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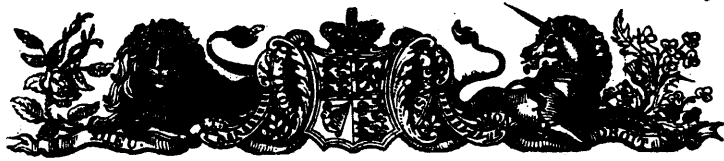
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The Volunteer Review

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VOL. II.

OTTAWA, CANADA, MONDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1868.

No. 49.

“THE REVIEW.”]
THE NORTHERN LIGHT.
 BY CARROLL RYAN.

Behind a mighty monarch's throne
 Who dwells by the northern pole,
 Where ceaselessly the sun has shone
 And the frozen billows roll;
 Whose history, since earth was young,
 Was never told by mortal tongue
 Or known to a human soul;

A bannered light is cast on high
 On many millions spears,
 Lifting far up into the sky
 The trophied sheen of years;
 And storms sweep up from a shoreless sea
 Where that monarch holds high revelrie
 With his star-crowned mountain peers.

And balefully the northern sun
 Shines o'er that monarch's head,
 While many wrecks of ships undone,
 Peopled by frozen dead,
 Go sailing past thro' the spectral light,—
 Pale ghosts of a day that has no right
 In that lifeless sea of dread.

Far, far away from balmy isles
 Those ships and men have come;—
 They ne'er will answer welcome smiles
 Who are forever dumb.

While around that northern pole they sail
 Before the breath of a ceaseless gale
 That will never waft them home.

And round, and round the pole they go,
 A weird and ghostly fleet;
 The shrieking winds around them blow
 The undissolving sleet,
 And the pilot stands beside the wheel,
 And the Look-out clad in ice, like steel,
 Sightless keeps his frozen seat.

Had watchers wait in distant lands
 Each unreturning barque:—
 Draw not the curtains trembling hands,
 Nor peer into the dark,
 For the Northern King has bound them fast
 In his icy sea.—Their keels have past
 O'er ocean nor left a mark.

And when upon the summer sky
 Ye see the arching light,
 And view the ships go sailing by
 Like arks of hope and might,
 O! pray for them who are far at sea—
 And the lost ones may return to ye
 Like angels in dreams by night.

Ottawa, Nov., 1868.

DEATH AT THE ALTER.

“At last,” I said, joyfully, as I descended the steps of a West-end mansion, and entered my brougham; “at last my day's work is finished, and I may hope at least for a few hours' repose. “Home,” I said to the coachman, and throwing myself back in the seat, gave way to my thoughts. I had acquired, during a practice extending over nearly thirty years, a habit of passing in review, at the close of my day's labours, all the patients I had seen and prescribed for. To this habit I attribute, in a great measure, the successful treatment of many of my most difficult cases; for frequently, while thus reconsidering the case, away from the sick room, the nervous worrying of the patient, and the well-meant but injudicious comments of friends, an entirely new diagnosis would present itself, and ultimately prove the correct one. My visiting-list that day was a heavy one, and I had reconsidered the symptoms, and determined on the treatment of half my patients, before I arrived at my own house in Cavendish Square. Alas! my dreams of repose were futile, for, as soon as I entered, the servant handed me two notes. One was from a Mr. Mansfield, the wife of a rich city merchant, with a mansion in Eaton Square, and ran as follows:—

“DEAR DOCTOR —

“Pray come round at once; Clara has had another of those distressing nervous attacks—if anything worse than the previous ones. Use all your skill, for at the present juncture it is most awkward.

“Yours very truly,
 “EMMA MANSFIELD.”

“Awkward, indeed!” I muttered, not over-pleased. “And is that the term used by a mother in speaking of a daughter's health? O Mammon, thou art, in truth, omnipotent! Here is this mercenary old woman speaking of her daughter's bad health as ‘awkward,’ and why? Because the said daughter has attracted the favourable regards a man old enough to be her father—a lump of gout and servile imbecility. What matter! is he not a baronet? Sir Richard Burley, of Burley Hall, Berks, with fifteen thousand a year—a park, a town house, and family jewels, of course; and of course, also, poor little Clara Mansfield's ‘nervous attacks’ (as her mamma

designated violent hysterics, followed by deadly syncope), are very ‘awkward,’ when the baronet is expected to make an offer every day.” Telling the coachman to wait, I entered the house, and while waiting for a glass of sherry and a biscuit (dinner was out of the question), I opened the other note; it ran thus:—

“DEAR DOCTOR,

“Please give me a look round at once. That confounded Russian Bullet in my body gives me a good deal of pain to-day. Besides, I wish to see you particularly on another subject, which almost drives me mad.

“Yours very sincerely,
 “GEORGE SELBY.”

“Confound that fellow!” I muttered; “been out at a bachelor's party, I suppose—had too much punch, and, as a consequence, the ‘Russian bullet,’ as he calls it, in his body, sets up a mild inflammation, by way of a remainder of its presence. I've a great mind not to go; these young fellows seem to think we doctors have nothing to do but get them round when their own folly has caused a relapse. Something else he wants to see me about, too, that ‘almost drives him mad;’—lost his money at cards, last night; or heard this morning that the horse he backed for the Derby is scratched, perhaps. It is some such folly, I'll be bound. I've a great mind not to go!”

Nevertheless, however great my mind *not* to go might have been, in less than five minutes I was being whirled down to Selby's chambers, in Clarges Street, Piccadilly. Now, in spite of my ill-humour (and who would not be a little annoyed at having their hopes of dinner and repose so rudely dashed aside, after a hard day's work), I felt considerably uneasy at young Selby's brief note. First, in a purely professional point of view, I did not like the return of the pain from the bullet; secondly, in a more human, friendly point of view, I was concerned to know what had occurred to make my young friend write in such strong terms. He was not usually demonstrative,—but now he wrote of something which “almost drove him mad.”

I may as well take this opportunity of saying a few words in explanation.

George Selby had been a patient of mine for the last nine months, and, under Providence, owed his life to my unremitting care. He was a Lieutenant in the—th Foot, and first on the list for his company. On the Glorious but bloody day of Inkerman he was stricken down, while leading his company on (the Captain had previously fallen). He was carried, desperately wounded, from the corpse-strewn plain—alive, but leaving

Aunt Susan, about seventy years of age is “unanimous” on man. She says, if all the men were taken off, she'd make arrangements for her funeral forthwith. She also says, “Suppose all the men were in one country and all the women in another, with a river between them, Good life! what a number of poor women would be drowned.”

his left arm behind him, and carrying off, in lieu of it, a brace of bullets in his body. One was successfully extracted, and in due course, the wound healed.

The stump of his left arm, too, progressed favourably, and, but for the empty sleeve, was as sound as before. But the second bullet puzzled the whole staff of surgeons, army and civilian. They knew it was in, but not all their skill could get it out. In vain they probed, in vain they speculated as to its whereabouts. Wherever it was, it seemed determined to remain; so, after putting the poor wounded soldier to the torture several times in each day during a weary month, they gave it up in despair—allowed the wound in the chest to heal, and sent the incorrigible Russian projectile home in the invalided body of poor George Selby. One surgeon, loath to give up the search, boldly proposed to the patient that he should submit to a "little operation." When interrogated by the wounded Lieutenant as to its nature, this practitioner coolly informed him that the "little operation" merely consisted in cutting down through the dorsal muscles, &c., to the supposed site of the ball, instead of attempting to find it by the wound—

"But suppose it's not where you expect to find it?" asked the patient.

"Then my dear sir," replied the imperturbable son of the knife, "we shall have had our trouble for nothing."

"And the operation?"

"Oh! it's not very dangerous, and if we don't find the ball we'll strap you up, and the wound will heal in no time. A clean operation wound is a very different thing from these crushing, tearing bullets."

"Pretty cool that, Doctor, wasn't it?" said Selby, laughing, when he related the anecdote to me; "after I'd been suffering the torments of the damned under their hands for a month, to want to cut down through my back on the chance of finding the bullet somewhere."

However, to return. When first young Selby placed himself under my hands, he was in the last stage of emaciation and weakness from hectic fever. The pain from the ball was still constant and distressing; and it was at once evident to me that, unless something decided were done, there would be a vacancy in Her Majesty's—th Foot in less than a month.

All my professional brethren whom he had consulted had strictly enjoined a lowering diet, with total abstinence from stimulants, and anything which could in the least degree tend to irritate and inflame the seat of mischief. Now, although I could not condemn this mode of treatment under the circumstances, yet I saw plainly that a change was the only chance of saving the patient's life. Fearful of inflammation, which was always threatening, sometimes imminent, they had adopted the most stringent antiplogistic measures, and had thereby weakened the system and lowered the vital powers to that degree, that to lower them further would be to lower the patient out of existence. Such being the state of affairs, I ordered him to the sea side, told him to take nourishing food and a pint of port wine daily, until the inflammation and pain very decidedly appeared. Then I gave him directions how to subdue it, principally by local means, for I foresaw clearly that the system would bear no more tampering with. He followed my advice with much wonder, and some little misgiving. However, the case turned out exactly as I had expected; the wine and good living *did* bring on a return of the inflammatory symptoms. These, however, were subdued

by local applications, leeching, stopping the wine, and lowering the diet again for a day or so, while the general health was so much improved as to enable him, successfully, to resist and tide over the danger. After the first fortnight, he had no return of the pain, or any of the bad symptoms, and I congratulated myself on having effected a perfect cure. Selby returned to town, and, seeing much of him, I got to like him amazingly. His large, frank nature, had in it something so fresh; his gratitude to myself was, though unostentatious, so genuine, that I, old hard man of the world, as a long London practice had made me, felt deeply interested in the young Lieutenant. His fortitude and good temper, even when his frame was at the weakest, and his sufferings were at the highest point, were such, as in a long experience, I had seldom seen equalled—never exceeded. He came to see me frequently, and made me a confident in all his troubles, mental as well as physical. Thus it happened I knew all about himself and his prospects. The latter were tolerable, for, although he had in *presenti* only about a hundred and thirty pounds a year above his pay, he had in *futuro* a certainty of a moderate estate of something like fifteen hundred a year, after the death of an old uncle of sixty.

Arriving in Clages Street, I was shown into his apartments, where I found him impatiently pacing up and down the room. His face was flushed, while I could see at once by the sudden, quick twitch that ever and anon came over his features, that his old enemy, the "Russian," as he called the bullet, was making its self felt.

"Why, George my boy," I said, "what's the matter? You look hot and feverish. Let me feel your pulse?" I took his hand. "Ninety-five, as I live," I cried, "and with a twang like a harp string! Why, what on earth have you been doing with yourself? You were perfectly well when I saw you yesterday."

"Doing with myself?" he replied, "upon my word, Doctor, I hardly know. It's not the bullet that troubles me, though Heaven knows that's bad enough."

Here his features again twitched convulsively, and he turned deadly pale as the pain shot through him. True, to himself, however, he never uttered a word on the subject, and when it had somewhat passed off, continued—

"Sit down, Doctor, and I'll tell you all about it."

He filled himself a glass of wine, and was about to commence, when I stopped him.

"You are drinking wine I see! How much have you taken to-day?" I asked.

"That's the second bottle since four o'clock," he said coolly, pointing to a decanter, in which there was about a teaspoonful left.

"Well, upon my word, this is very nice conduct! Here, you send for me, and I find you in a burning fever, with all the old bad symptoms returning, and you drink wine before my face, and coolly tell me you've finished two bottles in less than three hours. Why, sir, you're mad! I'll have you locked up in an asylum on my own responsibility. Here have I made a wonderful, almost miraculous cure; and no sooner does my patient get round, than he must show his gratitude by drinking himself into a fever! It's too bad; I wash my hands of the case, and if you have a desire to oblige me, place yourself again under the care of your old medical advisers, and die in their hands."

"Come, Doctor," he said, "don't be ill-tempered. I care little for the bodily

pain; but if you knew what I suffer in mind, you would make some allowance for me."

"Well, well," I said, looking at my watch; "make haste and say what you have to say, as I have another patient to visit, and have not yet dined."

"Yes, I know," he said, bitterly; "you are going to see Clara Mansfield; her mother has sent for you;" then, seeing my look of surprise, he added, "You wonder how I knew it—quite a *clairvoyant* you think me, do you not? But it is easily explained, for I was there when the young lady was attacked, and it was on my arm she fell when she fainted."

My astonishment was great at this, for although I knew George Selby to be acquainted with the Mansfields, having myself introduced him, I was not aware that he was on such terms of intimacy as to be an afternoon visitor. If I was surprised at this fact, I was infinitely more so as he went on speaking. He spoke rapidly and passionately, and several times, ere he concluded, rose and walked impatiently up and down the room.

It was now some months since I had introduced him to the Mansfield family. Mrs. Mansfield, whose whole heart was set on forcing her way into good society, had asked me, as a particular favour, to introduce to her as many gentlemen of good position and family as possible. Mr. Mansfield had but lately retired from business, and migrated from his house at Clapham to the Eaton Square mansion; consequently their circle of West-end acquaintances was extremely limited; nor could Mrs. Mansfield, with all her worldly wisdom and manoeuvring, backed by the money-bags of her husband, succeed in increasing it as she could have wished. A great dinner party was determined on; but although the viands and cookery might be of the best, and the wines of the costliest vintages, the dinner would be given in vain if there were no one to eat it.

