



*The Canadian*  
*United Service*  
*Magazine*



**VOL. IV. No. 2.**

**NOVEMBER, 1898.**



By Royal appointment to  
Her Majesty the Queen  
and  
H. R. H. Prince of Wales.

## CONTENTS

---

Editorial.....	53
Quebec from the King's Bastion.....	66
My First Salmon.....	73
The Battle of Cawnpore.....	77
Curious Battle Predictions.....	80
Depot News.....	84
Winnipeg, Man.....	84
Toronto.....	85
Kingston, Ont.....	86
St. Johns, Que.....	87
Montreal.....	88
Quebec.....	90
Fredericton, N.B.....	94
"At Last".....	97
Miscellaneous.....	98

THE CANADIAN  
**United Service Magazine**

PUBLISHED BY THE UNITED SERVICE CLUB.

---

EDITOR:  
**DEPUTY SURGEON GENERAL F. W. CAMPBELL,**  
ROYAL REGIMENT CANADIAN INFANTRY.

---

**VOL. IV.**

**NOVEMBER, 1898.**

**No. 2.**

---

THE present number of the CANADIAN UNITED SERVICE MAGAZINE has been held back with a view of announcing the new General Officer commanding the Militia as Patron of our Club. When he first reached Ottawa, Lieut.-Col. Irwin, our President, was absent, and before his return Major-General Hutton had started on his inspection of the Permanent Units. On his reaching Ottawa, about the first week in November, Lt.-Col. Irwin placed himself in communication with him. The following correspondence speaks for itself :—

UNITED SERVICE CLUB, OTTAWA, 31ST Oct., 1898.

TO MAJOR-GENERAL E. G. H. HUTTON, C.B., A.D.C. TO  
THE QUEEN :—

SIR,—I have the honor to request your consideration of the enclosed circular and number of the UNITED SERVICE MAGAZINE, the former of which explains the present status of the Club, and the latter contains its revised Rules and Constitution.

The original V.R.I. Club was founded in May, 1894, by the officers of the Permanent Corps, at the instigation and under the patronage of Major-General Herbert. In 1896 certain changes were made in its Constitution, by which officers of the Headquarter and District Staff were admitted to membership, and, in 1897, it was considered advisable to further extend its membership to include all Field Officers of

the Active Militia, and its name was changed to its present designation.

The Constitution of the Club provides for the position of Patron, now vacant since the departure of Major-General Gascoigne, and I feel that I am only expressing the unanimous views of its members in requesting that you will honour us by accepting that position.

I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your Obedient Servant,

D. T. IRWIN, Lieut.-Col.

Res. R.C.A., President.

OTTAWA, 5th November, 1898.

DEAR COLONEL IRWIN,

In reply to your letter of the 31st ultimo, I need hardly assure you that I have read the rules and papers connected with the Canadian United Service Club which you have kindly sent me, with the greatest interest and pleasure.

It will give me especial pleasure to accede to the request which you so courteously expressed in behalf of the members of the Club to become their patron.

In doing so, however, I shall be excused if I express the earnest hope that membership of the Club may be extended to all officers of the Canadian Military Forces, holding substantive commissions.

I wish, further, to express the hope that your members and the council, in particular, will very seriously consider the advisability of an amalgamation with the Officers' Association, originally formed as the Field Officers' Association. I feel most strongly that two bodies of officers organized for the same defined object of benefiting and improving the National Defence Force of the Dominion should identify their interests and amalgamate their several organizations.

Union is strength, and in no concern of life so truthfully as in things Military.

The Officers' Association have done me the honour of appointing me President, so that as the ex-officio head of both valuable institutions, I feel that I am entitled to bring this important matter forward. I have the conviction that we can assist our mutual hopes and intentions of benefiting the Force to which we all belong far more effectively if these

institutions form one body, and are actuated by one single impulse.

I am sending a copy of this letter to the Council of the Officers' Association, and I earnestly trust that we may achieve the very desirable result which I have indicated.

It is, I feel assured, quite unnecessary for me to say how heartily your Club has my very good wishes and hearty concurrence, which, however, will be doubly strong if I am able at an early date to congratulate the Canadian National Army of the future upon having a strong and valuable Service Association for mutual improvement and benefit of the Force generally.

I am,

Faithfully yours,

EDW. G. H. HUTTON,

*Major-General.*

There is no doubt but that the Major-General's views will receive the earnest consideration of the Council, and that if it is found possible to form a strong and united association for the benefit of what General Hutton styles the Canadian National Army, the officers of the Permanent Corps will consider it, not only a duty, but a pleasure, to contribute loyally as far as in them lies to the maintenance and usefulness of such an institution.

