



6169 Billy Patterson
Royal Canadians.

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SOLDIERING A PROFESSION.

All officers of the Permanent Force, who have an interest in their profession, and we believe that the majority have such an interest, must feel that their zeal and energy often receive severe checks, from causes over which, apparently, no one has any control. No opportunity, no genuine responsibility comes as a soldier's blessing upon them. The tame, common round of duties, orderly room, troop battery or company drill, courts martial, barrack inspections, etc., are the varied diet on which they feed and on which they are permitted to blunt themselves or to throw up the sponge in despair. Perhaps it may be said, they do not take themselves seriously. As permanent troops (which means regular troops under another name) under pay for continuous service, they are *forced* to take themselves seriously; so much so that unless the Government devises some scheme of pension for retirement, junior regimental lieutenants of 20 years standing will presently become quite common!

As this paper is edited on behalf of and for the Permanent Force, we may perhaps be permitted to quote the following extract from a recent speech of Lord Wolseley. If his view of soldiering, as a profession, were applied to the Permanent Force by the Government in a serious manner, then the officers, N. C. officers and men might feel that zeal, energy and a conscientious sticking to even dull barrack monotony might bring its proper reward, as it certainly would do in all other professions or mercantile pursuits.

Lord Wolseley says:—

“ It will be my great object to make Her Majesty's army a real fighting machine, ready to be used for whatever purpose the

“ nation, through Parliament, may require of it. It will be my
“ endeavor to make Her Majesty’s army a *career* for all ranks
“ belonging to it, so that men may feel inducements to enter it,
“ either as officers or soldiers, feeling sure that they shall have even-
“ handed justice meted out to them, and that the men belonging
“ to the army, no matter to what rank they belong, shall have the
“ same opportunity and the same certainty of advancement, pro-
“ vided they bring to their work the ability which would raise them
“ in other professions in life, and provided they study their pro-
“ fession in the army as they would Law, Medicine or Theology.
“ In other words, that the man who enters Her Majesty’s army
“ shall feel that it is not only an honorable career, but one in which
“ he has the same opportunities of advancing as his brother or other
“ relations would have if they had entered any of the great professions
“ to which I have referred.”

These sentiments, we take it, should be the keystone in the admin-
istration of our small but comparatively most efficient permanent
force.

THE NEW GENERAL OFFICER.

Major General Gascoigne, the new General Officer commanding the Canadian Militia, assumed his appointment on the day he sailed from Liverpool, viz., 19th September last. He arrived by the “Parisian” at Quebec on the 29th September, and was received by a Guard of Honor from the Royal Canadian Artillery under command of Major Farley. He proceeded by the steamship to Montreal, and from thence went direct to Ottawa. The General is no stranger to Canada, having served in 1863 with the Battalion of the Scots Guards, then quartered in Montreal. In 1870, he returned to Canada for special service, and on the 25th May of that year, went to the frontier as Brigade Major to the Montreal Volunteer Militia, to repel the Fenian invaders. Since his arrival, the General has seen the Montreal and Toronto Brigades of Militia—the largest in the Dominion—turn out for church parade, and expressed his satisfaction with what he saw. In both cities he attended a Brigade Mess dinner, and spoke at length in answer to the toast of his health, and his remarks were enthusiastically received. We have been given to understand that he will not make any inspection of the Permanent Force till after the new year. Our readers will be pleased to learn that he has accepted the posi-

tion of Patron of the V. R. I. Club, in succession to Major General Herbert, and will be present at its annual meeting in Quebec during the last week in January.

The annual meeting of the V.R.I. Club will be held in the city of Quebec during the last week in January, 1896. It is believed that the G.O.C. Major-Genl. Gascoigne, who has accepted the position of Patron of the Club, in succession to Major-Genl. Herbert, will be present. It was intended to have held the meeting in May last, but at the request of Genl. Herbert it was delayed. His subsequent resignation and the arrival of the new G.O.C. seemed to call for its further postponement. The date now being definitely fixed, it is hoped that as many officers as can be spared from the various depots will put in an appearance. We believe it to be the interest of the Permanent Force to sustain their Club, at the same time making its terms of membership as wide as possible. The interests of the Permanent Force are linked with the Active Militia. The higher the degree of efficiency attained by the former, the better model are they for the latter. Let us cultivate the warmest friendship with the Militia of the country—the back-bone of Canada's defensive power.

Major-General Herbert, C.B., C.M.G., resigned his command of the Canadian Militia on the 1st of August. We feel sure he carries with him the best wishes, not only of the officers of the Permanent Force, but of the entire Militia Force of Canada, for whose welfare and in whose interest his work was unceasing. We hear that it is not improbable that in the not distant future he may visit Canada on a holiday, well earned after five years' constant work. The Militia General orders of September 18th last contain the following valedictory issued by Major-General Herbert, on retirement from the command of the Canadian Militia:—

VALEDICTORY.

1. Before relinquishing the command of the Canadian forces, the Major General Commanding desires to thank those who, for a period of nearly five years, have given him a loyal support and co-operation in his endeavor to render those forces an efficient and powerful factor for the defence of Her Majesty's Empire.
2. During this period he has been encouraged by seeing Canada assume her share of the burthen necessary to secure the inviolability

of her Pacific Coast, and by the exceptional efforts made by the Militia units allotted for the defence of Halifax and Esquimalt, in order to fit themselves for the duties they would have to perform in a time of emergency.

3. He has observed with pleasure a general awakening, throughout the Militia, of a spirit of emulation for practical efficiency, together with a considerable development in rifle-shooting, and a marked desire on the part of those who aspire to the commissioned and non-commissioned ranks of the Militia, to qualify themselves for command by professional study.

4. He has on several occasions expressed officially his appreciation of the excellent material to be found in the Rural Militia, and he will ever cherish a pleasing recollection of the time spent with them in camps of instruction, and of the cheerful manner in which they responded to his efforts to raise the standard of instruction, sobriety, order and soldierlike behavior in those camps.

5. His thanks are specially due to the officers, non-commissioned officers and men of the Royal Regiments forming the Permanent Force of Canada, on whom devolves the arduous duty of instructing the Active Militia. While conscious that he has been exacting in his demands upon them, he can testify with sincerity to the soldierlike manner in which all ranks have met those demands, and to the marked improvement that has been made in the discipline and military training of all arms. He would once more remind these Royal Regiments that theirs is the honorable mission of presenting to the Active Militia as high a standard of military efficiency, and as brilliant an example of good conduct and devotion to duty as were formerly offered by Her Majesty's regular troops when quartered in Canada.

6. He desires to convey to all ranks of the Staff, Permanent Force and Active Militia, his best wishes for their health and prosperity, coupled with the hope that he will be remembered by them with feelings of esteem and respect, akin to those which he will always bear towards the Canadian comrades and fellow-subjects whom he has had the honor to command.

By command,

WALKER POWELL,

Colonel.

Adjutant General of Militia, Canada.

THE RE-ARMAMENT OF THE LONDON VOLUNTEERS.

Preparations are now being made at the War Office for the early re-armament of the whole of the Volunteer Infantry, numbering about 175,000, with the rifle known as the Martini-Metford, Mark III, or Martini-Enfield. It is expected that the first issue of this weapon will be made to those corps of London and the Home District which have ranges suitable for its use; and with respect to this, inquiry has been recently made of commanding officers. The barrel, which takes the place of the Henry now fitted to the Volunteers' Martini-Henry rifle, is in some respects different to and an improvement on the Metford barrel in the Lee-Metford magazine rifle of the Regular troops, chiefly by a modification of the rifling, in order that the latter may suffer less deterioration from the action of cordite ammunition. The reduction of bore in the new weapon to that of the Lee-Metford, will make one ammunition serve for the rifles of all Infantry—Regular, Militia, and Volunteer; but the Volunteers' weapon will have no magazine. A large number of the new rifles are now ready for issue, and more will be got ready as the Martini-Henrys are called in for the usual triennial examination at Birmingham during the winter months, so that it is probable the shooting of next year will be done entirely with the new weapon. The Martini-Metford will be the fourth rifle issued to the Volunteers since their formation, its predecessors being the muzzle-loading Enfield, the Snider-Enfield breech-loader, and the Martini-Henry.

The weapon referred to above is that which, according to the arrangements made by General Herbert, would have been issued to the whole of the Permanent Force and the City Corps of the Canadian Militia by the end of the year 1895.

It was known officially as the Martini-Metford, Mark III, a designation which has been changed to the more correct name of "Martini-Enfield," by which it will be known in the future.

The Martini-Metford Mark I Rifle was a converted weapon. Mark II (the Rifle with which the R. Reg. of Can. Inf. is now armed) is not, as has been erroneously stated, a converted weapon, but was manufactured in the form in which it was ultimately issued. Both these rifles being provided with the Metford barrel and with the Martini breech-action, were accurately described by the official nomenclature as "Martini-Metford" Rifles. Mark III is a converted rifle retaining the Martini breech-action, but considerably

modified as to the barrel. This is no longer the true Metford barrel, since the number of grooves has been reduced from seven to five, with a view to diminishing the erosion caused by the use of a high explosive and a composite bullet. After a series of most elaborate and exhaustive experiments, at the Royal Small Arms Factory at Enfield, it has been found possible to design a barrel in which the above desideratum is obtained without any loss of range or velocity. Hence the more correct appellation of Martini-Enfield.

LIEUT.-COLONEL TURNBULL RESIGNS.

A recent *Official Gazette* contains the resignation of Lieut.-Colonel Turnbull of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, Commandant of the Royal School of Cavalry, and Inspector of Cavalry for Canada. The reasons given we are sorry to hear being ill health that requires rest and quiet—together with a sea-voyage and a winter in the Sunny South of Europe.

Colonel Turnbull has been connected with the Active Militia Force from its organization in 1855, and few men have a better knowledge of its requirements and capabilities. A slight sketch therefore of his military career may encourage our Permanent Officers to continue working ever upwards to the goal of their ambition; which should be the topmost rung of the ladder, before retirement.

In October, 1855, when a young man of 20 years of age, he enlisted in the Quebec Volunteer Cavalry as a private soldier, and served in the ranks until 1861, when he was promoted to a Cornetcy in 2 Troop; became Lieutenant in 1862, and Captain on 20th May, 1864, when he visited the American Cavalry and their Remount depots during their civil strife, acting as a war correspondent.

In 1865, Colonel Turnbull proceeded to the Canterbury depot in England for Cavalry instruction, at the suggestion of Colonel MacDougall, adjutant general, who contemplated the formation of a Cavalry School in Canada; and returned in March, 1866, by way of New York, receiving the appointment of Intelligence Officer to the A. G., during the Fenian raid of that year, and bringing in to Montreal valuable information regarding their frontier movements.

In 1867, Sir George Cartier, then Minister of Militia, induced Colonel Turnbull to pay a visit to the French Cavalry, to study French Cavalry drill, and through the influence of Lord Lyons,

British Ambassador in Paris, received permission to visit the regiment at St. Germain, "Les Dragons de l'Impératrice."

In 1869, the brevet rank of Major was conferred. In 1872, he proceeded to England with official letters from the Governor General for Cavalry instruction, and was attached to the 7th Hussars at Aldershot, returning in time for the annual drill camp at Levis the next summer, being complimented thereon by Col. Robertson-Ross. In 1874, he received the brevet rank of Lieut.-Colonel, and again proceeded to England in 1875 for further Cavalry instruction, and was put on the Cavalry staff at Aldershot for the manœuvres.

Colonel Turnbull returned to Canada for the drill season of 1876, but shortly afterwards started upon an extended European tour, and while in Paris in the month of April, 1878, received an offer from the war office in London, in the then probable event of a war with Russia, to raise a regiment of Cavalry in Canada for service in the East—and spent some weeks in communication with the Military authorities and H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge, to whom he was presented by Sir Patrick MacDougall, as the best Canadian officer that he knew of to undertake the task—rendered however, unnecessary by the celebrated Berlin Conference, where "peace with honor" was arranged by the Marquis of Salisbury.

In 1879, Sir Patrick MacDougall cabled from Halifax that Lieut.-Colonel Turnbull was ready to raise a regiment of Cavalry for service in South Africa, if permission was granted him by the Canadian authorities, the *White Hall Review* of the 27th March, 1879, remarking upon the offer as follows :

"The Government has found it necessary to decline the offer made by Lieut.-Colonel Turnbull to raise a regiment in Canada for service at the Cape, but it has signified its appreciation of the very laudable spirit in which the offer has been made.

"Colonel Turnbull was lately residing temporarily in England, and made the acquaintance of many officers of our army. He is spoken of as an officer of considerable military ability, and this is not the first occasion on which he has given convincing proof of his loyalty and anxiety to serve the interests of the British Crown."

In 1883, the Dominion Government, having in view the establishment of a school of instruction for Cavalry, Colonel Turnbull, together with three other commandants of Infantry Schools, was sent to Aldershot, where he was attached for three months to the 15th Hussars, and on the 21st December, 1883, his official appointment

as Commandant of the Cavalry School Corps appeared in the *Gazette*. On the breaking out of the Riel Rebellion he was ordered with his corps to the North-West, and stationed by General Middleton in the Touchwood Hills, where so much depended upon the several Reserves of Indians in that district being prevented from going on the war path and joining the rebels at Batoche. The tact and firmness displayed in dealing with these bands had a satisfactory result, and in common with the rest of the expedition he received the war medal.

In 1893, the Cavalry School removed from Quebec to Toronto, where it is at present quartered in Stanley Barracks, doing valuable instruction work for the whole Cavalry Force of Canada; and before leaving these barracks, Colonel Turnbull made the following parting address to the Dragoons who were drawn up for their last parade before their old commander:—

“I am glad, notwithstanding ill health, to be able to say my parting words in person. They are hard to say. I love the Cavalry of Canada much. I can never forget the happy days I have spent in it, and since I organized and commanded this corps and school of instruction, my duties were made pleasant by the marvellous unanimity of all ranks.

“It has been my habit to entrust my officers with powers and responsibilities of a very extended order, and I can safely say that my trust in their discretion has been realized to the fullest extent.

“I wish particularly to do justice to the zeal, smartness and respectability of my non-commissioned officers, and I take leave of them with a very sincere regard and esteem.

“Regimental Sergt.-Major Dingley deserves a special word. I brought him out from Aldershot on the formation of this corps in 1883. It is not too much to say that he has gained not only the esteem of the officers, but the respect and affection of the men. His zeal, his smartness, his stern and upright sense of discipline have been most marked.