It was under these circumstances that I introduced my friend, Lieutenant Selby. In answer to these inquiries, I was enabled to inform them that he was well born, well connected, with good prospects, and moving in good circles. With this they were fully satisfied, and George Selby, with his interesting pale face and empty sleeve, was made quite a lion of. With the two young ladies he became an especial favourite, and I soon fancied that Clara, the younger, was far from indifferent to his merits, mental and personal, which were not small, spite of his one arm. As for the young fellow himself, I never could quite make him out. He would talk, laugh, and flirt to their heart's content; with the full approval, be it observed, of the worthy mamma, who doubtless, at that time, considered him a decidedly eligible *parti*—at all events, too good an acquaintance to be discouraged. It seemed to me, however, that notwithstanding the undisguised preference of my pretty Clara for him, that he divided his attentions pretty equally between the two sisters; I was, therefore, the more surprised when he informed me this day, that although he had never declared his love, he and the young lady perfectly understood each other after less than a month's acquaintance. Soon, however, the Mansfields, by dint of pushing and elbowing their way, managed to get the thin end of the wedge into Society; one introduction led to another: occasionally the merchant could boast of a live lord at his mahogany, and more than one baronet's card might have been found in the card-plate.

In proportion as Mrs. Mansfield increased and extended her acquaintance, her self-esteem rose, and she began to regard George Selby as scarcely up to their standard. It was at this juncture that a little misunderstanding arose between himself and Clara—jealousy on her part and pride on his—for he was proud as Lucifer, and would laugh at them to their faces about their wealth and his own poverty. From what he himself told me, and from what happened afterwards, I know that Clara really loved him—alas! for herself! deeply permanently. I had known Clara from a child, and could, therefore, vouch for her affectionate, amiable disposition, but I also knew that she was passionate, and at times hasty. Although George Selby was at no time formally her suitor, accepted or otherwise, her woman's heart told her that he loved her, and it required no conjuror to discover the state of her feelings towards him, for she was impulsive and candid, almost to an extreme. This being the case, she assumed the privileges and power she should have possessed had they been formally engaged. Sooth to say, George bore this very well, for the yoke was a very light one, and the whip, when wielded by the charming Clara was rather a delicate compliment than a chastisement or restraint. One unlucky day, however, Clara gave his pride a blow from which it never recovered. The very excess of her love for him made her almost morbidly jealous; and on this occasion she thought he had been paying too great attention to some other fair damsel. Selby kept his temper admirably, rather pleased than otherwise at this evidence of the deep love she bore him. Not so Clara. Provoked beyond endurance by the playful manner in which he parried her reproaches, she proceeded a step further; and though in her heart she knew he was as true as steel, even questioned his motives in paying his attentions to her. Not noticing, or not heeding, the growing paleness of his face, and the gathering cloud on his brow, she went on wounding his proud spirit more deeply every moment, till at last the bitter, unpardonable words were said—yes—she, Clara Mansfield, who knew he was the soul of honour, asserted that he cared not one bit for herself, but it was her fortune that attracted him. She said the words, and knew at the same time that they were false as he was true. She spoke them deliberately, and her heart smote her instantly for her injustice. She stamped her little foot as she finished, and waited impatiently for an answer, hoping that he would be in a passion, and indignantly disclaim any such motives. Then she would say she was sorry, and would make it up again, and they would be better friends than ever.

Thus thought poor Clara. Alas! for human forethought—*L'homme propose, mais Dieu dispose*—Lieutenant George Selby, of Her Majesty's—th Foot did nothing of the sort. He was silent for a long time, remaining standing before her with downcast eyes and pale face. She began to be frightened. At last he raised his head, and bowing coldly, said quietly, "Miss Clara Mansfield, I have the honour to wish you good morning."

Then he turned and left, and Clara was alone in her misery.

Selby saw her no more, for he carefully avoided the house, until this day, when meeting Mr. Mansfield, who had none of his wife's high notions, he had been dragged in almost against his will. He declared he would not have gone had not the old gentleman said the young ladies were out. This

proved, however, not to be the case; for Clara was at home, and in spite of all he could do to prevent it, they were left alone together in the room. There was an embarrassing silence: then she burst into tears, and throwing herself at his feet, begged forgiveness for her words.

"What could I do?" he said to me. "I could only tell her I had nothing to forgive, and try to console her."

"Of course you could not do otherwise. But now, my boy, it seems to me that the quarrel is made up. What is it that annoys you? Can you be so ungenerous as to bear malice still?"

"Wait a minute," he continued, bitterly; "you have not heard all. It appears that this very morning—urged, influenced, and, I fancy, intimidated by that heartless old mother of hers—she has accepted Sir Richard Burley!"

"She told me," he continued, after a pause, "that she had written to me twice, and looked and longed in vain for an answer. The old story, I suppose—scheming mother, in the interest of rich suitor, intercepts letters to poor one. All this she told me, and more. She said she hated, loathed this man and loved me. Then Mrs. Mansfield came into the room, and a scene ensued. She reproached Clara with falsehood, ingratitude, indelicacy, and I know not what; me she accused of being dishonourable, abusing the rights of hospitality, and finally concluded by expressing her belief that it was her daughter's fortune which I sought. At this last accusation, Clara fired up, and defended me against her mother, until, unable any longer to endure the torrent of reproaches hurled at her, she fell fainting on my arm. Then all was hurry-scurry and confusion; and while she was yet insensible, the accepted lover drove up in his carriage. I heard the servant despatched for you, and as soon as my poor girl began to show signs of returning life, I left the house. I met Sir Richard on the stairs, and if ever I felt inclined to pitch a man over the banisters it was then. And now, Doctor, you know all. I shall, of course, never return to the house again, and poor little Clara will be Lady Burley, of Burley Park, &c."

"Come, come," I said "*Nil desperandum!* Let us hope for the best. I will see what can be done; meanwhile, you take this composing draught, and go to bed. I will come to you early to-morrow."

He sent out the prescription for the draught, but declared he would not, could not, lie down; so I left him pacing impatiently up and down the room, and drove to Eaton Square.

(To be Continued.)

CLEVER WOMEN.

Under this title, the October number of "Blackwood" discourses of women's work and opportunities, and pays this tribute to the writers:—

Our age can boast of not a few works composed by women, which are marked by such grasp of thought, subtle depth of observation, and original force and grace of expression, as not only rank them among the highest literature of the day, but must secure them a lasting reputation. But, short of this, wherever there is definiteness or aim, independence of thought, and freshness and accuracy of style—something to say, and the power of saying it attractively—a woman may find in these days employment for her pen. She may take her place

and stand her chance among men similarly endowed. Especially does woman's naturally didactic turn find an appropriate field in the modern periodical literature designed for children and the poor, and for that vast mass of uncritical readers who do not range under either of these heads, but who yet require a literature adapted to an immature taste and judgment; readers to whom well worn truths in fact and morals are by no means trite or commonplace, who have no taste for the delicacies of criticism, and by whom the leaders of cultivated public opinion are neither appreciated nor understood. And this recognition of an unpretentious form of authorship as woman's work tells indirectly in another way on the position of woman as an influence for the diffusion and advance of female education, counteracting the long-standing family injustice of sacrificing daughters to sons.

A boy's talents must be cultivated, because he can make something of them,—a girl marries just as well without any accuracy of knowledge as with; and the possibility of his daughters being dependent is too repugnant to English fathers to be provided against. Ever so modest a check from a publisher, or from the editor of a society's periodical, produces a different impression. If women can receive them, their education may be worth some outlay. As a cheerful family event, coming, as a matter of course, with no publicity or parade, it is a marvellous reconciler to woman's work.

Our readers will understand that no part in our argument applies to writers of the strong sensational school. Ladies who have earned their laurels in this field commonly derive their knowledge of life from anything but its domestic aspect, or from its play in general society. The clever women we have in view, whether they talk or write, are still mindful of their catechism, and hold by old insular proprieties; as little drawn towards transcendentalism on the one hand, as to French or German sentiment on the other.

SAD TIMES.

These are sad sensational times in St. John. Each day almost discloses some new page of alarm, of sorrow or of wonder to the amazed community. Events so startling, so unexpected, so distressing to every rightly constituted mind follow each other so rapidly that one is afraid to consider whereunto these things may grow. We trust, however, the word is over; and if so the worst is bats enough in all conscience. Glancing at the record of the past few weeks, one can in some degree estimate the amount of anguish and distress carried into the bosom of many worthy families in this city and vicinity during that period. We deeply sympathize with those who are suffering in various ways from the wrongdoing of others, and looking at the now painful and humiliated condition of some who but a short time ago stood so high in the respect and esteem of all who knew them, we cannot but feel a pang of pity for the wrong doers themselves. We hope the day is far distant that will witness the recurrence of events in St. John similar to those which are still agitating the minds of the people of this community.—*St. John (N. B.) News.*

The "Times" of this morning, in an editorial on the Cabinet about to be selected, thinks that Lord Romilly, the present Master of the Rolls, will be appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Sir Roundell Palmer Master of the Rolls.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

PROPOSED TERMS OF CONFEDERATION.

A convention was recently held at Yale, British Columbia, to consider the subject of Confederation and the terms upon which the colony should be admitted into the union. After declaring that the limits of British Columbia on and after Confederation shall be the same as at present, the resolutions adopted by the convention proceed.

"II. The Dominion of Canada to become liable for the public debt of British Columbia at the time of admission.

"III. The Dominion of Canada to pay annually out of her consolidated revenue fund in semi-annual advances, to British Columbia for the support of her local government and legislatures, the sum of \$210,000, and also an annual grant in aid of the local government of British Columbia, equal to eight cents per head of the population of British Columbia, the minimum number of said population, including Indians, not to be estimated at less than 40,000 at any time, and the increase of population after admission to be the increase of population other than Indians, and the said increase of population to be determined by census or otherwise, as may from time to time be expedient.

"IV. All crown lands, mines, minerals and royalties situate in British Columbia at the time of admission; and all sums of money then due or payable or that may afterwards accrue for such Crown lands, mines, minerals and royalties, to belong to British Columbia, and to be under the exclusive control of the government and legislature.

"All stocks, cash, bankers' balances and securities for money, belonging to British Columbia, at the time of admission, to be the property of British Columbia.

"All public works and property of British Columbia at the time of admission to belong to British Columbia with the exception of such portion of the Trunk road through British Columbia or other roads then constructed as may be used as a portion of the Transcontinental road, which shall become the property of the Federal Government.

"VII. The Dominion of Canada to construct within three years after the admission of Columbia, a good overland waggon road, extending from Lake Superior, Lower Fraser river, British Columbia, and to commence the construction of the same through the Rocky Mountains within one year after admission.

"VIII. The Imperial Government to guarantee a loan to construct the said overland road, if deemed expedient.

"IX. If at any time after admission the legislature of British Columbia shall pass an address to the Governor-General of Canada, declaring that it is expedient to establish a free port on the Pacific in order to advance the interest of British commerce, the Parliament of the Dominion to make provision for the establishment of the same.

"X. British Columbia to be represented in the Senate by not less than three members, at any time.

"XI. At the first election of representatives to the Commons and until otherwise provided by the Parliament of Canada, the Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia to proclaim what shall be the qualifications and disqualifications of representatives and

electors, the boundaries of electoral districts and the laws governing such elections.

"XII. At the time of admission, the Revenue Laws of the Dominion of Canada, to extend and apply to British Columbia until made void, and all duties and revenues derived in and from British Columbia under the Revenue Law of the Dominion of Canada to belong to Canada.

"XIII. The exclusive powers of Provincial Legislatures enumerated in the 92nd Section of "The British North American Act, 1867," and all other provisions of the said Act that extend and apply generally to the Provinces of the Dominion of Canada, and that may be applicable to British Columbia, except as otherwise in these terms provided to extend and apply to British Columbia, at and from the time of admission.

"XIV. Except as otherwise provided, all Laws in force in British Columbia at the time of admission, and all Courts of Civil and Criminal Jurisdiction, and Legal Commissions, Powers and Authorities, and all Officers, Judicial, Administrative and Ministerial, existing therein at the time of admission to continue in British Columbia, as if such admission had not taken place; subject nevertheless to be repealed, abolished or altered by the Parliament of Canada, or by the Legislature of British Columbia, according to the authority of the said Parliament of the said Legislature, under "The British North American Act, 1867," and any subsequent Imperial Act.

"XV. Until the Parliament of Canada provided otherwise, all Officers of British Columbia at and from the time of admission, having duties to discharge in relation to matters other than those coming within the classes of subjects assigned by "The British North American Act, 1867," to the Provinces, to be Officers of Canada.

ROMANTIC INCIDENT OF THE SPANISH REVOLUTION.

The Madrid correspondent of the *Star* writes:—"It must not be said contemporary history has no romance, for one is continually bumping against incidents which disprove the assertion. For instance, in this very hotel are residing a young man, about twenty years of age, and his father, Guell y Rente by name. They have returned to Spain within the last few days. The young man was a sub lieutenant of cavalry, whose regiment was engaged in the battle of Alcolea. The youthful officer had one horse killed under him, and two wounded, during the four hours Novaliches withstood the assault of the Revolutionists. When the majority of the Royal Troops changed sides, he remained with the few faithful, and earned a high compliment from his Colonel for his valour in action. But the Colonel and the rest presently followed the example of the majority, and the young man was left alone. He then broke his sword in two, cast it at his Colonel's feet, and set off to join his father in Paris; but not until he learned that the whole army had deserted the Royal cause. "Why are you here?" his father inquired. "Because there remain no soldiers for me to command. I have remained faithful to the last moment, and now come to you." The answer was, "Embrace your father n y boy. You have behaved like a man of honour, and a Spanish gentleman. You have paid back the debt you owed to the Queen for your education in the military school, and now your country claims your services. Come with me. We will return to Spain."

