

The Western Scot

Vol. I.

WILLOWS CAMP, VICTORIA, B. C., JANUARY 5th, 1916

No. 13

NO. 1 COMPANY

Goloshes, otherwise known as overshoes, having been received for issue there is now no question about our leaving very shortly for garrison duty in Greenland—unless, of course, the arrival of pith helmets within the next week or two deflects us to Egypt.

The action fought between two forces from No. 1 Company on Tuesday afternoon on the slopes of Mount Tolmie resulted in a terrific fight at a rail fence where the opposing sides fired round after round point blank, and only the absence of bayonets prevented a very sanguinary conflict indeed.

One of No. 1's non-coms. during the battle of Lost Lake: "Are all you fellows here now? Any not here one pace step forward, march!"

A cheer awoke the echoes above Royal Oak. Was it a cheer for victory? No, it announced that Mr. Marsden's Scouts had located the chuck wagon.

NO. 2 COMPANY

Here we all are again! Back from the holidays and festivities, sweethearts and wives, and from all indications everybody enjoyed themselves in the true "Western Scots" way, which is not in half doing anything. Now for a firm resolve and grim determination to settle down to business, play the game, and face the future with a light heart and happy mind.

Acting B.-Sgt.-Major Johnston was the victim of an unfortunate accident on Xmas Eve. Whilst acting as Santa Claus at a party, he was severely burnt on both hands and wrists. It will be several days before he has the use of his hands. We wish him a speedy recovery.

The following happened whilst Capt. Bullen was taking No. 2 Company out for a route march the other day, past a pond where some boys were skating, two of whom were leaning over a fence watching No. 2 go by. Capt. Bullen: "How's the skating, boys?" "Fine, sir, fine! Two fellows have just fallen in!"

Three men of No. 2 Company, the other evening, having met by chance down-town, during the course of their conversation, found that they had all three been educated at the same college in England, gone to the United States, one serving in the Artillery, one in the Infantry, and one in the Cavalry, and had joined the 67th and belong to the same Company. They had not known each other personally prior to their conversation.

All the men of No. 2 who were not on pass on New Year's Night were on parade to attend the concert given in the Victoria Theatre by the Misses Spencer. All had a good time and a most enjoyable evening was spent, and will long be remembered by us.

Corporal Isherwood was one of the happiest men alive when he got on the boat at Vancouver to return home after Xmas leave, but his happy mood soon shifted, and so did his dinner, when the boat started to roll and pitch. You may be a good soldier, Corporal, but you are no sailor.

As proof of the good fellowship that prevailed at the New Year night concert, one of the men asked a private (who was handing round the cake and acting as Mess Orderly) "Will the gentleman please pass the cake?" What a vast difference to asking a M.O. to pass anything in the barrack's mess room! If anyone asked a M.O. in that tone of voice and gentle manner in the mess room, he (the M.O.) would have a fit.

Say, boys, the cooks are pretty good fellows after all, eh? If any one had better cooked Xmas and New Year's dinners than the 67th we would like to know who it was. It can't be did. The season's best greetings to the cooks!

NO. 3 COMPANY

No. 3 Company's boys are extremely grateful to Mrs. Nicholson for her thoughtful generosity. Mrs. Nicholson presented

every member of the Company with a beautifully designed pencil and calendar combined, just as the boys were going on their Xmas leave.

We certainly enjoyed Christmas at the Barracks, who wouldn't, when arrangements for the comfort of the men were so thoroughly carried out?

Did everyone notice the full moon smile on the Sergeant-Cook's face on Xmas day as he sucked at that fat cigar? Why so much happiness, Mac?

Can anyone tell us why Pte. Gillfillan's pockets were so full of raisins, and pieces of pudding the day after Xmas Day?

A private gave the definition of "Form fours" in this manner: S.M.: "Pte. H—, step out and tell the platoon how to form fours." Pte. H—: "In form—er—er—when you get the command, you step back two paces with the left foot, er—no, that's wrong, ahem—party, one to the left with the rear and —."

We could not help but admire our Captain's sleeping suit when he appeared at the window of his residence to see who was serenading him the morning of the 27th.

If anyone has a spare shoebrush will they please bring it to Cpl. Down, who has a canteen ticket that he will exchange for it. (Advt.)

We are all anxiously waiting to prove our worth at splitting wood, with the exception of Pte. Algy Bryan, who still has a few "blistahs on his hand, don'tch'know."

