mamma this morning, and mamma looked at me so, and then I was angry because—because—I had written to some one and no answer; and then mamma half answered for me, and she took my hand, and put it in his, saying, 'God bless you, Clara, and may you be happy.' What could I do? What can I do? See! what he has sent me," she added, starting up, and taking a morocco case from the table, she drew forth an emerald bracelet which must have cost some hundreds.

"See!" she said, holding it up to me, "is it not pretty? but I hate it, I hate him, and I hate myself."—and flinging the glistening jewellery aside, she again buried her head in the sofa-cushions, and wept.

"What shall I do, Doctor?" she said distractedly, after some little time, which I employed in feeling her pulse, and writing a prescription, "they advise me, or I shall go mad."

"The only advice I can offer you, my dear Clara, is to wait. They cannot force you to marry this man against your will."

"But they will," she continued. "I can not help it—mamma never leaves me in peace, but is continually dinning into my ears how grateful I ought to be to Sir Richard. I know they would make me marry him, if I remain here. Oh! why does not George come and take me away, if he really loves me?"

I started at these words. "Surely," I thought to myself, "an elopement, though objectionable as a rule, would be better than this hideous sacrifice."

But the reader may ask. Was not Clara bound in honour to marry Sir Richard Burley, having accepted him? Not emphatically no. Is it right or just, because a girl has in a moment of weakness been untrue to herself, that she should take a false oath to the same effect at the altar of God, and dedicate her whole life to the lie. Assuredly not—at least, so said my humble judgment. Full of the thoughts with which Clara's last words had filled me, I took my leave of her, telling her to keep her heart up, and promising to interest myself in her favour, and call again on the ensuing day.

It was now so long past dinner hour that I resolved to forego the meal altogether, and to take a chop at my tea. I ordered the coachman to put me down in Clarges street, and then sent him on home. I found George Selby much as I left him stormy, cynical, and savage with himself and the world. It was in vain I tried to console him, and hinted that if he took the race in his own hands the game was his own.

"What! be accused by these vulgar cits of running away with their daughter for her ten thousand pounds!" exclaimed George, indignantly. "No, a hundred times no! If the baronet likes to soil his hands with their money bags he may; but, as an officer and a gentleman, I wash my hands of the whole business."

"What, even poor Clara?" I asked.

George was silent; and when I went on to describe the poor child's (she was barely eight) grief and despair, tears stood in his eyes and he stopped me, saying—

"There, don't say any more, Doctor! I'd rather go through the last hour of Inkerman, with ten thousand Russian rifles, and a dozen batteries sending their whistling messengers of death into our thin line, than hear you talk of that poor girl. By

Jove, I thought I was a man, but you will make a child of me if you go on like this."

I could do no more, so I left him and returned home, to solitude and my books.

The next day I saw my fair patient, Clara Mansfield. She was still in the same low, despondent state, and seemed incapable of making any exertion. Her wealthy old lover had been showering in presents, which, while she loathed, she had not sufficient energy to refuse. It really seemed as if, in legal phraseology, she would "let judgment go by default." Although she had no more fainting-fits, she informed me she had several times been very near one. From various symptoms, I was almost inclined to fear disease of the heart, but my utmost skill could not detect anything wrong by auscultation. That it was not altogether fancy and worry of mind, I felt convinced. Sometimes, in conversation, her face would suddenly flush and then instantaneously assume a deadly pallor, and this almost without her knowledge, for she would declare at these times that she felt no particular inconvenience. She seemed to resign herself, helplessly and entirely, to her mother's guidance, and appeared to be floating down the stream to her fate, whatever it might be, without a struggle.

"It is useless, Doctor," she would say, while her soft blue eyes filled with tears; "It is my destiny, I suppose, to be Lady Burley. He could save me, and he only; but I insulted him, and he is too proud to forgive."

And so she seemed to resign herself to her fate.

The quiet way in which she accepted what she considered an inevitable evil, was the more incomprehensible to me, from what I knew of her disposition and character. She was wont to be, if anything, rather too headstrong and passionate; now, no lamb could be led more quietly to the slaughter than was Clara Mansfield to her marriage with the Baronet.

During the following week I saw her day by day. Still the same gentle melancholy; still the same uncomplaining submission. I observed that on first entering the room she looked up anxiously, almost hopefully, in my face. I well knew what the look meant. It said, as plainly as words could speak, "Have you no news from him? Will he not save me from my fate?" Alas! I had not seen him. He had disappeared without leaving even a note behind him.

It wanted but a fortnight to the appointed day for the marriage of Sir Richard Burley, Bart., of Burley Hall, &c., with Clara Mansfield, when my young friend, Selby, again appeared. He called on me in the evening, about half past eight o'clock. Haggard, pale, and thin, he seemed fast relapsing into the state from which I had rescued him. When I attempted to feel his pulse, he withdrew his hand almost rudely: neither would he answer any question about his health.

"Never mind my body, Doctor; pain I have plenty, Heaven knows, but it is not that that troubles me now." Then after a silence, during which he leant his head upon his hands, concealing his face from my view, he said—

"Clara Mansfield will have ten thousand pounds in her own right—will she not?"

"I have reason to believe so," I said, surprised at the question.

"And if I married her without settlement, it would be mine—would it not?"

"Assuredly," I said, in still greater astonishment. Could I have been mista-

ken? Was George Selby really mercenary? It certainly seemed like it.

"Do you think there is any chance of her being happy with this man?" he asked.

"I should be sorry to say there was no chance," I replied; "but I must confess that I see very little. Setting aside his age and all other objections, I fear he is not calculated to make a kind or loving husband. They say he ill-used his first wife dreadfully—even struck her; and he has far, very far from a good character."

"Then I'll do it," he exclaimed, starting to his feet; "she shan't be sacrificed to the old ruffian."

"Do what?"

"Carry her off to-morrow, if she'll come. Do you think she will?"

Now, although I was quite certain that she would go to the end of the world with but the faintest encouragement from him, I could not quite say so.

"I think it's very likely," I replied; "really you must know her better than I do."

"Do you think she would put up with moderate means; soldier's fare and that sort of thing for a year or two?"

"I am sure she would, gladly. But you have no necessity to inflict poverty on her; with your income, your pay, and the interest of her fortune, you will have some seven hundred a year; surely you can exist on that without quite being obliged to live in a cottage."

"Her fortune! Don't speak of it. As soon as it comes into my possession (with her previous consent, of course) I mean to take it round to Eaton Square in a cab—all in gold—and fling the money bags into the hall. Then they would see whether I married my darling Clara for her fortune. An original idea—isn't it, Doctor?" and he laughed with something of his old spirits.

"Original, certainly," I replied. "I can't very much see the prudence of it, however."

"And now I'm off to reconnoitre," he said, shaking my hand. "Bribing ladies' maids, inventing disguises, and all the sort of thing you see in farces and comedies. 'None but the brave deserve the fair.' Adieu, Doctor."

"The young scamp will win yet, I do believe," I muttered as he left me, "in spite of his poverty and one arm!"

L'homme propose, mais Dieu dispose. I was picturing to myself the rage and chagrin of Mansfield mere, when she should discover the elopement of Clara with the one-armed Lieutenant, and chuckling to myself on the probability of the young people being made happy, when a double knock and a violent ring came to the door, and in stalked George Selby as pale and ghastly-looking as a corpse.

"Good heavens! what is the matter with you? Has the pain come on again severely? Let me mix you a cordial." I was proceeding to do so when he motioned me to desist, and said—

"It's all over, Doctor. They're gone."

"Gone."

"Yes, gone on the Continent for a fortnight's trip, and won't be back till the day before the wedding. That hoary old scoundrel has gone with them. I've a great mind to follow them and put a bullet through his head," he said savagely.

I saw it all now. Mrs. Mansfield had set her heart on the match; and fearing, false mother as she was, Clara's love for George, she had feared they might meet and be reconciled. In that case he knew full well, notwithstanding Clara's gentleness and docility, that no rock would be firmer. Clara

seldom said "no," but when she meant it.

And so they took the poor girl with the breaking heart to Paris, and only brought her back the night before the wedding. Determined to leave no stone unturned, I called on the evening of their return to town. I was unable to see Clara alone, but she gave me a look which I shall never forget. A look of earnest inquiry. A look which said plainly, "It is not yet too late; have you come for him?" Alas! he had again disappeared as before. Could I have found him that evening all might have been well. I could not, would not have allowed the poor girl to doom herself to misery. At the risk of my professional reputation, I myself would have enacted the part of the stage Abigail, and been the medium of communication. But it was not to be so. Poor Clara saw no hope in my face. Her look of eager inquiry changed to one of reproach, and at last faded into such an expression of hopeless despair that I could scarcely command my voice as I asked the few ordinary professional questions necessary.

My former suspicions received confirmation, and when I left I requested to speak to Mrs. Mansfield alone.

"Madam, I hear your daughter is to be married to-morrow. Allow me strongly to counsel, at least, the postponement of the ceremony."

"Impossible, Doctor," she said; "all the arrangements have been made, the deeds signed—everything is ready. Besides, dear Clara seems rather better to-day than usual."

"I regret to say that I have to-day observed unfavourable symptoms. I fear—I am almost certain that there is organic disease. Not, I believe, incurable, or, even with ordinary care, dangerous; but still I should most strongly counsel a postponement—its excitement might be fatal. In this case there is especial danger, too. I have reason to believe that your daughter is exceedingly averse to the marriage—"

Mrs. Mansfield coloured with shame and anger.

"Averse to the marriage!—ridiculous!" she said. "I am sure our dear girls feels the highest respect and admiration for Sir Richard."

Respect and admiration for that *bad*, bloated old man! What a mockery!

"I have done my duty, Mrs. Mansfield; I have told you that to marry your daughter to-morrow is injudicious, and even dangerous. If you choose to act against deliberate advice, I have no power to prevent your so acting. On your head be the consequences of your conduct."

I could see that the worldly woman was somewhat staggered by these words. However, mammon prevailed, and, as far as she was concerned, I felt certain that the marriage would take place as originally fixed.

The morning arrived—the morning of that day which was to make Clara Mansfield Lady Burley. Notwithstanding my loathing and hatred of the mockery about to be enacted, I resolved to attend, not from any consideration for the vain worldly mother, but to be at hand in case of sudden illness of my meek patient. As I walked slowly down Regent Street, intending to turn into Hanover Square, a hand was laid on my shoulder. I turned, and beheld George Selby—but now worn and haggard. He was enveloped in a long military cloak, which however, could not hide the emaciation of his frame. He looked even worse than when he first came to consult me.

"A relapse?"

"No, Doctor, not a relapse. I apprehend a relapse means a return to a previous state. It is not so with me. I never felt as I feel now. Even the nature of the pain has changed."

"You still feel pain, from the bullet?" I asked.

"The Russian bullet," he replied, with a sickly smile; "I don't believe it's a single bullet at all; for the last week I have felt as if I had the contents of an ammunition wagon in my body. Seriously, Doctor, I don't think I shall ever get to the company, for I am convinced I can't live through a fortnight of such pain as this."

I questioned him more particularly as to his feelings—the site and nature of the pain, &c. When he had answered all my questions, I was of much the same opinion as himself, for I felt almost certain that the ball had induced aneurism of the aorta—a hopelessly incurable disease. Should my fears be well founded, the aneurism might burst at any moment, and death ensue instantly.

"Are you going to see the show, Doctor?" he asked, still with the same ghastly attempt at pleasantry.

"What show?"

"Over there," he said, pointing with his finger; "over there, at St. George's, Hanover Square. Come along, I see you are going. They can't push me out of the church, as they would out of their house in Eaton Square."

In vain I attempted to dissuade him. He would go, and we entered the church together.

When we arrived the ceremony was just about to commence.

My poor little Clara, decked out in all her costly wedding finery, and surrounded by groups of gay bridesmaids, was there. To my surprise, she was composed and quiet—never speaking unless addressed, and even the pale lips would only murmur a monosyllable or two. Once I observed the colour come rushing to her face: it was when she recognized my unhappy companion.

Their eyes met for one moment; then the colour faded slowly from her cheek, and, with an expression of sorrowful resignation, she raised them slowly to heaven.

And now the service commenced. I took my place by the side of George Selby until its conclusion. Clara performed her part unflatteringly. Though she spoke in a low voice, she pronounced the responses firmly. Before it was concluded, Selby pressed his hand to his side, and asked my permission to go to Cavendish Square, and rest in my study until I came. He felt faint from the pain he endured, he said, and could not see the play out; he would call a cab, and leave at once. He did so, and I now fixed my whole attention on the bride. In order to observe her more closely, I moved from my place to one nearer to the altar. Though I could discover but little trace of emotion, I saw with alarm that she became paler and paler. Even her lips assumed an ashen hue, dreadful to behold. Still she continued, unflatteringly, to play her part. Surely, I thought, this cannot last. Something must go when everything—nerves, feelings, the whole system, are strung up to such a pitch; she must either weep, scream, faint, or—my thoughts were interrupted by the bustle consequent on the conclusion of the ceremony. All hastened around to congratulate the young wife, and to salute her as Lady Burley. I, too, approached her, and alarmed by her continued deadly pallor, took her hand, and endeavoured to find her pulse. Not the

faintest sign of pulsation could I detect. I looked up in her face. Her large blue eyes met mine. I saw in them that which confirmed my worst fears. The pupils were dilated till the whole iris seemed occupied; the effect was beautiful, but to me it was a terrible symptom.