There would be little more than passing interest attaching to this episode, which had direct from the father's lips, in the presence of the son, were it not for the fact that the ex-Queen is the lad's aunt, and his father's sister by marriage. Don Francisco do Paulo, brother of the late King Ferdinand VII., the father of Isabella Segunda, had two sons and three daughters. The eldest of the latter, Dona Josepha, married this Senor Guell y Rente. He was the son of a wealthy Cuban planter, and was himself very rich. The marriage was a clandestine one, for the young couple ran off. The result was the Royal displeasure, Guell y Rente and his wife were relegated to Valladolid, and had much to endure at the hands of their relatives. In 1845 he headed the movement against Narvaez, was exiled, and repaired to Paris. Here he expended the greater part of his wealth in keeping up the appearance which the position of his wife, as own sister to the titular King of Spain, seemed to demand. No doubt the new order of things in Spain will open a brilliant career for the lad. His father is thoroughly Republican."

RIFLE MATCHES.

A correspondent sends the following to the *Woodstock Sentinel*:—

In accordance with previous arrangements a friendly Rifle Match between the Thamesford Infantry Company and the North Oxford Rifle Company took place at Thamesford on the 3rd ult., on the range of the former Company. There was a good attendance from both companies, and the shooting was generally good, though some of the crack shots in each company for some unaccountable reason came off second best.

After the shooting was over, the officers and men of both companies were entertained at an excellent supper, got up for the occasion, by the inhabitants of the place. The supper was a credit to the promoters and to "Mine Host," Keys, of the Royal Exchange.

After the prizes were awarded, arrangements were entered into for a return match to take place at Ingersoll, a list of the prizes of which I give below. Both of the above matches were conducted in a very friendly spirit and with the utmost fairness to all parties concerned.

PRIZE LIST 1ST MATCH, THAMESFORD:

D. Dundas, N. Oxford Company	\$ 5.00
J. McFarlin, Tilsonburg "	4.50
W. Telfer, N. O. "	4.00
T. Dutton, N. O. "	3.50
W. Ingram, N. O. "	3.00
T. Evans, T. "	2.50
J. Jarvis, N. O. "	2.00
J. Ruddick, N. O. "	1.50
H. McKay, N. O. "	1.00
D. Dundas, Tilsonburg, "	0.75
H. Bevens, do "	0.50
F. Choate, North Oxford "	0.50
Lieut. Brown, do "	0.50
R. Erving, do "	0.50
J. Weeks, do "	0.50

PRIZE LIST OF 2ND MATCH, INGERSOLL:

G. Holmes, Tilsonburg, Company	\$ 4.00
R. Erving, North Oxford, "	3.50
T. Lunn, do "	3.00
W. Johnson, Tilsonburg "	2.50
J. McFarlin, do "	2.00
H. Bevens, do "	1.50
W. Telfer, North Oxford "	1.00
M. Day, do "	0.50
T. Brown, do "	0.50
H. Brown, do "	0.50

The members of the Mount Forest Volunteer Rifle Company turned out for two days' target practice lately, with the following result:

SATURDAY, NOV. 21,

	200 yds.	400 yds.	Tot.
Lieut R Smith	9	8	17
Corp. N Cuseck	14	4	18
Pvte. N Smith	12	7	19
" H Cuseck	2	2	4
" H Walters	10	0	10
" W Daniel	10	13	23
" A Anderson	10	0	10
" A McMillan	11	5	16
" W Warnock	7	8	15
" A McKechnie	4	0	4
" N Sinclair	6	4	10
" A Sinclair	0	11	11
" M Freeland	8	0	8

TUESDAY, NOV. 24.

Capt J Pearce	13	7	20
Lieut R Smith	12	4	16
Corp Honeycombe	16	5	21
" E Trout	16	3	19
Pvte. W Daniel	6	3	9
" M Perkins	14	6	20
" W Warnock	11	5	16
" H Walters	12	8	20
" C Lewis	17	4	21
" A McMillan	15	13	28
" D Stewart	5	4	9
" W. Hatch	9	0	9
" G Scott	13	8	21
" A Chilton	8	6	14
" W Edwards	12	2	14
" S Sanderson	10	2	12
" B Wilton	12	2	14
" M. Freeland	12	0	12
" N. Cuseck	15	12	27

The silver medal belonging to the company will be shot for by the members on Tuesday, 1st Dec., at 11 o'clock.—*Mount Forest Examiner.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE REVOLVER VERSUS THE SABRE.

To the Editor of THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW.

DEAR SIR:—May I solicit the favor of a small space in your columns, for a few observations upon the extracts from Col. Denison's *Modern Cavalry Tactics*, with which you favor your readers with a full appreciation of the gallant Author's professional and literary abilities. I must demur to the decision he has promulgated, so confirmatory of the Revolver's superiority, as a cavalry weapon, over the trenchant old sabre. It is much to be regretted that, in this instance, the advocate of the latter weapon possesses none of the sparkling clearness, nor keen incisiveness of its blade to aid him to cope with its detractors, but we trust the bluntness remaining to him, however obscure, may be held to contain nothing cutting. It is difficult to fully exonerate the gallant Author from the very grave offence of proving recreant to his first love—the Sabre—without evidence of his affections having been misplaced, or the object of them being unworthy of his continued regard. But to have done with Metaphor. I must maintain that data derived from the peculiar exigencies or experience cooked by the late American War, are necessarily defective

and unsatisfactory, and hastily raised levies, unavoidably imperfectly disciplined, are no proper criterion, either in equipment, arms, or mode of fighting, for troops that have an opportunity of being instructed under more favorable circumstances than the exigencies of that war would permit. The Confederate Officers, upon whose testimony Col. Denison's constructs his theory, no doubt witnessed more than enough of desultory fighting—probably as indecisive as bloody—but certainly not as opposed to the Sabre. That neither of belligerents could muster in three ranks, the steady serried array, and high morale of the well trained Sabreur, which could alone decide the relative merits of the weapon in question, is best authenticated by the narratives of the foreign and British Officers serving with the Confederates. That the sabre must have had a very brief ordeal in that war of ever recording brilliant charges, may be safely inferred from the Surgeon General's Report of the Federal Army, which gives us, "Sword and bayonet wounds 103." In such a report there is a sublime brevity, and a commentary, which admits of no comment.

Any system of instruction that would ignore the celerity, mobility, and momentum of which the mounted arm is capable, when properly developed, may have for its reward, mounted Infantry or Rifles, or some other nondescript force, but most assuredly not a Cavalry in the European acceptance of the term. It may, I am quite aware, be plausibly agreed that, all the capabilities I have enumerated can be made co-existent or combined with use of fire-arms. Colonel Denison says with the Revolver as a weapon the "Horse's impetus is unnecessary." It is fortunate the gallant Colonel's theory seeks no aid from what has hitherto been estimated as the most valuable attributes of Cavalry, for it is utterly impossible to unite a reliance upon the pistol, with the high, and must be conceded superior morale that urges the Sabreur to place his foe within sweep of his blade; little he reeks of fire arms, feeling in every bound of his horse, that he bestrides the best missile to hurl against his enemy. Teach Cavalry to depend upon fire-arms, and its prototype is found in the Infantry that hesitates, pauses and then begins firing in a bayonet attack. Colonel Denison, again points to the use of his favorite weapon in grouse fighting, no doubt, under such circumstances, it may be used to advantage, but the affairs are of rare occurrence, and when they do take place, after opposing squadrons have charged home, their duration is for the most part as brief, as the fitful mutterings that succeeds the thunder burst. Even here the swordsman, can, as occasion may offer, bring his Revolver into play, as a good auxiliary weapon, but as such only should it be estimated by Cavalry. It may be objected that in the Cavalry I have attempted to portray there is exhibited a recklessness, a *Corps Perdu*

irreconcilable with good discipline, even were it so, a thousand times better such a spirit, than the indecisive faltering that would pull up in the charge to bandy shots with an enemy—but that the morale, I have so imperfectly indicated, has inspired and urged well trained squadrons on to victory, war's records can best testify.

Should the deadly accuracy of Infantry fire arms ever be tested by the attack of Cavalry, the Sabreur will—should the thunder of the charge with the flash of his blade for its lightning fail—find what consolation he may in the assurance that no amount of pistol practice can possibly succeed in a similar attempt.

For the probability or otherwise of Cavalry attacking Infantry, I beg to refer your readers to the excellent papers of your invaluable Correspondent "G. W.," upon the subject

Yours obediently,

SABREUR.

SEMI-ANNUAL INSPECTION AT LEAMINGTON.

(BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

On Thursday last, Brigade Major Lieut. Col. Moffitt, accompanied by Lieut. John Windred, Batt. Drill Instructor, inspected No. 4 Company, in the Town Hall.

There were present Lieut. J. R. Wilkinson, commanding, Ensign M. H. Wilkinson, and thirty non-commissioned officers and men. The company as usual made a fine appearance, and the arms, accoutrements, and clothing was in first rate condition. The Colonel addressed the company briefly, and said it gave him great pleasure to again be able to compliment the company as he had done on every occasion when he had inspected them. He expressed himself highly pleased with their fine appearance, all being clean, tidy and soldierly. He said the arms and accoutrements were in first class order. He was sorry he could not have the pleasure of seeing the company drill, as the authorities would not allow it in the hall. This should not be; the company at least ought to be provided with a good and proper place to drill in.

On Friday and Saturday the company was out for target practice, and considering the cold windy weather, some very good scoring was made. A match was got up at one and two hundred yards for three prizes in cash, contributed by friends of the company. The reason for having the match at the first two ranges was in order to give all a good chance to win. Below are the winners and the scores. The second day the wind blew right across the range from left to right. Some good scoring was made at three and four hundred yards. There was a good turn out both days, and the most cordial feeling prevailed among all.

A short time since the company was mustered by Lieut. J. R. Wilkinson, commanding, under the provisions of the new act, 42 non-commissioned officers and men

were re-enrolled and sworn in. This speaks for itself; six years have passed away since the company was organized, and still it is strong in numbers. The volunteers should be encouraged and cherished by the public.

For the last few exciting years, fraught with great events, full of danger and menace, the volunteers have not turned aside: they have looked those events and dangers fully in the face: and have ever stood ready to move to the front, or wherever duty called; they have steadily increased in numbers, proficiency and drill. They have been as it were the safe guard of our country: now that the danger is apparently passing away, shall they be neglected or forgotten? This company has always served with honor to themselves and their native village and township.

The following are the winners of prizes and their scores:

Private James Drummond,	1st prize,	pts. 33
Corp. Wm. Ley,	2nd do	do 32
Private Levi Warner,	3rd do	do 31

FROM TORONTO.

(BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

There is hardly anything specially worthy of a letter this week.

In the Legislature Mr. McKellar, has moved for a return of all correspondence respecting "Official precedence" with a view of remonstrating against the belittling of our Lieut. Governors by abolishing the title Excellency: also against the precedence given those religious denominations whose superior clergy are termed Bishops. He advocates a religious equality for all creeds of belief.

The deputation consisting of seven members of Parliament who were nominated to welcome His Excellency Sir John Young to Canada, on behalf of Ontario, proceeded to Ottawa in the Directors' Car of the Northern Railway, which has been kindly devoted to their use by Mr. Cumberland, the Manager who formed one of the party.

St. Andrew's Day was duly celebrated by a Grand Ball in the Music Hall. The Hon. D. L. MacPherson, Senator, was present in full Highland Costume. An additional charm (?) was the performance of two Highland Pipers of the 78th, from Montreal, who made the music flow fast and furious. As drinking to excess has become unfashionable, the Police Court had but a few representatives of those who rather overzealous had succumbed to the potent influence of Highland *wasky*.

The non-commissioned officers of the 4th Battalion Grand Trunk Brigade are making preparations for a grand ball to take place on the 10th inst.

The "Queen's Own" are to have a "March Out" to-night.

Snow still hesitates to put in an appearance here although several places further west have been abundantly favored.

Pleased to see your New Brunswick list of

Subscribers increasing so rapidly, we in the west would like to hear from that quarter more frequently.

WARDSVILLE RIFLE TOURNAMENT.

(BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

The Fourth Annual Tournament of the Volunteer Company of this place commenced on Monday the 16th ultimo, on Captain O'Mally's private Rifle Range, Aldboro'. The day opened beautifully, but alas, it was only the calm which too often precedes the storm. By noon the sky was cloudy, the wind high and every appearance indicated an unfavorable future for fine Rifle practice, which was seriously realized during the following days of the matches—notwithstanding the scoring was above the average, although not by any means equal to what it would have been with more propitious weather. The points obtained by some of the competitors would have secured prizes on almost any range. This company, No. 6, 26th Battalion, have this fall bought and fired two thousand cartridges over their annual allowance, a fact which of itself was sufficient to keep the laurels at home and probably accounts for the few outsiders which competed, though five out of the matches were open to all comers.