At last all speculations have come to an end, and all bets paid up for the much looked for event in No. 9 Platoon. Pte. Hardy changed his union suit. He was seen to liberate a few buttons and step solemnly out of his union suit, leaving it standing to attention, and when asked a few questions he said he would bet a nickel that he has changed it once since the war started. I hae ma doots.

Why was Pte. Harrison gazing so earnestly through the bars at the E. & N. Railway Depot on Monday night that he never took the slightest notice of a hearty slap on the back? Why, oh, why?

With regard to the statement in last week's "Scot" that there were no prisoners in the "clink" the day after pay day when one Company was in Sidney, we thought that either there was no general leave that night, or there were no checks cashed. Outside of that we would need somebody like Sherlock Holmes on the job.

About the little matter of the dog trying to retrieve the bomb at Sidney, we are unable to furnish any evidence.

One of the poultice wallopers has been carefully studying "dislocated shoulders and how to render first aid thereto" since he has noticed Scout-Sergeant Johnson's style of salute.

Lance-Cpl. Gillies has returned from the "other side," and his first duty was to settle an argument on the difference in size of a glass of beer, here and on the "other side." Why such an authority on such a matter, Lance-Cpl. Gillies?

No 3 Company takes this opportunity of wishing the rest of the Battalion a fighting and triumphant New Year.

Cpl. Gillies, who was on leave to Seattle, wishes to pay his compliments to Pte. H. McKennie, whom he met on his way to the boat. Pte. Mac whispered into the corporal's ear something like this: "Go and see my sister, and she will slip you five for me." True to his word he called on Mac's sister, but found in place of being slipped "five" he was slipped a few pairs of socks and two handkerchiefs, which he knows will be useful the first time Mac goes out.

Cpl. Gillies is willing to admit that he is going into the dairy business. He no doubt had the milk, but is willing to supply the milk free of charge to a certain private of No. 3 Company who had to apply to hospital for sick leave so that he could come back from Sidney in the train. Cpl. Gillies will be pleased to supply the pitcher to the private when he gives up the "milk" and goes on the water wagon.

NO. 4 COMPANY

I'm sure that all in No. 4 Company join in thanking the officers and others for the very generous way they arranged things over Xmas and the New Year, in the way of leave, pay, and excellent fare for those staying in camp.

What a rattling good time we had on New Year's Night! We all join in tendering our heartiest thanks to the Misses Spencer and all the "artistes" who helped us to pass such a pleasant evening.

Would suggest to all members of the 67th Battalion that they refrain from sending their laundry to any firm employing many youths of military age. Verb. sap.

The last field day was a decided success. Every one had a most interesting time, and picked up one or two things that should prove useful in Flanders—or Egypt.

By the way, have you heard the latest rumor? If not, you all know where to go to get it.

One should be careful when addressing civilians unless fully aware of their identity. They might be officers in mufti. Some of them do look different, don't they? Ask Corpl. Carlisle.

Should any member of No. 4 Company discover two collar badges in his laundry will he be good enough to return same to Private Pinks, of No. 14 Platoon.

Private Paterson, our late talented "line orderly," is attending the next fancy dress ball as a "shower bath."

Glad to see that Pte. Palmer has fully recovered from his New Year's vacation. It doesn't take long if you know the cure.

Heard in Camp—Two friends talking seriously—First: "Say, Bill, did you ever read a book called 'The House of Clavering?'" Second (innocently): "No, but I read one that I think was called 'The House of Usher.'"

If Pte. Denby gives us any more samples of his vocal talent and histrionic ability we shall nail him for the next concert.

MACHINE GUN PATTEN

The boys of the Section wish to tender their sincere thanks for the concert and supper, so kindly furnished by the Misses Spencer.

Who saved the day at the Battle of Royal Oak, by going into action on their own accord, after getting the order to retire? Who started firing a whole belt of ammunition at twelve hundred yards? Who heard the "cease fire" first? Why, our leading man, of course, No. 102892.

Pte. Duggan, after giving a display of fancy skating to two young ladies the other day, ended up by a diving stunt feet first in some nice cool water and slimy mud. He stayed with the two chickens till they went home, and although he was wet up to the waist, stoutly denied he was cold. The boys like a cheerful liar.

They say women rule the world. We are beginning to believe the same, judging by Pte. Lineham's hands and the wood he says he cut while in Prince Rupert.