"Come with me into the vestry-room," I whispered, hastily taking her arm; "you feel faint, I think?"

As we passed across the chancel, the bright morning sun streamed full in her face; but though I could scarcely bear the glare, it seemed to have no effect on those soft blue eyes. As I looked in her face, I observed that the pupils were still widely dilated; the same expression might be seen in their blue depths.

"Run and call Mrs. Mansfield!" I said, to one of the bridesmaids, who, alarmed by the deadly pallor of Clara, had accompanied us into the vestry;—"quick she is fainting!"

I felt the increasing weight of her arm on mine, and caught her as she fell towards me. Producing a small case of powerful medicines, which I always carried with me, I hastened to do all in my power to restore her from her swoon. In vain. I then endeavoured to bleed her, but no blood would flow. The large blue eyes still gazed calmly upwards to heaven, but saw not. The lips were parted, as if she was about to speak, but neither sound nor breath came from them.

At this moment, Mrs. Mansfield, with several other ladies hurried in.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the affectionate mamma; "Clara has fainted; one of those dreadful 'nervous attacks' she is so liable to. Is she coming round. Doctor! the carriage is at the door, and Sir Richard is impatient."

She did not seem alarmed—these "nervous attacks" were so common.

I looked once more into the soft blue eyes before me. A slight, a very slight film had begun to gather over them.

"Is she coming round, Doctor?" asked Mrs. Mansfield somewhat impatiently.

I rose from my knees, and dropped the cold hand I held.

"MADAM," I said slowly and distinctly, "YOUR DAUGHTER IS DEAD!"

I returned home immediately, and found George Selby was seated in an easy chair facing the door. His head had fallen back, and his eyes, fixed and wide open, seemed to glare at me. A perfect torrent of blood had escaped from his mouth, and completely saturated his dress and shirt front. I knew at once that all was over—the aneurism had burst, and death had been instantaneous.

CANADIAN ITEMS.

A GOOD INVESTMENT.—The Government of Ontario has now invested in securities of the Dominion the sum of \$850,000—half a million in debentures, and the balance in 6 per cent stock. We believe that both classes of securities were purchased at 98, and that they are now worth 105. By these fortunate investments the Government has netted some \$50,000.

Lieut. Forth, of H.M. Ship *Constance*, now at Halifax, has deserted, taking a considerable sum of the mess money.

Among the regiments likely to come to Canada next year, to relieve those whose time of foreign service has expired, are the 72nd Highlanders, 81st, and 89th.

The members of the St. Catharines Garrison Battery assembled at the Drill Shed for reorganization under the new Militia Act. Unfortunately, only about half of the Battery were present, many being out of town; but out of the 26 members present 23 kept up their connection with the corps. This speaks well for the boys, and shows that the spirit they evinced in '66 is not yet dead. This battery has been complimented by Adjutant-General McDougall, Col. Durie, and other inspectors, as one of the most efficient in the Dominion. With its new corps of officers, there is no doubt but what it will easily maintain its position. In Captain Oswald, they have an old veteran of the Crimea whose experience in actual warfare will add greatly to the efficiency of the force. Lieut. J. G. Holmes has been for years in the Volunteer service, and is amply qualified for his present station, as a first class certificate from the School of Gunnery testifies. James Bradley, the 2nd Lieutenant, has been in the Battery since its organization, and is well posted in the manoeuvres of field or garrison artillery. Altogether, the boys of the St. Catharines Battery have no need to be ashamed of their leaders; but long may it be before they are compelled to lead them to the field of carnage.—*St. Catharines Times*.

MILITARY DINNER.—A dinner was given at the Commercial Hotel, New Lancaster, on Saturday the 5th inst., by the officers of Co. No. 4, V. M., to their non-commissioned officers and men, to which a large number of gentlemen of Lancaster and vicinity were kindly invited. The whole company formed the order of battle at 7 p.m., and made such a vigorous attack, that had it not been for the continuous reinforcement poured in, they must have cleared the field. As it was, the opposing forces rapidly disappeared, and the victors being satiated, allowed a truce, when the mangled remains of the enemy were quickly removed from the scene of slaughter. The scene being changed, the chair was taken by Major McLennan, and the Vice-Chair by D. McGruer, Esq., both of whom performed their duties in the most admirable manner, their pithy and appropriate remarks at the introduction of the various toasts eliciting loud and frequent applause. ** The new Militia Law was read and explained by Major McLennan, and the new rolls passed round for signatures, and I am happy to say that the re-enlistment was nearly unanimous, and many new names were also added,—facts which speak volumes for the officers who have had charge of the Company as well as those now in command.—*Cornwall Freeholder*.

"DEPARTED GLORY."—The *Hamilton Times* in a column of rhetoric, concerning the withdrawal of the troops from the "Ambitious City," winds up with the following wail:—"There is less squeaking of the hinges of back gates, where tearful Bridgets were wont to stand and listen to the enraptured tones of soldiery love, every word of which struck the heart like a percussion cap; the marble walls of palatial unlicensed groceries no more resound with heroic revelry. The soldiers are gone."

A correspondent of the Charlottetown (P. E. I.) *Herald* at the Magdalen Islands, writes under date of the 5th inst., that a whale measuring over seventy-five feet in length, was washed ashore at Brier Island during a recent storm, and yielded about forty barrels of oil.

AN INCIDENT ON THE MARCH TO BALACLAVA.

The Russians showed no troops, and not only was there no sign of their undertaking to obstruct the flank march, but it even seemed as if hitherto they must have been blind to the movement, or else so alive to its nature as to be willing to let it proceed, and determined to abide their time.

The survey thus effected by Lord Raglan in person has disclosed nothing that could defer him from converting the reconnoissance into a definitive movement, but no report of the condition of things on the great road had yet come in from the cavalry. He turned his horse's head, and made for the line of march which his troops were pursuing, but with the intention of striking it at a point some way in advance.

Led by that instinctive knowledge of country which was one of his natural gifts, and neither having a guide nor needing any fresh glance at the map, he at once chose his course like a rider who had been familiar with the ground all his days, and soon struck into the lane or woodland road which bonds up towards Mackenzie's Farm. The cavalry, as we saw, was moving through another part of the forest; but Maude's troop of horse artillery, though in general commanded by Lord Lucan, did not now form a part of the reconnoitring column; and having avoided the mistake which led the cavalry into a by-path, it was now upon its assigned route, moving steadily along the woodland road. The road was just broad enough to allow the passage of a piece of artillery, with also one horseman alongside it; and the time of the interruption which will be presently recorded, Lord Raglan, followed by his Staff in single file, was riding abreast of the foremost gun, or perhaps a few paces ahead of it.

Lord Raglan supposed the reconnoitring column of cavalry and riflemen was in front of him, and from moment to moment, no doubt, he was expecting Lord Lucan's report.

If the cavalry had been leading the march through this lane, it would have been moving, of course, with the usual precautions, and an advanced guard preceding the column by a sufficient distance, and perceiving a hostile force in its front, would have been quick to carry back warning to the main body. It chanced however, that our cavalry had missed the lane, and this is why it was that Lord Raglan came to be riding with none of his troops in front of him.

At length Lord Raglan reached a point in the lane, where the light some way on could be seen breaking through-breaking through in such a way as to show that, a few yards in front, there must be an opening in the forest. Observing this, General Airey asked permission to ride on a little way in advance, in order to see whether the ground was clear, and he moved accordingly; but in a few seconds he stopped, and without speaking held up his hand in a way which instantly showed not only that Lord Raglan and the whole column should instantly halt, but that there was need to be very quiet. Airey had, all at once come in sight of the great road at the point where it crosses the lane almost close to Mackenzie's farm. There, and only a few paces off, there was a Russian waggon-train and a body of Russian infantry. The force, as we now know, was a battalion of foot Cossacks escorting the waggon train, but constituting also the rear guard of Prince Mentschikoff's

field army. The men were halted—but not because they stood on the alert; they had halted as troops halt for rest in the midst of a toilsome march, and some of them were strolling along the road. Almost at the moment when they first caught sight of General Airey surveying them from his saddle, they must have heard the rumble of Maude's artillery, and learnt that an enemy's force was close upon them.

If two hostile forces thus came, as it were, by an accident to strike one against the other in marching, the result was owing to two causes—to mere negligence on the part of the Russians, and, on the part of the English, to that mistake already explained which had led our reconnoitring column into the wrong path. To each of the bodies thus brought almost into contact the sudden presence of the other was a surprise; but the gravity of the danger they respectively incurred was far from being the same. A train of artillery marching up through a woodland lane, and a string of horsemen forming the head quarters Staff, must needs have been almost helpless under the fire of a few foot soldiers moving briskly into the wood.

But between the Russian battalion and the head of the English column thus by strange chance coming together there was the difference that the Russian battalion at the time was apparently without the guidance of an officer having presence of mind, whilst the English Commander in Chief, who happened, as we have seen, to be present in person with this part of his army, was one whom nature had gifted with the power to do at the moment just that which the moment requires. In a tranquil, low voice, Lord Raglan gave orders to bring up some of his cavalry; and the officers whom he charged with the mission glided swiftly away; but he himself and the rest of his Staff slowly moved down the lane a few paces, then halted, and remained very still.

Before the orders for bringing up the cavalry could produce their effect, some minutes must needs pass, and during this little interval the English Commander and his Staff, as well as Maude's artillery, could not but be much at the mercy of the enemy. Yet those of the Russians who were so placed as to be able to discern Lord Raglan through the foliage would never have been able to infer from the sight that he or his Staff were people who supposed themselves to be placed in any kind of jeopardy. Rather they would have been led to imagine, from what they saw, that the English General had just effected a surprise designed beforehand, and was inspecting the progress of an attack now about to be made on themselves.

Deceived by the tranquillity of the scene thus presented to them by Lord Raglan, or simply, perhaps, bewildered by the suddenness of the adventure, the Russians did not stretch out a hand to seize the gift which nature was proffering. Minutes passed without bringing any signs that the enemy's soldiers were moving into the wood; and at length Chetwode's troop of hussars came galloping up the lane in single file, the officers of the staff making room for them by moving into the copse. Nor was this the only cavalry force now at hand. It chanced that Lord Lucan, who had been marching a little lower down on the right, had sent Captain Wetherall to explore, and Wetherall coming back to him quickly with tidings of the emergency which had occurred Lord Lucan hastened to bring his cavalry division into the lane, and some of his

squadrons were there almost as soon as the escort. Lawrence's Rifles, too, were up, and swiftly pushing forward. None of the horsemen stopped at all in the lane, but as they came, and in single file, galloped on into the road where the enemy had been seen.

Lord Lucan in person was with the horsemen thus coming up. Naturally Lord Raglan had been angered by finding that the cavalry was not in advance upon the main line of march; and when he saw the divisional General passing he said to him, "Lord Lucan, you are late!" Lord Lucan galloped on without answering.

But already the Russian soldiery who had undergone this surprise were in flight along the great road, and in a direction which took them away from Sebastopol, and towards the town of Bakteli Serai. Our cavalry continued to come up, and by this time Maude's troop of horse artillery had not only got out of the forest, but had unlimbered some of their guns on the great road, and brought them to bear on a part of the enemy's waggon-train in a way which stopped its retreat.

In order to cover his flank, Lord Raglan dismounted some of the Greys, and caused them to take possession of the wood by the road-side.

Our cavalry pressed forward, and at length came up with a small rear-guard, consisting of some 20 of the enemy's infantrymen. These faced about boldly, and delivered a volley at the faces of Lord Lucan and Lord Cardigan and their Staff, then riding in front of our horsemen; but the Russians fired to high, and were presently, of course, overpowered, some running aside into the forest, others standing their ground so long that they failed to escape the edge of the sabre.

When our cavalry had reached the crest from which the road goes steep down into the plain beyond, Lord Raglan stopped the pursuit.—*Kinglake rimeu.*

DRILL REFORM.

To the Editor of the Volunteer Service Gazette.

Sir,—Your article in the *Gazette* of November 7, headed, "The Progress of Drill Reform," and commenting upon the system of Infantry drill compiled by Colonel Drumel of the 10th Royal Canadian Militia Regiment, seems to attach blame to the Horse Guards authorities for not being more alive to the various proposed alterations in the existing system of drill, to which you have so laudably from time to time given publicity in your columns. But as a military man I confess I am not surprised at this supposed supineness of the authorities. For it is only natural, as I think you, Sir, will admit, that the soldier should cling very closely to a system of drill which has served him so well in times past, and under which the British Army has achieved so many triumphs in the field. We cannot be surprised that the Horse Guards authorities should look with doubt and suspicion upon the proposed changes, coming as you inform us they do from gentlemen who have had no experience with troops in the field, and who, as it appears to me, look at the subject from one point of view only—namely, that of the mere execution of a movement or mode of carrying it out. But every movement and change of formation in actual warfare must have an ulterior object or purpose, and therefore

the manner of performing it must have regard to that object. Now this is often too much forgotten on the peaceful parade-ground, and I fear has been disregarded in many of the proposed changes in drill lately mooted.