“I hope the *esprit-de-corps* which now exists will long continue—and I have always recognized the good conduct and efforts of the private soldiers to maintain the credit of the regiment, and I part from them with regret.

“With an earnest prayer for the future prosperity of the regiment, and that it may ever maintain its high and chivalrous tone, I bid you all farewell.”

PRESENTATION FROM THE ROYAL REGT. C. I. TO
THE OFFICERS OF THE 1ST LEINSTER REGT. (ROYAL
CANADIANS).

Lieut.-Col. MacPherson, Director of Stores, has had prepared a very handsome case—the frame of bird's eye maple, handsomely polished—containing specimens of the gold lace, badges, buttons and waist-plate worn by the officers of the Royal Regiment of Canadian Infantry, for presentation to the officers of the old 100th Royal Canadians, now stationed at Tipperary, Ireland. The case bears the following inscription:

“Presented to the Officers of H. M. Royal Canadians (100th foot), as a token of comradeship, by Lieut.-Col. J. Macpherson, D. of S., on behalf of the Officers of the Royal Regiment of Canadian Infantry, Dominion of Canada, 1895.”

It was intended that Lieut.-Col. Otter, when in England, would make the presentation in person—but he was unable to do so. The case was therefore forwarded direct in October last, by Hawkes & Co., of London, by whom the case was made and the badges arranged.

The following letter from Lieut.-Col. Trench, commanding the Royal Canadians, has been received acknowledging the gift:

BARRACKS, TIPPERARY, 30th October, 1895.

Lieut.-Col. H. W. Trench and the Officers 1st Leinster Regt. “Royal Canadians” beg to thank Lieut.-Col. J. Macpherson, D. of S., and the Officers of the Royal Canadian Regt. of Infantry, for their kind present of the maple wood case containing regimental badges, buttons, lace, etc., as worn by them, which has been placed in the anteroom Officers' Mess, and is greatly prized as a token of the good feeling and comradeship of the Canadian Infantry towards their representative regiment in the British Army, which, although now not numbering many Canadians by birth in its ranks, will always strive to keep up the credit of the fine body of men contributed by Canada when the British Government was in need.

NOTICE OF MOTION.—V. R. I. CLUB.

We beg to call attention to the following:—

“In accordance with Rule VIII of the Constitution, notice is hereby given of the following proposed alteration in the Rules—III. *Membership*.

“(c) *Honorary Members*. Officers serving in the Headquarters or District Staff, who may be elected by ballot at any general or special meeting.”

Viscount Wolsley has succeeded to the command of the British Army, the veteran Duke of Cambridge having resigned. This appointment will be viewed with much favor by the Canadian Militia, who in the new Commander-in-Chief recognize an old friend. In 1870 he held his first command, consisting of a small Brigade of Imperial troops, and two Battalions of Canadian Militia, leading them from Port Arthur to Fort Garry, through an unbroken wilderness. It was this successful expedition which started him on the road to fame and distinction. His subsequent calling on Canadians to assist him in his Egyptian campaign was evidence that he remembered their value, and the result showed the wisdom of his action. If Viscount Wolsley ever re-visits Canada, he will be sure of a hearty and enthusiastic welcome.

Captain Lee, R.A., Professor of Strategy in the Military College, Kingston, Ont., gave a most interesting lecture on "Waterloo" in the Victoria Armory Hall, Montreal, on Friday evening, 22nd of November. The attendance was very large, and included many ladies. Having recently visited the historic field, and thoroughly made himself master of his subject, Capt. Lee was able to keep his audience deeply interested for over an hour and a half. The Lecture was illustrated by excellent maps, also by views taken by Capt. Lee.

Major General Gascoigne has appointed Lieut. McLean, of the 43rd Battalion Canadian Militia, as his A.D.C. Lieut. McLean has been gazetted to the brevet rank of Captain, while serving in his present capacity. This is the first time that the General Officer commanding our Militia has selected his A.D.C. from among Canadian officers. The act is a compliment, which will be appreciated.

We have heard it stated, on what should be excellent authority, that the recent reduction of the Permanent Force by twenty per cent. is only temporary, and that it is expected the old strength will, before a great while, be renewed. Such action would be enthusiastically received. All the units have felt the severe increase of work which this reduction entails.

It is said that the Military School for Montreal is again under the consideration of the Government.

FUR CAPS.

When A. & B. Batteries R.C.A. were organized in November, 1871, the pattern of winter uniform worn by the men and officers of the Imperial Royal Artillery was adopted without modifications whatever. The fur cap was of turban shape without peak, higher behind than in front, and sloping slightly backwards like the French képi; it was made of black Persian lamb for the officers; on a round cloth patch on top was a gold lace design similar to that on the present forage caps—in front was an embroidered grenade; the caps of the non-commissioned officers were of Astracan fur; those of the gunners of black sealskin;—all were decorated with a grenade and a plain woollen button on top.

Major General (then Lt.-Col.) T. B. Strange, in the year 1875, or thereabouts, considering this form of cap not specially serviceable nor ornamental, designed the present wedge, or rather its prototype, for the first issue was made to resemble greatly a grenadier's bearskin cap, particularly when seen sideways. This feature was especially noticeable in the officers' caps, which were of shaggy black lynx skin, the long fur well combed down over the eyes and over the nape of the neck. With a scarlet bushy bag worn on the right side it certainly imparted to the wearer a martial appearance. The men's caps were of sealskin dyed black. On the whole, this cap was a decided improvement on the old one in usefulness, comfort and appearance; it could be pulled down over the ears and forehead—thus in a measure protecting the eyes from driving snow or vivid sunlight, so trying in February and March.

Within the last ten or twelve years a gradual evolution has been in progress—the men's caps, tall enough already, have become more so,—I may say absurdly so, and it has in consequence become a matter of necessity, tolerated throughout the permanent corps, to fold in the top of the cap, bag and all. This fold, when neatly made, gives the cap a jaunty appearance, and the custom deserves approval. But why build the caps so tall? no object is gained except in additional cost, and that interests the contractor only.

This pattern of winter military headgear appears to have struck the fancy of the War Official, whose duty it is to select, for it has become the universal pattern for all corps who are supplied with winter clothing. The N. W. Mounted Police wear a cap cut on the same lines, I am told. Now, does it possess such superior points,—is it such a paragon of perfection as to have caused the

rejection of all other patterns? In my humble opinion it in no wise can claim equal merits with the old Infantry wedge, such as worn in days gone by by the Imperial foot regiments,—I mean the old black sealskin wedge with its ear-flaps tied on top with a smart bow of narrow black ribbon, its back rim which turned up or down with the ear-flaps and lay flat over the nape of the neck, its folding peak of fur turned up or down, as occasion required, giving such ample protection to the eyes for rifle practice or when threatened by snow blindness, or to the forehead and nose against a cutting drift; the old wedge, withal so smart and jaunty when cocked over the left eye, so compact and folding so flat and neat when stowed away or for kit inspection.

No more serviceable and in every way better headgear could have been devised for the winter use of troops in this climate. Why it should have been displaced by its present competitor is hard to explain. I hope, for the benefit of the Canadian Militia, that at an early day it will be once more adopted as the universal winter fur cap for all corps—the staff included. Should it be thought desirable to make it more ornate and at the same time make a corps distinction, the front point could be decorated with a red woollen tassel for the infantry; artillery and engineers, blue and red; cavalry, yellow; rifles, green, etc., etc., as worn on the French cavalry field service cloth cap. The numeral of the Regiment, the letter of a Battery, etc., could be added to the front above the peak, if thought desirable.

I may here add that the question of clothing of our forces is too important a one, from a utilitarian, practical and economical point of view, to be left to the sweet will of an official of the store department, who may or may not have had practical experience of the conditions of the service, and who may be influenced by personal prejudice or fads. Such a decision, when it is to be made, should be submitted to the mature consideration of competent officers of long experience in the service, one from the general staff, a regimental officer, and a medical officer. By the way, the knowledge, common sense and experience of our medical officers are too little called in request in the militia and permanent corps, their advice on questions of this particular nature is far too valuable to be overlooked as it has been all along. It would be distinctly to the advantage of the service if one of these officers formed part of all boards on clothing and *personnel* equipment of the soldier, particularly so when the question of new designs is to be considered.

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VOLUNTEER CYCLIST INFANTRY LONG-DISTANCE CHALLENGE CUP.

The following account of this most interesting competition is taken from the *Volunteer Service Gazette*, 31st August of this year. The essential points in the rules were:—"The teams consist of five *bonâ fide* members of Cyclist Infantry sections. They must cover a distance of about 100 miles (in this case, 101 miles). They must ride in military formation, and must carry military equipment to the extent of rifle, bayonet, pouch and belt, cape, water-bottle, and haversack, besides being in the authorized uniform of their cyclist section. Tactically, the competition may be said to represent the seizing of a distant point by a forced march.....

"On the same principle as in the last two years, a central point—namely, Maxwelltown (a suburb of Dumfries)—was selected. From this point four roads radiate to the following towns at the following distances: Thornhill, 14 miles; Springholm, 11 ½ miles; Dalbeattie, 13 miles; Kirkbean, 12 miles. It will be at once seen that anyone starting from Maxwelltown and riding these radiating roads in succession, returning each time to the starting point, will have ridden exactly 101 miles. Checkers are of course placed at the point of each radius, to see that each team rides out the distance. The advantages of this system are great. In the first place, the umpires can remain at one point, which is both start and finish, and through which each team passes, in addition, three times, thus being able five times to observe the condition of the teams. In the second place, four teams can be started at once, each along a different road, thus avoiding racing and mutual interference. In the third place, it eliminates as far as possible the differences in assistance or retardation from wind.

"The committee, consisting of Major-General Henry Stracey and Lieut.-Colonels A. L. Savile and E. J. A. Balfour, acted as umpires. The following were the results:—

	H.	M.	S.
1st V.B. Royal Fusiliers, 1st team	6	35	21
3rd V.B. Northumberland Fusiliers	6	36	25
Galloway Rifles (holders) 1st team	7	3	45
1st V.B. Royal Fusiliers, 2nd team	7	6	5
26th Middlesex (Cyclists) R.V., B Troop ...	7	15	50

"The following teams did not finish:—

"6th V.B. Liverpool Regiment, owing to delay caused by a broken chain at a distance from any cycle repairer's.

“ The 4th V.B. Norfolk Regiment, owing to punctured tyres.

“ The Queen's Edinburgh R.V.C., and the 2nd team Galloway R.V.C., for physical reasons.

“ Now it must first be observed that the running of the two winning teams this year was at the rate of about $15\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour, as against about $12\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour by the winning team last year—an enormous increase of speed. This may be put down chiefly to the fact that the roads were in good order in 1895, whereas in 1894 they were literally seas of mud. But it is also to be noted that the winning team this year rode two tandems and a single, whereas last year they rode singles only. In any case, the performances of all the first five, and especially of the first two, were very fine.

“ Looking at these results from a military, as opposed to a purely racing point of view, one's thoughts on endurance naturally separate in their relations to the rider and his mount. Considering the pace aimed at, and necessary to win, in such a competition, it would be astonishing if there were not, out of the forty-five competing, one or two who were unfit to finish; and if one man fails in a team, the team is disqualified. Two teams were thus 'put out of action' by one man each. Another point, however, is worth noting. Although the 26th Middlesex only came in fifth, they finished in splendid condition. They were fit to use their rifles against an enemy, had there been one. This could not have been said of all the members of the other teams.....

“ But equally important with physical endurance is machine endurance. This year, as last, the chief accidents which either delayed or stopped the teams were due either to punctured tyres or broken chains. The two teams of the Galloways, for instance, had ten punctured tyres. The 6th V.B. Liverpool were arrested in mid career by a broken chain. Last year the accidents were far more numerous, owing to the state of the roads; and the proportion of broken chains, owing to the absence of gear cases and weak chains, was enormous. But even with this year's great improvement, the lesson has not been completely learnt. And it is one of the great uses of this competition to bring before both Volunteer cyclists and the manufacturers the fact that, unless a machine can be relied on to stand such strains as this with *certainty*, it is useless for military purposes. The winning team had no punctures and no broken chains; but they had Dunlop tyres *especially prepared for military purposes*, and they had chain guards.”

LONG DISTANCE SKATING IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

Of the many means of locomotion used in winter over snow or ice on Canadian rivers, a pair of long skates on smooth ice, with favorable wind, is the most enjoyable. You may "fly" in an ice-boat, but it is cold comfort to sit in this frail bark on an ideal winter day, be the speed ever so great, imagining you are sitting with your feet in a bucket of cold water, your teeth chattering the while. You may sit in a light sleigh behind a "flyer" in the way of horseflesh, going at 2.40 pace, the cold wind and particles of ice cutting into your flesh. You may, as a contrast, with or without snow-shoes, haul toboggan loaded with a fat cariboo on your return from the green woods and forests, where success has attended your efforts in the chase. But for me, a bright Canadian winter day, with smooth ice, the wind favorable (an important consideration), a 70 mile "voyage" on skates in prospect, and "the winds come to me from the fields of sleep, and all the earth is gay."

What has been considered an unusual feat of skating—from Fredericton, N.B., to St. John, a distance of about 70 miles in five and a half hours—has been accomplished by the writer of these notes, with a young friend, a few years ago. Since that time, I have tried, but in vain, with varied experience of pleasure and pain, to equal or exceed this speed in my trippings on skates to and from St. John. It may not therefore be without interest to the readers that I should describe somewhat in detail the ups and downs of such a trip, in order to prove that this is a delightful means of locomotion if all goes well, but the reverse if wind and weather (however good the ice) be against you.

Oh! the joy of scudding along at a pace of 12 or 13 miles an hour for four or five consecutive hours (you may go 15 miles an hour for a spurt), from point to point of the river in its many windings, without any apparent exertion. You have merely to stand upon your long skates, and strike out gently, keeping your balance the while, and you glide along down this Rhine of America in perfect enjoyment of health and activity. The question, "Is life worth living?" has no place in your mind. You may be sailing under a "bare pole," or nearly so, if you have reached middle age, from whence you have that delightful prospect—downhill. But here you can compete with a youth of 18; the high northwest wind and the clear frosty air are doing for you what no "elixir of life" can do in a damp southern clime.