Cheer up, MacMaster. The boys appreciate the grub so much that we are pleased to say we have now five boarders.

Bread at the mess should never be served fresh. It should be kept several days, and then if you can eat it after soaking it in your tea (God forgive me for calling it tea) it is a proof you have good teeth and that your stomach will stand anything.

Cpl. Mills was going to Vancouver for the New Year, so we were informed, but it proved only a rumor, like the Battalion going away. At least we notice he turns up at meal time.

Three members of the Section, Kenny, Duggan and Jack Arbutnot, were on the relay team that won the New Year race.

Our gallant corporal, after three attempts at getting to Vancouver, admitted to the orderly officer, on being asked if he had a bad night, that he was suffering from the effects of last night, yesterday night, and the night before that.

The boys are wondering whether it would be easier to move the stove, or Pte. Peck. They seem to have formed a strong attachment for one another.

Query: Do the steers supplied to the camp have no hind quarters? Some kind reader please enlighten us on the point.

The New Year's dinner was simply fine, but how about the supper. There is no report of any one getting indigestion from the fine assortment of food we never got.

We are eagerly awaiting the rest of Duffer's Drift. It sure has got forming fours skinned a mile.

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A COMMON-SENSE SUGGESTION

Now that it has been officially announced that Canada is to raise an additional 250,000 men, bringing the total up to 500,000, it is to be hoped that the Government will take a different view regarding the re-enlistment of wounded soldiers.

There are in Victoria today several returned wounded soldiers who feel well enough to re-enlist for service overseas, providing that they don't get too strenuous work, and if the youth of the city cannot see its way to come forward, why not take them on? In every battalion there are several jobs that do not require from the men the most arduous of work, and yet they are filled for want of Government action with able-bodied fighting men. There are men in the first division, which has been in continuous action for nearly a year now, that have never done any real fighting, their work having been around stores and cooking for the first line troops. This work is of course essential to the lives of the men, but why not get down to the German system of having the medically unfit do these jobs and release the many thousands of good healthy fighters for work where they are more needed?

SONG OF THE TRENCH

(By Capt. Blackhall.)

This is the song of the blooming trench;
It's sung by us, and it's sung by the French,
It's probably sung by the German Huns,
But it isn't all beer and skittles and buns.
It's a song of water, and mud, and slime,
And keeping your eyes skinned all the time.
Though the putrid "bully" may kick up a stench,
Remember, you've got to stick to your trench—
Yes, stick like glue to your trench.

You dig while it's dark, and you work while it's tight,
And then there's the "listening post" at night.
Though you're soaked to the skin and chilled to the bone,
Though your hands are like ice and your feet like stone;
Though your watch is long and your rest is brief,
And you pray like hell for the next relief;
Though the wind may howl and the rain may drench,
Remember you've got to stick to your trench—
Yes, stick like mud to your trench.

Perhaps a bullet may find its mark,
And then there's a funeral after dark;
And you say, as you lay him beneath the sod,
"A sportsman's son has gone to his God."
Behind the trench, in the open ground,
There's a little cross and a little mound;
And if at your heart-strings you feel a wrench,
Remember, he died for his blooming trench—
Yes, died like a man for his trench.

There's a rush and a dash, and they're at your wire,
And you open the hell of a rapid fire;
The Maxims rattle, the rifles flash,
And the bombs explode with a sickening crash.
You give them lead, and you give them steel,
Till at last they waver, and turn, and reel.
You've done your job—there was never a blench—
You've given them hell, and you've saved your trench—
By God! you've stuck to your trench!

The daylight breaks on the rain-soaked plain
(For some it will never break again),
And you thank your God, as you're "standing to"
You'd your bayonet clean and your bolt worked true.
For your comrade's rifle had jammed and stuck,
And he's lying there with his brains in the muck.
So love your gun—as you haven't a wench—
And she'll save your life in the blooming trench—
Yes, save your life in the trench.

MINOR NOTES

Officer—enthusiastic over pipe music to Pipe President:
"My, that's wonderfully stirring. I only wish they'd play the
"Cock o' the North."

Pipe President: "That's it they've just finished playing, sir."

Apropos a certain prize recruiting poster with picture of
Kaiser, who has apparently been issued a double ration of
"No. 9" pills by the S. B. Section—"Western Scots! the few
silliers are coming!"