No one denies that the Red Book, like every thing else that is human, is susceptible of improvement. But there are different modes of suggesting improvements. These may be proposed in a manner which will ensure for them a full and fair hearing from those who are chiefly concerned in the question, and have the power to give effect to them; and there is another mode, which arouses all the prejudices which very naturally may exist in favour of a system long established, and under which our troops have so often been led on to victory. Now, Sir, I venture to say that the modifications proposed by Colonel Brunel and others are calculated to stir up all these prejudices against them, and were they even all improvements, which I cannot admit, to seriously damage their chance of an impartial consideration from military men.

It is one thing to propose modifications of a system, but quite another thing to propose to uproot that system by making such radical changes, not only in movements, but in the very order and formation of a battalion, and necessarily in that of the larger combinations of troops—changes, too, that for the life of me I can see no sufficient object or advantage to be gained by their adoption. When a system of drill is introduced to our attention as the "No front system," or the "No pivot system," I am not surprised that the military authorities should be slow to believe that the details of a system based on such an anomaly in drill could furnish anything worth adopting.

Colonel Brunel, to whose "Reformed Drill" I am now more especially referring, seems to think that the term "front" has only reference to the body of troops under his command, and that the direction in which they face constitutes their front, "except"—and here I think he begs the question—"except during a temporary retirement." Retirement! from what? Concluding that Colonel Brunel manoeuvres his regiment as if in the presence of an enemy, this retirement must be from the *permanent front*, and that front is the position of the enemy! The front of an army, and of every regiment in that army when in the field, is the position of the foe against which that army is operating. But I shall be told that this does not meet the question. Suppose a line to be suddenly attacked in rear, what then? I reply that such an attack can be quite as well met by the order "*Right about face*" as by that of "*Right about front*." There is a change in the word of command, but no other change that I can see. The supernumerary rank can be got rid of in the very same manner and quite as quickly in the one case as in the other, and a volley delivered against the assailants with at least equal rapidity under the present system. No, Sir, we can never do away with "front" in manoeuvring so long as we have a supposed enemy before us, and I confess I cannot see what advantage is to be gained by doing away with a "*front rank*" and a "*rear rank*" in the formation of a regiment on parade. I ask any of the advocates of the "*No front*" system to point out what they can do better or more rapidly in any one of the movements authorized in the Field Exercise. What advantage have they to offer in lieu of the many and great advantages arising out of a permanent front and rear rank? I confess I can see none.

"The front," says Colonel Brunel, "will always be in the direction in which the men are facing or moving." I submit that in war it cannot be so, and in support of this opinion I quote again the concluding paragraph in this clause as follows: "*except during a temporary retirement.*" This implies the fact for which I argue—namely, that there is a permanent front from which the retirement is made.

I have said that the ulterior object of a movement seems often forgotten by some of the writers who advocate radical changes in our system of drill. They seem satisfied if they save a few seconds of time, or a few inches in the distance to be passed over, while other important points are overlooked. For example, in deploying to engage an enemy it seems to be forgotten, or not understood, that nothing tells so effectually as the succession of volleys from each company as it takes its place in line. I cannot therefore agree with those who propose to bring the companies into line by file, that they may open fire as each takes its place. This would be to lose the effect of the volley, or they must wait till all have formed up before it can be delivered; and, in my opinion, moving into line in this manner would render the men less steady than if they moved up together into the alignment. There is a great deal in the "touch" in preserving steadiness under fire, and the more square a company goes into line the more steadily will they halt and the more effectually give their volley.

Colonel Brunel recommends his mode of wheeling into line by the statement that "in a battalion of 600 men, 300 rifles may be at work by the time the wheel is one half completed." But had Colonel Brunel known the staggering and fatal effects of a well-delivered volley on wheeling a battalion into line, he never would have held up this loose and scattered file-firing of each man as he took his place in line as any recommendation of his system. But if it were desirable, the same thing could be equally well accomplished by the wheel in the usual way. The men of the inner subdivisions would of course be in line before those of the outer, and if file-firing was to be the rule 300 rifles would as effectually be at work "by the time the wheel was half completed." As to wheeling from open column into line to either flank, it is already done every day, and so is the formation of line on the move from quarter-distance Column to either flank upon the rear company. And although not in the Red Book, this movement is a most valuable one, because you open fire at once from one company, and thus cover and defend the movement. This object, I venture to say, lies at the very root of all improvements in drill. Every movement should be so ordered as to bring, if possible, some portion of the battalion or brigade into immediate action, so as to cover it. This is the great advantage gained by the new rule for deploying on the front company. In action that company would at once deliver the volley and commence file-firing; and thus cover the deployment. The old mode of deploying on a centre or the rear company left the battalion defenceless for a time. And this leads to the remark, that our present mode of forming company squares is faulty in this respect. Instead of forming close column of sections on the second section, which admits of no defence during the formation, the columns should be formed in rear of the right centre section, so that an immediate fire might be opened from that section upon the approaching Cavalry, and the movement thus defended.

In one proposed change of Col. Brunel's I cordially concur, and have long wished to see it adopted by the service. I allude to the formation of line to the front or rear from open column of companies at the halt. The present mode of wheeling back the companies into echelon and then moving them into line is a slow and cumbrous process. The simple mode is to move the companies into line in the same manner as we form company from column of subdivisions—namely, by the companies to be moved making a half face to the flank named, and moving into line at the quick or double.

But I must not extend this letter. Let me merely say in conclusion that the real question for the consideration of the authorities is not whether this movement or that in the field exercise can be modified and improved, but whether some entirely new system of field evolutions is not absolutely necessary—a system adapted to the great changes which have taken place in the implements of war, and the arms in the hand of the soldier. The wars of the future, and the mode of fighting the battles consequent on these wars, have become a most interesting subject of speculation to military men. The vastly extended power of range possessed by the modern rifle, the extraordinary accuracy and precision of the weapon, and now with the breechloader the terrible rapidity of fire, render the problem of how the future battles are to be fought so as to achieve victory a most important one. Sure I am that the old method of fighting a battle must never be attempted in the present day; and I cannot help thinking that the improvement in cannon and the breechloading rifle have rendered our present system of drill little better than a tradition of the past. It is scarcely more applicable to the movements of our Army in the presence of a foe armed with breechloaders, telling with fatal precision at the distance of 1,000 yards, than would be the manual of field exercise in use in the days of our forefathers when armed with the yew bow and the ell-long feathered shaft; or the of Julius Caesar for his legions armed with spear and shield. These changes in the arms of the soldier have, I fear, rendered the one manoeuvre for which the British soldier was so especially distinguished, and which secured for him many a triumph—I mean the bayonet charge—a thing of the past, and a charge of Cavalry a dream.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. H. MACDONALD,
Colonel 1st Surrey Rifles.

During the first few days of her reign the Duke of Wellington presented to the Queen the death warrant of a soldier for signature:

"She read it, paused, and looked up at the Duke, saying, 'Have you nothing to say in behalf of this man?'"

"Nothing: he has deserted three times."

"Think again, my lord," was her reply.

"And," said the gallant veteran, as he related the circumstance to his friends, "Seeing Her Majesty so earnest about it, I said, he is certainly a bad *Soldier*, but there was somebody who spoke as to his good character, and he may be a good *man*, for aught I know to the contrary." "Oh, thank you a thousand times," exclaimed the youthful Queen, and hastily writing *Pardoned* in large letters on the fatal page, she sent it across the table with a hand trembling with eagerness and beautiful emotion." —[Hodgin's Anecdotes of the Queen and the Royal Family].

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW.

SIR,—Your gallant correspondent "G. W." in your issue of the 30th November, reviews my letter of the 9th, and seems to think that it calls in question the power of the Commander-in-Chief to make regulations as conferred by the 96th clause of the Militia Bill—he also explains the 8th in a sense totally at variance with the spirit of the act and which would make it practically a dead letter, he says its provisions are of possibility not of right—now the eighth clause is "No member of a Volunteer Militia Corps enrolled or re-enrolled under this act shall be permitted to retire therefrom in time of peace without giving to his commanding officer six months' notice of his intention."

It is evident enough that the conditions are positive, not of possibility, and are a matter of right and option, just as much as it is a matter of inclination or will in the individual to belong to the Volunteer force at all. Moreover there are no clauses, before or after, prescribing conditions nor limiting the individual's will in any case. As to the fact of the Volunteers being only a six months' force, it is just that and no more, notwithstanding all the Regulations, General Orders, or Rules of Discipline which the Adjutant General's Department may devise.

The 96th clause says:—"The Governor General in Council may make regulations relating to any thing necessary to be done for the carrying into effect of this Act, and may, by such regulations impose fines not exceeding twenty dollars each, and imprisonment in case of default of payment of any such fine."

It is evident that this clause confers no powers which render the 8th clause nugatory, and it is an established principle in jurisprudence that one clause of the same Act, if through inadvertence such a thing should occur, the first clause would be the governing one, therefore your correspondent is mistaken in supposing that I inadvertently on the powers conferred on the Commander-in-Chief. It follows then that the heading of the new rules is at variance with the provisions of the Militia Act and are consequently illegal.

I quite agree with "G. W." that a large discretionary power to make regulations for the purpose of carrying the provisions of the Act into effect is its best feature, but I am unable to see that its construction is loose and requires improvement, nor do I think amendments would be judicious just now as they might possibly make the measure unpopular, because the tendency would be towards greater stringency.

There has been and is a tendency amongst the Volunteer force to consider themselves as the only Military power in the Province—such a feeling is quite natural—always follows particular corps and is almost a necessity of the situation—but the individual who is obliged to look at the effect of any measure in relation to its bearings on the Public interest will not be inclined to fall in with the views of any class respecting the utility or otherwise of such measure. Under this aspect my letter was written; its object to prevent, if possible, what is a false step in every way, viz: that of attempting to over-ride the provisions of an Act of Parliament by an irresponsible authority; moreover my letter was written without any intention of giving the Volunteer force particular prominence, and if "G. W." will read my letter attentively he will find that even on the question of discipline there is not much difference of opinion between us.

The Militia law provides for the enrollment and organization of every man in Canada between the ages of 18 and 60 years. The application of the very stringent discipline of even the Volunteer force on service, could not be applied to the Canadian Militia as a whole, therefore the axiom, laid down in my letter of the 9th, that "The Canadian soldier will submit to just so much military discipline and no more as will enable him to act with his neighbors in defence of their common rights and individual property"—is correct both in statement

and application—there is no clause in my letter by which discipline in the face of an enemy is restricted.

To my mind what has popularised the Volunteer movement is the fact that the individual was at liberty to choose his officer, and that it reflected the highest honor on the latter to have respectable men voluntarily place themselves under his command; and it is not too much to ask that in case these men should become dissatisfied that they should be at liberty to retire, especially as the penalty would be liability to serve under compulsion—it is not necessary to enter into any discussion of the extreme cases. Your correspondent imagines because his proposition presupposes that every man in the Volunteer force must be of one mind; the new Militia Act provides for all objections to superior officers by taking them from the same locality as the men except in extreme cases.

With respect to the powers of Adjutant General the conditions of the case demand that they should be defined, for this reason, that a totally different force from the small compact and well organized British army has to be dealt with. "G. W." must remember, in Canada a commission in the Militia is a mark of social distinction, that any injustice in the delay of promotion, through caprice, intrigue, or accident, is felt by the individual in a double sense, and therefore, if for no other reason, no latitude should be left to a merely executive officer. If he will take the trouble to read my letter again it will be seen that no fault has been found or sought against individuals—no envy for paid appointments, but the general principles which should make the Militia available for the Public interests has been kept steadily in view. I beg leave to assure him personally that individually I have no complaint to make on the score of promotion or from any other cause, but having a mind deeply impressed with the sacredness of the tie which binds the Dominion to Great Britain, I wish to use every means in my power to make that bond a lasting one, and to this end advocate a thorough system of defence of which the Militia is necessarily the basis.

I must differ with "G. W." respecting the magnificent hyperbole of 700,000 militiamen. Organization, as I take it, simply means that those men should be enrolled and officered according to the terms of the Act; the clothing, arming, drilling and concentrating them being quite another matter, and I say again no British Officer ever had experience with such a force. The old Sedentary Militia were never thoroughly organized and no comparison can hold between the cases. I have not asserted that intrigue did exist, but in the nature of things such a contingency is sure to beset every department, and in a greater degree the further it is removed from responsibility.

My idea of the value of the Militia Bill is that it compels every man to serve—that its organization is local and that it does not nor cannot interfere with the industries of the country, and that it provides an efficient system of defence with the smallest outlay. As yet the organization has not been commenced, because no provision is made for a "retired list" as far as the Volunteers are concerned, and if the Act wants amendment it is in that direction. If the period of service of the men is to be THREE years that of the Field Officers should not exceed FIVE YEARS. There is no Quarter Master General's Department, nor any of the other necessary adjuncts of a military force.