The previous evening you have paid several visits to the

barometer, fearing lest its rise or fall should mean the rise or fall of the wind, and thus the rise or fall of your hopes. The night is clear and cold, the wind continues high; you may lie down and take your rest. You rise betimes, the darkest hour before the dawn has passed; you sip your second cup of coffee at breakfast; your eye has dwelt upon the long "Whelpley" skates. Acme skates, better adapted for figure skating, are abandoned on such occasions as this. Long skates, with studs, not screws, in the heel, and straps, not bound too tightly to the heel, are better adapted for long strides and long journeys, avoiding high heeled, narrow-soled boots (as madame should avoid tight boots or the over tightly-laced dress) without fur cap or heavy mitts—in "field day order" as to dress, and on eis equipped for the voyage. I may add that the oldest inhabitants (Indians) usually skate long distances in moccasins with strapped skates, without screws in the heel. You arrive at the river bank; your brightest hopes as to wind and weather are realized. With a preliminary canter, an easy stride or two right and left, you have started. The youth, your companion, with excess of enthusiasm, puts on extra speed, and his skate cuts into shell ice, with the result, perhaps, of a fall of hopes and aspirations, and with a pair of "broken knees," almost a case for "Elliman's embrocation."

However, he is once more on his legs. He will be more careful in future; "experience teaches." Oromocto (10 miles) is passed, while we gaze at the rising sun. Now we have passed Sheffield—not the Sheffield of Old England—(20 miles). At the snug farm houses breakfast is being prepared by many a thrifty housewife. Now Upper Gagetown (25 miles). Here some shipbuilders wave their hands and shout: "Good luck; you fellows are going it." A look at the pocket map as we approach Lower Gagetown stands us in good stead, for here there is a narrow channel, Grimrose, by taking which you save a distance of five or six miles.

It is needless to describe each spot of interest en route, or to point out the pleasures, many and great, of such a trip on skates. We have covered a distance of 45 miles before we called for 10 minutes for refreshments. We pull up at a farm house on the river bank, where the wayfaring man—though he may be considered by many a fool on such an expedition as ours—is ever welcome to share the midday meal.

We make a fresh start. Another look at the map, to avoid the Mistake, so called (a well-named cove leading nowhere), and in

order to take the Kingston creek short route from Bellisle, leading into the Kennebecasis. Here the whole character of the scenery changes; instead of the usual rolling country, or intervale and island lands hitherto observed, the river banks are steep and rugged, the scenery picturesque in the extreme, and the skater, while eager to move on, is inclined to hold back for mental or ocular refreshment. We sail rapidly on—passing rock, glen, cavern—and we are safely landed at St. John, having covered a distance of 70 miles before many a society man has had his light lunch or smoked his midday cigarette. A short stroll about town to see the fashions, and get some exercise before dinner—the 70 miles our legs had already carried us being considered nothing in the day's work, and the rest of the day is quickly spent.

BACK AGAIN.

We have had a good time down stream. We hope for equally favorable circumstances up hill on our return journey to-morrow: "No harm to make an early start." We sleep the sleep of the weary, and having laid in a good foundation of bacon and eggs at breakfast, 6 a. m. finds us again on the ice, homeward bound. We soon find that a high wind has set in in our teeth. Up stream means up hill work. The long strides of yesterday have been exchanged for short, quick steps. At times all we can do is to hold our own, or to make much of every inch of the headway. We seek shelter behind every projecting bank. The rocks, glens, and caverns of yesterday no longer meet our admiring gaze. Thoughts of "envy, hatred, and malice" fill our minds as we see each passing "skatist" flying down stream and down wind, while we (sorry figure-skating ours), with wind and weather against us, plod wearily along. We count the hours as they slowly pass. Miles passed are easily recorded.

"The evening sank in sorrow down." We still have one-third of the distance to travel. Could we but reach Oromocto—10 miles from home—before night sets in, we could there refresh the inner man, and arrive at Fredericton by midnight. We put on extra steam; we pull ourselves together—easily accomplished in the absence of food by tightening our waist-belts; we fail to get extra speed; we fail to see the long expected Oromocto at each turn of the river. At last!—*Sic transit gloria mundi*—sick at heart and weary in body, we drag our weary legs along. At last, about 10 p.m., a dim light on the river bank directs us to the long

wished for haven—Oromocto—having skated, with much hard work and not a little perseverance, 60 miles in 16 hours—not a bad quarter of an hour but several bad hours, a sad contrast to our progress down stream yesterday, when we did the same distance in five hours. But there is nothing so successful as success, and success will surely come if we but wait long enough. The dim light outside was but a faint indication of the good cheer—the light, heat and comfort—that prevail within the walls of Oromocto's welcome hostelry. Moreover, a friend, both near and dear, had foreseen our difficulties on the return trip, and had sent sleigh and pair to carry us back from Oromocto. The thoughtful host had in like manner been thus induced to prepare a good dinner for the *voyageurs*, and never before and not since has food and warmth been more appreciated, nor the exchange of long skates for the snug sleigh, when winds were contrary, been more welcome.

“BEAVER.”

FREDERICTON, 2nd November, 1895.

A CONNAUGHT IDYL.

Jacques.—A présent, monsieur, je voudrais bien que vous m'appriiez le but moral de cette impertinente histoire.

Le Maître.—A mieux connaître les femmes.

Jacques.—Et vous aviez besoin de cette leçon ?

Le Maître.—A mieux connaître les amis.

JACQUES LE FATALISTE.

Denny Cronin was a young man endowed by nature with broad shoulders and a narrow forehead. His morals were unimpeachable and his manners genteel—as that word is understood by his fellows in the county of Galcommon. He was really an excellent young man, and his father's pride. Old Jerry Cronin had wormed his way from nothing into the proud position of a squireen in a district from which his fellow landlords were absentees. Indeed, it was by acting as agent for these bloated denizens of the Saxon metropolis—vide the Cleggan Herald, passim—that the old man had acquired the few hundred acres of spewy soil that constituted his estate. He had been a barony cess collector also, but, being the only man in a radius of ten miles from his own hall-door that used a pocket handkerchief for purposes of emunction, the Lord Lieutenant of the county had seen fit to make him a magistrate, and Jerry was obliged to resign the collectorship in favor of his son. If young Denny had

a fault, it was self-consciousness. He had an admiring way of looking down at his knocker-knees and flat feet whenever he found himself in the society of ladies. The admiration, no doubt, was really intended for the latter, and, in time, this was so well understood, that when Denny cast languishing eyes at his legs, the girl with whom he happened to be talking at the time would blush and bridle, for Denny was a most desirable *parti*.

But Denny's mother, who came of a good stock, was uneasy about her son. She could see that he wanted polishing; and in order to fit him for the sphere in which she hoped one day to see him move, Mrs. Cronin, at the expense of many words and tears, prevailed upon her husband to send the hope of their house to Cleggan for a short summer season.

Cleggan is the county town, a decayed sea-port, where the militia trains and the county people—such of them, at least, as are resident victims of duty or bad times—come for change of air.

Thither then came Denny, and he was not there long before he developed the taste common to the youth of his class and country. His ambition was to dress so as to be mistaken for a subaltern of the line—a modest ambition enough if you look into it—and with the aid of the local Smallpage, he succeeded in looking like a ready-money bookmaker's clerk. But for all that he began to have a great opinion of himself, and he would actually look the girls he met on the sea road—especially the pretty ones—well in the face, until he got close to them, when his eyes would drop and the faltering ogle expend itself upon his legs.

One very good-looking girl Denny often passed in this way; a tall girl with a fine full figure, clear red and white complexion, bronze-brown hair and violet eyes; eyes that one day looked admiringly at Denny—so he thought. He had no difficulty in finding out who she was. Miss Fitz-Urse was well known. She and her two sisters had taken Cleggan by storm a summer or two ago. And they did it in the teeth of all the powers by sheer force of beauty. For the Miss Fitz-Urses were the illegitimate daughters of a Galcommon squire, and as everybody knows, however tolerant Galcommon society may be of the bar-sinister when borne by the offspring of its nobility, it draws the line at a mere commoner's bastards, no matter how rich or well-born the commoner may be. So the Miss Fitz-Urses were ignored by the ladies of Cleggan; but the men—and it was the men that the Miss Fitz-Urses wanted—made up an hundred-fold for the neglect. Two of the sisters

were already married to the eldest sons of good houses ; heirs-in-tail, against whom their fathers could only fulminate innocuously ; and as old Fitz-Urse made his dashing daughters liberal allowances, they and their husbands awaited the course of nature in tolerable comfort.

But alas ! things had not gone so smoothly with Miss Fanny Fitz-Urse. She was in sore trouble, poor girl, at the very time she was dazzling Denny Cronin on the sea road. She had played a big game for Captain Sherrit of the 140th who had been doing duty at the Cleggan depot for nearly a year ; and it looked to her now very like a lost game too. She had still a trump in her hand, however, and with its aid she hoped to bring in her long suit yet. And that was what she was thinking to herself when she looked so pleadingly at Denny that she made his heart flutter like a winged snipe. Of course Miss Fitz-Urse was well aware of the effect she had, in a moment of abstraction, produced upon the shambling galoot in the big check tweeds. But she was too well accustomed to admiration to give it much thought, and it was driven clean out of her head by the approach of her brother, whom she spied at that moment, hurrying to meet her. Jim Fitz-Urse was a thick-set man, who looked shorter than he was. He wore a full black beard, and his rough hair hung unkempt about his ears. He might have passed—only that his clothes were those of a modern sailor-man—for the original of Captain Teach's portrait, which you will find in Captain Charles Johnson's History of the Robberies and Murders of the Most Notorious Pyrates. Fitz-Urse had run away to sea as a boy, and had risen to the post of mate on board an Island schooner, when an advertisement in an Auckland paper called him home, to find that an incipient softening of the brain had brought his father to look more kindly upon the son whom he had hitherto treated with harsh intolerance. Jim had certainly seen rough times, and the stories told about him would make your hair stand. How these stories came to Cleggan it is not easy to say ; but it is certain that, in consequence of them, people were in awe of Jim Fitz-Urse—a fact that did not at all displease him.

"Well, Fanny," said Jim, as he led his sister to a quiet nook among the rocks where they could talk without fear of being overheard ; "have you brought that son of a cow, Sherrit, to book yet ?"

"That is just what I want to see you about, Jim," said Fanny. "No. He says that much as he wants to, it is impossible for him

to marry me. He says that in different ways every time I press him. And you know, dear, I have gone too far to let him go now. He must marry me—you know."

"Yes, I know. And by God he shall marry you, too. I haven't shoved my oar in yet, but I'm going to now, and you'll see I'll make the swine grunt cheap before I'm done with him. You'll see." And Jim scrambled out from among the rocks, leaving Fanny to follow as best she might.

Jim Fitz-Urse made his way to the Depot barracks as quickly as a broken-winded weed could rattle his trap there. He found Sherrit sipping sherry-and-bitters in the ante-room. They had not met before, but they knew each other well by sight, and Sherrit, a clear-eyed man, saw at once what the sailor had come for.

Jim declined the usual hospitality, and told Sherrit that he wanted a few words with him in private.

"All right," said Sherrit; "come up to my room and we can talk there."

Jim followed him upstairs, looking blacker and more villainous every step they mounted.

"Now," said Sherrit, "sit down, and we can talk things over."

"Look here, Captain Sherrit," began Jim, "I'm not going to waste words. You've got my sister into a mess, and now you've got to marry her."

"I am sorry to say that it is impossible," said Sherrit.

"Now, then," cried Jim, working himself into a rage, "you can keep all that blooming rot in your chest. You've got to marry the girl; and you've got to do it now. I'm not going to take my eye off you again until I see it done. I know a priest who will oblige me. You're both Catholics. My trap is at the door. Now march; and if you make a row, I'll let daylight through you." And Fitz-Urse took a bull-dog out of his pocket and covered Sherrit carefully.

"Is that thing loaded?" asked Sherrit blandly.

"You can see the bullets in the chambers if you take the trouble to look. I'll give you three minutes to make up your mind, and if you don't move then I'll shoot," said Jim; and he looked very wicked indeed as he stood there glaring.

"You've got an infernal lot of gall to try that Adelphi business on here," said Sherrit without a wink. "You're an anachronism, my good fellow," he continued, looking Jim up and down with contemptuous curiosity. "When you've done fooling with that

pistol I'll talk to you. At present you're a disgusting object and not fit to be reasoned with."

"Another minute and I'll shoot," growled Jim.

"Shoot away then, and be damned to you," said Sherrit; "but you need not make such a blasted fuss over it. I could have shot six men while you've been talking of it," and lighting a cigarette he took up a paper and began to read.

Jim Fitz-Urse had not reckoned on such a contingency. Thinking it over on his way to the barracks, he had conceived it to be quite possible that Sherrit would try to rush him, or would call for help. In either case he had made up his mind to shoot without hesitation. On the whole, however, he had thought it most likely that Sherrit would come with him. Jim, you see, had lived in places where the pistol was a power; where a request from the man who happened to have the drop for the time being was rarely disputed; and he was quite knocked off his centre by Sherrit's indifference, which was plainly real.

Sherrit, on the other hand, though undoubtedly a man of great nerve, hardly realized his danger. Few men know what a pistol means unless they have seen one used in anger. But a park of artillery would not have driven him into such a marriage with Fanny Fitz-Urse. He was a man that would die any day rather than make himself ridiculous. So he sat there smoking his cigarette and skimming his paper as though Jim Fitz-Urse and his pistol were in Tai-o-hac.

Jim was fairly nonplussed. Twice his grasp tightened on the handle and his finger on the trigger; but he did not pull. Sherrit's behavior so impressed him that he began to think, and when a man in that position begins to think, it is all over with the shooting. Just then there was a clank of ammunition-boots in the passage. Jim half cocked the pistol and returned it to his pocket. As he did so the door was thrust open by a red-headed man in mufti:

"You blundering lout," said Sherrit to the new comer, "how often have I told you to knock before you come into my room?"

"Plaze, sor, I didn't know you wor in, sor," protested the servant.

"You had better make sure in future, if you don't want to go back to duty. Now, what do you want?" said Sherrit.

"No—nothin' sor."

"Well, then, go away."

As the door closed, Fitz-Urse said to Sherrit: "That was handsomely done, Captain."

"Oh! You're getting rational again, are you? Perhaps we can discuss this business calmly after all. No doubt I behaved badly to your sister, and I should like to put things straight if I can. Marriage is out of the question because my wife is alive."