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The Western Scot

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 5th, 1916

NEW YEAR'S CONCERT

Never have cheers been so heartily given as those in response to the call by Col. Lorne Ross and responded to by every officer, N.C.O. and man in the Old Victoria Theatre on Saturday night, expressing their appreciation to the Misses Spencer for the excellent New Year party to which the ladies had treated them. The entertainment was the most successful of its kind held since the mobilization of the troops in Victoria, and the boys of the Western Scots and other regiments that were present will leave for the front with pleasant memories of the hospitality of the Victoria ladies, the Misses Spencer especially.

The decorations of the theatre were on a most elaborate scale, the body of the hall showing an abundance of flags and greenery everywhere and all most artistically arranged. The stage effect was just one great drawing room, hundreds and hundreds of yards of fine drapings being used in completing the setting. Set in the centre of the white silk curtain that covered the rear wall of the stage, was a large horseshoe covered in ivy with the colors of the Western Scots and the 11th C.M.R. prettily worked in. With palms and flowers in profusion all made a pretty setting for the dancing and other numbers on the programme.

Supper for the officers and guests in the boxes was served on the stage after the concert programme, at the same time every man in the body of the theatre being served in their seats with coffee and an abundance of sandwiches, delicious cakes and pies. The Western Scots orchestra, under Bandmaster L. Turner, played excellent airs during supper and at intervals during the concert. The Pipe Band, under Pipe-Major Wishart, who appeared for the first time in their new kilts, played the Battalion down from the Willows and in front of the theatre, and afterwards received a warm reception when they marched on to the stage to give their turn.

Miss Charlotte Spencer sang that new song, "Somewhere in France," and received a great reception, her sister, Miss Florence Spencer, playing the accompaniment. The Misses Mesher delighted the soldiers with their eastern and fairy dances; and the Shearer Sisters found a warm spot in their audience's hearts when they danced their Highland flings. Miss Badgley caused a thrill in her wonderful rendering of very appropriate elocutionary selections. The "Western Scots" themselves provided the other half of the programme, which was right up to the high standard of merit for which the Battalion is so well known, and an exceedingly good programme was the result. The following contributed: Lieut. McIntosh, Sergt. F. W. Morrison with his ventriloquist turn, Sergt. A. Haines, Sergt. Gaiger, Corp. R. Morrison, Ptes. Willis, Obee, Corp. Morden, and Bandmaster Tait. Corp. Condy accompanied all numbers in excellent style.

Among the guests were Col. and Miss Peters, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Lorne Ross, Col. and Mrs. Angus, Col. and Mrs. Tooley, Major and Mrs. Christie, Dr. and Mrs. Campbell, His Worship Mayor and Mrs. Stewart, Commander Sheaton, Dr. and Mrs. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. D. Spencer, Sr., Mr. and Mrs. Justice Hunter and all the officers of the "Western Scots" and their wives.

The Misses Spencer were responsible for the entire entertainment, being assisted in the regimental arrangements by Capt. Nicholson, Lieuts. Gillingham and Wooler.

THE GERMAN DISHONOR

(From Collier's Weekly)

Jules Claes, editor of "La Metropole" of Antwerp, studied the growth of German influence in Belgium for some years before the war. His book, "The German Mole," shows how Belgium was undermined. Harmless-looking German clerks, backed by such bodies as the Hamburg Association for Business Clerks, took jobs with Belgian concerns at little or no pay, worked up, got hold, and slanted everything toward Germany. Paid German agitators stirred up quarrels between the Flemings and Walloons. German schools and newspapers were planted to make public opinion Teutonic. Belgium is not alone in this, for the same thing was done in Russia, and the present war is popular in Russia because it means the rooting out of German influences. We Americans are altogether too simple and easy

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about these things, and we would do well to ponder the conclusion proved by Belgium's bitter experience:

"No country can with impunity grant to Germans the same advantages it grants to other foreigners, since Germans employ the advantages derived from hospitality for ends that are hostile to the country that grants them shelter."

THE WAY OF THE ARMY

He was a new recruit and not versed in the ways of the Army. He came in through the main gate with the recruiting sergeant. "What's that?" he asked, pointing to the group of men about the gate. "That's the guard," replied the sergeant. "What do they guard?" the inquisitive one went on. "God knows," said the sergeant. "Why are they there, then?" said the recruit. "To examine passes, I think," the sergeant replied perplexedly.