These matters doubtless will be all adjusted in time, but it is the duty of every man who wishes well to the country, and understands its true interests to have the Military force founded on true constitutional principles and every one of its departments under the direct control of law. The neglect of this simple precaution was one of the principle means of depriving Great Britain of her Colonies and it behoves us not to repeat so terrible a mistake.

I am, Sir,
Your obdt. Serv't,
MILITIAMAN.

Ottawa, 7th Dec., 1868.

THE NEW MILITIA ACT AND A VARIETY OF QUESTIONS ABOUT IT.

To the Editor of THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW.

SIR.—Already there has appeared in the columns of your valuable paper, a number of articles bearing on the new Act, and as the various paragraphs have been thoroughly discussed and the subject so well ventilated and "Mutilated," it would be worse than useless to review the matter again—I would simply ask a few questions relative to the Force, of which I am proud, and hope some of your numerous correspondents will answer.

And firstly, I would remark, that in every Volunteer Company, re-enrolling under the "New Law" there are a number of recruits, many leaving having completed their term of service and others, as under the "Old Regime" from various causes. Now to the point. Have the Government provided for uniforming the "New element" in the Force, or do they fondly imagine that "Jack" will step into "Tom's" clothes, after they have been worn by the former, for two or three years. Oh! undoubtedly, is the official reply, the Government have made no provision, and the articles must be worn for five years, etc., ad infinitum.

In H. M. Service we find that no recruit is required to don the suit of a predecessor no matter what length of time they had been worn, and surely as much decency ought to be observed amongst the Volunteers of Canada. After some eight years experience as an officer of the Force, I find that the greatest drawback to the efficiency and successful maintenance of Volunteer Corps generally is the "Old Cloe business;" again in the summer the men have nothing but the close and heavy tunic and I defy any Volunteer, however careful, if he aims to be a crack shot, to keep that article, of apparel in "Wearable order." But try and remedy the evil by applying for the "Serge" and one is met by the same routine answer, the Government have "Made no allowance." Who is to blame? All the Military Laws on earth, all the sums of money spent on this, the only available Force in the country, will have been uselessly wasted, if the essential item of clothing is not more minutely attended to. The period at present allowed for a uniform to last is something ridiculously excessive. On an average a Volunteer Company, what between Parades, Inspections, and Drill occupies some 50 days per annum; allowing 10 per cent. or four days for foul weather and we have 46 days wear and tear; now as corps have commenced their annual drills in Barracks or under Canvass the 8 days so employed are equal to at least 20 parades as far as using up the clothing is concerned, and indeed it would be no exaggeration to say that the time allotted to the Volunteer to wear his uniform—is equal to double the period required of the Regular. No doubt the clothing does manage to hang together for five years, but before two and a half years have passed the men cease to pride themselves on their "Natty" attire. There are some corps, I regret to say they form the majority, who have no really good marksmen and who do not aim at perfecting themselves with the Rifle—undoubtedly their glossy tunics and irreproachable trowsers will excite the admiration of the inspecting officer—but let him not judge too harshly of the well worn, well soiled tunic—the powder stained cuffs, the shrunken nether garment. He who wears them is not an "Incumbance" to his Battalion. Comrades put your shoulder to the wheel and give us a "Change"—garments for Summer wear. Heavy ones for Winter—a tidy dapper Citizen Soldier—and a grand gain to the Public. Yours, &c.

TONY VRECK.

To the Editor of THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW.

SIR:—A certain Rifle Company was challenged by an Association to shoot a match together, the former having small pouches on their waist belts rested the left elbow on these pouches, which were slid round from right to left side for the purpose. Is such practice against the Musketry Regulations?

Musketry Instructors when up in this western province used to permit Volunteers twisting their arms round their ramrods to steady their aim—so possibly if one is allowable the other is? Yours truly,

A. B. C.

[Such a position in firing is altogether unknown in the "Musketry Regulations." If the match was fired according to those "Regulations" it should not have been allowed. Neither should the twisting of ramrods.—Ed. Vol. Rev.]

FROM TORONTO.

(BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Public interest in Whelan's case has considerably increased since his arrival. It is shocking to see how nimbly he takes his place before the judges. He has an almost unlimited faith in the ability of the Hon. J. H. Cameron, to quash the verdict, but God forbid that the claims of Justice should be defeated by a legal quibble.

The Toronto Lacrosse Club wound up this season's programme by a splendid supper last Wednesday, when their unusual success, both pecuniary and otherwise, was referred to by the Secretary.

I shall carefully peruse the estimates for 1869, which are to be submitted to the House to-night to see whether any grant is proposed for our Provincial Rifle Association.

Mr Boyd, M.P.P., for Prescott advocated in the Assembly last evening, the extension of the franchise to all who though not having a direct interest in the soil (*sine qua non* at present) were drawing an annual salary of \$500—claiming that none but those of zeal and integrity enjoyed such a salary and were quite as likely to make good voters for representatives to Parliament as many possessing a smaller value in real estate. This he claimed would give extended privileges to class from which the ranks of the Volunteer Force, whose patriotism none could doubt, were filled.

Settlers on Free Grants in Ontario are to be allowed at the discretion of the Government to occupy 200 instead of 100 acres as formerly.

Another squad, which General Stisted complimented on being the best he had the pleasure of examining, passed the School of Gunnery last Monday.

By the by it has been rumored here that Lieut.-Colonel Forrest of the Ottawa Brigade of Artillery is to be appointed Deputy Adjutant General of that branch of the Service. Col. Forrest has long been known as an upright experienced and indefatigable officer, and having adopted Artillery as his hobby would undoubtedly be the right man for an officer, the want of which has been so long a serious drawback on the most important and necessary arm for the defence of Canada. Artillery is a special study. Infantry inspecting officers must find it rather difficult to report on the efficiency of the Artillery and Cavalry corps in their respective divisions.

FROM MONTREAL.

(BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

I could at this moment undertake better a letter *à la Police Gazette*, than to discuss any movements in Volunteer matters, which will, at least till after Christmas, be very quiet, and consequently news in this quarter will be dull, stale and unprofitable till that time.

The past six days, we have had as many burglaries, and numerous petty robberies, all cleverly and neatly done, showing us that we have a stock of "professionals" in our midst, whose power and skill we must respect, by looking well after our premises. The police are on the look out for the gentlemen, and we may soon hear of their arrest, at least it is to be hoped so, as with the expertness they have shown and the daring of their undertakings, no one can feel exactly safe while these worries are about.

Lt. Col. James Ferrier, an officer who has done much to advance Volunteer interests, and who enjoys the fullest confidence and respect of his men, the Montreal Garrison Artillery, assembled them at the Victoria Armory last Friday and re-enrolled some two hundred amid great enthusiasm, the provisions of the act being previously read to them.

The Garrison Artillery is a body of efficient men whose services the country could ill afford to lose, being as they are as fine a trained and efficient Artillery as could be found in the Dominion. The men have had the advantage of long and constant drill, and under Col. Ferrier thorough discipline is exacted.

The officers of this gallant corps are all men of position and means and fully competent and zealous in their duties. I have often watched with extreme pleasure a turn out of this brigade, the precision and accuracy of their movements are so noticeable, and they always turn out in force. The band of the Brigade is in good order, and plays very well under the leadership of Mr. Henry Prince; a little more practice and they will make an excellent band.

Col. Ferrier in his speech, knew well how to touch the hearts of his men, when he alluded to their patriotism and Saxon blood; he also urged them to continued drill, and showed them that without discipline, valour and courage are of small avail.

The following are his remarks, as given by the *Daily News*.

"MY MEN:

"I am glad to find myself in the midst of forage caps again, and your attendance here is a proof that you have not forgotten the old corps.

"As a fitting commencement of the work to be got through to-night, I shall read Lord Monck's farewell to the Militia of Canada. Col. Ferrier here read the General order in the "Gazette" of November 14. I am sure it is gratifying to all of you to hear how highly your past services are appreciated by those high in power.

"Now to our work. You are aware of the object of to-night's parade—aware that you form part of a new power—and aware that an Act, respecting the militia, has been lately passed by the rulers of this new Dominion. You are mustered here,

in obedience to section 7 of this Act—the Colonel read the section. By this, you see, it will be for the interest, regarding no higher motive, of every man to re-enroll; since, by doing so, he gets the benefit of all previous service, which would, if he was drafted, go for naught; he serves at an age and period when the duty is a pleasant one; he obtains his discharge—the from of which, by the way, is to be handsome, an ornament to any person's wall,—and becomes a free man in most cases for life.

"Furthermore, you must keep in mind one clause of the address I have just read, viz: His Excellency, therefore, trust that the officers and men of the volunteer force, while not withdrawing themselves from their civil avocations, will esteem it a sacred duty which they owe to their country, to maintain their organization, and to keep up that discipline, without which the largest force of men is useless for military purposes. Colonel Ferrier then read those parts of the Act which specially interested those present, viz: sects. 4, 5, 16, 17, 19.

"Section 45 provides that any man can leave the country on certain easy conditions. Section 62, that no man shall serve in the field more than one year.

"The period of drill, as regards the volunteers, is left to the discretion of the officers—not so in the drafted militia—and in this connection I may state that, should we wish to camp out for a summer's week, camp equipage will be provided equal to that belonging to any European army.

"As to drill, that bug bear of volunteer soldiers, I would tell you that, without discipline, the most heroic valour, the purest devotion, the most stubborn courage, are of small avail; and that you must submit to a little patient training, to a few hours' drill for a few days, to learn a few simple rules, to know how to act in concert; in a word to know something—and very little will do—of real soldiering, before your great physical and moral qualities can be turned to their proper account in the service of your country.

"In conclusion, Gunners, you have only this month to enroll in; if no enrollment by the first of January, this corps, and all your previous service, is wiped out of the Militia Rolls, and clean forgotten.

"We are not the first to take the step. Will your Saxon blood permit you to be outstripped by your French brethren in this race for honor? We want all our batteries completed by volunteering and not by drafts. You have patriotism sufficient to render a resort to the draft for filling your ranks unnecessary. I know you have, and that I will be enabled to offer 300 stout hearts as a New Year's gift to the new Governor."

This address was received with enthusiasm, and the rolls of the different batteries as eagerly signed by veterans and recruits, as were its muster rolls in 1812, when Hampton's 8,000 were repulsed by 300 Canadian militia under Chateauguay. "Semper paratus" seems to be the motto of the Garrison Artillery, and past events have shown, that as regards the spirit exhibited by all ranks of the brigade it has been found equal, if not superior, in alacrity to the other arm, to answer the calls for its services to the utmost of its ability. Its excellent organization and undoubted high soldierly efficiency will, we are convinced, be fully available at the first moment of alarm.

We must not forget the Brass Band of the Brigade, which, under the able and painstaking leadership of Mr. Prince, performed in excellent style during the evening.

The following is a list of the officers attached to the corps:

Lieut. Col. J. Ferrier; Majors H. McKay, W. Hobbs; 1st Captains G. Dowker, F. R. Cole, H. C. Hooper, F. Kingston, G. S. Brusto; 2nd Captains W. F. Kay, W. Phillips, C. D. Rose, E. E. Stuart; 1st Lieuts. C. D. Tylee, E. H. Baynes, G. A. Baynes, R. A. Ramsay, G. W. Hamilton, T. M. Doucet; 2nd Lieuts. S. Hatt, E. R. Tylee, Reid Taylor, R. J. Wickseed; Staff: Capt G. Sulham, Paymaster; Capt. D. T. Frazer, Adjutant; Lieut. C. Heely, Quartermaster; J. Reddy, M. D., Surgeon; John Bell, M. D. Assistant Surgeon.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS:

All Communications regarding the Militia or
Volunteer movement, or for the Editorial Depart-
ment, should be addressed to the Editor of THE
VOLUNTEER REVIEW, Ottawa.

Communications intended for insertion should
be written on one side of the paper only.

We cannot undertake to return rejected com-
munications. Correspondents must invariably
send us, confidentially, their name and address.

All letters must be Post-paid, or they will not
be taken out of the Post Office.

Adjutants and Officers of Corps throughout the
Provinces are particularly requested to favor us
regularly with weekly information concerning the
movements and doings of their respective Corps,
including the fixtures for drill, marching out, rifle
practice, &c.

We shall feel obliged to such to forward all in-
formation of this kind as early as possible, so that
it may reach us in time for publication.

WANTED,

Agents for "The Volunteer Review,"
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BATTALION

IN THE DOMINION,

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OTTAWA.

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The Volunteer Review,

AND MILITARY AND NAVAL GAZETTE.

"Unbribed, unbought, our swords we draw,
To guard the Monarch, fence the law."

OTTAWA, MONDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1868.

MR. GEORGE C. HOLLAND is authorised
to act as travelling Agent for the VOLUNTEER
REVIEW, in the Province of Ontario, and will
visit the principal cities and towns during
the present month.