The Prizes were not all cash, the committee believing many articles, such as the military papers of the province, guns, &c., more suitable and lasting invested in them, adding to each prize sufficient to pay for ammunition, entrance fee, and sighting shots.

The arrangements were very complete. Every thing passing off most agreeably, particularly the Presentation of Prizes, which took place in the Town Hall on Friday evening.

The following not being lucky enough to get any prize in first six matches had divided between them about \$22: Mr. R. Errington, H. McConnell, Jno. George, J. Wilson, E. T. Dufton, J. E. Freckelton, Geo. Archer Geo. Wilson and S. H. Neil.

On the 2nd, or Squad Match, Wardsville Company took first and third prizes, viz: A double barrel gun and 100 lbs. flour: Bothwell, 2nd prize, a single barrel gun.

The following list shows the winners and prizes secured by each. Captain O'Malley, for the best average score, a silver cup; for most Bull's Eyes, a pair of blankets; most Bull's Eyes at Pool Target, a turkey: two first and two second prizes, value \$15.50.

Corporal N. McEachren for 2nd best average score, a silver cup; best per centage of Bull's Eyes at Pool Target a pair of boots; second greatest number Bull's Eyes at Pool Target, a goose; two first, one second, one third and one fourth prize, value \$16.50.

Sergeant Joseph P. Ward, two second, one fourth and one seventh prize, value \$12.50.

Bandsman E. Johns, one first, one fourth and one sixth prize, value \$12.50.

Corporal F. Parr, one second, two third,

one fourth, one fifth, and one sixth prize value \$11.25.

Private H. G. McConnell, one third and one fourth prize, \$6.

Ex member Wm. H. Long, one fourth and one eighth prize, \$5.

Private Proctor, Bothwell Company, one first prize, \$4.

Bandsman C. Freckelton, one third and one ninth prize, \$3.50.

Band Sergeant Wm. T. Paris, one first prize, \$3.

Ex-member M. McLean, one fifth prize, \$2.50.

Mr. Wm. Pincee, one third prize, \$2.

Private Wm. H. Archer, for the poorest average score, a quantity of Caster Oil, New Liniment, Eye Salve, Improvement Powder, Try again Bitters, and tenth prize, \$1.

AN ESSAY ON VOLUNTEERING

The *Banffshire Journal* gives the following report of a paper read by Mr. Robertson at a festival of the Mutual Improvement Society at Inch, in Aberdeenshire:—

Mr. Robertson, says our contemporary showed at some length the basis on which the Volunteer movement rests, and claimed Abraham as the originator and father of the Volunteer movement, from the fact that at the head of his gallant Volunteers, defeated Chedorlaomer and the other predatory chieftains on the road to Damascus. Mr. R. said: "Had Abraham's Volunteers not been previously trained, or had arms there is no reason to think that such an expedition would have been at all volunteered and that, consequently, Lot and the substance would have remained in the clutches of their enemies; whereas Abraham was blessed by Melchisedek, Priest of the Most High God, because he had volunteered, and because he had succeeded, although at the expense of slaughtering his fellow men. Well, in another form, we find ourselves surrounded by a varieties of nationalities arrayed to the teeth, some of whom only manifest friendship towards us in proportion as they understand that we are ready and prepared to meet them, if need be, in the battle field. This has been more than once shown in certain epochs of Britain's history by our being threatened with invasion, and it has chiefly been the arousing of the Volunteer element in our midst that such invasion has been various occasions averted: and even now there is very little question but it is the efficiency of the Volunteer movement amongst us that causes this country to be additionally respected by envious nations outside. We will not, or cannot, as yet understand any other less material argument. So that it may be said to us now, what Burns said of the Dumfries Volunteers high eighty years ago:—

Be Britons still to Britain true,
Among ourselves united—
For never but by British hands
Naught British wrangs be righted.

It is well known that our standing Army must of necessity be a small one, in comparison with that of other nations. This is chiefly owing to our free institutions and the constitution of the Army itself, which in many essential respects is just a Volunteer establishment: and in such a country as this it will at all times be difficult, even though it were otherwise advisable, to keep the Army up to its numerical efficiency. The best way of supplementing the deficiency

numbers of our standing Army—and the best way, in fact, that has yet appeared of superseding, in a greater measure than has yet been attempted, the necessity for keeping up even the Army that we have—is to promote and still further increase this Volunteer movement. If the matter could only be brought to the point that all the nationalities would only keep up a small nucleus for an Army, if that be needed, with all the able-bodied men in the respective nations formed into Volunteer companies, not for the purpose of attack but simply for the purpose of protection, then the beginning of the end of all these wars and rumors of wars will have come; the Volunteer movement will be found to have served a far more glorious purpose than that even of meeting their enemies in the deadly fray. The era of peace and goodwill will have dawned upon us, when

The war drum throbs no longer,
And the battle flags are furled.
In the Parliament of man—
The Federation of the world.

But that time, Sir, is not yet; and it is ours to work and to labor until that result may be realised. One of the best ways we can do so in this respect is to see to it, as far as each is individually concerned, that this Volunteer movement shall be a credit to our Christianity. There are two arguments brought up against this movement with which it is sometimes difficult to contend—viz: that in some localities this movement has tended to increase drunkenness and profane swearing. But, unless this can be proved to be the general tendency all over the country, I don't see that the argument affects our relation to the Volunteer movement, any more than to the world at large. If the Volunteer movement be other wise in itself a good thing, as I decidedly consider it to be, then the existence of these vices within its ranks need no more induce any one to remain outside of it than the existence of such vices in the world at large need induce any to commit suicide, and fling themselves out of the world, because, forsooth, the world is not yet become what it ought to be. However, these vices are abominable, be they practised in the Volunteer ranks, or in the general ranks of society. A man who practises profane swear is no fit candidate for either a private or an officer of a Volunteer company. A meaner, a more despicable, a more ungentlemanly habit than that of profane swearing I am altogether unacquainted with, and the best specific for the discontinuance of the practice by either privates or officers—but especially for the latter—would be to drum them out. I have no great favor for the drumming out process, unless in cases of extremity, but I would think it both an honor and a privilege to be allowed to twirl the drumstick in drumming out such a bad example to young men—be the profane babbler who he might. But such bad habits, I feel convinced, are the exception, and not the rule, and it will be a bright day for the Volunteer movement when there is no exception to everything being done decently and in order."

MILITARY BREECH-LOADERS.

(From the Daily Telegraph.)

Upon October 22, 1866, General St. George, the Director of Ordnance, put forth an advertisement, addressed "to gunmakers and other," by which they were invited to submit to the Secretary of State for War "proposals for breech-loading rifles, either repeating, which may replace the present

service rifles in future manufacture." A special sub-committee was appointed to discharge the onerous task of examining the various systems of breech loading arms and ammunition which this War Office advertisement was likely to call into existence.

The advertisement of General St. George called forth 104 arms, which were submitted to the inspection of the sub-committee. From this large aggregate number, Colonel Fletcher and his colleagues selected nine weapons for special commendation. These were—1, the Albini and Braendlin; 2, the Burton, No. 1; 3, the Burton, No. 2; 4, the Fosbery; 5, the Henry; 6, the Joslyn; 7, the Martini; 8, the Peabody; 9, the Remington. It is not particularly flattering to our *amour propre* as a manufacturing nation that out of these nine rifles, from which is to be selected the special arm which British soldiers are to wield, two only were produced in the British islands. Colonel Albini is an Italian officer, whose rifle is the service arm of the Belgian army. Mr. Braendlin is by birth a German, although he has now become a naturalized Englishman and entered into partnership with Mr. Somerville, of Birmingham. Mr. Burton is an American officer, and was sent over by his own Government to assist in the erection of that small arms factory at Enfield to which the British Government had recourse after the Russian war. Major Fosbery, V. C., is an Englishman; Mr. Henry is a Scotchman; Mr. Martini is a Swiss; Mr. Joslyn, Mr. Peabody, and Mr. Remington are all Americans. Mr. Peabody's weapon has been adopted to a limited extent by the American and Canadian Governments, but it is stated that the arm is not now in favor with those Governments. The Martini breech resembles the Peabody breech so closely that the proprietors of the latter are said to have publicly stated their intention of serving an injunction upon the British Government if the Martini is selected, with the view of preventing payment of the award to a Swiss who has, as they allege, pirated an American invention. As the Peabody arm is known to be out of favor with the sub-committee, it would not be unnatural of its proprietors should put forth all their strength to insure the selection of the Martini arm, as they expect to share vicariously in the profits which may accrue to Mr. Martini if his rifle should be selected.

The first stage in the proceedings of the sub-committee was reached at the commencement of the present year. After reviewing and making experiments with the nine rifles to which we have already adverted, the six judges determined on withholding the first prize altogether, and awarding £600 to Mr. Henry for the breech mechanism of his rifle. At the same time, the cartridge prize, value £400, was awarded to Mr. Daw. No one can pretend that this decision was exhaustive or even satisfactory. The military weapon of the future was still unselected; and, while this particular breech was more or less commended, and was deemed worthy of a prize of £600, the sub-committee gave no opinion as to the merits of the barrels submitted to them, or the system of rifling to be adopted. Their next step was to avail themselves of the knowledge and experience which their experiments had furnished, and to determine inexorably what should be the length and weight of barrel, what the system of cartridge, what the lubricant, and what the bullet with which the future weapon of the British army should be supplied. They then issued invitations to gunmakers to contribute barrels and ammunition in conformity with these conditions. It will thus be seen that, in addition to the 104 arms sent

in for inspection up to March 30, 1867, the date fixed by the War Office advertisement, many other arms have been subsequently sent in, and have been subjected—both since the sub-committee drew up their last report in June, 1868, and before that date—to searching, elaborate, and exhaustive experiments. We believe that we are strictly accurate in stating that no rifle excepting Mr. Henry's has been found to possess all the requirements demanded, or to pass satisfactorily through the long ordeal of some eighteen or twenty months of trial. But in addition to the sub-committee's experiments, many other competitive examinations of small arms have been simultaneously conducted in England and on the Continent. Conspicuous among these have been the Wimbledon meeting of last July, and the fete of the Belgian National Rifle Association, held at Brussels in September. The extraordinary superiority of the Henry arm was established at Wimbledon by its gaining the Duke of Cambridge's prize of £50 and eleven other prizes; and at Brussels by its virtually driving all its rivals off the field. The proceedings of the sub-committee have now reached their penultimate stage; and the general opinion of practical men seems to be that the Henry rifle is the weapon which commends itself most to the approbation of all who have closely watched the experiments from the beginning.

RIFLE TOURNAMENT AT ARVA.—There was a large number assembled to witness the rifle shooting match, at Arva, on Tuesday and Friday last. There were four matches. The shooting was exceedingly good, and the competition for the prizes was very close. We give below the names of the successful competitors.

First Match.—In this match the distance was 400 and 500 yards. Prize, a silver watch, presented by Col. Lewis: won by Capt. M. D. Dawson; score, 31 points.

Second Match.—Distance, 200, 300 and 400 yards. First prize, \$10 each; won by Private Thomas Wastie, of London; score, 46 points. Second prize, won by Ensign Wood, No. 8 Company, Arva; 43 points.

Third Match.—Distance, 200 and 400 yards. In this match the first prize, \$10 cash, was won by Lieutenant Benjamin Wilson; 34 points. Second, \$8; won by Private Thomas Wastie, of the 7th Battalion. The struggle between Wastie and Wilson was very close, but in shooting off, the latter got the advantage.

Extra Match.—The prize in this match was a silver watch, presented by Capt Elliot, of the Arva company. Distance 400 and 500 yards; won by Color Sergeant Smith, of the Arva company; score, 34 points. Private Wastie also made 34, but on shooting off Smith was successful in one shot.

Extra Prize.—This prize, for the best aggregate score throughout the match, was won by Private Wastie; score, 135 points. Color Sergeant Smith made 134 points, and Col. Lewis, 120.

Those trials of skill ought to be encouraged, as their tendency is to make good marksmen, and keep up the volunteer spirit.—*London Prototype.*

MILITARY.—The few remaining troops left here have been reduced to four, the others having taken their departure for London yesterday. The four men have been left, probably as a "look-out" party.—[Hamilton Spectator.

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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,

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On application to the PROPRIETOR of
THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW,
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 7, 1868.

The accounts we receive from all parts of
the country show that the Volunteers, ac-
cepting the situation, are rapidly re-enrolling
under the new Act. As an indication of the
feeling of the country nothing better could
be required, and it gives us the greatest
pleasure to note from time to time those
favorable signs of the patriotism of the

Force. The gloomy anticipations indulged
in by certain people, that the Volunteers
would not re-enroll under the new order of
things has thus far met with a practical
rebuke. All the corps whose standing was
good before the 1st October, are found
among the first to re-engage, and we find,
by reference to the press and the officers in
the various commands, that the feeling is
unanimous in upholding the status of the
Force, regardless of any little disagreements
in regard to the provisions of the new law.
At the present juncture of affairs in reference
to volunteering it behoves the officers to
exert themselves, each within the sphere of
his influence to save their district from the
disgrace of a draft, and, from all we can
learn, they have acted nobly; not only in
sinking their own feelings for the general
good, but in manfully acting as soldiers and
patriots should in coming forward the first
to accept the law—abide by and uphold it.