"Divorce," suggested Jim, whose ideas on the subject were derived from the San Francisco press.

"No. I have tried that already," said Sherrit. "Besides, there is not time."

"Then," cried Jim beginning to fume, "what's the use of all this blarney?"

"Well, there may be another way. We have a good month yet before the thing need be noticed—more with management. Why not get Miss Fanny a husband?"

"There's something in that," said Jim.

"There's a very great deal in it," said Sherrit. "You leave it to me and keep quiet. It all depends on that. And now if you'll excuse me, I must dress for mess."

As Jim went down the stairs he did not know whether to feel cheap or heroic. Being a dense man he laid the unction of magnanimity to his soul before he was well seated in his trap.

That night Sherrit dined with the Galcommon Militia, who had their mess in the Depot barracks. It was a guest night, and at dinner Denny Cronin sat between young Breen, who was his host, and Sherrit. The dinner was an event to Denny: he felt that he was seeing life. Sherrit, who was an observer, studied him closely. As Denny's shyness thawed under the influence of the Saumur, that did duty for champagne, he began to tell Breen wonderful stories about "me fawthur's place near Shanballymore." Sherrit became more and more interested in this talk, and after a while himself chatted pleasantly with Denny. Before he left the mess, Sherrit knew all he wanted—knew that young Cronin was as weak in mind as he was in knee; that old Cronin was a county magistrate with landed property somewhere in the remoter parts of Galcommon; that Denny was the eldest son, and that he admired tall women—and he went to his room very well satisfied indeed, for he began to see his way out of the tangle. The Fitz-Urscs, brother and sister, he felt sure, could not hope for a better solution. He knew the family's fancy for eldest sons, and here was young Cronin, ready to their hand, thinking about Miss Fanny already—for Sherrit had found no difficulty in getting at the fact upon which Denny's admiration for tall women rested.

When the thing was first proposed to Fanny, she was furious. Jim, however, thought that Denny would do very well, though his legs wanted finishing badly. And he made it plain to his sister, for he had not taken it on trust, that Sherrit was really married. So Fanny, who was a sensible girl, laid herself out seriously for the capture of Denny Cronin.

It required a certain amount of circumspection, for it was an essential part of the plan that Denny's people should not be prematurely alarmed. Also, Denny was a flaccid youth, and as heavy to move as an autumnal kelt. A fortnight passed, and Fanny was getting very tired of the game. She had no alternative, however, but to play it to a finish.

The invitations for the Militia ball were out, and Fanny was going under the wing of her eldest sister, whose husband was a captain in the Galcommon Regiment. Sherrit, who is a man of resource, and may some day command a British army in the field (unless, indeed, the British public demand of its generals that purity which it insists upon in its politicians and longs for in its chorus girls), saw his opportunity, and took measures with Jim Fitz-Urse for the landing of Denny on the night of the ball.

The Cleggan court house was being boarded for the dance, and the ladies of the regiment were busy with the decorations, Fanny's sister, Mrs. Knox Glynn, among the rest. Fanny too was there, and Sherrit, giving the decorators the benefit of his experience. A thoroughly practical man, he made Fanny understand how necessary it was that she should know her way about the building without danger of mistake. Then he unfolded his plan; and when he left her he felt he had done all that a man could: the issue was on the knees of the gods.

On the night of the ball, all that were of society (and the fringes thereof) in Galcommon came in state to the Cleggan court house; The ball was as other Militia balls have been, decorously dull—before supper. Denny Cronin danced—he called it dancing—only with Fanny Fitz-Urse. And when they did not dance they sat out in the jury-box and talked. How Fanny got through it she never knew. But by supper time she had Denny well in hand. Breen, as had been arranged, took Fanny in to supper. Sherrit saw to Denny, and got him nicely fuddled without letting him get noticeably drunk. He kept him in the supper-room long after the ladies had left, and only brought him back to Miss Fitz-Urse when the ball-room was beginning to thin and the men to get noisy.

"I think we'll sit this waltz out, Denny," murmured Fanny as Sherrit left them. "It is so hot here. It must be cooler down stairs. Shall we try?"

Denny was only too glad, and said so. He could just walk straight and felt sleepy. Fanny took his arm and guided him gently (as you may have seen a thought-reader guide his victim to the hidden pin) through dim passages where other couples were; then through some where there was no one; up stairs and down and to and fro; so that Denny got sleepier and sleepier, losing all mark of place, all count of time. At last she took him to a little room off one of the passages; it was dimly lighted, and there were a couple of chairs.

"What a charming place to rest in!" cried Fanny, "away from all the heat and noise."

Denny agreed with her: he would have been glad to sit down even on a furze-bush.

"There is a dreadful draught though," said Fanny, shivering.

Denny pushed the door to.

"Oh, Denny, don't shut it!" she cried; but it was too late. They were in a cell, used for untried prisoners when the court was sitting, and the spring lock (carefully oiled that day) kissed the slot, noiselessly, and held fast.

Mrs. Knox-Glynné had left the court house before supper on a plea of indisposition. Before going she had deputed the chaperonage of her sister to a flighty matron, who forthwith forgot all about it. So that nobody noticed Fanny's absence; and guests and hosts went home, and tired mess-waiters locked up the court house, and no one thought of looking for the trapped doves.

At noon next day Jim Fitz-Urse raved through Cleggan hunting for his sister.

Sherrit who had carefully planned his *coup de théâtre*, came to the court house at one o'clock. His regiment had lent many of the decorations used the night before, and he brought with him all the Militia officers that could be spared from barracks to superintend the dismantling of the ball-room. These, with some civilians picked up on the way, made a noisy crowd, and it was long before any of them noticed the thumping sound that came from one of the passages. At last, no one could ever say how, the monotonous pounding caught the general attention, someone went to explore; the noise was traced; the key sent for; and they crushed in a body to the cell door.

The dishevelled pair emerged.

Alas for Fanny! Did ever maiden face so trying a situation! What refuge was there for her but hysterics? And into hysterics she went with energy. And in them she remained until Dr. White and Mrs. Knox-Glynne took her home in a carriage, escorted by a crowd of frowsy loafers who had gathered outside the court house at the first breath of the scandal. As for Denny, was it not at the risk of his life that Captaid Sherrit rescued him from the wrath of Jim Fitz-Urse? There was no blinking the fact that it was a horrid scandal.

Fanny's father, old Lionel Fitz-Urse of Bearpark, came to Cleggan, bent on seeing justice done to his daughter. Thither also came Jerry Cronin, determined to defend the interests of his son. Heavy and fierce was the battle. But the Cronins were over-matched. Lionel Fitz-Urse had influence with many of Jerry's clients, and such of these as were solvent threatened to withdraw their agencies. As the Cronins wavered, Fitz-Urse brought up his reserves. He offered Jerry the agency of the Bearpark property, and the Cronins gave in.

The wedding was a brilliant function, as you may read in the fashion papers of that time. An archbishop officiated; Captain Sherrit was best man; and many of Jerry's aristocratic absentees sent fine presents to the bride. Immediately after the *déjeuné* the happy pair left Cleggan *en route* for the Continent. Their tour was prolonged to a year, for, as old Jerry said, nothing enlarges a young man's mind like foreign travel. Perhaps Denny's mind did spread a little; but, be that as it may, the baby that Fanny brought home was a wonderful child for its age.

FREDERICTON, N.B., Nov., 1895.

BALD KING.

THE MYSTERY OF MARSHAL NEY.

For nearly eighty years it has been generally believed that Marshal Ney was shot to death in Paris, on the 7th of December, 1815, after his condemnation as a traitor by the newly restored Bourbon régime. Indeed, no fact in history seemed to be more firmly established. If Napoleon's famous lieutenant was not shot, said orthodox chroniclers, then all history must be a lie. Not so; but it has frequently made mistakes, even in matters of comparatively recent occurrence, where the facts of the case have been simple, and where there has been no special motive for deception.

For instance, Cambronne did not say, "The guard dies, it does not surrender!" He did not die; he was not wounded; he was not even with the Old Guard when it surrendered. He was taken prisoner some time before by Colonel Halkett, who rode him down, and was about to saber him when "this Titan, Cambronne—what could be grander?" bravely cried out, "I surrender!"

The celebrated speech beginning: "The atrocious crime of being a young man," was never made by William Pitt. It was written by Dr. Johnson, when he lived in a garret and made his living by "evolving from his internal consciousness" the "Parliamentary Speeches."

Nelson did not wear a specially gorgeous uniform at the battle of Trafalgar. He was dressed in an ordinary, faded suit, somewhat the worse for wear.

Alexander the Great did not "weep for more worlds to conquer," but when he heard of a plurality of worlds, he wept because there were so many, and he had not conquered even one.

Forty Fort was not burned, with all the people therein, after the so-called massacre of Wyoming. No quarter was given on the field of battle, but very fair terms were granted to the garrison of the fort. The scalps said to have been thrown over the wall by the Indians, before the mythical burning, were too valuable for such a use, as they were worth ten dollars apiece, of which eight went to the scalper and two to the chief.

If in these and many other instances history has had to correct her errors, why may she not have been mistaken in her chronicle of the fate of Marshal Ney, where—according to evidence here to be set before the reader—there was a carefully and skilfully prepared plot to create a false impression?

The military record of Ney is too well known to require more than a passing mention. The Bourbons' unrelenting hatred for this republican soldier is shown by the fact that when his "Memoirs" were published by his family in 1833, the record closes before the Peninsular campaign and thus omits his most brilliant exploits; but his achievements were too much a part of French history to be forgotten or ignored. He was equally great in attack and retreat. He richly earned the title of "the bravest of the brave," but this bravery was equaled by his prudence. The manœuvres he executed when he covered Massena's retreat from Portugal would alone have been sufficient to immortalize him. At Redinha, with only six thousand men, he held Wellington back for

six hours, and made the English leader think that the whole French army was before him. Again, his gallantry was the one bright page of the disastrous story of the retreat from Moscow. He was personally the "rear guard of the Grand Army."

In politics, Ney was a thorough republican. He accepted the rule of Napoleon as being the only way in which the fruits of the Revolution could be secured. Anything was better than Bourbon rule. France had had her fill of the exercise of "the divine right of kings." The man who had raised himself to the first place, not by hereditary claims, but by transcendent merit, was, in his eyes, an embodiment of the people. In what he deemed the holy cause of freedom, measures could be taken that were utterly foreign to the true character of this man, who was by nature transparently honest and outspoken. At Fontainebleau, before Napoleon's first capitulation, it was arranged between Ney and his chief that the Emperor should return at the earliest possible moment. Napoleon denied this at St. Helena, but a great part of his recorded utterances, during his captivity, had for their purpose the making of history in accordance with the Napoleonic notion, or the accomplishment of some design buried deep in the breast of the wily Corsican. There is no real doubt that all Ney's subsequent conduct was the acting of a pre-arranged part. He had the special task of securing the confidence of the rethroned monarch. It is not surprising that Louis should harbor a special grudge against the marshal who promised, when sent to meet the escaped prisoner of Elba, to bring Bonaparte to Paris in an iron cage, but who came marching back to the French capital as Bonaparte's right hand man, while *Louis le Désiré* was traversing the well worn road to the Belgian frontier as rapidly as frequent relays of post horses and lavish *pourboires* to the postilions could carry him.

At the close of the battle of Waterloo, Ney, for the last time, covered the retreat of a French army. Ere long, one hundred and twenty thousand brave soldiers were holding Paris so strongly entrenched, that Wellington and Blücher were afraid to attack them. "The longed for Louis" had followed in the wake of the French army, timidly, obediently, almost slavishly, waiting for Wellington to open to him the gates of Paris. A capitulation was arranged, the terms of which were necessarily very comprehensive. A general amnesty was declared as plainly as it was possible to express it. "The inhabitants and all individuals who shall be in the capital shall continue to enjoy their rights and liberties without

being disturbed or called to account, either as to the situations they hold or may have held, or as to their conduct or political opinions." (Article 12.) To make sure that there should be no weak links in this chain of protection, Article 15 adds: "If difficulties arise in the execution of any one of the articles of the present convention, the interpretation of it shall be made in favor of the French army and the city of Paris."

Nothing, it would seem, could be clearer; yet the Duke of Wellington positively refused to save Ney's life, or at least refused to save it openly, stoutly maintaining that the convention was "exclusively military, that it touched nothing political, and that it was not intended to bind, and could not bind, the hands of the King of France."

Ney had prudently retired, after the capitulation, to a chateau in the mountains of Auvergne. He was discovered, arrested, and taken to Paris. He pleaded the terms of the capitulation, but every objection to his trial was overruled. The most that he could get was a trial by his peers (he was a peer of France); and the members of the court adjudged him guilty, though many of them felt that he was entitled to share in the general amnesty. They were induced to give their votes against him, by the suggestion that he would be pardoned after he had been soundly disciplined by the fear of his apparently impending execution. They very soon learned that the cruelty and vindictiveness of cowardice can override all considerations of honor.

The king indulged in a good deal of sentimental twaddle. "I pity Ney," said the merciful monarch; "I have no hatred against him. I would gladly preserve a father to his children, a hero to France;" yet he doggedly refused to change the sentence of the court. A cabinet council was summoned, at which it was unanimously resolved to petition the king for a commutation of the penalty. Many of the peers had openly declared that they did not desire the marshal's death, that they had voted for it in obedience to the royal wish, but under the tacit condition of a commutation of the penalty by the government. They therefore "conjured the prime minister to solicit from the king *exile to America* for the condemned, instead of the scaffold."

The Duke of Richelieu hastened to the royal apartments, and anxiously pleaded for mercy. Others, not a few of them, came to speak for the life of the great marshal; but when they arrived at the palace, his gracious majesty was going to bed, and would not

listen to a word. Waving his hand as he wheeled away, he exclaimed: "Let me hear when I awake that the traitor has paid the forfeit of his crime!"

On the evening of the day when Ney was sentenced to be shot, the king held a reception, to which Wellington was invited. He went to the palace intending to ask Louis to spare the life of Ney, but the king suspected his purpose, and just before Wellington reached him, the Count of Artois—who afterwards reigned as Chas. X—darted between Wellington and his majesty, as if afraid that the duke wished to assassinate the king. It was a fitting task for the pusillanimous prince who, in 1796, when nearly a quarter of France rose in his favor, had not the courage to land and place himself at the head of the insurgents, whom he basely left to the vengeance of the republicans.