The French press of the Province of
Quebec is at present somewhat exercised on
the question of militia enrollment under
the Act of last Session and endeavours to
conceal the fact of present supineness of
the French Canadians in volunteer matters
by unrolling the records of the past and
pointing to the achievements of a past
generation. No one has ever for a moment
called into question the patriotism or loyalty
of the people of Quebec; whenever re-
quired in times of danger they have ever
been foremost in upholding the cause of
their country; but that which has elicited
comment from the Ontario journals is the
apathy of lower Canadians in upholding the
volunteer system at the present time of
peace. The rural population especially, in
these two great divisions of the Dominion,
present a marked contrast in this respect.
The reason for this is not to be found in
any dislike which the people might enter-
tain for military service, which on the
contrary they have always been remarkably
fond of, but is to be found in the fact that
the men who, on account of their local and
social position, are regarded as leaders
in their communities, through petty
jealousy, or fancied neglect do not exert
themselves in the volunteer cause to the
same extent as the corresponding class in
Ontario. The genius of the two people is very
different; what the one does from a sense
of duty and the feeling which springs from
the responsibility of citizenship, the other
would not care to perform if there was no
eclat to be obtained from the act no matter
how praiseworthy it might be. In these
remarks we do not at all wish to depreciate
in any way a people for whom we have
always entertained a profound admiration,
and who are now in the persons of the
gallant Canadian Zauves giving such proofs
of lofty heroism and devotion. But it seems
to require some tangible danger or excite-
ment of enthusiasm to rouse them to a
comprehension of the necessity of military
service. There are however instances in
various parts of the province of a desire to
avoid the draft by volunteering, but it is
our conviction that in the greater number
of the rural districts it will be found neces-
sary to put in force in Quebec the provisions
of the Act which are so obnoxious to Ontario.
This may not be such a hardship as some
persons are inclined to believe, for, from the
peculiarities of the people, their mode of
colonization, and the traditions of former
times of which they are so tenacious, they
will not be likely to regard with very great
disfavor a system under which they fought
so well and successfully in former wars.

In this respect Sir George E. Cartier, in
framing his measure, acted true to the
instincts of his people, and if he erred in
supposing the Upper Canadians were the
same, the error was excusable, for when
considering the systems that had been tried
equally in times of invasion, and comparing

the complete success of the one and the
undoubted failure of the other, it was but
natural that he should adopt the logical
conclusion forced upon him by circumstan-
ces, and, imbued with an earnest desire to
make the country a defensible as possible,
revive a mode of organization which worked
so successfully in the most trying period of
his country's history. Thus the law which
he has given to the country is, with modifi-
cations to suit the more advanced ideas of
the times, much the same as that under
which the people of Canada so long with-
stood the united power of Great Britain and
her colonies, now the United States. The
events connected with the last Fenian Raid
are fresh in the memories of our readers,
and how miserably ill prepared we were to
repel a foe from our borders. The indig-
nation of the sturdy yeomen of Welland on
finding themselves indebted for protection
to the gallant youths of Toronto and Hamil-
ton smoulders even yet. And what is the
cause of all this? Want of organization! Had
there been anything like that which obtain-
ed on the same historic ground in former
days a different history would be given
to-day of O'Neil and his Rapperies. That
organization the present act supplies, it
suits the people of Quebec, and is sufficiently
elastic in its provisions to be brought into
harmony with those of Ontario. It is now
generally conceded that further modifi-
cations in detail, not principle, are required
in the law, and these will doubtless be
made in good time. If we wish to maintain
our independence along with British con-
nection we must adopt the idea of an armed
nation; making our country formidable, not
by the strength of its standing army, but by
having a trained population so organized
that it can at any moment be called into
active existence without endangering peace-
ful liberties and interests.

Since writing the foregoing we have
received a letter from our correspondent
"Militiaman" who defends the views
enunciated by him in a former letter against
the strictures of G. W., whose very able
letter appeared in a recent number of the
REVIEW. As the question at issue between
our correspondents is one of discipline under
the new Act it bears upon the question at
present in hand, and we are happy to find
ourselves in accordance with much that has
been written by one of undoubted know-
ledge and attainments. The peculiar con-
stitution of the Volunteer Force is such
that it would be impossible to maintain any
portion of it, however small, in anything
like an efficient state of organization under
the command of unpopular officers. The
number of men required to form a volunteer
Company can always be obtained by those
officers who command the esteem of their
fellow citizens in their immediate vicinity,
and wherever we find the spirit of Volun-
teering falling slack, depend upon it the
fault lies with those who, perhaps too much

engrossed with their private affairs, have not aided as they should the popular cause. There are however no fears entertained that it will be necessary to enforce the Ballot, as the number of Volunteers at present enrolled in the provinces exceed the total number required by law. However the whole matter in dispute between our correspondents seems to us to be nearly a difference of opinion as to the correct construction to be placed on certain provisions of the new Act. But whether the right to retire on giving six months' notice is or is not conceded amounts to but little real moment, for we do not believe the Captain of any Volunteer Company would wish to retain an unwilling man under his command. The very life of any voluntary organization depends upon the willingness of the enrolled; the moment they cease to render willing service that moment they cease to be Volunteers. And those who expect to obtain power to compel service from those who will not willingly undertake it must place themselves under the compulsory provisions of the Act, and see then what they can make of it. But we are happy to find that up to the present no necessity exists for a draft and until there does there is little use of argument.

The result of the elections in Great Britain has been such as to astonish everyone, for, despite all predictions as to the result of this appeal to the people, the personal of the new House is vastly different from what was anticipated. It seems that the rejected were of all parties from the highest leaders of thought and opinion down to the mobocratic Beales. Individuals, as exponents or representatives of class ideas, have been set to the right about by many constituencies, and all the curious combinations of party powers in the three Kingdoms have been found unequal to the task of forcing a state religion upon an unwilling people. But amid the exultation which every liberal mind feels at the victory, it is indeed worthy of a short consideration if but to note two curious facts. The Tories have gone down before the Irish Church question, they wished to maintain the establishment in Ireland, which establishment, everybody knows, has been a theme for the eloquence of generations of those who delighted in depicting the wrongs of Ireland in such a manner as to claim the sympathy of the world. But the astounding actor of the very people who were wont to cry so loudly against the Church in Ireland, knock down by one blow the sentimental fabric of wrong and suffering which a portion of the Irish people have labored so persistently to uprear. The pro-Fenian party which we were taught to believe was bitterly opposed to the British Government, and also to the priests, and who used unmeasured terms of reprobation when speaking of the iniquity of continuing the Irish Church establish-

ment, has gone to a man in support of the Tory Candidates. Again the priests who denounced Fenianism, and like good citizens preached obedience to the powers, have lent their influence to the cause of the Church in Ireland. Talk of Irish wrongs after that; uphold, if you can, the long accustomed picture of poor Paddy and the tythe proctor distaining the pig. The Saxon yoke which so sorely galled the necks of the gallant Celts who harried the Pale with a red hand under the red hand, has become a dear and honored badge of servitude to their descendants, and, like moonstruck lovers, they hug the chains that bind them. Bosh! as the most philosophic of fatalist Arabs might say, are the songs and stories over which the servant girls, from the Emerald Isle, in America have wept such copious tears, and gave with simple and lofty faith a moiety of their scanty earnings to the successive swindlers who have headed the Fenian humbug for the nonce.

But, apart from the pleasure we confess to feeling at the triumph of a worthy principle in the mother land, is the gratification it gives us to behold for once the bitterly opposed religious factions of Ireland join issue, and though we entertain for both the most profound indifference we feel compelled at the present time to congratulate them on being—defeated.

In another column will be found a letter on the proposed changes in infantry drill, copied from the London *Volunteer Service Gazette*, in which the writer very ably states the objections which we have before taken to some of the proposed changes. But while we agree with him in some of his remarks we still hold that the principle of non-pivot drill is that on which the future evolutions of the army must be modeled. We are well convinced of the possible danger which may arise from the removal of old landmarks; and the pertinacity with which old soldiers cling to system under which they have won their laurels gives us the very best opposing power to dangerous innovations. Volunteers who have never served in the field against any enemy, and who can only form their ideas of combination upon the peaceful drill ground are not, it must be confessed, the most reliable authorities upon tactical questions; but, at the same time, as practical thinkers who hesitate not to advance and maintain a position they have assumed from study and experiment, their ideas are worthy of the fullest attention. Theories are all very well until they are tried by the infallible test of experience, and movements which seem easy of performance under ordinary circumstances are sometimes very different affairs under the fire of an active and vigilant enemy. So far, we believe, those who have busied themselves in drill reform, are wanting in the very requisite qualification of experience in actual war, and such being the case it is not to be wondered at that the old heads at

the Horse Guards should look upon them with something like disdain. But the fact nevertheless stands out that the present manual, platoon and drill exercises are anachronisms when combined with use of breech loaders.

The gushing "Special" of the *Hamilton Spectator* "did" the capital on the occasion of the Governor's reception. Hear him describe Lady Young:—

"And my lady—what of her? This is a harder question, and if she were not an old acquaintance, in public capacity, I would shrink from the effort at portrayal. But, as she sat on the front seat to the left of the throne, lying indolently back in all the pride of her rare beauty, and watching with the easy interest of a consummate woman of the world the proceedings from which she herself drew so much reflected honor,—she attracted sufficiently catholic attention to excuse one for endeavoring to express it. She wore a brown velvet dress, matching in color exactly with the hue of her real seal skin jacket, and with a train longer than any that has hitherto swept that floor. The little hands that the seal skin muff sheltered were gloved in fawn color, and the tiny bonnet was little more than a single mauve feather, concealing only too much of the bright blonde hair. That hair is crepe in front falling low over the broad smooth forehead, and rippling in Alexandra curl over the neck and shoulder. It is marvellously luxuriant and of the color that English painters love. The face beneath it is one regal in its dignity. It is thoroughly aristocratic, from the fine aquiline of the nose to the short upper lip and rounded chin. But its greatest charm is in the eyes. They are marvellous. At this moment I do not know if they are grey or blue or hazel. They are thoughtful, laughing, mocking, tender, dancing with *espièglerie*, at one moment, and beaming with solicitude the next, and varying in their impression with every mood. They are the eyes of a woman who has looked upon the world only to command it, and who has cast—Cleopatra like—her "Strong toil of grace" round all of whom she has ever met in the social arena. And the face which they light up is one which the years touch tenderly and lovingly, which is more beautiful in its ripe summer than in its early spring, and which Time only shadows to lend it deeper, truer meaning. A face that no photograph can ever reproduce, but that every observer who knows both men and women will admire for its habitual lofty command, no more than for the latent softness which it cannot but for him betray."

Lady Young must be delighted when she comes to know that she has an old acquaintance in the person of "Jenkins" of the *Spectator*; but we question if she recognized him in the generally dilapidated figure we saw rushing frantically after the Gubernatorial sleigh up Sussex Street. What an addition to the splendors he describes so glowingly must he have been when, as he exultingly tell us he was, "Placed exactly between Sir John and Lady Young, beside the throne, and in front of the clerk's table."

Having been in the House at the time we are ashamed to say we do not remember seeing the imposing figure "Beside the throne." Possibly the ladies, whose toilets

he so lovingly discribes with the minuteness of a man-milliner, dazzled our eyes with the blaze of their beauty. But we will not waste further time upon the mysterious genius who has come to us, as he says, "From under many suns" to blow his tin whistle at "The front of the throne between Sir John and Lady Young;" nor would we have noticed him at all were it not for the hearty laugh this display of his irresistible snobbery and impertinence caused us to enjoy.

"THE CITIZEN" ALMANAC FOR 1869.—The enterprising proprietor of the Ottawa *Citizen* has presented the patrons of that paper with an Almanac for 1869. The work is very creditable to the Office and contains a large amount of useful information for reference on matters connected with the Dominion and its Capital.

THE ANNUAL BALL of the Grand Trunk Railway Battalion came off in Montreal on Thursday last, and was a great success.

THE PRESIDENTS MESSAGE.

We give below a few extracts from the President's Message.

The population of the United States in 1869, it is estimated, will reach 38,000,000 or an increase of 868 per cent in 70 years.

The annual expenditure of the Federal Government in 1867, it is estimated, will be \$372,000,000. Early in 1861 the war of the rebellion commenced; and from the 1st of July of that year to the 30th June, 1867, the public expenditure reached the enormous aggregate of thirty-three hundred millions. Three years of peace have intervened, and during that time the disbursements of the government have successively been five hundred and twenty millions, three hundred and forty-six millions, and three hundred and ninety-three millions. Adding to these accounts three hundred and seventy two millions, estimated as necessary for the fiscal year ending the 3rd of June, 1869, we obtain the total expenditure of sixteen hundred millions of dollars during the four years immediately succeeding the war, or nearly as much as was expended during the seventy-two years that preceded the rebellion, and embraced the extraordinary expenditures already named. These startling facts clearly illustrate the necessity of retrenchment in all branches of public service. Abuses which were tolerated during the war for the preservation of the nation will not be endorsed by the people, now that profound peace prevails. The receipts from the internal revenue and customs have, during the past three years, gradually diminished; and extravagant expenditure will involve us in national bankruptcy or else make inevitable an increase of taxes, already too onerous, and in many respects obnoxious on account of their inquisitorial character. One hundred millions annually are expended for the military force, a larger portion of which is employed in the execution of laws both unnecessary and unconstitutional. One hundred and fifty millions are expended each year to pay the interest on the public debt. An army of tax gatherers impoverishes the nation, and public agents placed by Congress beyond the control of the Executive, direct from their legitimate pur-

poses large sums of money which they collect from the people in the name of the Government. Judicious legislation and prudent economy can alone remedy defects and avert evils which if suffered to exist can not fail to diminish confidence in the public councils and weaken the attachment and respect of the people towards their political institutions.