It is owing to this same feeling that Canada
has always maintained a high reputation,
and we are glad to find that, even under
what may by some be considered adverse
circumstances the Volunteers are still firm
and unshaken.

Our Toronto Correspondent last week
called attention to the petition of the family
of the late Colonel Baldwin, presented to the
Ontario Legislature, praying for compensa-
tion for losses incurred by that officer during
the troubles of 1837. Any one at all acquaint-
ed with the history of Canada must know of
the loyal and prominent part played by the
gallant Colonel in the suppression of the
rebellion, and it would be a sad disgrace
indeed if his family should be allowed to
suffer now through the sacrifices he then
made in the cause of his Queen and country.
Provision was made last session for the fam-
ily of Wm. Lyon McKenzie, and no one will
we hope now call in question the justness of
the appropriation. But, if the services of
the Great Canadian Agitator were worthy of
acknowledgment by the ruling powers of
the country, how much more so are those of
a man like Colonel Baldwin who thought it
not too much to expend the last of his pri-
vate means in the cause of Canada and the
maintenance of British connexion.

It seems to us very peculiar and a subject
worthy of some comment, that that portion
of our press which was very loud in advanc-
ing the justness of the claims of the family
of Mr. McKenzie has not in any very re-
markable manner taken up the cause of
Colonel Baldwin's family. The Toronto
Freeman we believe alluded to the matter,
and a few paragraphs on the same subject
also appeared in one or two other papers,
but we are sorry to note that it has not been
taken up throughout the province in the
manner it should be. We hope, however,
the representatives of Ontario, who have set
a good example in many other things will
see that proper provision is made in this
case.

The *Hamilton Times* speaks out, in its
issue of the 30th ult., in a right true and pro-
per manner in regard to the legal dogging
in the Whelan case. It says:—"This sub-
ject, as we are aware, not very well fitted for
newspaper discussion; but we must put
on record that the common sense of the
community revolts at the idea of any further
"benefit of doubt" being given to the crim-
inal whose actual commission of a most bar-
barous murder has been judicially pronoun-
ced, and whose only way of escape from de-
served punishment lies through the loophole
of a technicality. We dared not have writ-
ten thus before Whelan had been tried and
convicted; but now that a jury has declared
him to be a murderer, there is no need for
further delicacy or undue sensitiveness. It
so far as human law can ascertain, Whelan
is guilty, and the crime of which he was the
perpetrator was one so black in hue, so der-
lish in its atrocity, so cowardly in its execu-
tion, so great in the contrast it presented
between the nobleness of the victim and the
meaness of the murderer, so woeful in its
results to a whole people—that a failure to
avenge the murder would be simply a dis-
grace to us, especially were that failure to
come by a legal quibble, in the face of the
fact that the assassin had been tracked by
evidence, identified by a jury, and duly sen-
tenced by the representative of the law."

A writer in the *N. Y. Army and Navy
Journal* winds up a series of articles on Alaska
in the following words:—

"Among persons who have had the best
opportunity of learning the value of this
country, but little diversity of opinion exists,
and nearly all agree that the only good that
can be said of it is, that it is the work of the
Almighty, and as such must, therefore, have
some good in it."

The same might be said of mosquito-
bed bugs, Fenians and the dismal swamp

We find the following among the tele-
graphic reports of last week:—"The National
Fenian Congress, considered President John
O'Neil's Message. He congratulates the
Congress upon the flourishing condition of
the organization. After referring to the
vain attempt to form a Union of the two
wings of the brotherhood, he considers the
organization united in the true sense of the
term. He also recommends the appoint-
ment of a commission to place themselves
in communication with the representatives
of the English Government, in the name of
the Irish people, to demand with firmness
and dignity, the restoration and acknowl-
edgment of the independence of Ireland.
Should she refuse your demands your posi-
tion will be unmeasurably strengthened be-
fore the world, and when you draw the
sword your blows will fall with all the
greater effect that mankind at large will
acknowledge your cause to be just, and that
you have left nothing untried to avert the
alternative of war. The Adjutant General's

report shows the armament of the brotherhood to be more effective than ever."

There is something inexpressibly ridiculous and sadly Irish in the message of President O'Neil, who by some extraordinary process of reasoning considers the distracted factions of Fenianism "united in the true sense of the term" although he finds it impossible to unite them. But this fellow seems to possess the ability of soaring beyond the regions of all ordinary common sense in an astounding degree, and garnishes his solemn bombast with such flourishes of mock heroics as must be supremely refreshing to the inhabitants of the City of Brotherly Love:

If these delegates are, as they claim to be, citizens of the United States what business have they to demand the cession of a country all claim upon which they have resigned by becoming subjects of a foreign nation? or if they still claim to be Irishmen why do they insist upon American protection abroad? But it is absurd to reason with people who are above the prejudices of common sense. We shall wait with fear and trembling the appearance of "A Commission" before the representatives of the British Government, who should their very modest demands not be granted, will fling down the gauntlet and appeal to the awful arbitrament of the sword.

What a sad comment on human folly does this balderdash of O'Neil and his fellow rogues offer. Upon the strength of having committed a few murders in Canada they consider themselves entitled to swindle their compatriots in the States; which latter being the most profitable and least dangerous operation they are very justly and naturally inclined to continue.

The following article in reference to Lt. Col. Brunel's new drill appeared in the *Volunteer Service Gazette* (England) of the 7th ult. It is a remarkable fact, and one worthy of extensive publication, that, among the list of military reformers who have rendered themselves famous, the Canadian Volunteers can boast of two thoroughly Canadian Officers who have given military works to the world which have already become authorities upon the subjects of which they treat. Colonel Denison an original authority on cavalry, and Lt. Col. Brunel as a successful compiler of infantry drill.

"At last we have to record that something like a step towards drill reform has been taken, if not by those from whom *a priori* it would have been expected, at least by a duly constituted military authority. The Adjutant General of Canadian Militia has actually sanctioned the experimental adoption by a regiment of Canadian Volunteer Militia "on service" of a system of simplified drill, drawn up by the commanding officer, Lieut.-Colonel Brunel, and based upon the now well known papers of Colonel Macdonald, of Edinburgh, and the "Memorandum" of Lord Elcho. And we

have positively before us a regular little "Red-book," published by the Canadian Army printers, and bearing all the marks of authority about it. We confess that it is with great pride that we find that the first openly authorized attempt to see whether some of the cumbrous formality of the present system of drill might not be done away with, is due to the labours of Volunteer officers. And we rejoice to be able to point to the name of the *Volunteer Service Gazette* standing prominently forward in the first openly authorized reformed drill-book as the organ through which the results of these labours have obtained publicity.

We speak of the first authorized system, because, although Lord Elcho has drilled his battalion for some time on the "no front" system, and Colonel Macdonald, has, we believe, trained the Edinburgh Rifle Brigade in accordance with the views he has so ably expressed, yet all this has been, as it were, only winked at, and we are not aware that the Horse Guards authorities as a body are even alive to the fact that certain civilians think the Red-book is susceptible of improvement. But they can hardly fail to take notice of such a circumstance as is, we apprehend, equivalent to a Militia regiment here being permitted to learn at its annual training an entirely new system of drill, and it may reasonably be hoped that what Lord Elcho's appeal last summer failed apparently to effect, may now be brought about—namely, the appointment of a committee to reform rather than to amend the Red-book, and the formation of an experimental brigade or battalion at Aldershot.

The system adopted by Colonel Brunel, is, as will be seen from his drill-book, which we reprint to day *in extenso*, chiefly that of Colonel Macdonald. We have the new form of wheel and the division of the battalion into wings always kept distinct. Only Colonel Brunel does not lay stress upon having only a six company battalion, finding apparently, that even five companies in a wing may in practice be shuffled without confusion. It is curious, indeed, to notice how theoretical difficulties in matters of this sort seem to vanish in practice. We confess that we should be inclined to think, with our correspondent "Sergeant-Major," that difficulties might rise in the "no front" system when the men are going into or coming out of fours. But neither Lord Elcho, Colonel Macdonald, nor Colonel Brunel seems to have found that there was any trouble on this head.

We need not go into the details of Colonel Brunel's drill, as we have so often commented on the systems on which it is founded. We will only remark that it seems to us that, in some points at least, General Morris's mode of working is simpler and more practical than any others that have yet been suggested. We have, indeed, little doubt that the true theory of battalion drill is to treat the companies as nearly as possible as the battalions are treated in a brigade, and leave the captains to bring their men up by the shortest lines and in the quickest way in the required places. This is, in fact, the root idea of Morris's drill, and till it is accepted we fear we shall never have a thoroughly satisfactory system of reform. Even Colonel Brunel seems timid in at least one case. We are content to believe that there may be something to be said in favour of moving out parallel to the alignment in a deployment from a quarter-distance column, and only cutting off the angle by the diagonal march, though we prefer the plan of directing the leading four at once upon the new alignment; but in the formation of line, or, as it ought to be called

deployment from open column, surely there can be no use in having, as Colonel Brunel has two systems one for smooth and another for difficult ground. We take it that there ought to be only one way of performing a movement, and that a way adapted to any ground.

But whatever may be the alterations required in the system, which must of course be as yet only tentative, everybody who cares for the efficiency of the forces of England or of her dependencies must rejoice to see that one commanding officer has had the energy to propose, and one official has had the pluck to sanction, a step which must, one would think, infallibly lead to a reconsideration of the present antiquated, and in some parts really mischievous, system of infantry manœuvres.

We hear a good deal at present about the Alabama claims, and wonder if the losses incurred by Canadians during the Fenian raid of 1866 are to be taken into account by the commissioners. Our American friends have beaten their gong with such force and persistency that no one else could obtain a hearing. When this question was first propounded the English press was almost unanimous in phoo-phooing it, and not a few leading journals considered the claims a capital subject for a joke; but Secretary Seward by following out the famous policy of Lincoln—"Hammer away, and keep hammering," at last forced the British Government to take up the subject as fit for arbitration. A thing they never should have done, let what consequences that would follow. Our readers have not forgotten the masterly letters of "Historicus" which so well disposed of the arguments advanced by the United States Secretary; so it will be needless for us to go over the ground again. The whole question and the matters depending upon it are to be adjusted and, such being decided upon, it is only natural that the counter claims of the people of Canada who suffered from Fenian outlaw invasion should be taken into consideration as a part of the offset to injuries inflicted upon American Commerce by Confederate Cruisers fitted out in England. If the British Government are answerable in one case the United States Government are also in the another.

We have received several communications relative to the Band squabble between Major Ross and the Officers of the Ottawa Volunteer Garrison Artillery. As these are too lengthy for insertion we will briefly state the points. It seems that while the Brigade was putting in their annual drill, two batteries at a time, in Prescott, Major Ross who was in Ottawa employed Gowan's Band to play the men to and from the Station at Ottawa on their departure and arrival, supposing, we presume, that the Officers of the Brigade would each share in the expense. But in this, it turns out, he reckoned without his host; for, on the Bill being presented, he referred the matter to Lt. Col. Forest and the Officers of the Brigade who positively refused to pay it. At this the gallant

Major was very wroth but, as he had no help for it, he paid the bill.

As disinterested outsiders we think that the Officers should have assisted in defraying the expense of the Band whose services they enjoyed; but, at the same time, we cannot blame them for setting their backs against allowing any officer to run them in debt without their sanction.

In things of this kind, it should always be borne in mind by Volunteer Officers that the *esprit du Corps* must be maintained at all hazards, and to do so they should not drag their Regimental affairs before the public as was done by "X. Y. Z." in the *Ottawa Citizen*, in a style anything but gentlemanly. Such squabbles can only have one effect and that is to make the men regard their officers in a light in which no officer would like to see himself.

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.

THURSDAY last was a great day in Ottawa. The ceremony of swearing in the new Governor General gave everybody a chance of displaying his loyalty, and certainly Sir John Young cannot complain of the reception accorded him by the people. The city Corporation, the Board of Trade, the various institutes, and National Societies all turned out with an immense number of citizens to welcome and accompany the representative of Her Majesty to the Legislative halls of the Dominion. The merchants of the city closed their places of business to give their employees an opportunity to take part in the demonstration. The floor of the senate chamber was occupied by the beauty and fashion of the Capital, and the galleries were crowded to overflowing with ladies and gentlemen anxious to witness the induction of the new Governor. Altogether the display was one which does infinite credit to the people of the Capital and is, we hope, only a beginning of many demonstrations of the loyalty and good feeling to the chosen representative of our gracious Queen.

By our Toronto advices we learn that judgment in the Whelan case is not to be delivered until the 21st inst., that is eleven days after the date fixed upon for the execution of the prisoner. In reference to this matter the feeling throughout the country is pretty unanimous, which is, that it would be a perversion of law and miscarriage of justice if the convicted perpetrator of a most atrocious murder was to escape punishment through a miserable technicality. By all means let the prisoner have full opportunity of proving his innocence if he can; but it is not a question of evidence that is sought to be set up—only a dodge to defeat the ends of justice which we hope will be unsuccessful.

BLACKWOOD for November is an exceedingly interesting number. The contents are varied and important. The reprints of the Leonard Scott Publishing Company of New York are in every way equal to the originals. For terms, &c., we refer our readers to the Advertisement on another page.

REMITTANCES

Received on Subscription to THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW, up to Saturday the 5th inst., as follows:—

TORONTO.—Lt. Col. B., \$2.