A little farther on the two came to the main building. "Is that where they keep the stores?" inquired the recruit as he saw the legend, "Quartermaster's Stores. Keep Out." "You bet they keep them. Heaven only knows why the Government issues stuff to the quartermaster. We never see it." At this the recruit looked startled. "You mean to say that they don't give you stuff when you need it?" he said. "Just that!" the sergeant replied.

Attestation was the next thing necessary, and on to the orderly room went the pair. The legend "Orderly Room" on the door interested the recruit. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "that is where the orders come from." "To hell they do," replied the guide. "You may get orders from the Sergeant-Major, your company and platoon commander, but no one has ever heard of an order from the orderly room, leastwise one that you could understand." The recruit looked crushed, but the sight of the pay office cheered him up. "At last," he mused, "here is one place that I will have the right idea about!" The sergeant, however, soon put all his ideas to flight. "Don't think that you ever get anything out of the pay department, for you don't. Those guys sit there drawing 50 cents working pay for paying us, and we don't get it."

"It appears to me," said the newcomer, "that in this army game everything goes by opposites. You say that the guard guards nothing, no stores come from the store department, that the orderly room does not issue orders and that the pay department is tight with its cash. Why is all this?" "Dunno," said the sergeant, curtly, "come on and get attested."

SCOUTS AND SCOUTING

(Lieut. M. M. Marsden.)

The Commanding Officer having given me a general idea of what operations would take place on the field day to be held on Thursday, I, accompanied by the scouts of the Battalion, left the camp on Wednesday morning to go thoroughly over the ground, and report on the best lines of defence to occupy to prevent a raiding force reaching the Willows. The work we did was exactly what will be required of the Scouts at the front, namely, to furnish the C.O. with all the information it is possible to gather; we were working on a tactical reconnaissance, one of the chief features of which is to select a good defensive position, also to report on the probable line of the enemys attack, and to select the best lines to retire by; and also select a second line of defence.

The value of the information gathered by the Scouts was demonstrated by the fact that on the following day the Commanding Officer of the defending forces took up his position on the lines reported.

The probable line of attack reported was the line the enemy attacked on, and the C.O. of the defending forces took such measures of defence at this point that the enemy were unable to move him from his position. The reconnaissance work on Wednesday, and the field operation on Thursday, were most instructive, and I believe a great deal more of this kind of work is contemplated.

The Scouts worked with intelligence, but there is still a lot to be learned, and the more work of this nature we get the better it will be for all.

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A PLEA FOR REFLECTION

(Anonymous.)

It has often seemed to me a paradoxical thing that, just about the time a regiment is ordered to leave for the front, its members seem to give themselves up to having a "good time," in other words, to lose their identities in "riotous living." It is on this account that I write this little plea for reflection.

The returns of the killed and wounded show that the chances that we shall "get ours" are about 50-50, therefore do you not think it is time to put your house in order?

A soldier going to the front is on the threshold of a great and magnificent adventure; for about one out of every two of us the curtain will be rolled back from the greatest of all mysteries—what lies in the great beyond. Is it not meet that we should so order our lives at this time that we may not fear to meet our Creator face to face? A soldier with a clear conscience must surely fight better and more bravely than he whose conscience troubles him.

Every man who volunteers has offered himself upon the sacred shrine of duty and honor; he puts his life in jeopardy for the cause of God, of friends, of country, and in vindication of his manhood: therefore, after such an ennobling sacrifice, does it not seem passing strange that so many of us give ourselves up to sensuousness and depravity, when we should in reality be preparing for eternity?

Think well of this, comrades, and feel assured that he who has a good conscience will surely acquit himself well on the field of battle, and, if it should be his fortune to be gathered up into the hereafter, he will be welcomed with an "Enter here, my good and faithful servant," for our cause is God's.

THREE BARKS FOR THE ORDERLY HOUND

Here's to the Orderly Hound
(Poor devil, he needs a good word!)
His orders are "Just stick around
"And take any 'hollers' preferred."
While others subs. jauntily slip
To the beckoning flesh-pots of town,
He ambles on trip after trip,
And varies "Stand up!" with "Sit down."

O, weep for the Orderly Hound
(The butt, for a day, of the camp!)
In what should his sorrows be drown'd?
For the most part he drowns them in damp.
Some day he'll receive his reward,
When his sleep never more shall be vex'd,
His name shall appear on the card,
But, for duty, he'll always be "next"!