At the very moment of this interference, the king deliberately turned his back upon Wellington, in the presence of the whole court, and in the most marked and offensive manner. The duke, who felt this insult keenly, turned to the courtiers, and said:

"You forget that I commanded the armies which put your king on his throne. I will never again enter the royal presence."

Nor did he, until the Count of Artois called upon him, and begged him, almost on his knees, to return to the court.

At a conclave of the royal family it was decided to hasten the execution, and to have the marshal shot at or about five o'clock the following morning. The Bourbons could not, dared not, attempt to carry out the sentence of the law according to the forms of law. The government did not venture to let the troops or the people face the marshal. On the 7th of December a picket of sixty veterans was drawn up at the place of execution, at 5 a.m., but the marshal was brought to the spot four hours and twenty minutes later. Contrary to the usual custom, the soldiers loaded their own guns. An officer advanced to bandage Ney's eyes, but was stopped by the proud interrogation, "Are you ignorant that for twenty-five years I have been accustomed to face both balls and bullets?"

Ney cautioned the soldiers not to fire until he put his hand upon his heart: Then, with a firm voice, he gave the command: "Soldiers, straight to the heart—fire!" striking his hand on his heart as the last word was uttered.

A single report was heard. Ney fell as if struck with a thunder-bolt, without a convulsion and without a sigh.

The official record is perfectly regular, stating that the condemned man "fell dead instantly, without a struggle or a movement, pierced with twelve balls, nine in the breast and three in the head. Conformably to military regulations, the body remained exposed on the place of execution for a quarter of an hour." It was then "placed upon a litter, covered with a cloth, and carried by the veterans to the hospital for foundlings. At 6.30 the next morning it was conveyed to the burial ground of Père la Chaise, in a hearse, followed by a mourning coach and several other coaches." It had been inclosed in a leaden coffin within an oak one."

In view of this testimony, how can anyone doubt that Ney was executed on the 7th of December, 1815?

The doubters might be scanty in number, and those might be only the few people still alive who were residents of certain parts of North Carolina and the adjacent country between the years 1819 and 1846, and others who have heard and believed the current traditions concerning this matter, had not a thorough investigation been undertaken and carried through by the Rev. Jas. A. Weston, who for twelve years gathered and sifted the evidence with rare perseverance and indefatigable zeal. His work involved two trips to Europe and many journeys in this country, besides a voluminous correspondence, and the results are such as to force every candid person to admit that the testimony collected is both interesting and convincing.

Sufficient space remains for only a brief résumé of the evidence. It must be remembered that Wellington was a free mason of high rank, and so was Ney. Wellington was not all powerful. Some of the allies of England were as vindictive as the Bourbons. Blücher, for instance, wished to have Napoleon shot at the same place where he had had the Duc d'Enghien executed, and at the same hour of the day. But here was a brother of the craft, unjustly condemned. The hastily contrived execution was delayed until arrangements for a *post mortem* rescue, if such a term may be used, could be devised.

According to Mr. Weston's account of the affair, old soldiers were selected who were devoted to Ney. As he walked by the file, he whispered, "Aim high!" When he struck his hand upon his heart, he burst a bag of red fluid, resembling blood, placed there for that purpose, and fell quickly so that the balls would pass over him. The "leaden coffin within an oak one" was a convenient makeweight, well calculated to carry through the deception. That night he rode eighty miles on a swift horse, and a few days later he

embarked upon a vessel bound for Charleston. On the voyage he was recognized by a soldier who had served under him. He remained under the hatches for the remainder of the passage (thirty-five days), and did not go ashore until he had seen his former acquaintance disappearing in the distance.

For more than three years he remained in Charleston, studying the classics and fitting himself for his future life work. He was already master of the English language, and eventually he spoke it with only a very slight accent. He took the name of Peter Stuart Ney. The retention of his own name as a surname was in keeping with his bold, shrewd, practical character. The French soldiers had called Marshal Ney "Peter the Red." It was their pet name for him. "Courage, the Red Lion is coming," they used to say; "all will soon be right, for Peter the Red is coming!" The allusion was to his reddish blonde hair. The adoption of Stuart as his middle name was a happy stroke.¹ His appearance was such that many took him for a Scotchman. His features bore a remarkable resemblance to those of the Earl of Elgin. He frequently said that his mother was a Scotchwoman, but no trace of Scottish ancestry can be found anywhere in Marshal Ney's genealogy.

Peter S. Ney taught school in various places in North and South Carolina. The greater part of his life in this country was spent in the first named State, and he died in Rowan County, North Carolina, on the 15th of November, 1846. He had under his instruction, during the twenty-six years beginning with 1820, an aggregate of many hundreds of pupils, and he was almost an ideal teacher, in spite of a failing that would have destroyed the usefulness of an ordinary man. His salary was never more than \$200 a year and board, for he always sought secluded districts; but he always had sufficient money for his wants, and he lost \$10,000 by the failure of the United States Bank.

The refugee—for such we must believe him to be—showed many evidences of his former associations. When he heard of the death of Napoleon, he fainted and "fell to the floor, exactly as if he had been shot." On regaining consciousness, he dismissed the school, went to his room, and shut himself up for the rest of the day. He burned a large quantity of his papers—perhaps everything that he thought might lead to the discovery of his identity; and on the next morning he did not make his appearance as usual. He was found with his throat cut. The blade of the knife that did the work had broken in the wound, and this probably saved his life.

He had always been a moderate drinker, but after this occurrence he was occasionally intemperate. When under the influence of liquor, he sometimes claimed to be Marshal Ney, but in his sober moments he usually, though not always, declined to admit such a claim, showing great uneasiness when he was recognized, as happened several times.

Marshal Ney and Murat were the best swordsmen in Europe, and they used to try their skill in the presence of Napoleon, who occasionally had to separate them when the contest became too earnest. Peter S. Ney, too, was an expert fencer. Upon one occasion a French fencing master wished to find pupils among the boys in Mr. Ney's school. They told him that if he would take a tilt with their teacher, and hit him, they would get him up a big class. The contest took place, but after parrying thrusts for a while, Mr. Ney clave the Frenchman's hat in two, just grazing his ear. "Boys, you have a master; you have no use for me!" was the acknowledgment of the defeated swordsman.

The news of the accession of Louis Philippe, in 1830, was a great blow to Mr. Ney, but he still hoped that the son of the great Napoleon might be placed on the throne of France. In October 1832, he received a newspaper in which was chronicled the death of the king of Rome. For some time he walked the floor in speechless sorrow. Then, turning to one of his pupils, he pointed to the andirons in the fireplace, and said:

"Little fellow, can you eat those *dog-irons*?"

The reply was, of course, in the negative.

"Well," said Ney, "I have a harder task than that to perform. Young Napoleon is dead, and with him dies all hope of ever getting back to France, of again seeing wife and children and home and friends."

Mr. Ney was an omnivorous reader, and a facile and vigorous writer. He wrote for the Washington *Intelligencer* and for various other newspapers. He read with special pleasure any book about Napoleon or his wars. If he borrowed such a book, it was usually found to be filled with Ney's notes, in which errors were corrected, statements of numbers were rectified, and details were added—frequently such incidents as only an eye witness, or one thoroughly familiar with the matters in question, could have known. Such books are still in existence, and are strong corroborative evidence of Mr. Ney's identity with the marshal. His handwriting, of which many specimens are extant, has been pronounced by experts to be

the same as that of Marshal Ney. He was a skilful stenographer, and taught his method to his pupils, some of whom can still decipher a portion of the notes that he left in this shape. In spite of his one serious failing, Mr. Ney always retained the respect and admiration of those who knew him by a life that was otherwise blameless. He frequently taught poor children for nothing, letting the cost of their tuition be deducted from his small salary. His duties as a country teacher were performed with fully as much fidelity and success as any military service that he ever rendered. He ascertained accurately what each pupil could do, and exacted no more and no less. The discipline of his school was always perfect. The timid were encouraged, and the overbearing and conceited soon found their master. A single glance of Ney's piercing blue eyes was enough to recall a rebellious pupil to his duty.

It is to be regretted that none of Ney's autobiographical papers are now in existence. At the time of his receipt of the news of the death of the younger Napoleon, he destroyed a large roll of manuscript, which he said was an account of his life, adding that if he died before going back to France, his full history would be known. He afterward wrote another account, which he requested a former pupil to translate. The task was declined, and Mr. Ney's executor gave the manuscript to a gentleman who resided in New York. The latter promised to do the work, but died abroad in 1865, without making any visible progress in his translation. Unfortunately, the document can no longer be found.

Mr. Ney was recognized as the marshal by several people. Once he took two of his pupils to Columbia, the South Carolina capital, to see a military review, and was invited by the governor to act as honorary aide-de-camp. His splendid horsemanship and magnificent bearing attracted universal attention. Several foreigners who were present declared positively that he was Marshal Ney. They said that they had seen the marshal many times in Europe, and that they could not be mistaken. When Mr. Ney heard this, he immediately rode off the field, went to his hotel, and stayed in seclusion during the remainder of the day. That night he told the two boys that they must start home very early next morning.

In 1849, two Germans, John Snyder and Frederick Barr, who had served under Marshal Ney in Europe, recognized their old commander in Peter S. Ney. Snyder, who afterward described himself as having been "out of his senses" with amazement, raised his hands and exclaimed: "Lordy God, Marshal Ney!" Ney

made a sign to him to say no more, and afterward conversed with him, succeeding in silencing him for a time. Barr was more outspoken, and it was not long before it was made profitable for him to remove to Indiana.

There was indeed need for secrecy. Many people in France were accessories to Ney's escape. As he was legally dead, he could not receive the protection of any subsequent amnesties. His wife and family would have been impoverished by an unsparing confiscation of their property, had his identity been known to any of the Bourbon governments.

If he had survived five years longer, he might have returned to France in safety. Within four years after the *coup d'état*, Louis Napoleon, who had probably heard certain significant rumors, had the coffin of Marshal Ney opened. No remains were in the decayed casket, and apparently it had never contained anything. But the third Napoleon's accession to power had come too late for Peter Stuart Ney. He had lived out his life of self-denial, and had been buried in an obscure American grave.

When he was in his last illness, and the end was near at hand, the attending physician, Dr. Locke, said to him :

"Mr. Ney, you have but a short time to live, and we would like to know from your own lips who you are before you die."

Ney, who was perfectly calm and rational, raised himself up on his elbow, and looking Dr. Locke full in the face, said :

"I am Marshal Ney, of France."

Two or three hours later he died, after a short period of delirium, during which his mind wandered back to the death of Bessières and the field of Waterloo. Marshal Bessières, the commander of the Old Guard, had been killed the day before the battle of Lutzen (1813), as Napoleon and Ney were riding by his side. His death made a deep impression on Ney and the whole army. So, in that moment of mental aberration, the lost friend and the lost field are jinked together, as the exiled marshal of France says: "Bessières is dead and the Old Guard is defeated; now let me die!"

CHAS. HOLLAND KIDDER.

Munsey's for June, 1895.

THEY LEFT THE TIGER.

General Wolseley tells the following interesting incident in the march for the relief of Lucknow :—

“ I was marching one night, just in rear of column, to prevent all straggling, when an alarm came from the front. As I ran forward, I saw the men bundling from every cart, and fixing their bayonets as they did so.

“ No one at first could tell what was the matter, but I saw that several teams of bullocks had bolted off the road with their waggons behind them.

“ Upon reaching the guns I found everything in dreadful disorder. The native drivers had bolted, and the long team of gun-bullocks had seemingly tied itself up into a knot.

“ It was a bright moonlight night, but I could see no enemy, and not a shot had been fired. Upon inquiry from one of the men with the guns, he said that as they were going along, a tiger had jumped from the side of the road in amongst the gun-bullocks. It had evidently missed its spring, and had come to a standstill on the other side of the road, where I could see it in the clear, Eastern moonlight, glaring at us from under a tree not more than about twenty yards off.

“ The whole position was grotesque in the extreme. The native bullock can scent the tiger, and, whilst it remains in his neighborhood, terror exercises such uncontrollable sway over him that nothing can be done with him. His driver, without the same power of nose, has the same weakness of heart.

“ The tiger, as it stood in front of us, was a beautiful and very tempting shot. My first idea was to shoot at him myself, but some one near, perhaps doubting the correctness of my aim, suggested we should fire a volley.

“ My pioneer, a great, powerful man over six feet high, whom I had constituted my master gunner for the march, suggested we should give the tiger a round of canister from the six-pounder, and the men were anxious to try it.

“ In a moment, however, Lucknow and its hard-pressed garrison recurred to me. Every hour was of consequence; the life of every man I had with me was of the utmost value. What if we only succeeded in wounding, and so enraging this powerful brute so that he should come at us, and even wound one of the party?

“ I felt that, under the circumstances, I was not warranted in running even such a small risk on the chance of the great amusc-

ment which fortune had thrown in our way. I collected my party together again into column of route, and we left the tiger for some future sportsman with more leisure on his hands."

PORTER OR PORTERAGE.

An officer being moved from one station to another sent in a bill, in which was an item for "porter." The item, after having exercised the intellects and received the indorsement of five successive officials at the war office, was disallowed, on the ground that "porter" could only be allowed if taken under medical advice. The officer respectfully informed his superiors that the "porter" charged for was not drink, but the individual who had carried his baggage. The reply was that this should have been entered as "porterage," whereupon the officer ventured to inquire whether if he took a cab this should be put down as "cabbage."—*Truth.*

A TRUE STORY.

(Translated from the French.)

A good thing happened at St. Omer on the arrival of the Reserve men of the 208th Regiment at the Depot, where several companies had already been concentrated.

A sturdy countryman of the neighborhood came to conduct his son to the place designated. He carried his son's little book which all Reserve men have to show.

A sergeant spied him, and said to him sharply: "What do you want?"

The countryman, a stout-looking fellow, who scarcely appeared his age, in reply, showed the little book.

"Ah! very good," said the sergeant; "Reserve man! There, straight ahead; join your comrades."

"But,—" stammered the countryman.

"No answering! I tell you get a gait on," then turning to the son who was standing astonished, the usual order was given to him as to other loafers; "hook it; we don't want you here."

Falling in the ranks, the unfortunate father vainly tried again to explain, and ventured a few words.

"Who is this individual who is growling there?" said the sergeant, glaring fiercely. "Hold your prat!" adding "Heavens! what hair! Barber come and clip this Reserve man!"