WARWICK.—Ensign C. J. K., \$2.

EAST HAWKSBURY.—Capt. Wm. O., \$2.

TEMPLETON.—R. B., \$1.50.

WOODSTOCK.—T. S. for Dr. S. A. S., \$2.

WARDSVILLE.—Private P., \$1.50; Mr. J. W., \$1.50; Bandsman Jno. G., \$1.50.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

BEECHER'S SERMONS IN THE "CHURCH UNION."—Many papers having announced that these sermons would not be printed in the *CHURCH UNION*, we take pleasure in stating that the sermons of this preacher do appear in every issue of this paper, and that they are to be printed hereafter at twelve o'clock on Monday, getting the sermon of Sunday out on the next day. We understand the publisher of the *CHURCH UNION* promises to print Mr. Beecher's sermons so long as they are acceptable to the Church, and requests all other papers to publish them from his own pages freely.

If our friends want a wide-awake religious paper, unsectarian, and full of interesting matter, the largest and most catholic paper in the world, let them send to HENRY E. CHILD, 41 Park Row, for a copy of this paper, enclosing 10 cents.

A SOUTHERN HIT AT THE "YANKEES."

"The Petersburg (Virginia) *Index*, stirred up by the observation that Samuel Adams had a larger share than Thomas Jefferson in bringing on the Revolution, indulges in the following strain of irony:—

"Our private opinion and belief is that there are authentic documents now in the library of Yale College—or they will be there when needed—to prove that Bunker Hill monument marks the sight of Babylon the Mighty, that Carthage was no more nor less than Portland, Ostrum, Nahant and Boston, in fact Athens; that Homer was Professor of Belles-Letters at Harvard, and Patinorus a member of the Cambridge Yacht Club; that Priscian taught a grammar school at Montpelier, and Archimedes was a private tutor of chemistry in Concord; that St. Peter was a Cape Cod fisherman, and St. Matthew a collector of the internal revenue at Stonington; that Phidias owned a brown-stone quarry in Maine; and Socrates founded the *Atlantic Monthly*; that the Academia was the walk under the yew trees of New Haven, and the Colossus of Rhodes a statue which strided from Nantucket to Martha's Vineyard; that Plymouth Rock is all that is left of the Tower of Babel, and the Connecticut River ran through

Paradise; that Stonington is the site of Tyre, and Merrimac fast colours the dyes that made that City famous; that the old Temple of Diana at Ephesus was not burned, but is now Faneuil Hall, and that Herodotus and Wendell Phillips were the same persons: that the fable of Romulus and his brother being suckled by a wolf (*lupus*) arose from the circumstance that their mother was the first Vermonter who looped her dresses; that Mercury was the ancient name of Ben Butler's family, and that like everything else in New England, the family had gone on perfecting itself from the start; that the sun shines six hours per diem more on that favoured spot than on any other between the poles; and that Noah's family were so much elated at an alliance with the Websters of Massachusetts that they got up a dictionary to commemorate that fact; that St. Patrick was head-centre of a Fenian circle in Bangor, and St. Andrew kept a distillery in Lowell; and finally that the millenium will begin in Boston, and will not be allowed to extend beyond its limits, except by a two-third vote of the tax payers of that heavenly city, excluding all who have at any time in their most secret thoughts expressed a doubt of the propriety of hanging Jeff. Davis and General Lee on a sour apple tree."

THE 13TH BATTALION AND VOLUNTEERING.

VOLUNTEERS AND THE NEW ACT.

A correspondent writes to the *Hamilton Spectator* as follows:—

Had the same courtesy been shown to the representations of volunteer officers when the new Bill was in preparation, or had the same attention been shown by the House in its passage, as the Educational Committee proposed to show school teachers, you would not now have raised such a jeremiad over the decline and fall of the gallant 13th (For your comfort, however, I will tell you that Hamilton is as well off in this respect, as any other Regimental District in Ontario.) The famous Bill, over which you, and all the Conservative papers raised such a shout of joy, has produced the desired effect:—

"There wout be an effective Regiment in Canada under its operation, in January next."

"The Fenian fools are not dead yet, and it is not at all improbable, they may make one more expiring effort in spring. Drafted regiments will then be sent into the field; not half drilled nor half organized; their inefficiency will soon be apparent, and then it will be—The Volunteers are a failure—the draft wout work in Upper Canada—there is no help for it—we must have a standing army. Only a very little one, just two or three regiments, for an internal police, and as a nucleus for the militia. Now, that Britain has removed the most of the Regulars, this is the calculation, I believe, of the framers of the new Militia Bill, and you will go for it, too, honestly, no doubt, thinking that as the other system was tried, and failed, that there is no other resource."

But Mr. Editor, had the wishes of the men been respected, or the suggestions of the officers received the attention which their experience of the working of the old law enabled them to offer; or, had the admirable report of the Adjutant General been acted upon, we would not now have to lament the decadence of the Volunteer Militia. Hear the second paragraph of Colonel McDougall's report. "The experience acquired during the last two years and nine months of the working of

the Volunteer system, has convinced the Adjutant General that of the several weak points which are inherent in an organization neither altogether civil nor altogether military, that which is most opposed to its success "is the feeling entertained by the men that their military service subjects them to a burden of expense and inconvenience which is not shared by other classes of the community. A Volunteer contributes in the same proportion with those other class towards the expense of the military establishment of the country, but he gives his personal service in addition." In the time of peace this service is made as little onerous as possible; but it is far otherwise, when owing to an emergency the Volunteer is placed upon active service for a continuous period. "The pay he receives is in most cases a very inadequate return for the loss of his usual employment, &c., &c." See Adjutant General's report of the militia of 1867. Now Mr. Editor, I can tell you that instead of Colonel McDougall's report or the spirit of it, or any of the suggestions or hints which his long service in Canada justified him in recommending, being acted upon—or incorporated in the new Bill; he never saw it till it was seen by everybody, after it had been laid upon the table in the House of Parliament. No copies were sent to the officers of companies, or to Regimental Officers. No advice or opinion was asked upon its merits. "That is the bill, gentlemen," the country will like it but you don't understand it. I will make no change, was the reply of the Minister of Militia to the remonstrances of a number of his own supporters—and he made no change according to law.

The great majority of the Volunteers in the old companies and regiments have been upon active service two or three times, in the last two or three years, and have proved for themselves the truth of what Col. McDougall reports. They trusted in hope that their just grounds of complaint would be removed, and their past services receive some acknowledgment; they waited and got what? Mr. Cartier's new bill, giving them, not even thank you, for what they have done, but giving them fifty cents a day, (men and officers). If they would re-enlist for three years, while he gives the same pay and emoluments to drafted men, and only retains them for two years.

Are you surprised now, Sir, at the agony as you call it, of the Volunteers? The men are justly indignant, and the officers are as justly indifferent. If the Bill was to accomplish all its advocates claim for it—where are the reports of its success? How has it worked in this District? How many men have enlisted, or re-enlisted for three years in the 13th, 19th, 20th, 37th, 38th or 39th Battalions? I will venture to assert these Regiments will not average ten men a company. The majority of those who have rejoined are those, whose time will expire within a year, or who have signed their names to give the required six months notice, in order to withdraw from the Force altogether. The Volunteers are defunct, Sir, all over the District, as well as in Hamilton, and their verdict is killed off by the Bill of a very ignorant but self-confident Frenchman, who was aided in the destruction of the force by every conservative member in the House, and by every conservative paper in Canada.

Upon this letter the Editor of the "Spectator" expatiates in the following article of the same issue.

We publish in another column a letter

from "An old 13th Man," complaining in very strong terms of the Militia Act of the last session of Parliament. Our correspondent is quite justified in his condemnation of the Bill, although somewhat unjust in his criticism of the Conservative Press in relation to it. The "Spectator" did not raise "a shout of joy over" this Bill. On the contrary, it opposed it from the moment it was introduced until after it was passed, characterizing its passage as an act of madness for which it was difficult to account. What we urged was this: that if for Lower Canada a system of conscription was necessary, the true policy would be simply to have one force, an active force for the country, to constitute the Volunteer force of Ontario the active force of the Province, and to give to them the power where necessary of filling up the ranks by draft, a power which, we are convinced, would be practically a dead letter. Had that policy been adopted, and liberal encouragement offered to the Volunteers to remain in the active force of the country, we are quite satisfied that we would not now have been called upon to chronicle the gradual disappearance of the splendid Volunteer force of the Dominion as we are compelled to do.

We predicted from the Act of Sir George E. Cartier, precisely the result which has taken place; and we deeply regret to find that our predictions are being verified. After the Bill became law, we avoided any further hostile criticism of it, because we were most anxious that it should if possible succeed; but the feeling which now prevails, and which has manifested itself in a manner most unmistakable, renders further silence useless. It is quite as well that the Minister of Militia, who, we fear, understands but indifferently the genius of the people of Ontario, should distinctly understand that his first effort at militia legislation is a deplorable failure, resulting in breaking up the only effective force we have in the Dominion, and in souring the tempers of the brave fellows who certainly have shown during the last three years that they deserved better treatment at the hands of the Government. The attempt here to substitute a conscription for a volunteer system, as the system of the Dominion, will prove a dead letter in Ontario. In the time of peace, the people will not quietly submit to be dragged from their homes to do militia duty, the more so as the necessity for this system has arisen out of a wanton destruction of a most efficient volunteer force.

The practical question however is, what course is wisest to be adopted by the volunteers now. They should remember that this Act is not a finality, that by a bold effort during the next session of Parliament it may be so modified as to make it acceptable. We are quite sure that the volunteers of Ontario will readily acquiesce in any course calculated to perpetuate on fair terms, the organization which they have done so much to identify with the honor and glory of Canada. Rashness or indiscretion on their part may only render more difficult the amendment of the Bill; and these are therefore to be avoided by them. Our advice to them is to enlist under the Act, obnoxious as it is. Let them remember that their duty to their country is a matter of far higher obligation than any mere matter of feeling in reference to their treatment by the Government. If they maintain their organization to its full force, they prevent the necessity for a draft; for they already

number more than the Ontario quota under the Militia Act. And they can, by representations to Parliament, have much more influence in securing such changes as they desire, if they make their appeal in full force, than they could do, making it simply as disbanded volunteers. Their true policy, they may rely upon it, will be found in sticking to their colours and in standing shoulder to shoulder in their ranks. They will secure by such a course an amount of public sympathy, and a hearty public co-operation in securing any amendments to the law they may desire, which they will not receive if they determine to abandon the force. In leaving it, they give to Sir George E. Cartier an argument against the volunteer system, which, if our correspondent is right in his suspicion of the ultimate design of the Minister of Militia, that gentlemen will be only too glad to have. Let them not afford him that argument. On the contrary, by striking to the force let them justify the confidence of those who have always held that the volunteer system was a most admirable one, fully sufficient for ordinary times of peace. Should they do this, they may rely upon it they will find the result to justify the advice which we now give them.

LATEST BY TELEGRAPH.

Toronto, 4th.—The argument on the assignment of errors in the case of the Crown vs. Whelan were heard today before the Bench of Judges, in Osgoode Hall; Judges Richards, Morrison and Adam Wilson presiding. Messrs. O'Reilly, Q. C., and Johnson, Q. C., appeared for the Crown, and Hon. J. H. Cameron for the prisoner. The main points argued were: "that there was no Commission for a General Session of Oyer and Terminer to be held by Chief Justice Richards; that no Jury process was awarded; and that the challenge of Jonathan Sparks was improperly allowed. The Crown argued: "That Whelan was not entitled to the challenge, and further that his challenge was exhausted." After hearing the arguments which were raised, the Chief Justice moved the 21st instant as the day for the delivery of judgment. Public feeling is inclined to believe that the prisoner will escape the penalty of the law. Some feel indignant that Mr. Cameron should, after a fair trial, press the matter on the ground of technical quibbles. Whelan left the Court in charge of Sheriff Jarvis, who is taking every precaution for his safety, seemingly quite light hearted, and feeling that he has at least for the moment thwarted the ends of justice.

London, 4th.—Sir Robert P. Collier will probably be Attorney General in Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet. Mr. Bright has been asked to join the new Ministry.

Madrid, 4th.—Gen Luveno has accepted the appointment as Captain General of Porto Rico, on the condition that reinforcements of regular troops be sent to that island.

Capt. Gen. Dulce will sail for Havana on the 15th inst.

The Right Hon. Wm. E. Gladstone had an audience with the Queen yesterday afternoon, and formally accepted his appointment as chief of the Ministry.

There was a great gathering of Liberal chiefs at the house of Mr. Gladstone last night.

THE N. Y. TRIBUNE ON TRAIN.

Of all the delightful asses in the vast realms of Assdom, George Francis Train is the most charming. It does no good to put him in prison. Stone walls cannot a prison make, nor iron bars a cage, for him. Though he is now immured in a British Bastile, as he calls the Dublin Marshalsea, the tyrannical Government which punishes him for not paying his debts has not yet subjected him to gagging, and so long as it does not gag him he might as well be at large. Out of the darkness of his dungeon he bellows most musically, and not being handcuffed, as we are inclined to think he should be, he writes the longest, most extravagant, most amusing letters that have been indited since the days of Wilkins Macawber.