THE FIGHT FOR LOST LAKE

(By Onlooker.)

I call it the fight for Lost Lake because had the attacking force been able to drive back the right flank of the defenders which rested on Lost Lake they would have been able to advance their field guns to such a position that they could

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have achieved their object, which was to destroy the enemy's reserve supply of ammunition at the Willows by shell fire if possible. Owing to the fact that operations could only take place within certain defined limits, and the transport being delayed, the C.O. of the attacking force had to start his operations without having previously explained to all his units what his intentions were. The C.O. of the attacking force took the only course open to him; which was to attack the defenders' right flank, endeavoring to either turn it, or force it back.

The C.O. of the defending force occupied the best possible line of defence. His men and machine guns were placed in excellent positions, and all his positions were practically impregnable against the forces at the disposal of the C.O. of the attack.

Under the circumstances it is extremely difficult to criticize the handling of either of the forces engaged.

All parties worked well, but it was evident that the more field days the Battalion has the better it will be for all ranks.

The lack of taking advantage of cover, and the bunching of men after topping a ridge was very noticeable.

Lack of communication between units was the worst feature in the operations.

BRITONS WHO CAN'T ENLIST

(Manchester Sunday Chronicle.)

The Rev. William Henry Hudson, a pioneer of temperance in the Navy, who has been associated with the work of Miss Weston, has arrived in Hull from New York on a Wilson liner after a remarkable journey from San Francisco.

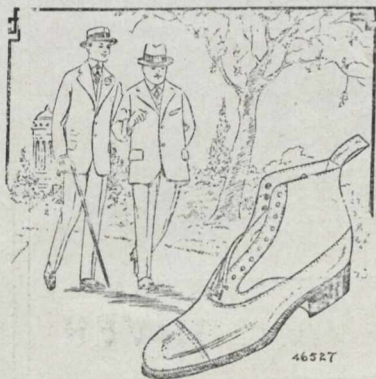
He declares that it is a scandal that so many Englishmen willing to fight for their country are allowed to remain stranded in America. Since his return to England Mr. Hudson said he had written to Lord Derby, telling him how things are in New York, where alone we could raise a regiment of English, Irish, and Scotchmen from those standing around the Consulate day after day starving. There were men machinists, boat builders, automobile workers, and labourers ready to do anything to get home to enlist in the army, and unable to do so.

Mr. Hudson had a very interesting story to tell of his own experiences. On September 15, 1914, he sent a telegram from San Francisco to the commanding officer at Victoria, British Columbia, offering his services for the oversea army, referring him to Capt. Corbet, of H.M.S. Algerine, stationed at Esquimalt. He received a reply ten days afterwards saying: "Name well known, but no vacancies at present."

He waited until the beginning of April, when he determined to do what others had tried to do but failed. That was to walk from San Francisco to New York. He had no money; only his Bible and hymn book, some changes of clothing in a military haversack, and a number of tracts for distribution.

Leaving San Francisco on April 13 this year, Mr. Hudson crossed the mountains of California, where he encountered storms of rain and hail; across the Red Desert of Nevada, being, he believed, the first man to walk across the deserts of

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Utah and Colorado, and over the Rocky Mountains, where he reached an altitude of 12,000 feet.

Coming into Denver over the Marshall Pass, Mr. Hudson said he met a good number of Englishmen thrown out of employment mainly through the war, and left without money or friends. They were being given food and shelter at a mission, and all wanted to get home and join the British Army. The British Consul said he could do nothing for them. Some of them had been in New Orleans and Galveston, and were told to go to the shipping offices, but they were unsuccessful in getting a passage.

Mr. Hudson had similar experience at Kansas City, Missouri, St. Louis, Indianapolis, Dayton, Columbus, Ohio, Philadelphia, and New York, where he arrived on October 2, after a walk of 4,600 miles.

The British authorities in New York got Mr. Hudson a passage, with 40 more men, aboard the Moorish Prince, running from New York to Brest with horses. Mr. Hudson was given to understand he could land and take passage to England, but at Brest they were not allowed to land, and the Consul showed him papers with the Government stamp refusing leave to any person to land without having French and British passports. The two cost \$2.75.

They could not pay, and went back to New York, where finally Mr. Hudson was able to get a passage aboard the Wilson liner Marengo for Hull.

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