For the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1870, it is estimated that the receipts will amount to \$327,000, and the expenditure to \$303,000,000 leaving an estimated surplus of \$24,000,000. Our foreign debt is already computed at eight hundred and fifty millions. Citizens of foreign countries receive interest upon a large portion of our securities, and American tax payers are made to contribute large sums for the support. The idea that such a debt is to become permanent should be at all times regarded as involving taxation too heavy to be borne, and payment once in every sixteen years at the present rate of interest of an amount equal to the original sum. This vast debt if permitted to become permanently increasing, must eventually be gathered into the hands of a few, and enable them to exert a dangerous and controlling power in the affairs of the Government. We now pride ourselves upon having given liberty to four millions of the colored race. It will then be our shame that forty millions of people, by their own toleration of usurpation and profligacy, have suffered themselves to become enslaved, and merely exchanged slave owners for new task masters, in the shape of bond-holders and tax gatherers.

INSPECTION OF THE 36TH PEEL BATT., VOLUNTEER MILITIA.

Lieut.-Colonel Dennis, commanding 36th Battalion, and Brigadier Major 4th Military Division, commenced his half-yearly tour of inspection on the 9th Nov. last, and proceeded to Streetsville, the headquarters of No. 5 Company, Captain Grafton, where the men mustered in their drill shed to the number of about 35. After the usual salute to the Colonel, the arms, clothing and accoutrements were inspected, and found to be in very good condition. Colonel Dennis then explained the several features of the new Militia Bill to the men, and told them that those who had served five years or more, (if they choose), would be permitted to retire from the company at the end of six months, by at once giving notice to the officer commanding of their intention to do so. Those who had served a shorter period (say two years), and who wished to exempt themselves from draft (should such take place), could do so by remaining one year longer in the company, as they would then get credit for the two years already served, which altogether would complete the full term required under the new act, viz: three years, and would also entitle them to a regular discharge that would exempt them, in all probability, from any further service or draft during the remainder of their lives, as all the other classes in the militia would have to be taken before their turn would come again. Most of the members of the company will likely re-engage under the new Bill.

The next on the programme were the companies in Brampton, Nos. 1 and 3, Captains Mahaffy and Dodd, who made a very creditable turn out, and were complimented by the Colonel, who, after inspection, explained the new Militia Bill to them, and with the exception of one or two, both

companies tendered their services, and were enrolled. The Band of the Battalion was present, and played several pieces in good style during the inspection. The Colonel also complimented them on the progress they had made since their organization as a band last June.

Alton Company, No. 6, Captain Brewster, came next. The muster was not very large but considering the bad state of the roads, and the distance that some of the members are from the company's headquarters, a large turn out could not be expected. The arms, &c., were in good condition, and most of the men re-enrolled.

Orangeville was next on the route. This Company, No. 2, made a very fair turn out. There is no doubt, however, but the Company would be filled to a man should they be called upon to meet a foe.

Mono Mills, No. 8, Captain Patterson was next inspected. The Company, both officers and men, were unanimous in re-engaging under the new Bill; as were also Nos. 9, Captain Orr Tullamore, and 10, Captain Parker, Sand Hill.

The three last companies were gazetted in October, 1866, and it would be difficult to find three better in any respect.

Bolton Village Company, No. 4, Captain Evans, paraded 14 files and 3 sergeants. The men were undecided as to how they would act in regard to the new Bill, although on previous occasions this company was always among the first to respond to the call of its country, and no doubt would do so again if required.

No. 7, Grahamsville, Captain Bell, was last on the programme. A respectable turn out was made by this Company, and although most of the members have belonged to it ever since it was gazetted (6 years ago), they did not seem inclined to leave, and of course placed their names upon the new service roll. There are also several members in No. 1 and 3 Companies, Brampton, who, although having served as volunteers ever since the formation of Major Wright's Rifle Company, nearly 13 years ago, were, nevertheless, among the first to re enroll, thus showing that where there are officers who look after the men's interests, there need be no fear of the companies going down.

Colonel Dennis expressed himself satisfied on the whole with the condition of the arms, as well as the different musters, taking into consideration the state of the weather and roads. Captain Nesbitt, the Adjutant of the Battalion, accompanied the Colonel throughout the inspection.

It is to be hoped that it will not be necessary to resort to the draft in this loyal old County, but that each captain may be able, before the 1st January, to send in his service roll with the required number of names, so that we may still remain a Volunteer Battalion.—*Brampton News*.

VOLUNTEERING IN QUEBEC.—Notwithstanding its uncalled for sneers the *Montreal Herald* is compelled to admit that a fresh and vigorous spirit is being aroused in the Province of Quebec. In reference to the quota demanded by the Act of last session, it says:—"A number of the French Counties have answered to the call. Five companies organized in the County of Champlain and three more are in course of formation. In Portneuf, at Orleans Island, Bay of St. Paul and other places the same zeal and ardor are manifested, and the cadets of the military schools are training the recruits, who are rapidly mastering the drill. The priests are at head of this movement, and they have been working hard to make it successful."

(Continued from page 7)

Major A. A. Stevenson's Battery went through several evolutions on the Champ de Mars on Monday, but your correspondent not being able to be present cannot furnish any further details. They made a fine display however, and what movements were done were well executed.

Col Isaacson informs me that the re-enrolment of the Hochelagas will take place at a very early date, a preliminary meeting being called for next Friday.

VOLUNTEER EXAMINATIONS.—The following gentlemen passed a very creditable examination before Lieut.-Colonel, Fielden, commandant of the school of military instruction, Montreal, on Saturday, 5th inst: 1st class: Capt. G. W. Johnson, 18th Batt., L'Orignal, Q.; Mr. G.H. Macdonell, 59th Batt. Glengarry, Q. 2nd class: Color-Sergeant Cox, 52nd Bat.; C.L. Crane, St. John, N.B.; S. Barrie, Chambly, Q.

We have recently had a beautiful fall of snow, making good sleighing a certainty for the season, a cold snap has set in, and the river is almost frozen across.

The Highlanders have resumed the "Brecks," I think they are called, and the gallant private ensconced in a comfortable pair of "Pants" is certainly much more comfortable and better "Fitted" for society: and bashful females need not now run out of the way when they hear the Bagpipes advancing.

Horace Greeley lectures here next week on "Self made men" and the "Woman Question." The latter subject, if Horace solves it, he will do what every one has failed to do as yet.

It is said the Hussars will leave us in the spring.

Five above Zero to day, (Wednesday).

RIFLE MATCHES.

The Fergus Volunteers had a Shooting Match at the range, Kinnettles, on Wednesday. Though the weather was rather cold it will be seen from the following score that good shooting was done.

COMPANY MATCH.

	200 yds.	400 yds.	Tot
Pvt. Jordan.....	32044	44224	29
Corp. Bowley.....	22323	34040	23
Capt. Lingwood.....	43222	03032	21
Sergt. Hughes.....	32433	00032	20
Lieut. Beattie.....	22322	01232	19
Corp. Graham.....	43022	00304	15
Ensign Wilson.....	22332	20000	17

ALL CORNERS' MATCH.

	200 yds.	300 yds.	Tot
Charles Heath.....	43424	44333	34
Corp. Moore.....	43334	44342	34
P Hadden.....	24434	43323	32
J. Johnston.....	32444	42323	31
Corp. Young.....	34333	33224	30
Lieut. Beattie.....	34333	22233	28
Alex. Mennie.....	03444	22323	27
Corp. Halliday.....	33342	23320	25
Ensign Tribe.....	02434	22232	24
Corp. Graham.....	03333	02343	24
Capt. Lingwood.....	34322	24030	23
R. Jordan.....	04433	22202	22

—Fergus News Record.

CANADA.



MILITIA GENERAL ORDERS.

HEAD-QUARTERS,

Ottawa, 11th December, 1866.

GENERAL ORDERS.

ACTIVE MILITIA.

The following Candidates for Commissions in the Active Militia have received Certificates from the Commandants of the Schools of Military Instruction:

PROVINCE OF ONTARIO.

FIRST CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Regimental Divisions.	Names.
Frontenac.....	Fichtenberg Werner, Gentl'n
do	James E. Pugh, do
Leeds.....	Ens. Richard T. Steele.
Norfolk.....	Henry T. Collins, Gentl'n.
Simcoe.....	Edwin Brokooski, do
do	Powell Martin, do
do	Allen J. Lloyd, do

SECOND CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Brant.....	Edward W. Smith, do
Carleton.....	Robert Trimble, do
Dundas.....	Solomon Stewart, do
Durham.....	Thomas H. Brent, do
Lanark.....	George Kerr, do
Lennox and Ad-	
dington.....	James E. Mabee, do
Middlesex.....	Alex. Girwood, do
Ontario.....	William J. Smith, do
Peterborough.....	John Mason, do
Perth.....	John S. Roberts, do
York.....	J. W. Hunt, do
do	William W. Robinson, do
do	James Courtenay, do
do	R. D. Malcolm, do
do	John M. Wood, do
do	William Durie, do

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

FIRST CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Regimental Divisions.	Names.
Chicoutimi.....	Joseph Maltais, Gentlem'n.
Levis.....	Earnest Martin, do
Lotbiniere.....	Joseph C. Bedard, do
Missisquoi.....	Captain G. L. Kemp.
Quebec.....	H. B. Armstrong, Gentl'n.
do	John Cotton, do

SECOND CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Bonaventure.....	Edouard Bacon, Gentlem'n
Chambly.....	Joseph E. Riendeau, do
Hochelaga.....	Henry V. Harris, do
do	Louis Daigle, do
do	George H. Hibbard, do
do	Philippe Vandal, do
do	William T. Hurst, do
do	Ignace Breault, do
do	Zotique Duchesnoau, do

do	Antoine Demers, do
do	William Locke, do
Iberville.....	Philippe H. Roy, do
Megantic.....	Capt. J. V. N. Gourdreault.
do	Ensign P. J. Blanchard,

Prescott and

Russell, (Ont.).....	Captain Geo. W. Johnson
Quebec.....	Robert G. Patton, Gent.
do	George Keiler, do
do	James T. McKee, do
do	G. G. V. Ardouin, do

Temiscouata.....	George LeBel, do
Vaudreuil.....	Jean B. Lefavre, do
Vercheres.....	Telesphore Tetrault, do
Yamaska.....	Allen A. Cote, do

By Command of His Excellency the Right Honorable the Administrator of the Government.

WALKER POWELL, Lt. Colonel,
D. A. G. Militia.

VARIETIES.

Brigham Young is becoming old, and grows paralytic.

Thanksgiving Day was wonderfully celebrated in Pittsburg. Four newspaper men were married.

It was an old bachelor who said, "If you meet a young lady who is not very shy, you had better be a little shy yourself."

Speaking of the exit of White Fawn, the St. Paul Dispatch says the girls of the ballet were "Barefooted up to the neck."

The Grecian Bend is achieved by throwing the chest forward and the trunk backwards. What is done with the rest of the baggage?

A woman at one of the New York dispensaries applied for medical aid, stating her disease to be flirtation of the heart. Not an uncommon ailment with your sex, ma'am said the doctor, with a twinkle of the eye.

The Sacramento Times says, in the course of a report of the proceedings at a public dinner:—"The mayor, the ladies, &c., were appropriately and elegantly drunk, and the party separated in fine cheer."

A regimental coffin-maker was asked who he was making the coffin for, and mentioned the intended. "Why he is not a dead man!" said the querist; "Don't you trouble yourself," replied the other; "Dr. Coe told us to make his coffin, and I guess he knows what he gave him."

We have to record the death of General R. Pigot, Sunday last, at his residence Chioveley, near Newbury, where he had lived in retirement with his family for some years. He was Colonel of the 4th Dragoon Guards, was in his 95th year, and was the oldest general in the British army. He entered the service in 1793.

The Irish People, for some time the leading Fenian journal of the United States, charges that Roberts, Meehan, O'Neill and others of that crowd, from the winter of 1866 to that of 1867 stole "a million and a half of dollars from the deluded brethren!" The papers says the Fenian organization is scattered to the wind, and adds: "The new Dominion, is safe." That is quite true. They have not stolen the Dominion, although they are doubtless great thieves.

FREEMASONRY.