" But— "

" Ah-h-h-h ; do you want to go to the guard room ? "

The regimental barber placed the unfortunate countryman in position, took his scissors, and soon his luxuriant locks were ruthlessly shorn ; but the unfortunate fellow said not a word, but allowed himself to be clipped like a lamb, having no other consolation than seeing his well oiled and abundant curls, of which he was so proud, decorating the ground.

The bugler sounds the " fall in," the countryman is already there.

" Your book," says the adjutant.

He gives it.

" Are you the Reserve man herein mentioned ? "

" No," at *last* he was able to reply, " it is my son's."

" What the devil are you doing *h r e* then ? "

The poor man then related his misfortunes.

" And you," said the adjutant, " have had your hair cut for nothing. I like your cheek. You owe two cents to the barber."

So sighed the poor countryman as he slowly left the parade ground : " It is indeed a bad h'air that blows nobody good."

ALPHONSE.

A GENERAL AS A DRUMMER BOY.

A general must always preserve his dignity, but he should be prepared to do almost anything, even to take a spade in the trenches, to keep his men in good heart in critical situations. Many such crises occurred during the terrible retreat of the French from Moscow, in 1812, when what we should call blizzards prevailed where the Russian arms had been unsuccessful. The cold probably did not compare in intensity with that in the midst of which campaigns against the Indians have been successfully waged by the United States regular army and Canadians in the North-West ; but it found the French singularly unprepared for it. Their sufferings were aggravated by the fact that supplies were scarce, for they had themselves, on their way to Moscow, devastated the country through which they marched. A drummer-boy, Maurice by name, who was on this dreadful expedition, late in life left a simple memoir of his experiences. He relates that on one bitter day on Wilna road, the men were sinking on every side, and all seemed likely to perish, when Marshal Davoust, Prince of Eckmuhl, rode up and shouted to the

colonel: "Twelfth of the line! Where are your drummers?" The colonel answered: "For twelve days, now, I have had no drummer left but little Maurice here." "My young friend," said the marshal to the boy, "go to the head of the line and beat the march." Maurice went to the head of the line. Rub-a-dub-dub! He beat the march as hard as he could. The men's heart-beats seemed to be quickened by the roll of the drum. They marched on bravely. They held an important place in the line, and the marshal rode by the side of the little drummer. For three-quarters of an hour Maurice beat the drum. Then the sounds began to fail. His hands were stiff with cold. His face and ears were frozen. Tears ran down his cheeks and froze on his skin as they fell. "Prince," said the boy, "I can't keep it up any longer. I am frozen. Better fall behind and die, like the other drummers. I'd rather go to sleep and die that way than suffer so cruelly." Marshal Davoust said nothing, but got down from his horse, gave it to an orderly, and took the drum from Maurice's hands. Davoust had worked his way up from a low grade in the army, and in his early service probably had learned to drum. He beat the drum well enough, at any rate, to inspire the men. Even the little Maurice took heart, and after wrapping his fingers in cloths, was able to take the drum again and resume the march, while the soldiers struggled on through the snow, against the biting wind.

WHY HE DIDN'T WEAR IT.—Some time ago, the jealousy existing between the troopers of a certain cavalry regiment and their comrades of the —th Foot—both quartered in the same city—culminated in open encounters in the streets, in which the belts of the infantry and the riding whips of the cavalry played a prominent part. As the outcome of one of these encounters, about a dozen of the members of the infantry regiment appeared before their colonel one morning. The majority of the culprits confessed their guilt and threw themselves on the mercy of the court; but one, a son of Erin, on being charged, sought refuge in prevarication. "Did you use your belt in the affray?" asked the colonel. "I was not wearing it, sor," readily replied Dennis, to the evident astonishment of his fellow-prisoners. "Indeed! Who gave you permission to leave the barracks without it?" "Sure I had it on, sor, when I left the barracks," was the reply. "I thought you said you were not wearing it?" thundered the colonel, in a passion. "No more I wasn't, yer 'anner," reiterated Dennis. "I was using it to defend myself wid."

FROM THE COUNTRY OF THE CREE.

BY E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

This tale came to me from the lips of a Metis interpreter, while the narrator, an old Cree woman, sat in the tepee door, her solemn eyes looking across the fat prairie land, as if in search of something that never came. What she had to tell had happened at that battle of Cut-Knife Creek, during the North-West uprising of '84. She spoke slowly and in the Cree tongue:—

“We were ninety miles from Cut-Knife, the war councils were over, and our men had gathered to ride over and join the Great Poundmaker in battle against the whites. It was daybreak when they left—my husband, who was a lesser chief; my son, a fine young warrior of 16 years. My husband rode that horse” (pointing to a white pony that grazed beyond the circle of the tepees); “my son rode a larger animal, but I always liked the white horse best, because her eyes can speak plainer than a man’s tongue, and her feet are sure as the sun. Just as they set off, I tied some purple feathers and red beads to her long white mane. ‘Bring one of them back to me, anyway,’ I said in her ear, for I did not want to let them both go.

“It was many days before we had news of our men. Then came tales of a countless band of white warriors marching toward Poundmaker’s. A few hours afterward came the runners, telling there had been a great battle at Cut-Knife Creek. My husband had been killed; my son’s horse had been shot under him, but of my boy, Red Wing himself, they knew nothing. Then some of our braves returned—husbands, sons, fathers of other women. My men were not there; but one of them told how he had found Red Wing wounded, not badly, he thought, and how he had tied my boy on the back of the white horse—knowing the horse had sense.

“At sundown I saw a white speck across there” (pointing to the south-easterly horizon). “They said some band was making camp, but I knew what it was. She was coming slowly, scarce moving, but in so straight a line I knew she had a rider; my heart got warm then, and I felt the blood in it for the first time in many days.

“She walked straight on, her head bent down; I thought it strange, for she was always fleet, and she chafed at slow pace. ‘She is tired,’ I said; ‘the fight and the journey have been too long and hard.’ As she came up I saw she had been through the muskgs;

there was mud to her flanks. She passed the other tepees, halting before mine. The women came then and took me inside—my dead boy was bound to her back.”

The woman ceased speaking, her solemn eyes still watching the horizon, her bony hands folded meaninglessly in her lap; ten yards away the ill-blooded, ungainly, human-hearted white horse still grazed the short prairie grass.

She had done what the woman asked: she had brought back one!

AN IMPRESSIONIST.

[From *New York Truth*.]

Cooper has changed a good deal of late years, but along six or seven years ago, before he had settled down to the realities of life, he would go farther out of his way to create an impression at variance with actual facts than any fellow I ever knew.

For instance, here is one of his crowning achievements:

It was a good while ago, a few months after half a dozen of us fellows fitted up the Clover Club rooms down-town.

The rooms that we rented consisted of a tolerably good sized front room, in the second story of a modest block, and three hopeless rooms back, running through to the rear of the block.

We made the front room fairly comfortable for lounging purposes; but the back rooms—you just ought to have seen the back rooms! They had evidently been given up to rubbish for ages, and such an accumulation of dirt, ruin and disorder I never saw. The plastering was nearly all off the walls, the floor was broken and uneven, the partitions were falling down, and the doors and windows were total wrecks. Besides, the roof over the rear rooms leaked horribly.

We never tried to do anything with the back rooms of our suite, and no one ever entered them except the old negro janitor, who kept the coal stored there, and who, banking on the fact that we avoided those horrid apartments as though they were haunted, nearly filled one of them, we discovered a couple of years later, with the ashes from our little stove.

As no one but the few members of our organization was ever permitted to enter our little den, Cooper had considerable latitude in his conversation respecting the club's home, and his descriptions of the gorgeousness of the place must have made us envied in many

quarters. He took delight in referring to the club's "suite" of rooms, and the way that fellow piled it on was most artistic.

But it was a thunderbolt to us, and particularly to Cooper, when Randolph calmly announced one night that he had invited the Opera Club to hold a business meeting in our room.

We stared around aghast at the few plain wooden rockers, the bare floor, the doubtful lithographs on the wall, and the one big writing table, littered with papers and magazines, in the centre. Then we thought of those back rooms, and shuddered.

The Opera Club !!

Why, all of the nicest girls that we knew belonged to that, and all of the fellows whom we had done our best to make envy us belonged to it, too. And the mammas would be along as chaperones, and altogether the prospect was appalling.

Cooper was the first to recover, as usual. "There's only one thing to do," he said. "We've got to fix this room up for the occasion. We must bring things from our homes and make a gem of this !"

"But the back rooms—" gasped Stanley.

"We mustn't let anyone go in there, of course. Say that they are reserved for members only, and I'll see that they count."

So we hired an express wagon, the driver was sworn to silence, and all of one night we carted things to that room, and for two whole night we worked to get it into shape. When we had finished, it was a gem.

The floor was covered with rich rugs and skins, and beautiful hangings were draped about the doors and windows. Exquisite etchings and paintings adorned the walls, and the bric-a-brac and furniture were of the richest that our combined homes could furnish.

"Now," said Cooper, "not being a member of the Opera Club as the rest of you fellows are, I won't be here during the evening, that is, in sight; but don't you be surprised at anything I may do, and don't on your lives let a soul open this back room door."

Many were the exclamations of delight from the fair members of the musical organization's chorus, as they were ushered into our "reception room." We bore, with becoming modesty, the compliments which were showered upon our club's home, but to Cooper belongs the credit for the really crowning effect.

The opera people had been at work on formal business for about an hour, when suddenly the door to the back room was softly opened, a heavy portière was pushed aside, and there stood Cooper in

faultless evening dress. An enormous meerschaum pipe was in his hand, and there was a look of polite surprise upon his face.

"I beg pardon," he said, "I didn't know that there was anyone here. I wanted a match. I have been reading out in the library and my pipe went out. The steward has left the grill-room door locked so that I can't get through into the gymnasium, or the billiard room, to get one."

And Cooper bravely procured his match, and retired, closing the door quickly behind him, leaving in the minds of the visitors visions of glowing grate fires and big, easy, leather chairs and shaded lights, and high cases of books, and all of the comforts of a luxurious club, but really going out to sit in the dark, on the edge of an old coal box, for two mortal hours more, until the musical organization had adjourned.

We never entertained any outside people after that, however; a by-law to that effect being adopted the next day.

CHAS. NEWTON HOOD.

NO. 2 REGIMENTAL DEPOT R.R.C.I., TORONTO. FOOT-BALL.

The season just closed has been a fairly successful one for the V. R. I. Foot-Ball Team.

The Team entered the Intermediate League, and out of four games won two and lost two.

Owing to the inclement weather, there are two games yet to be played.

Pte. Bateman has been officiating as Captain during the season, and has discharged his duties to the satisfaction of everybody connected with the game.

The annual "At Home" will be held about the latter end of January, and, judging from the reputation which this Club has attained in the way of entertaining, promises to be, as usual, the social event of the season.

The Team when lined up on the field ready for play makes about the best appearance of any team in the city in their neat uniforms, consisting of a blue jersey with the Regimental Crest in red, white knicker-bockers with red stripes, and blue stockings.

The record for the fall season is:—

	Scots.	Royal Canadians.
Oct. 26.	0	1
Nov. 2. Gore Vales,	1	0
" 9. Athletics,	1	2
" 16. Riversides,	3	1
Two games yet to play.		

V. R. I. GARRISON CRICKET CLUB.

The V. R. I. Garrison Cricket Club held their first At Home on Monday evening, the 25th November, at Stanley Barracks, and in spite of the very stormy weather was well attended by the friends of this popular Club.

The Drill Hall was very prettily decorated for the occasion with flags, bunting, piled arms, lances, etc., and presented a very beautiful appearance.

Farrell's orchestra supplied the music, which was excellent.

Mr. Jacks catered to the merry gathering in his usual first class style.

Dancing was kept up till about 2 a.m., when the party broke up, everybody apparently well pleased with the evening's enjoyment, and looking forward with pleasure to the next one which will follow shortly.

Amongst those who accepted invitations were:—Lt.-Col. Otter, D.A.G., Lt.-Col. Buchan, Lt.-Col. Graveley, Capt. Cartwright, Capt. Williams, Capt. Forester, Lieut. Thacker, Lieut. Adamson, G.G.F.G.

The Committee were as under:—

President.—Q. M. S. Borland, R.R.C.I.

Secretary.—Corp. Yale, R.C.D.

Treasurer.—Col. Sergt. Galloway, R.R.C.I.

Sergt. Inst. Page, R.C.D.

Sergt. Thompson, R.R.C.I.

Corp. Beattie, R.R.C.I.

L. Corp. Austin, R.R.C.I.

L. Corp. Thompson, R.R.C.I.

Pte. Emly, R.R.C.I.

Pte. Cole, R.R.C.I.

Pte. Ferris, R.R.C.I.

The Annual Rifle Match took place on the Long Branch Rifle Ranges on the 11th October, 1895.

The weather was all that could be expected, and a good day's shooting was enjoyed by all those who took part. The following officers were present, and acted as range officers at the different Ranges, viz. :—

200 yards, Capt. Cartwright, R.R.C.I.

500 " Capt. Williams, R.C.D.

600 " Lieut. Thacker, R.R.C.I.

Lieut.-Col. Buchan, R.R.C.I., was also present.

PRIZE LIST FOR ANNUAL MATCH.

RANGES 200, 500 AND 600 YARDS.