The latest, we are happy to say not the last, epistle of this delicious nuisance is another edition of his own biography. Train may, it is within the bounds of human faith to believe, get tired of bearding the British tyrant; he may become weary of chanting what he calls "the grand music of the Irish Marseillaise;" but he will never tire of talking about George Francis Train. If he paints the Pyramids he places himself on the extreme pinnacle of the biggest. Is it Liberty? Train is her great apostle. Is it Oppression? Train is her most wretched victim. "I have only one passion," he says in this recent letter. "Born an egotist, I believe in self, and self alone. I feel that I could have crossed the bridge of Lodi, and would have provided against the burning of Moscow. I would not have been four years, with a million of men back of me, making Lee surrender ten thousand, as Grant did." Humility, he said, is high-art swindling, and of that crime he is resolved not to be accused. His mature greatness is founded on experience in childhood. At twelve years of age he went to market alone. Strange as it may appear, he did, and sold his sausages and fruit before noon, returning with ten or twenty dollars in his pocket to his grandmother. "And yet to-day," he exclaims, after reaching this climax, "men who edit newspapers call me a 'fool,' a 'lunatic,' a 'charlatan,' a 'mountebank,'—men who never went to market alone before they had arrived at the age of puberty." Then he bursts out with this characteristic deduction: "Who wonders I feel such terrible self-reliance in my manhood?"

Of Mr. Train's religious opinions we prefer to say nothing; it is enough that he says, "My impressions of the Bible are not good," and speaks of that volume as the "National Police Gazette of Jerusalem." It is far more pleasant to hear him talk of his grandmother, "one of the best of women," who taught him to put the best peaches always on the top of the basket, in his market days; of the times when he "did not know that George Washington 'used to swear like a pirate,'" or of those when Lola Montez, after dancing the Tarantula, threw her "leg over my head in the green-room with astonishing grace." These things are in Train's best style, and so is the way in which he anticipates our surprise that a mau who is a greater military genius than Napoleon or Grant should suffer himself to be imprisoned for debt. "With a yacht at my disposal at Newport, half a dozen 'horses or more in the stable, as many servants in the cottage, and carriages in the coachhouse, &c., do you suppose that I remain here six months in a British Bastile without an object, and that a noble one? Some time I shall be under good by my

"countrymen." Certainly he has an object as well as a yacht, and could at any time leave his dungeon, either by the door or the chimney; just as certain men of immense intellect, unjustly confined as lunatics, possess the power of flying, and could soar to the moon, if they should choose to, which they don't. We know his object. It is to remain in chains and fetters, suffering untold agonies for the glory of Ireland, in order to have the best material for epigrams on the British Government, and fresh claims to be dined and wined as an escaped victim of monarchy, and a half-flayed Marsyas.

But the most terrible of all the terrible things that Mr. Train has done or written is his. Regardless of the peace of mind of his unhappy countrymen, he deliberately says: "I think I shall live to a great age, and have much to do with the governing of my country and the financial, commercial, political, theological, and medical education and representation of my people."

INCIDENTS OF THE AMERICAN WAR.

THE SCOTTISH 79TH

My cicerone gave me some interesting particulars about a Scottish, or rather a Highland regiment (the 79th New York) that served with some distinction in the war.

"Soon after the war broke out," he said, "we heard that the men of this militia regiment had mustered into the regular service, and were preparing to start for Washington. We who were Scotch, especially, awaited anxious'y news of their coming. They had to run the rebel gauntlet at Baltimore, where the 6th Massachusetts had been fired upon by the Secessionist mob. They were all prepared for a similar reception. The men carried their muskets loaded: the officers were ready with their revolvers; and the advance line reconnoitred as they marched through the swarming city from the one depot to the other. But there was no provocation given them. Not an insulting word. They were even accompanied by a large concourse of spectators. The people said 'These are Scotch—none of the d—d Yankees!'"

"I remember well" said Mr. Williamson, "their arrival in Washington. They got here about half-past two on a Sunday morning, and marched up Pennsylvania Avenue, their band, led by Sandy Robinson, playing 'Hey Johnny Cope are you paukin' yet?' As they neared the President's house, they suddenly struck up. 'The Campbells are Coming.' 'Old Abe,' who slept very lightly, awoke at the sound. He knew the tune well, and told me afterwards that it filled his mind instantly with thoughts of the relief of Lucknow and the story of Jessie Brown. He got out of bed, pulled on his dressing-gown, and stepped out to the portico. His appearance was the signal for a wild hurrah, and it was some time before the cheering subsided. The President made a short speech, the band at its close struck up. 'Hail to the Chief,' and the regiment resumed its march to Georgetown. The 79th was 1100 strong, and 500 of them were in kilts. Eight hundred and fifty of these men were real Scotchmen; the rest were hardy fellows from the North of Ireland—Scotch-Irish, as they are called here. The officers were principally mechanics and masons, and many of the privates had been clerks and shopkeepers in New York, where they had been earning from \$70 to \$100 a month, but had turned out to help in putting down the rebellion. During all the

time they were in the city my house might be called their head-quarters. The city was full of Secessionists, and both officers and men seemed glad to find a countryman who was enthusiastic about them and their cause.

"By and bye they got orders to march to the front. I was out to see them go, and I remember one of the soldiers, Gourlay, an Edinburgh man, and a fine singer, getting up on a hayrick by the captain's orders and singing 'The March of the Cameron Men,' the regiment taking up the chorus. Just before starting, a private of the name of 'Jamie Smellie,' of Company 'A,' stepped out of the ranks and presented me with his tobacco-box. He shook my hand and said—'Mr. Williamson, I'll fecht till I dee.' Poor fellow! he was the first man shot at the battle of Bull Run. He was struck in the forehead by a ball, and died instantly."

"How did the 79th behave at Bull Run?" I asked.

"They fought as Highlanders always fight," said Mr. Williamson. "They fought well, and lost heavily in killed and wounded. Col. Cameron was among the killed. Captain Laing was one of the officers wounded: Laing was an old apprentice of W. H. Lizars, engraver, Edinburgh. He was first hit angleways on the windpipe, the ball traversing the neck just under the skin, and coming out at the back. Almost at the same moment a shell exploded near him, and a fragment struck him, hurting him so badly that he had to retire, his Sergeant (Campbell) helping him. He had not got far when one of the rebel cavalry fired at him and shot him in the wrist. The rebel was taking aim again, when the sergeant fired at him and killed him. They pushed for the rear as fast as Laing's wounds permitted, and were just getting off the field when another rebel dashed up and fired at him, the ball tearing the sleeve of his coat, and crashing through his wrist. The sergeant got at this fellow with his bayonet, and killed him too. Laing presented the sergeant afterwards with a silver medal for saving his life.

"Such a state as Washington was in the day after that battle," my friend continued. "The people were in a panic; great numbers were leaving the city; the braver and more loyal were hurrying about preparing to receive the wounded. Stands with wine, hot coffee, tea, and bread for the weary footed soldiers were placed at street corners; ambulances were rattling out for the maimed; artillery was hurrying at a jolting trot through the streets; orderlies were dashing to and fro; bugles were sounding 'To horse' and the district volunteers, in rather a shaky condition, were panting for glory.

"I was out all day at the corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and Fourteenth Street watching the excitement and seeing the wounded come in. I saw Burnside, who had gone prancing out in high feather a few days before at the head of his troops, in the midst of cheers and waving handkerchiefs and bouquets, come back on a broked down Rosinante, with somebody else's cap on his head and the flower gone from his button-hole. It was the best thing that could have happened for the North, that defeat. It let the nation see that serious work was before it. The troops went out with no idea of what awaited them. Parties of civilians went with them to see the rebels whipped. The start was like a great picnic. Bull Run put an end to that. The nation set itself seriously then to prepare for a great war.

"When I got home that first night, I found a number of the officers and soldiers of the 79th in and around my house—many of them wounded. They were all able to rejoin their

regiment within a week or two. That regiment fought afterwards in 27 battles. The last was a decisive victory—the battle of Spotsylvania Court House, under General Grant."

A CITY IN WAR DAYS.

I said life in Washinton must have been terrible exciting during those years of war.

"Yes," said Mr. Williamson, "and the city itself was in a fearful condition—swarming not only with troops, but with vagabonds, vampires, and harpies of every description. Hundreds of Irish shebeens dotted the suburbs, where poisonous whisky was sold to the soldiers at four or five dollars a bottle, and citizens' clothes were kept for soldiers to desert in. Daily raids were made upon these places by the Provost Guard, the whisky destroyed, and the houses battered down; but others started up like mushrooms, and low women were continually caught conveying whisky to the soldiers in bottles suspended from the hoops of their crinolines. Whole streets were occupied by prostitutes, who never numbered less than 20,000 here during the war—5000 or more of them black women. Hundreds of soldiers were nightly turned out of these dens by the Provost Guard; restaurants were closed, rum and whisky run into the gutter, and the proprietors imprisoned. Sundays were like other days. Church-going was almost given up. Churches, indeed, were converted into hospitals, and filled with wounded and dying men.

"Then such a roar as there continually was in the city, day and night. Drove of mules from Kentucky, brought in for drawing quartermasters stores; horses by the thousand, for cavalry and other service, on their way to the Government corrals; heads of cattle, for feeding the army, driven by horsemen with long whips, bellowing and stampeding through the streets. Then there were the dying and the dead, arriving in shiploads at our wharves, long mournful trains of ambulances moving to the hospitals; crowds of people running after them to see if any of their friends were amongst the wounded; columns of rebel prisoners, heavily guarded, passing to head quarters; companies of rebel officers guarded by black soldiers; regiments innumerable crowding through the city on their way to the front. I remember when Burnside's corps of 45,000 men was on its way to join Grant in Virginia, it passed in review before the President and Cabinet, occupying two days. There were three or four coloured regiments in this corps, and, as they passed "Old Abe," they sang, "John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave," marching with their caps on the tops of their bayonets. Poor fellows! they didn't know it but they were on their way to be buried in the crater at Petersburg.

"These," said Mr. Williamson, "were our daily excitements. Latterly we got accustomed to them so much so, that when Stuart with his rebel cavalry made a dash at Fort Stevens, within seven miles of us, threatening the city, nobody seemed to be put about. We had no excitability to spare for the occasion."—(*Macrae's Notes on travel in Canada and United States*).

Lt. Col. Crawley of the Inniskillings, of whom we have heard unpleasantly in connection with the death under arrest of Sergt. Major Silly of his regiment, has at last sent in his papers.

The United States army now number 48,000 men, being just four times as many as it had in it before the war.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The new English Parliament meets on the 16th inst.

France can raise 30,000 soldiers in Algeria. She will need them by and by.

The President will give, in his annual message, a full history of the negotiations for the settlement of the Alabama claims.

The armies of Europe, according to the estimates of a French collector of statistics, are composed of 2,557,526 soldiers in active service, and 671,393 drilled reserves.

Roman trains now carry ten pontifical car-bineers in a compartment by the engine and as many at the rear, all ready at a moments notice for action with the brigands. Moreover all the stations are guarded day and night.

At a meeting of Cuban filibusters several recruits enrolled themselves, and a letter from a late rebel officer was read offering to join the expedition with 10,000 men. Gen. Kerrigan, the alleged leader keeps very reticent, but the report is that an expedition leaves within a short time for Cuba.

There is very little military or naval news stirring in Paris. It is evidently the dead season. The troops have all retired from their different camps; and if there are squadrons abroad, they are kept on the alert by the Spanish revolution. A paper recently ventured on the assertion, that, notwithstanding the acknowledged beauties of the French armament, the trials at Chalons were not quite satisfactory, and it was found that there was room for improvement. This paragraph referred to the celebrated Chassepot, which is a delicious weapon, but which mis-uses fire frequently.

The good folks at Fergus, after years of quarreling and wrangling, decided a few months ago upon a site for their drill shed. This point being settled the work was commenced, and is now about completed, whereat the Fergusonians rejoice muchly. To give vent to their enthusiasm they propose having a grand concert, ball and supper to inaugurate the institution, on the 23rd of next month, when it is expected that a gay and festive celebration will take place. The shrewd projectors have made sure of a large attendance, as almost all the able-bodied male inhabitants are appointed committee men—all of whom are, of course, in duty bound to attend.—*Mount Forest Examiner*.

FIGHT WITH SOLDIERS.—For some time past a bad feeling has existing in the Westend between a low class of civilians and the soldiers, and several fights have occurred. The force stationed here having dwindled down to twenty men, the civilians thought it a good time to take advantage of their limited number, and last night made an attack on some of the men, near the Crystal Palace. The result was that one of the soldiers got a severe blow with a slungshot in the head, and another a severe cut on the right eye. Several civilians got pretty well thrashed, and one named Hicks, got a prod of a bayonet in the knee, and his right ear split—all of which served him and his ruffianly companions perfectly right.—*Hamilton Times*.

THE SPANISH LEGION AND THE SPANISH REVOLUTION.—It will be in the memory of many that Isabella was enabled to ascend the throne from which she has just been expelled mainly through the assistance of an army numbering 30,000 troops, with the sanction of the British Government, was raised by Gen. Evans, in Great Britain. That was in 1836. After fighting many battles, and securely placing Isabella upon the throne, the British Auxiliary Legion of Spain, as the army was called, was disbanded, and of the 5,000 that returned, the major portion having been killed in battle or died from disease or other causes incident to a campaign, not more than a few hundred now remain. Their pensions continue to be paid by the new government of Spain.