Freemasonry in all ages of the world, has been considered something beyond a mere simple institution. Moving ages of the past, rolling on as they have, sweeping almost every tangible thing into oblivion, have left us this glorious institution. Centuries of the past, hoary headed and venerable, in the great family of time, look down upon it, from days farther off than the Pyramids or any existing nation of men. Masonry, whitened by the frosts of ages, comes down to us bearing upon its grim countenance, and furrowed brow, the relics of antiquity. It has lived while kings and conquerors have passed away, and thrones and sceptres have crumbled into dust. While cities once renowned for their greatness, magnificence and splendor, have had "Ichabod" written upon them by the finger of time; and empires, rocked and crushed, have split into fragments and disappeared. Masonry, like some mighty tree, has spread its roots from the centre to the circumference of our globe. There now it stands, the great, the lasting monument from man's creation to the present time. And why, it may be asked, has Masonry withstood the rude shock of ages, emerging through the obscurity of centuries, she now stands forth in all the brilliancy and lustre of her natal day! The answer is simple. It is the heaven born character of her nature, the august angelic principles of her formation. Were Masonry based on other than pure and moral principle, it could not, in this enlightened age, sustain itself for a single hour. Her morality is her life. The bickerings and cavils of able and learned enemies, and the persecutions of Emperors and States, have attacked her principles, and threatened her very existence. But they have signally failed. Against her mysterious and secret proceedings have these been mostly directed. It would seem as though the Creator had intended that which is most veiled or most hidden, either in the moral character or the material creation, should be the most beautiful, either to brighten our inspiration after it, or to soften its lustre from our gaze. So with masonry. The mysterious veil in which Masonry is shrouded but awakens in the mind an earnest desire to become acquainted with her sublime and hidden truths. The scorner and the scoffer, indeed many, attempt to deride some of the types and figures which have descended from ancient craft Masonry, but in this he either displays his ignorance of what he abuses, or evinces utter disregard of all sincerity and truth. He is like the boy playing with bubbles, which to him seem the conglomerations of soap and water, whilst the philosopher, even in these brilliant globular forms traces the path of the rainbow, and the germ of a lofty science. Faith, Hope and Charity, are the pillars which support its superstructure. Before it flee Atheism and every species of infidelity. As the first requisite for admission to its mysteries is an unwavering belief in the G. A. O. T. U. Her sublime teachings are eminently fitted to raise us above the fleeting and transitory world, and to urge us to seek an entrance into that Grand Lodge above, where with thoughts and feelings, having but one centre, one circumference, we shall all unite in singing the praises of the *Great I Am*.

THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

It is right that she should have her say. We have published so much against her that we are bound in honor now to do something in her defence. We quote from an exchange, and heartily endorse every word that is said:—

"The subject of the Girl of the period being pretty well exhausted by this time there is room for some inquiry about the habits of her brother, this young gentleman having been shamefully neglected. The heaviest charge brought against the lady in question has been the money she costs; her Grecian bend, panier, chignon, and shadowy bonnet being only accessories to fill up the picture. Now we are ready to admit that her furbelows are expensive luxuries. No doubt she tugs hard at her father's purse-strings. But what is Adolphus, the prospective head of the family, doing all the while? As figures are supposed never to lie, they may answer the question.

Adolphus, we will say, is a pearl of the best society, not given to excesses, and being simply a good fellow among his comrades. Of course he smokes, plays billiards, and scorns teetotalism. With cigars at a quarter of a dollar each, a dozen a day for himself and friends is a moderate allowance—total three dollars a day. With billiards at fifty cents a game, and the accompanying liquors, he would not be likely to spend less than five dollars every time he indulged in this pre-eminently healthful exercise; and the "drinks," which cement modern friendship, at every chance meeting, will fill up the remainder of the ten dollars per diem expended in these innocent pleasures. Dress, dinners, fast horses, and amusements, will certainly double this sum, and supply any blanks in the first calculation, making an expenditure of over seven thousand dollars a year for our fashionable youth—an estimate by no means over drawn. If, in addition, Adolphus is addicted to betting, gambling, and kindred vices, there is no limit to his prodigality, any more than to the diamonds, laces, or Camel's-hair shawls which are needed to eke out the meagre thousand a year wherewith his sister can barely clothe herself.

There is another class of modern women who might find comfort in comparing the cost of their wardrobe with that of their brothers—we mean those who are content to dress plainly and respectably. A gentleman of this class cannot buy a complete dress suit for less than two hundred dollars. A black silk walking suit, made at home or by a reasonable dress-maker, together with bonnet, gaiters, and all toilet accessories, can be had for half that sum. Neither of these estimates include winter wrappings; but the overcoat will be found to cost more than the cloak. Take into consideration, moreover, the fact that a large proportion of men spend from a dollar a day upward in tobacco, cigars, liquors, billiards, and other strictly masculine extravagances, and women's expenditure for their personal wants will be sadly dwarfed by the comparison. The difference between tweedledum and tweedledee is not so great after all.

A Lady gives the following receipt for producing the Grecian Bend:—On rising in the morning, before breakfast, take, on an empty stomach, one pint of green chesnuts, two large ripe apples, half a pound of raw cabbage, and a quarter of a pound of honey; a little milk and vinegar will add to the effect. The bend, in the most approved form, will appear in about half an hour.

STONEWALL JACKSON PROPOSES NIGHT ATTACK WITH NAKED TROOPS.

A writer for the *Savannah News* says that Mr. Pollard had good ground for the assertion that Jackson once recommended a night attack by assailants stripped naked and armed with bowie-knives. He adds:

The occasion was after the battle of Fredericksburg, Va. On the 11th of Dec., 1862, the Federals occupying the northern bank of the Rappahannock, opened fire upon the town with 149 pieces of artillery. A majority of the inhabitants left when the bombardment commenced. Early in the morning the enemy attempted to swing a pontoon laden with soldiers across. A few well directed shots broke the bridge, and the boats floated down the river, the men to be drowned, or killed by the rifles of Barksdale's Mississippians. At night a successful attempt to cross was made below the city, and in a few moments the town was occupied. The 12th was spent in making preparations for the battle on the 13th, the result of which is well known. By dark the enemy's troops to the number of 60,000, torn, bleeding and disorganized, were crowded in town. While thus situated, the Confederate chiefs held a council. Gen. Lee thought the enemy would make another attack, not believing that they were so broken up as was afterwards ascertained. To this opinion Gen. Jackson disagreed, and suggested that the artillery of the First and Second Corps should be collected directly in front of the town and a heavy fire be opened upon it, and that the men of his corps be stripped to the waist to distinguish them from the enemy, and under cover of the artillery fire force their way into the town, and bayonet all who were not similarly attired. His corps was on the right and Longstreet's on the left. The men of the latter corps were not to be stripped, but were to protect the artillery and prevent the enemy from escaping up the river and the fords, for there was only one pontoon which would not have afforded egress for one fifth of the multitude, and the bridges would have been secured. It had been asserted by officers high in authority that the suggestion was adopted, and that Jackson especially stipulated that his troops should only use the bayonet, but the signal for the bombardment was never given, the orders came to retire to the breastworks, as the proposed attack had been given up by Gen. Lee, who feared that the inhabitants remaining in the town would suffer with the enemy.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Gen. Grant will have control of 53,000 officers and officers, whose annual compensation amounts to \$30,000,000.

The International Military Commission, called by the Emperor Alexander to draw up a convention for the mitigation of the Horrors of War, is now sitting in St. Petersburg.

The O'Donoghue met his constituents at Tralee on the 28th ult. He defended his opposition to Fenianism as being a conspiracy of a wild and mischievous character. He declared that he shrank from the Fenian programme, and abhorred many of its views as anti-Irish, and would resist it to the last drop of his blood. He proclaimed his full approval of Mr. Gladstone's policy.

DEMOCRACY AND WAR.—Mr. Vernon Harcourt has been out of luck lately. The leading journal has rebuked "Historicus." And with very good reason. He had the audacity to say to a meeting of workmen that war is the work of education. In saying so he either was ignorant—the premiss that "Historicus" can be ignorant of any thing is inadmissible—or he—well, no matter. History is against "Historicus" clean out and out. Democracies have been ever, and will be ever, the most pugnacious of all forms of rule. The passions of the multitude are not subject to the checks which are imposed on the personal impulses of a monarch, or on the interests of an oligarchy. It is not too much to say that if the United States were on the borders of Europe, wars with America would have been normal. In our own country the great wars have come from below rather than from above. It is true that sometimes the multitude are not clear sighted enough to see the advantage of some wars. The Prussian populations, for example, were quite averse to the war with Austria, over, the result of which they now rejoice greatly. Statecraft has its wars. But the democracy is the war maker *par excellence*.

The "Evening Post's" Washington special contains the following: The resignation of Disraeli and the British ministry is regarded, in diplomatic circles here, as a virtual postponement of the "Alabama" claims business for some time to come. It is believed that the fall of Disraeli and Stanley relieves Beveridge Johnson from a very embarrassing condition, and that he will claim that success had nearly crowned his efforts, when unfortunately the change in the British ministry occurred. As to the course the new ministry will pursue, those who are acquainted with the views of the Liberal leaders are of the opinion that they will not concede such terms as the American people reasonably expect. As to John Bright's position there is a curious document from him in his last volume of diplomatic correspondence, in which he says to Charles F. Adams that he would never support the demands of the United States Government in regard to the recognition of the belligerency of the Southern States. On the other hand; however, prominent American statesmen who have frequent intercourse with him and his friends, affirm that of late he has changed his position in regard to that question.

THE NEW CANDIDATE FOR THE POPEDEUM.—A very deeply laid scheme is announced or surmised in the intended elevation of the Abbe Bonaparte, of the house of Lucien, third brother of Napoleon I., to the cardinalate. It is supposed that the Prince cardinal may, as a Roman prelate, succeed to the pontificate on the death of Pío Nono, which the prophets will hold, in spite of his good health, to be nearly approaching. In that case it is further imagined that he will play into the hands of his cousin, the Emperor, for the abolition of the temporal power, and so aid in settling the complicated question of Italian unity. Now, we should, if these events were likely to be realised, indulge in a guess of our own. We should suppose either Napoleon III. might wish to establish a French satrapy in Italy under the guise of a protected temporal power, or the Bonaparte Pope might have some views of his own for restoring in all its strength the might of the Papacy. But it is very idle to speculate. All these long drawn

schemes, these distant anticipations, are sure to be defeated by that whimsical destiny, the chapter of accidents. Where the dispositions and characters of the individuals are part of the calculation, it is certain to be particularly unsound. Why, the very age itself, the common opinion twenty years hence, will be very unlike what it is now. The Bonaparte dynasty, the fidelity of each member to the house are questionable considerations—yet next to nothing in point of uncertainty to the arising of other forces which no human prescience can provide against or destroy.

The Madrid correspondent of the *Daily News*, relates the following incident which occurred at the battle of Alcolea:—A young man was in one of the advance battalions which were earliest engaged, and for some minutes his regiment and one of the royalist army was exchanging shots at a very short distance—so short indeed, that they could easily discern the countenances of their antagonists. Soon after the firing commenced—so soon indeed, that the smoke had not yet obscured their vision—the soldier on his left hand file, a young man like himself, noticed that he was being covered by the rifle of one of the enemy, and looking at his foe, immediately perceived that it was his own brother. For a moment he seemed petrified with horror at the idea that he might be slain under such circumstances, and then, throwing up his arms, he exclaimed in Spanish. "O, Frank do not fire!" The Royalist was naturally astonished at hearing his name thus shouted out in the middle of battle, but he was not slow to recognize his brother, and the two lads, forgetting all about Queen or revolution, rushed into each other's arms and embraced between the lines of the hostile armies. But unfortunately, a bullet intended for some one else passed through the head of the royalist, and he was saved from the curse of fratricide, only to expire in his brother's arms.

SAD STORY OF A FORGOTTEN PRISONER IN RUSSIA.—M. Andreoli, a Russian writer, who was exiled some years ago to Siberia, is now contributing to the *Revue Moderne* under the title of "Souvenirs de Siberie, his recollections not only of Siberian but also of Russian life. In the last number of the *Revue* he tells a story, the end of which belongs to the present reign, the beginning to the reign of Paul, of whose period it is strikingly characteristic. The Emperor's favorite was at that time a young French actress, of whom he was madly jealous. One evening at a ball, he noticed that a young man named Labanoff was paying her a great deal of attention. "He did not lose his temper, but at the end of the ball gave orders that Labanoff should be arrested and thrown into the citadel. He only intended to keep him there a few days, "To make him more serious," after which he proposed to reprimand him and to appoint him to an office which had been solicited for him. Labanoff, however, was forgotten. "At the death of Nicholas, Alexander II, then full of magnanimity, liberated all the prisoners in the citadel, without exception. In a vaulted tomb in which it was impossible to stand upright, and which was not more than two yards long an old man was found, almost bent double, and incapable of answering when spoken to. This was Labanoff. The Emperor Paul had been succeeded by the Emperor Alexander I., and afterwards by the Emperor Nicholas; he had been in the dungeon more than fifty years. When he was taken out, he could

not bear the light; and by a strange phenomenon, his movements had become automatic. He could hardly hold himself up, and he had become so accustomed to move about within the limits of his narrow cell that he could not take more than two steps forward without turning round as though he had struck against a wall, and taking two steps backward, and so on alternately. He lived for only a week after his liberation."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

Light-fingered gentry, in all countries, understand how to turn events to their own profit. An exiled Hidalgo received at the table d'hôte of a hotel in Paris a large resealed official letter stamped with the Madrid post-mark. The interesting refugee opened the missive and perused it rapidly, with astonishment and delight. Then he handed the letter round the table. "Dear Alonzo," it ran, "come back immediately. Our dear country has need of all her sons. Your estates are rendered unto you. Fraternally, PRIM." The table d'hôte was universal in its felicitations. But suddenly the exile's face grew sombre. Pressed for a reason for this strange melancholy, he announced that, having no means wherewith to travel to Madrid, he should be forced to wait a fortnight at least ere he could once more behold his ancestral towers. Mine host promptly placed £20 at Don Alonzo's disposal, who joyously departed, promising to return the money in three days, and with it a basket of his own Andalusian Xeres. The good hotel-keeper is still in vain anticipation of the wine and money.