Rank and Names.	Total points.	Prize.
Pte. Allen, R.C.D.....	86	\$7 and medal.
Pte. Oneil, R.R.C.I.....	79	5
Sgt. Campbell, R.R.C.I.....	75	5
Pte. Tingman, R.R.C.I.....	75	5
Sgt. Holmes, R.R.C.I.....	75	4
Pte. Dinnen, R.R.C.I.....	74	4
S. M. Dingley, R.C.D.....	74	4
Pte. Kinsley, R.C.D.....	74	4
Pte. Reid, R.C.I.....	74	3
Pte. Gowan, R.C.D.....	72	3
Pte. Stump, R.C.R.....	69	3
Pte. Warr, R.R.C.I.....	69	3
Sgt. Thompson, R.R.C.I.....	69	2
Cpl. Meatturst, R.C.D.....	65	2
Pte. Major, R.R.C.I.....	64	2
J. M. S. Borland, R.R.C.I.....	63	2
Pte. Hanlan, R.C.D.....	62	2
Cpl. Young, R.R.C.I.....	62	2
Pte. Flemming, R.R.C.I.....	60	2
Pte. Cole, R.R.C.I.....	59	2
— Johnston, W., R.R.C.I.....	59	2
Pte. Worley, R.R.C.I.....	57	2
Pte. Bernier, R.C.D.....	57	2
Pte. Henderson, R.R.C.I.....	57	2
Pte. Regan, R.R.C.I.....	57	2
Cpl. Bryant, R.C.D.....	56	2
Tr. Demers, R.C.D.....	56	2
Pte. Elliott, R.C.D.....	55	1
Pte. McEachren, R.R.C.I.....	54	1
Pte. Bailey, R.C.D.....	53	1
Pte. McCay, R.C.D.....	53	1
S. S. M. Stephen, R.C.D.....	52	1
Cpl. Austin, R.R.C.I.....	51	1
Pte. Wanacotte, R.R.C.I.....	51	1
Pte. Ferris, R.R.C.I.....	50	1
— Langtry, R.R.C.I.....	50	1
Cpl. McLaughlin, R.R.C.I.....	48	1

Pte. Johnston, E., R.R.C.I.....	48	I
Pte. Kerfut, R.R.C.I.....	46	I
Pte. Emby, R.R.C.I.....	46	I
Pte. Virgo, R.R.C.I.....	46	I
Pte. Taylor, W., R.R.C.I.....	45	I

N. C. OFFICERS' MATCH.

Sgt. Campbell, R.R.C.I.....	75	\$3
Sgt. Holmes, R.R.C.I.....	75	2
S. M. Dingley, R.C.D.....	74	I
Sgt. Thompson, R.R.C.I.....	69	I

VOLLEY FIRING.

TEN MEN PER TEAM.

1st No. 2 Section, No. 2 Company, R.R.C.I., \$10.

FIVE MEN PER TEAM.

1st No. 3 Section, R.C.D., \$5.

D. BORLAND, Q.M.SERG.,
Sec.-Treasurer.

Lt.-Col. Otter, D.A.G., commanding No. 2 Regimental Depot, R. R. C. I., Toronto, has returned from England, as also has Major Lessard, Royal Canadian Dragoons. Both received a very cordial welcome. Capt. MacDougall, R.R.C.I., Adjutant, of No. 3 Regimental Depot, has been here on leave for a few days.

KINGSTON, ONT.

Major General and Mrs. Gascoigne arrived in Kingston on the 26th November, accompanied by Captain MacLean, A.D.C., and occupied a suite of rooms in the Hotel Frontenac.

The General came to Kingston, as he expressed it, more to make the acquaintance of the officers in this part of his command than for a formal inspection, and although he spent a day at the Royal Military College, and also one with "A" Battery R.C.A. in the Tête du Pont Barracks, his visit proved to be one which partook more of a social character than that of an official visit.

He was entertained at dinner by the Staff of the R.M.C., and also by the Officers of the R.C.A.; dinner parties were also given

for the Major General and Mrs. Gascoigne by Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Cotton and Captain and Mrs. Ogilvie; a theatre party for Mrs. Gascoigne, by Mrs. Drury; and two large receptions—one by the officers of the R.C.A., the other by the officers of the 14th P.W.O. Rifles, a very large and fashionable gathering in both cases of Kingston's society.

The General was pleased to compliment all ranks of the R. C. A., as he expressed it, on the "very evident efficiency throughout." He saw the Battery on parade with six guns, inspected the Barracks, and afterwards saw the Musical Ride in the Riding School; a large number of ladies and gentlemen from the city were present on both occasions.

The Major General has sent his charger to the R. C. A. for the winter to be trained.

"A" Field Battery R.C.A. has, since the General's visit, been reorganized from a Battery of six guns without wagons, to a Battery of four guns with wagons; this was expedient and possible, since the increase in the establishment of six horses. Eight vehicles are now horsed instead of six, as formerly.

A large class of short course non-commissioned officers and men is expected in January.

The reorganization of the Battery will be of great benefit, and will facilitate instruction to attached Artillery men.

The non-commissioned officers and men of "A" Field Battery are deriving much pleasure from the small orchestra recently formed in the corps. Dances and concerts are quite frequent.

The Annual Sports of "A" Battery took place on the 30th September and 1st October, and were most successful. The music was furnished by the Band of the 14 Batt.

NO. 3 REGIMENTAL DEPOT, R.R.C.I., ST. JOHNS, Q.

Private Etienne has again secured the prize given by Deputy Surgeon General Campbell, R.R.C.I., for the highest number of runs in the Garrison Cricket Club for the season 1895.

Capt. Fiset became a happy father during the past summer.

The wife of Quarter Master Sergeant Lamontagne presented him with a daughter on the 9th December.

Six or seven officers are in attendance on the present course; also a very large course of non-commissioned officers and men.

A handsome new Billiard table has replaced the old one in the Billiard room, which has done good service during the past eleven years.

The flag staff was blown down during a severe gale of wind on the 26th of November. A temporary one has been erected near the Barracks gate.

The following promotions have taken place in No. 3 Co. R.R.C.I., viz.: Lance Corporal Clunie to be Corporal, vice Corp. Landry discharged by purchase; Acting Lance Corporal Lavoie to be Lance Corporal, vice Lance Corporal Gordon, discharged on reduction of strength; Private A. Bean to be Lance Corporal, vice Lance Corporal Clunie promoted.

Capt. MacDougall, Adjutant, No. 3 Regimental Depot, R.R.C.I., rejoined the Depot on the 16th December, after an absence in England of nine months—passed with the Imperial Forces. He underwent a special course of instruction at Hythe, and passed the required examination, as he also did the other examinations, resulting from the special work he performed. This included the November examination for promotion to the rank of Field Officer. Capt. MacDougall was warmly welcomed by his brother officers.

During the past summer the officers of the 21st Regiment of United States Infantry, stationed at Plattsburgh, N.Y., have upon two or three occasions paid friendly visits to the officers of the Royal Regiment Canadian Infantry, stationed at No. 3 Regimental Depot, St. Johns, Q., by whom they were hospitably entertained. Upon one occasion they were accompanied by their wives and daughters. We need hardly say that they extended a very cordial invitation for a return visit, which, however, so far we have been unable to accept. The number of officers at the Depot is small, and the absence of one of their number on duty in England, during the entire summer, naturally increased their duties, especially as the attendance of officers for instruction was large. They, however, look forward to a visit the coming summer.

QUEBEC.

Br. A. Moyne Reade, B. Bty., R.C.A., was married on Nov. 13th to Miss Jewell.

The R. C. A. at this station was inspected by Lieut.-Col. Irwin, Assistant Adjutant General of Artillery, on C . 29th and 30th.

The first dance of the newly formed club took place in the Gymnasium on Friday, Dec. 6th, and was a very successful affair.

The new Gymnasium for the R. C. A. at this station is now completed, and is about to be fitted up with the latest and most improved gymnastic appliances.

Major Rutherford has returned home from England after spending some months with the Imperial Forces, and has resumed command of No. 1 Company.

Major and Brevet Lt.-Col. Wilson, R.C.A., returned from England in August last, as bright and cheery as ever, after having passed his examination as to fitness for command under 40-43, section 18 and appendix viii., Q.R., 1894.

A dance club has been formed amongst the non-commissioned officers and men of the R. C. A. here, with Regtl. Sergt. Major Lyndon as president. The intention of this club is to have fortnightly dances during the winter, in the new Gymnasium.

The Officers' Mess has been fitted throughout with electric light. A billiard room has also been added, and thus a long felt want has been filled. The officers will now have some recreation during the long winter evenings, for "all work and no play, etc., etc.!!"

Major General Gascoigne paid a visit to this station on Oct. 30th, and saw the Regiment on parade on the 31st. That evening a dinner was given for him at the Mess. The guests were: Major General Gascoigne, Col. Powell, Col. Lake, Lt.-Col. Irwin, Lt.-Col. Duchesnay, Lt. McLean, A. D. C.

A special course of instruction in Infantry has been sanctioned at headquarters for the officers of the 7th Military District. The course will be under the supervision of the D. A. G. of the District, assisted by a staff from the R. C. A. Quebec. Captain T. Bens n, R.C.A., has been appointed adjutant, Sergt. Instructor Bridgeford and Company Sergt. Major Raimbeault, instructors. The course begins on Dec. 9th, and will extend over a period of three months. There are already some 23 applications for permission to attend this course.

No. 4 REGIMENTAL DEPOT, R.R.C.I.,
 FREDERICTON, N.B.
 PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

At a spiritualistic séance recently, an apparently *young* spirit appeared, who said that he had lately served as a soldier in one of the companies of the Royal Regiment Canadian Infantry.

On being asked his experience after death, he said: "When I realized that I was dead and had reached my new home, I found myself walking about with an attendant spirit, who was kindly showing me the ropes, and I was much struck with the general resemblance of the locality and routine to some of the earthly experiences through which I had passed, so I said to the spirit: 'Heaven is very much like Camp Levis, where our regiment was last year!' on which the spirit smilingly and pointedly replied: 'My dear fellow, this is not Heaven.'"

Private W. Hagans, our polite Provost Corporal at Levis, who "parleys français tray bieng," has been appointed paid Lance Corporal.

Private Elsdon, our late big drummer, has, on the expiration of his term of service, obtained an excellent position, viz., as a guard of the penitentiary at Dorchester, and drill instructor to the other guards, etc. His salary is \$500 per annum, and house.

We feel awfully glad of this, not only for his own sake, but also for ours, for it will be nice to meet a friend in authority, when we have to pay that institution a visit!

Private Johnston of our Company is quite an artist; he has done several very neat water colors of soldiers grouped and in different attitudes; he has also made a very good pen and ink sketch of No. 6169 Billy Patterson, the goat.

A COOL REPLY.

Scene.—Outside Officers' Mess Quarters.

C. O. leaning on verandah railing; enter Surgeon Major.

C. O.—"Good morning, Doctor."

S. M.—"Good morning, sir."

C. O.—"Very warm day, Doctor."

S. M.—"Very warm day, sir."

C. O.—"Do *you* feel thirsty this weather, Doctor?"

S. M. (brightening up, with visions of a long "John Collins" floating before his eyes)—"Very, sir."

C. O.—(calmly, and without noticing the enthusiasm of *S. M.*)—"Now, Doctor, that's really curious; for I don't—!"

Utter collapse of *S. M.* (And this is a true story.)

IN MEMORIAM.

A REMINISCENCE OF COMPANY FIELD TRAINING.

Dramatis Personæ.

A highly imaginative General Officer.

Lieut. Rattles, in charge of half Company.

Scene.—A country road with rising, grassy ground in front, wooded heights to the right and left. In foreground, a half Company of Infantry, *tired* and *dusty*, leaning on their rifles in different attitudes.

H. I. G. Officer (riding up suddenly with A.D.C.).—"Well, Mr. Rattles, what's going on here? where's the enemy?"

Lieut. Rattles.—"Don't know, sir?"

H. I. G. Officer (sarcastically).—"Oh, you don't know; then I'll tell you, sir. (Slowly and with emphasis :) Their guns are on your right and left—their cavalry there (pointing and moving arm to follow supposed movement, and speaking rapidly), there, now there, and there. Now, where are you, sir?"

Lieut. Rattles is silent.

H. I. G. Officer (fidgeting his horse).—"I'll tell you where you are—this road is a perfect hell!"

Lieut. Rattles (*emphatically*).—"Yes, sir."

H. I. G. Officer.—"Yes, this road is a perfect hell, sir. Their Cavalry are charging you in front, their guns enfilading you from right and left (waxing enthusiastic), with grape and shrapnell,—men are falling—shells are bursting, here, there, everywhere! Now (turning to Rattles), what do you do, sir?"

Lieut. Rattles (joyously).—"I'm struck with a shell, sir—killed! I'll call the next in command—!"

JONES FITZ-H.

A PAGE FROM MY NOTE-BOOK.

Too old! The order had gone forth: "Private ——— to be discharged; time expired." Too old for re-engagement, and the ties must at length be broken, and he will wander forth, a stranger into a strange world.

The old soldier paraded forth the last time in front of his commanding officer, to solicit a letter of reference, which was cheerfully given with a parting word of cheer and good advice.

He was returning to England, and many were they who envied him.

The Adjutant, in affected sternness, wrung the old soldier's hand—he felt for him, and visions of the hosts of England's indomitable infantry, amongst whom this rough man, grown old in the service of his Queen, had once been, but could never again be, filled his mind.

He was but a rough, uneducated man, a bit reckless and devil-may-care, but then, had he not formed part of the scarlet-dressed wall that swept unflinching over Tel El Kebir's fortifications?

The Sergt. Major gave the order, "right-turn," "quick march." Major B—blew his nose violently, and the old soldier was gone.

PEN-PUSHER No. 4 Co.

On Saturday afternoon, 9th November, a team of ten men from No. 4 company of the R. R. C. I. in this city, and a team from No. 3 Co. of the same regiment at St. Johns, P. Q., had a telegraphic rifle match on their respective ranges. The distances were 200, 500 and 600 yards, seven shots at each, and the result of the match was a great victory for the Fredericton team. It succeeded in piling up the handsome score of 861 points, an average of 86 per man, against 674 for the St. Johns team.

Although the weather in this city was very disagreeable for a shooting match, viz., a heavy rain, this was offset somewhat by good light and a steady wind. The rifle used by both teams was the Martini-Metford, with which the men of the Royal Regiment are armed. Lieut. Jas. Fraser of the 8th. Hussars was range officer for the Fredericton team, and attached non commissioned officers acted as register-keepers. Following are the scores:

No. 4. Co.				Total.
Sergt. Walker,	31	30	32	93
Sergt. Fowlic,	31	32	28	91
Sergt. Duncan,	30	31	26	87
Corp. Offen,	30	34	27	91
Corp. Shaw.	30	25	27	82
Corp. Byers,	27	29	22	78
Pte. Garvey,	29	30	29	88
Pte. Spinney,	30	29	27	86
Pte. Cotterell,	33	29	19	81
Pte. Curtain,	31	30	23	84
Total,				861

No. 3. Co.

Major. Young,	26	23	29	78
Capt. Fiset,	24	21	27	72
Serg. Maj. Phillips,	25	26	24	75
Serg. Roberts,	23	27	25	76
Serg. Doxtader,	30	23	22	75
Color Serg. Long,	24	27	29	80
Serg. Hansen,	19	26	25	70
Corp. Clunie,	24	20	14	58
Pte. Delinelle,	9	15	12	36
Pte. Corney	21	18	15	54
Total,				<u>674</u>

It will be observed that the shooting was very steady, only one of the team going below 80. It is not yet known whether a return match will be made. The team of No. 4 Co., on the previous day, in practice, made a total of 752, although there was a nasty wind.