DRILL FOR SINGLE VOLUNTEERS.—Fall in—Love with some amiable and virtuous young woman on the first opportunity you may have.

Attention—Pay to her, assiduously and respectfully.

Right Face—Pop the Question like a man and she'll accept you.

Quick March—With her to the church and go through the service of holy matrimony.

Halt—And reflect seriously for a few moments; then determine to devote yourself entirely to your wife.

Right about Face—From the haunts you have frequented when single, and prefer your own home.

Advance arms—To your young wife when out walking together, and don't let her walk three or four yards behind you.

Break off—Billiard playing, betting, and staying out at night, if you wish to have a happy home.

Rossini was some forty years ago in Madrid, and was received like a king (a king of those days, not these) by an archbishop, who lodged him in his palace, and treated him as a superior being. When the *maestro* was going away, he said, "Most illustrious and most reverend of the regents of heaven, what can I do to prove my gratitude for your hospitality?" The priest pondered: "One thing you, and you alone, can do for me—write me a service." "Impossible," replied the composer of "Il Barbiere." "With the memory of Pergolese before me I cannot touch sacred music." He was over-persuaded, however, and in a few hours returned with the M.S. of the "Stabat Mater." Years elapsed, and the good priest died, and went, let us hope to that place which, if every priest goes there, as he ought, must be very crowded. In looking over his papers, the executors found this manuscript, and took it at once to a Paris publisher to see if it was worth anything. "Worth anything!" exclaimed M.X.; "Why, it is an original composition of Rossini's, and here is his signature!" So he bought it and advertised it. Rossini saw the notice, and sent a lawyer to the publisher to threaten an action for defamation of character. "But it is his" said the publisher, in answer to the declaration that Rossini had never written such a composition. "I have the M.S. in his own writing." Then came Rossini, and, on seeing it, said, "Ah, yes, I see it is mine; please give me the rights of the author." On being asked by a friend of mine if this was true, Rossini said, "Yes, I quite forgot it; you cannot remember all the foolish acts of your youth."—*Paris Letter*.

JOURNALISTS AS MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT.

—I see the names of a class of men who are, I believe, destined to play a more conspicuous and useful part in the work of legislation and government than they do at present—I mean the class of journalists. Hitherto these men have only been known in the House of Commons as premiers, reporters, and loungers in the lobby; but perhaps no men are better fitted by their training and habits of thought to take part in the discussions and committee work of the House of Commons than "Gentlemen of the Press;" and I am, therefore, glad to see them throwing off the mask, and standing forward, as they do in France and America to take a distinct and acknowledged position in English politics. In the present Parliament, there are only a couple of newspaper men—Mr. Maguire and Mr. Baines; and these are the proprietors of provincial journals. There is, I believe, only one more gentleman of the Press in the House, except the Premier, and that is the Right Hon. Robert Lowe. You may frequently meet Mr. Delane, the editor of the *Times*, in the lobby, and on special occasions you may generally see him in the Speaker's gallery. But why not on the floor of the House—why not on the Opposition or the Ministerial Benches, or in that part of the House which Mr. Gladstone once called the mountain? That is the proper position for a distinguished and powerful journalist like the editor of the *Times*; and the electors cannot do themselves or the country a higher service than by selecting men of Mr. Delane's class as their representatives. There are at present, I believe, ten or a dozen gentlemen of this class standing for constituencies. I know most of them personally, and apart from their political principles, I know no men in the present Parliament who, in point of information, experience, and natural powers, are their superiors.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

DECEMBER, AND THE NAPOLEONIC DYNASTY.

—The month of December is remarkable for events interesting to the Napoleon family. 63 years have elapsed since Napoleon First was crowned in the Cathedral of Notre-Dame, by Pius VII. On the first of December (1807) Jerome Bonaparte was proclaimed King of Westphalia. On the second of the same month (1805) was fought the battle of Austerlitz. On the fourth (1808) Napoleon entered Madrid. On the tenth (1848) Citizen Louis Napoleon Bonaparte was elected President of the French Republic. On the twelfth (1790) General Bonaparte was named First Consul. On the fifteenth (1840) the remains of Napoleon arrived in Paris. On the sixteenth (1809) took place the divorce of Napoleon from Josephine. On the eighteenth (1812) Napoleon returned to Paris, after the disastrous campaign of Russia. On the twenty-third (1806) Napoleon defeated the Russians at Gornovo. On the evening of the twenty-fourth (1800) the infernal machine exploded, as the First Consul was going to the opera. On the twenty-sixth (1777) Marie Julie, the wife of Joseph Bonaparte, was born. It was on the fifth of December, 1792, that the National Convention decreed the penalty of death against all who exported grain from the territory of the republic. And the butchery of Napoleon III.'s *coup d'etat*, which occurred on the memorable month of December.

John Stuart Mill having been defeated, it is rumored that Mr. Bown is going to import him to this country to construct a platform to replace the one recently stolen.

CANADIAN ITEMS.

THE 13TH BATTALION CONCERT.—We were glad to notice a good attendance at the Concert given by the Band last night, at the Mechanics' Hall. We need hardly say that the programme was exceedingly well played. The Band is too firmly fixed in popular favor to require any praise at our hands. The seats had been removed from the Hall, and the large concourse who assembled had a most pleasant evening.—*Hamilton Spectator*.

SARNIA CAVALRY.—Pursuant to a call made through the Press of last week twenty six of those whose names had been given previously obtained to organize a Cavalry Troop, met in the large Hall of the Belchamber House, on Saturday the 28th inst., to elect their Officers &c. After the oath of allegiance being taken by all present before G. Russell Esq., J. P. It was moved and carried unaminously that W. J. Keays be Captain of said Troop. The meeting then adjourned till Monday the 7th of December next at 1 o'clock to meet at the Belchamber House, to elect the balance officers and transact other important business, when it is hoped they will be a large and enthusiastic turn out. There is only room for about half a dozen other good, active and respectable men to join, so that parties desirous of enrolling themselves must not lose time.—*Sarnia B. Canadian*.

The *Union Advocate*, of Nov. 19, says the *Napoleon* came in on Monday evening, and brought the fit out for the Newcastle Artillery Company; which consists of three brass 9 pounder field pieces, and brass 24 pounder Howitzer, with 16 guns and baggage, carriages, harness, &c., for 16 span of horses, clothing for 75 men, with powder, shot, shell, and everything necessary for the complete equipment of a field battery of artillery. This is pronounced the best outfit in the whole Dominion, and we feel assured that the Company to whom it is entrusted will do credit to the volunteer service of the Dominion. The people of Newcastle should feel proud that our *call* has been heard, and that so soon after the formation of the Company the men have been supplied with all that is needed to enable them to attain proficiency in their drill.—It is certainly a great addition to the town, and we are proud to notice the matter. We understand an Artillery drill-sergeant will be here from Halifax in a few days.

The entire population of Waterdown was in the Hamilton Police Court on Monday morning to hear a charge preferred against Bernard Doran, of stealing a coat at a hall in Waterdown. It appears that the Widow Orr, who resides in that village, held a carnival in her back kitchen on Tuesday night last. The room was tastefully decorated with whitewash and greens, and the Waterdown Orchestra did the music. After the "mazy" had been tripped for about nine hours, to the tune of "The Rocky Road to Dublin," in a four hand reel, Mr Doran ventured to offer his services as convoy to a young lady who was about retiring, and his own coat being of the shabby genteel order, he appropriated another. The apology given for the offence was that he merely wished to borrow it in order to display the *contour* of his noble figure to the young lady, and had no intention of keeping it. The apology was accepted, and the case was dismissed.

VARIETIES.

Guttu percha houses are suggested for earthquake countries.

It is fashionable now to have one's breath smell of onions, for the Empress Eugenie eats garlic.

A Newspaper biographer, trying to say his subject "Was hardly able to bear the demise of his wife," was made by the inexorable printer to say, "Wear the chemise of his wife."

Ernest Capender, a French novelist, has just died, believing for three years that he could get well if his young wife would keep in bed all the time. To this the noble little woman cheerfully submitted, in hopes to cure his malady.

A married man in Constantinople had a difficulty with five of his wives, which he settled by tying them in sacks and throwing them into the Bosphorus. His thirty-eight other wives have given him no trouble since that bit of house cleaning came off.

A novel suit is going on in Toronto—that of a gentleman named Hosken against a lady named Graham, for breach of promise of marriage. The lady pleads that she never promised, and that if she did, the time within which she promised to marry had not expired before the suit was brought.

STUDYING YANKEE CHARACTER.—I spent a summer in the Eastern States, for the purpose of studying Yankee character, and picking up such peculiarities of dialect and expression as I could, from constant communication with the "Critters" themselves. In Boston I was thus invited by a countryman to visit the town in which he lived: "Wal, stranger, can't you come down our way and give us a show?" "Where do you live?" inquired I. "Oh, about half way between this ere and sunrise." "Oh, yes," said I, adopting at once the style of the countryman, "I know; where the trees grow underground, and gals weigh two hundred pounds. Where some on 'em are so fat they grease the cart wheels with their shadow, and some on 'em are so thin you're obliged to look at 'em twice afore you can see 'em at all." "Wal, I guess you've been there," says he, saying which the countryman departed.

THE CHURCH UNION.

THIS paper has been recently enlarged to mammoth proportions. IT IS THE LARGEST RELIGIOUS PAPER IN THE WORLD, is the leading organ of the Union Movement, and opposes ritualism, close communion, exclusiveness and church caste. It is the only paper that publishes HENRY WARD BEECHER'S Sermons, which it does every week, just as they are delivered,—without qualification or correction by him. It advocates universal suffrage; a union of christians at the polls; and the rights of labor. It has the best Agricultural Department of any paper in the world; publishes stories for the family, and for the destruction of social evils. Its editorial management is impersonal; its writers and editors are from every branch of the church, and from every grade of society. It has been aptly termed the freest organ of thought in the world.

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We publish no names without permission.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

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"We have examined their system, and know them to be a fair dealing firm."--"N.Y. Herald," Feb. 28, 1868.

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GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA.

31st day of October, 1868.

PRESENT:

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

On the recommendation of the Honorable the Acting Minister of Inland Revenue, and under the authority given and conferred by the Act 31st Vic. Cap. 8, intitled: "An Act respecting the Inland Revenue,"

His Excellency has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that in addition to the Ports mentioned in the 19th clause of the Order in Council of 27th April, 1868, as the Ports from which goods subject to duties of Excise shall be exported in Bond, the following Ports shall be, and they are hereby constituted Ports for the above mentioned purpose, namely:

The Port of Pitou, Nova Scotia; Chatham, Newcastle, and Fredericton, New Brunswick.

WM. H. LEE,

Clerk Privy Council.

The Merchants' Protective Union

MERCANTILE REFERENCE REGISTER.

THE Merchants' Protective Union, organized to promote and protect trade, by enabling its subscribers to attain facility and safety in the granting of credits, and the recovery of claims at all points, have to announce that they will, in September, 1868, published in one large quarto volume, "The Merchants' Protective Union Mercantile Reference Register," containing among other things, the names, nature of business, amount of capital, financial standing, and rating as to credit, of over 400,000 of the principal merchants, traders, bankers, manufacturers and public companies, in more than 30,000 of the cities, towns, villages and settlements throughout the United States, their territories, and the British Provinces of North America, and embracing the most important information attainable and necessary to enable the merchant to ascertain at a glance the Capital, Charter, and Degree of Credit of such of his customers as are deemed worthy of any gradation of credit, also a "Newspaper Directory," containing the title, character, price, and place of publication, with full particulars relative to each journal, being a complete guide to the press of every county in the United States.

The reports and information will be confined to those deemed worthy of some line of credit; and as the same will be based, so far as practicable, upon the written statements of the parties themselves, revised and corrected by well-known and reliable legal correspondents, whose character will prove a guarantee of the correctness of the information furnished by them, it is believed that the reports will prove more truthful and complete and therefore, superior to, and of much greater value than any previously issued.

By the aid of the "Mercantile Reference Register," business men will be able to ascertain, at a glance, the capital and gradation of credit, as compared with financial work, of nearly every merchant, trader, and banker, within the above named territorial limits.

On or about the first of each month, subscribers will also receive the "Monthly Chronicle," containing, among other things, a record of such important changes in the name and condition of firms throughout the country as may occur subsequent to the publication of each half yearly volume of the "Mercantile Reference Register."

Price of the "Merchants' Union Mercantile Reference Register," \$50, for which it will be forwarded to any address in the United States, transportation paid.

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August 19th 1868.

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Express, 7:30 a. m.	9:25 a. m.
Mixed, 1:00 p. m.	4:15 p. m.
Mail, 9:00 p. m.	11:45 p. m.

Leave Prescott.	Arrive in Ottawa.
Mixed, 7:15 a. m.	10:35 a. m.
Express, 1:35 p. m.	4:15 p. m.
Mail, 5:00 p. m.	7:45 p. m.

The time of these Trains have been so arranged as to ensure connection with night and day Trains on Grand Trunk, East and West.

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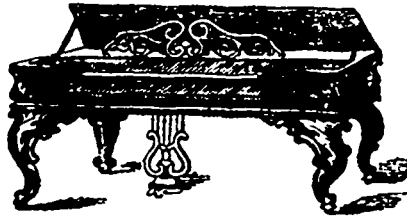
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