SUBMARINE WONDERS.—A New York paper tells the following:—"The glories of nature seem to be endless. Sixty centuries of human research has but brought us like Newton, to the beach before which the great ocean of truth lies unexplored. Gradually, as the circle of our observation extends, we are startled by new and unimaginable wonders, and the mighty scroll science is for ever being inscribed with fresh phenomena. The well known diver, Mr. Green, has lately been walking below the waters of Panama, and brings us curious tidings from the ocean's depths. The coral beds which met his vision are 40 miles in length, and offer the most astounding spectacle ever witnessed. The water there is so very clear that he could see 300 feet before him. Sometimes the bed is as smooth as marble, while in some places it is studded with columns of coral rising like rose colored water suddenly congealed. Sometimes they will meet and form five or six rows of arches, so as to assume the appearance of an old cathedral built by pious monks and submerged by some catastrophe. Mr. Green says that the regularity of the lines and the lightness of the columns was so wonderful that he felt his ideas and senses wandering and stood for some time in mute astonishment. These coral edifices also have fissures and crevices, which are adorned with marine plants, forming picturesque shrubs and bushes, dimly illumined by the light from above. None of the plants resemble those existing outside this fairy world, and very few resemble each other. One of the most remarkable has the form of a fan with veins presenting the colors of the rainbow. In the midst of all these coral reefs a vast number of curious fish, of a variety of colors, are constantly playing. Many of them have never been seen except by divers; some have squirrels', others cats' and dogs' heads, and Mr. Green remarked a very

diminutive species having the appearance of a terrier. The ribbon fish (*iris maritima*) is very frequent there, and measures from 5 to 36 inches. Another kind is speckled like the leopard, and builds itself a dwelling like the beaver. Then there are green tortoises, some 5 feet in length, and zoophytes such as sea anemones."

The report of the committee of the Austrian Reichsrath on the Army Bill, stating the reasons for which it recommends that the bill should be passed as proposed by the Government, has just been published at Vienna. It states that the military system now to be adopted in Austria is similar to that which exists in Prussia and France, and that "no one can resist the conviction that the present tension of the defensive forces of Europe cannot long continue, but must find its solution either in a general disarmament, obtained by peaceful means, or at no very distant period through a great war followed by general exhaustion; for no State can long support the present armed peace without falling into utter financial and industrial ruin." The report then compares the proposed strength of the Austrian army with the forces now at the disposal of the other great European Powers. The Austrian army, it says, would consist in all of 1,053,000 men, viz., 800,000 regulars, 53,000 "military frontier" men, and 200,000 Landwehr; while the forces of the North German Bund are 1,028,946 men, and with those of South Germany, 1,229,000 men; of France, 1,350,000 men; and of Russia, 1,467,000 men. From this comparison the committee concludes that the proposed military establishment of Austria "would not exceed the limits of what is necessary for its security and the maintenance of its dignity as a European power." "The existence of Austria," it continues, "is only to be secured by her asserting her present position and influence among European States. Her political system must, it is true, be directed with self-denial to the maintenance of peace, but she should also, at the same time, possess the power of successfully resisting any attack on her internal organization, and her free material development. A glance at the map shows that the geographical position of Austria unfortunately renders the solution of this problem so difficult that it can only be arrived at by her possessing a large military force." The report concludes by pointing out that the passing of the bill would show Europe that both halves of the monarchy are resolved to stand by each other, and would thus be "one of the most important elements in the preservation of the peace of Europe."

ARMY REDUCTIONS.—It, perhaps, may be well again to say that the rumours which are prevalent respecting particular reductions in the army do not rest on any authentic foundation. It needs no official inspirations to foresee reductions next year. But, as a matter of fact, the estimates have not yet been touched, and it is mere guess-work to say, for instance, that depot battalions are to be swept away. It is true that the 3rd Depot Battalion at Chatham is to move to Shorncliffe and be reconstituted, being replaced at Chatham by the 27th Regiment from Dover. But this arises only from the fact that, from the large draughts sent from Chatham to India, the garrison has been denuded of duty men, several of the depots have become skeletons, and, with a view to relieve the men fit for duty

from the extra work, a battalion of infantry is being sent in place of the depot battalion. It is this move which probably caused the rumour concerning the depot battalions. As a matter of probability we should not be surprised if some part of the plan put forth in this journal just a year ago were carried out as regards a diminution of the number of subaltern officers in the cavalry and infantry. But even this has hardly yet arrived at the stage of being "under consideration."—*Army and Navy Gazette*.

THE LATE COLONEL PRIESTLEY OF THE 42ND ROYAL HIGHLANDERS.—A beautiful stained glass tablet has been erected in the Episcopal Church Sterling, to the memory of the late Colonel Priestley, of the 42nd Highlanders. Two figures are represented—one clad in armour, with his hand on his sword, representing the warrior, and the other robed in the garments of peace, with a palm in his hand. The regimental badge and the arms of the deceased are seen below, while above is a scroll, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Under the window is a brass plate, bearing the following inscription:—"In memory of Col. Edward Ramsden Priestley, late Colonel 42nd Royal Highland Regiment.—The Black Watch—died at Stirling, 25th March, 1868, in his 51st year. Erected by his brother officers." The window is the work of Messrs Ballantine, Edinburg.

A prominent officer of the army commanding in Texas, in a private letter to a friend at the North, says that in the north-eastern part of the State the rebels are organizing regiments, pretending that it is by authority of General Reynolds and other commanders, and ostensibly to protect themselves against the Indians, but really to drive out all the Union States troops and Union men in the southern section of the State. The Colonel commanding has, by proclamation, forbidden the organization of men in this section. Among the prominent men named as leaders in this movement is ex-Governor Thockmorton.—*New York Times*.

The project of constructing a tunnel under the Detroit river, so as to connect Canada and the United States, has been revived. Mr. Chesbrough, Engineer, of Chicago, was in Detroit last week to make a preliminary examination of the river, as to the feasibility of tunneling it so as to make it practicable to run a railroad through it. He had examined the bearings already made on both sides of the river, in and below the city. From the examination made, Mr. Chesbrough is satisfied that the project of a tunnel is feasible.

REDUCTION OF THE PAPAL ARMY.—The *Pall Mall Gazette's* Roman correspondent says that the Pope is in favor of a reduction of his army.

DARING BRIGANDS.—A despatch from Agram in Croatia, announces that brigands invaded the town of Pilanki, in open day, and took away the public treasury, containing a million of florins.

Bayard Taylor writes from Rome:—"An intelligent Roman nobleman said to me:—"We are now living under a double rule—that of Pius IX., and that of his successor, who is already secretly chosen!" "Who is the latter?" I asked. "I can only tell you" he replied, "That it is *not* Antonelli."

A preacher in a frontier settlement had been collecting money for some church object. There was some twenty dollars wanting, and after vain efforts to make up the deficiency he plainly intimated, as he locked the church door one day after service, that he intended to have that said twenty dollars before any of them left the house. At the same time he set the example by tossing five dollars on the table. Another put down a dollar, another a half dollar, another a quarter of a dollar, and so on. The Parson read out every now and then the state of the funds: "Thar's seven and a half, my friends." "Thar's nine and a quarter." "Ten and six bits are all that's in the hat, friends and Christian brethren." Slowly it mounted up. "Twelve and a half." "Fourteen." "Sixteen and three bits," and so on until it stuck at nineteen dollars and fifty cents. "It only wants fifty cents, friends, to make up the amount. Will nobody make it up?" Everybody had subscribed, and not a cent more was forthcoming. Silence reigned, and how long it might have lasted it was difficult to say, had not a half dollar been tossed through the open window, and a rough explanatory voice shouted:—"Here parson, there's your money, let out my gal. I'm about tired of waitin' for her."

A DAY WITH GENERAL PRIM.

The following sketch of the present everyday life of the chief leader of the Spanish revolution is taken from a recent letter of the special correspondent of the *Times* at Madrid:—

Wait upon General Prim, for instance, at his apartments in the Hotel de Paris at the Puerta de Sol. He has lately left his noisy quarters in that central locality, but he can scarcely be said to enjoy greater privacy in his new apartments in Calle Barquillo. The poor man has a fagged, worried look—the look of a man not one minute of whose life can be called his own. Wait upon him at any hour of the day or night. You force your way through the throng of sturdily beggars besetting his entrance *en queue*: you find a host of servants, aides de-camp private secretaries, a devoted band, all intent upon the bootless task of forcing back the tide of visitors. "The General transacts no business out of office hours; the General is engaged; he is not at home; he is at dinner; he is in bed; he is ill; he is dead." All in vain! The mob will take no denial. The rabble are not to be beaten back. The fortunate few smuggle themselves in one by one; the rest can afford to wait; their power of waiting is boundless. They know the house has only one exit. If the General is to go out, he cannot choose but see them. Let him only come forth and they are sure to have him. And out, doubtless, he comes. Between eight and nine in the morning he is up and doing. He has scarcely leisure for one affectionate word to his wife, for a parting kiss to his lovely little girl. The distance between his home and the War Office is barely a hundred yards; it would be affectation to order out his brougham or to call a cab. It would be an outrage to popular sovereignty to get four civil guards to clear the way before him. He takes one of his friends under each arm; he bids two of his aides-de-camp follow close to his heels—a poor contrivance to screen him from the importunities of determined button-holders. Prim is a thoroughly

courteous man, humane, considerate; he stands the brunt of the beggars' onset with heroic endurance. On the first day he fought his way by simply emptying his pockets. More lately he has found out that he best satisfies everyone by giving to no one. More mendicants in rags are easily shaken off; not so petitioners in broadcloth and laced coats. "I'll attend to your affair. I have not forgotten you. Leave your petition with me. We cannot transact business in the streets. Come and see me at the office by and by. For God's sake leave me at peace. Let me breathe." At this rate, with a word for everyone—a kind word to the least intrusive, but, also, occasionally, a word of stern rebuke for the most troublesome—the great man accomplishes his walk, a slow progress over a short way, the crowd gathering around him as he advances, and closing densely and tumultuously in his rear. At the War Office, all along the spacious staircase in the hall, in the long row of antechambers, another and a larger throng has long been assembled—a motley throng; broken-down old men, ragged women, with infants in arms, at the outskirts; decent coats and gorgeous uniforms in the foremost places; over that multitude of faces an endless variety of expression, weariness of waiting, disappointment of former applications, consciousness of irresistible claims, disdain of the surrounding company, dogged determination to push through every obstacle, an ill-veiled sense of indignity, a proud conceit of the suitability of a reverse of fortunes, of an exchange of parts between the solicitor and the dispenser of patronage. Calm, dignified, sympathetic, the dispenser of patronage has to run the gauntlet of all that expectant crew. He has a stately bow for one who was formerly his superior; a familiar nod for an old comrade, hearty greeting for a bosom friend, for his heart is unchanged, though his position is altered, and the first requisite for the exercise of power is a prompt recollection of names and faces, a ready word for high and low, a lofty graciousness in granting a request, the balm of courteousness to soothe the wound of an unavoidable denial. "Well, and what can I do for you, my dear sir?" I heard him say to a well dressed but crippled old soldier, who, supported by two friends, was effectually barring the passage to the minister's private cabinet. "Tell me your business, but tell it quickly, for time is short and affairs are pressing—or stop," he added, a bright thought occurring to him as he fumbled in his pocket—"here is a four-dollar piece; perhaps that will answer your purpose better than any amount of talk between us." And, to my great astonishment, the purpose was answered. The well dressed cripple pocketed the golden affront, he fell back among the rest of the petitioners, and the minister was allowed to reach his sanctum without further molestation.

Four times in the day, from his home to his office, and back again from his office to his home, General Prim has to make his way through the same hindrances. And as his lot is so is that of Serrano, so is that of every one of his colleagues in the Cabinet, so is that of Olozaga and others, who, although not in power, are supposed to wield that influence to which power itself is subservient. Woo betide any man, woman, or child who may be suspected of being a wielder of influence! Domestic influence, backstairs influence, wheel within wheels, the whole machinery of personal or party interest is set to work to achieve the sacrifice of public to private interest.

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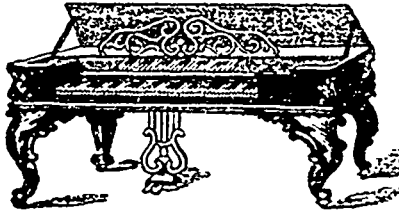
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