At night I horizontalize
 My perpendicularity ;
 At early morning, when I arise,
 I square my verticality.

The breakfast o'er, with skill acute
 I line the curving angle ;
 At dinner-time I eat the brute
 Who dared my line to dangle.

And then I love to lie alone,
 Obtuse and hypothetic,
 And plug a sweet tobacco cone
 'Till thought becomes erratic.

And then I take the friendly glass,
 And see things most oracular.
 But surely * Moore must be an ass
 To print this damned vernacular.

WILLIAM GREIG, No. 4 Co. Royal Regt. Canadian Infantry.

* Moore, Orderly Room Clerk No. 4 Depot.

The Minstrel Troupe of No. 4 Company R. R. C. I. gave a performance in the City Hall, Fredericton, on the evening of 29th November. The audience was an appreciative one, and included Lt.-Colonel Maunsell, D. A. G., and the Officers of No. 4 Regtl. Depôt. The circle numbered 21 with six end men, and Pte. J. Taylor as Interlocutor. The programme was as follows ;—

Opening Chorus	Wake, Dinah, Wake	Company.
Overture		Orchestra.
Song	The Storm Fiend	Pte. G. W. F. Wright.
Song	Nigger and De Coon	Corp. E. Bayers.
Song	The Band Played On	Pte. T. E. Baugh.
Song	Malinda is Engaged to a Coon	Pte. P. Clinton.
Song	She Left the Man who Loved Her	Pte. J. Taylor.
The Chequer-Board Avenue Quartette.		
Finale		Company.
Selection		Orchestra.
Stump Speech		Corpl. Bayers.
Indian Club Swinging		Master Percy Gunn.
Physical Drill and Bayonet Exercise		Corpl. Paschke, Corpl. Ross, Pte. McCuish.
Euphonium Solo		Pte. F. Clinton.
Descriptive Song	Scenes from the Drama of Life	Pte. T. E. Baugh.
Clog Dancing		Sergt. Nauffts, Pte. McNeil.

The Entertainment concluded with a side-splitting farce, entitled "A Slippery Day."

Both solos and choruses were exceptionally well rendered, and *encores* were frequent.

The local papers are unanimous in the opinion that the Troupe are, in every way, as competent as any of the travelling companies that visit the city.

To the Editor of the V.R.I. MAGAZINE :

SIR,

Once more we take up our pen to assist in the publication of our excellent little magazine, which we all feel is required more than ever in these times of political economy. We much regret that the spelling in our last letter was so bad. We hope that our worthy editor will have this letter handed to an Oxford undergraduate com-

positor, as we rather pride ourselves on our spelling, and do not feel as happy as we should, when we see that we are supposed to have spelt barracks "baracks," etc., etc.

Of course we, like all the rest, feel the loss of a large proportion of our men; it always *was* hard to carry on a respectable regimental unit with a small number; now it is worse. Cricket and sports generally have suffered on account of the paucity of numbers; but we have done a good deal of boating and tennis. Thank goodness! "gorffe," as we pronounce it in France, has not yet reached these provinces; perhaps in 1995, or thereabouts, we or our descendants may be enthusiastic over it.

By the way, we hope that the several correspondents at the different stations will, like our London friend, give us plenty of personal items; let them remember that what may seem trivial to them is news of gilt edged importance in a city of the dead like Fredericton.

Sergeant Major McKenzie, who left us on the 22nd July to take the position of Caretaker of the Camp Grounds at Sussex, has had a long and interesting career as a soldier.

He was born at Gibraltar on the 3rd December, 1830, and enlisted in London on the 27th November, 1841, as a boy in the 64th Regiment, in which his father and brother were then serving. From London he was sent to join the 4th Company Depot at Templemore, Ireland, the Regiment being at Halifax, N.S.; after his enlistment he became a bugler, and in 1844 was posted to the Band as cornet player, the Regiment having returned in September, 1843.

In 1845 he was appointed Lance Corporal, and two years later became Drum Major with the appointment of Lance Sergeant. In 1848, he went to India and resigned the appointment of Drum Major to take over that of Drill Sergeant, but acted as Field Bugler when required. He served through the mutiny, and was present at the Relief of Lucknow, obtaining the medal and clasp therefor.

After the meeting he was promoted Color Sergeant, and was offered a commission as ensign, which he declined for pecuniary reasons. During the Persian campaign he acted as Staff Bugler, and courageously dismounted and remained by the side of Sir James Outram, who was rendered unconscious by a fall from his horse, during the night attack at Kooshab. McKenzie bravely stuck to his commander, though surrounded by troops of Persian Cavalry, bathing his head with water, and otherwise assisting him until he was able to resume command on the following morning. For this

act of bravery he was presented with a watch and chain at a parade of the whole force in the city of Bushire in Persia on the completion of the campaign. It was at Bushire where Brigadier Colonel Stopford, an uncle of Lieut.-Colonel Maunsell "of ours," fell, shot through the heart, into McKenzie's arms while capturing the Mud Fort.

Sergeant Major McKenzie was present in twenty-two general engagements and is in possession of three medals, viz.:—Persian, Indian and clasp (Relief of Lucknow), and the medal and annuity granted by Her Majesty for meritorious service. Sir James Outram directed Colonel Bingham to recommend him for Victoria Cross, but this officer left the Regiment, and the new C. O. knowing nothing of the matter, he never received it.

When McKenzie was on furlough previous to his coming to Canada, Sir James Outram enquired for him at Dover, when, had he been present, steps might have been taken to secure the Cross for him.

The Sergeant Major of the 64th Regiment died on the way home from India in '61, and McKenzie was appointed to that position.

In October, '61, Sergeant Major McKenzie was one of the Volunteers who, after being subjected to an examination in Drill, Law, etc., were sent out to Canada, in January 1862, as Drill Instructors for the Canadian Volunteer Militia. Sergeant Major McKenzie received his final discharge from the 64th Regiment, in January, 1868, and from the Royal Regiment of Canada Infantry on the 22nd July, 1895.

Before leaving Fredericton Sergeant Major McKenzie was made the recipient of a handsome meerschaum pipe, presented by the sergeants in presence of Lieut.-Colonel Maunsell and officers of No. 4 Company R. R. C. I., who all expressed their regrets at his departure from amongst them.

Can anyone inform us whether there is any foundation for the old soldier's idea concerning the wearing of medals, which is, that for 364 days in the year the wrong or reverse side should be worn outwards, but on Her Majesty's birthday only the Queen's Head should be worn outside. Our own opinion is that there is only one way (the proper way), with the Queen's Head out and reverse in, but many old soldiers have explained that it was a custom in their regiment, etc., etc. We should be glad to have some light thrown on this old soldier story.

Yours.obediently,

FREDERICTON.

Lieut. Colonel and Mrs. Maunsell have just returned from a trip to England, Ireland and the Continent. The Colonel required a sea tonic after his recent somewhat severe illness. They returned about the middle of October, looking awfully well and in excellent spirits.

Capt. Chinic enjoyed six weeks leave during summer; he paid St. Johns, P.Q., a visit, and reported enormous catches of fish from the Richelieu.

"Archie" Macdonell has been having a h—appy time this summer—a large party (with ladies) to Grand Falls and down in canoes—this can be done in one day; Mac's party took a week! hard work! Then "Mac" started off with another friend on long leave, for Moose and Caribou on the Canaan River; they endured *untold* hardships and brought back a moose. Macdonell says he is going to live in the woods next year—society? hang society, don't you know?

The little Doctor was in very good form during the Militia Camp at Sussex, he certainly was the last in bed, and he says always the las—(we mean *first*) up. When next you see him ask him how he likes a "morning glory."

Surgeon Major McLearn obtained six weeks leave from Headquarters to proceed to New York to specially study the ear and throat, he returned in November!

The late Minister of Militia when here last winter promised us a goat. The kid duly arrived during the summer, and was tenderly brought up by the Mess Corporal and his wife on a baby's bottle (with something in it). He is on the books as "No. 6169 Pte. Billy Patterson, No. 4 Co., Royal Regiment Canadian Infantry," this inscription he wears on his collar; he duly signs the pay list at the end of each month, has a daily pass for grazing purposes, but has to parade at all marching order parades; he is very amiable, and, owing to the Vets' kind attention, does not care much for ladies' society! (See frontispiece.)

MILITIA GENERAL ORDERS.

HEADQUARTERS, 9th November, 1895.

PERMANENT FORCE.

Royal Canadian Dragoons.—Major and Brevet Lt.-Col. James F. Turnbull is permitted to resign his commission, and to retain the rank of Lt.-Col. on retirement. Lt.-Col. Turnbull's retirement will date from 1st November, 1895.

Royal Regiment of Canadian Infantry.—To be Lieutenant, provisionally, from the 26th October, 1895, Captain Charles St. Aubyn Pearse from the 5th "British Columbia" Battalion Garrison Artillery, vice Lt. John Haliburton Laurie, Royal Lancashire Regiment, whose period of service in the Royal Regiment of Canadian Infantry has expired.

HEADQUARTERS, 16th November, 1895.

ARTILLERY INSPECTIONS.

1. Lt.-Col. Montizambert will perform the duties of Inspector of Artillery for Military Districts 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 and 12. Lt.-Col. Cotton for Military Districts 1, 2, 3 and 4.

2. The duties of Inspector of Artillery for Military Districts 10 and 11 will be performed by the Deputy Adjutants General of these Districts. Instructions on matters concerning the Artillery in their commands will be communicated to them through the Assistant Adjutant General for Artillery at Headquarters.

The duties of an Inspector of Artillery will be as follows:—

(a) The annual inspection of all armories, guns, arms, ammunition, stores and equipment of Artillery units.

(b) The consideration and settlement of arrangements for separate Camps and Courses of Instruction for the training and gun practice, also for the inspection of all Artillery units, and submission of the same for approval.

(c) The custody and posting of the Store Ledgers of Artillery units, and their comparison with the Annual Store Returns furnished by the latter.

(d) The submission of recommendations put forward by Deputy Adjutants General of Districts, for appointment or promotion of officers in Artillery units.

(e) The superintendence of Artillery Ranges in separate camps, and compilation of practice reports.

(f) The submission of Requisitions for supply of Artillery Material and Equipment.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Adverting to G.O. (72), 3rd Nov., 1893, all correspondence on Artillery subjects, matters affecting clothing or discipline excepted, will be addressed to the Assistant Adjutant General for Artillery at Headquarters, instead of to the Inspector of Artillery as therein directed.

PERMANENT FORCE.

Ranks of Non-Commissioned Officers.

"Sergeant Instructor in Gunnery" will be inserted next after Squadron, Troop, Battery or Company Quarter Master Sergeant, in the list of positions detailed in G.O. (84), 29th December, 1893.

By command,

M. AYLMEY, Lieut.-Colonel,
Assistant Adjutant General.

REGIMENTAL ORDER No. 25 R. R. C. I.

OTTAWA, December 10th, 1895.

Promotions.—To be Sergt. Major from 1st December, 1895, No. 2044; Drill Sergt. G. A. Fowlie, *vice* McKenzie.

To be Sergt. Bugler, from 1st December, 1895, No. 2141; Corporal G. Offen *vice* Hayes, transferred to No. 2 Regimental Depot.

To be Drill Sergt. from 1st December, 1895, No. 2804; Corporal, R. G. Harris, *vice* Fowlie promoted.

To be Orderly Room Clerk from 1st December, 1895, No. 2527, Lce. Corp. Moor.

By order

M. AYLMEY, Lt.-Col.,
A. A. G.

FUN.

A SERIOUS ACCIDENT.—Not very long ago a Regimental painter and glazier was repairing some windows in the Hospital, when he had occasion to use a ladder for the second story window. Just as he was in the act of reaching down for some glass, the ladder gave way at the bottom, and he came down head first. However, the Doctor happened to be standing near, and seeing the mishap, proceeded at once to examine the unfortunate man. After a short time the Doctor exclaims—"Oh! It's all right; nothing broken!" "Ah! nonsense, sir," quoth Bill, "there's my new pipe broken, the third one this week."

EASILY EXPLAINED.—A few evenings ago, as our old friend "Bruff" was returning from the Rifle Range, he was fairly surprised when, on turning round a curve in the road, he came face to face with Father C—, and the following dialogue ensued :—Father C—" Good morning, my son." Bruff—" Good morning, Father." Father C—" Tell me, my son, do you belong to Dublin ?" Bruff—" No, sir, I belongs to Limerick." Father C—" There are a good many Dublin men in your Regiment, are there not ?" Bruff—" Yes, yer Riverance." Father C—" I have been given to understand that they are all more or less fond of their beer ; is that right ?" Bruff—" Wisha, faith it is, yer honor." Father C—" Can you tell me what the cause of that is, my good man ?" Bruff—" Father, I don't know, your honor, except 'tis because the most of them comes from Cork."

OFF HIS CHUMP.—We have read some very remarkable cases of absent-mindedness of late, but none more so than that of Sergeant Flagpole of the —th Regiment, who, on entering the Barrack Room about 11.30 p.m. a few nights ago, took off his waist-belt and cap, and placed them together with his stick on the bed, and after carefully covering them with the blankets, hung himself up on his pegs till morning.

WHAT HE CALLED IT.—" Q " and " H " Companies were on outpost duty recently, and Capt. C— was detailed to post a picquet in the vicinity of Tipperary. As he marched them along the side of Cup-and-Saucer Hill, he was explaining to them the numerous duties of outposts. On reaching the summit of the hill, he espied a visiting patrol at some distance, which caused him to ask :—" Now then, Private Recko, what would you call that party on your right front ?" (As Captain C—asked the question Colour-Sergeant Patrick Mc—missed his footing, and rolled to the bottom of the hill). " Well, sir," replied the witty Recko, " I would call it Pat rolling" (Patrolling).

BIRTHS.

MARSH.—At Fredericton, N.B., on the 16th August, 1895, the wife of No. 2540 Pte. W. H. Marsh, of a daughter.

FOWLIE.—At Fredericton, N.B., on the 22nd August, 1895, the wife of No. 2044 Drill Sergeant Fowlie, of a daughter.

DEATH.

HEWSON.—At Fredericton, N.B., on the 8th September, 1895, No. 2612 Pte. James Hewson, aged 48 years.