---

The appointment of a Commission by the Imperial Government to consider the question of Canada's defence, which Commission is now at work, naturally suggests the question: "Is this the first commission of its kind." If not, when were other Commissions named and what suggestions did they make? In answering this natural enquiry, we must remember that the Canada of to-day is not the Canada of thirty-two years ago, which at that time consisted of Upper and Lower Canada, now Ontario and Quebec. A Commission for looking into its defence was formed early in 1862, and its report is within our memory. The appointment of this Commission was in consequence of the unprepared condition of the country, as found in December, 1861, when Great Britain stood on the brink of war with the United States, over the removal of Mason and Slidell, Commissioners to Europe from the Southern confederacy, from the British Steamship "Trent." The President of the Commission was General Lysons, with Colonel Jervis, R. E. Inspector

General of Fortifications, Sir George E. Cartier, Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir A. T. Galt, as members. The first visible result of this Commission was what is historically known as the Cartier-Lysons Militia Bill, which was rejected in May, 1862, and was followed by the resignation of the Conservative administration. One feature of this Bill was its schools of instruction for both officers and men. The late Hon. Sanfield Macdonald then formed an administration and introduced a lesser Militia measure, which with a few alterations, such as providing for a permanent Militia force, is the Act which is in force to-day. It provided for schools of instruction by making use of the regular regiments stationed in Canada. The withdrawal in 1871 from Canada of the Imperial troops rendered the continuance of this method impossible. Provision was, therefore, made for new schools on a small scale in connection with A. & B. Batteries of the Royal Canadian Artillery, which were organized about that date. The Commission also reported strongly in favour of fortifications at Quebec and Montreal. It gave minute specifications of all details with maps, and the cost. Upper Canada (Ontario) took offence at nothing being done for it, and the result was an addenda, providing for entrenched camps at several strategic points, principally to be used for assembling the Militia. London was one of these strategic points. Great Britain undertook the whole cost of the defences at Quebec, their armament and the maintenance of an Imperial Garrison. Canada agreed to pay for the fortifications at Montreal, the cost being £1,000,000 stg., which Great Britain was to guarantee so that the money could be had at low interest. Great Britain also was to provide for the armament of the Montreal fortifications free. To cover the above and other items, Canada introduced into Parliament the Bill known as the Canada Defence Act, and the Imperial authorities at once began building the Levis forts, concentrating there a large force for that purpose. It was understood to be the opinion of the Commission that Canada ought to furnish the following quota of militia, viz., 10,000 men to hold Quebec, from 25,000 to 30,000 men at Montreal, 25,000 at Kingston, Ottawa 5,000, a field force of mobile troops of 30,000 to 35,000 men, and to protect the Western portion from Lake Erie with 60,000 militia. But Canada failed to fulfil or even commence her share of the work. So on completion of the three forts at Levis in 1870, and the ex-

penditure of the first vote by the Imperial Parliament of £300,000, the remaining four forts which formed part of the original scheme of defence, which consisted of two on the west side of Quebec, one at Beauport and one on the Island of Orleans, were never built. How very strongly the British Government of that day felt, as to the necessity of Canada taking action—on behalf of her own defence—the following despatch written by the Duke of Newcastle, then Secretary of State for the Colonies, and dated 20th August, 1862, clearly proves.

“If I urge upon you the importance of speedily resuming measures for some better military organization of the inhabitants of Canada than that which now exists, it must not be supposed that Her Majesty's Government is influenced by any particular apprehension of an attack on the Colony at the present moment, but, undoubtedly, the necessity for preparation which has from time to time been urged by successive Secretaries of State is greatly increased by the presence for the first time on the American Continent of a large standing army and the unsettled condition of the neighbouring States. Moreover, the growing importance of the Colony and the attachment of free institutions make it every day more essential that it should possess in itself that without which no free institutions can be secure—adequate means of self-defence.

The adequacy of those means is materially influenced by the peculiar position of the country. Its extent of frontier is such that it can be safe only where its population, capable of bearing arms, is ready and competent to fight. That the population is ready no one will venture to doubt; that it cannot be competent is no less certain until it has received that organization and acquired that habit of discipline which constitute the difference between a trained force and an armed mob. The drill required in the regular army, or even in the best volunteer battalion, is not necessary, nor would it be possible in a country like Canada for so large a body of men as ought to be prepared for any emergency; but, the Government should be able to avail itself of the services of the strong and healthy portion of the male adult population at short notice, if the dangers of invasion by an already organized army are to be provided against.

We have the opinion of the best military authorities that no body of troops which England could send would be able

to make Canada safe without the efficient aid of the Canadian people. Not only is it impossible to send sufficient troops, but if there were four times the numbers which are now maintained in British North America, they could not secure the whole of the frontier. The main dependence of such a country must be upon its own people. The irregular forces, which can be formed from the population, know the passes of the woods, are well acquainted with the country, its roads, its rivers, its defiles ; and for defensive warfare (for aggression they will never be wanted) would be far more available than regular soldiers.

It is not, therefore, the unwillingness or the inability of Her Majesty's Government to furnish sufficient troops, but the uselessness of such troops without an adequate militia force, that I wish to impress upon you.

In your despatch of 17th May last you inform me that there were then 14,760 volunteers enrolled, besides others who had been more or less drilled. It is far indeed from my intention to discredit either the zeal or the efficiency of these volunteers, who have I hope greatly increased in number since the date of your despatch ; but, they constitute a force which cannot suffice for Canada in the event of war. They might form an admirable small contingent ; but what would be required would be a large army. They might form a force stronger than is necessary in time of peace to secure internal tranquility, but would be inadequate to repel external attack in time of war. Past experience shows that no reasonable amount of encouragement can raise the number of volunteers to the required extent.

It appears to me that the smallest number of men partially drilled which it would be essential to provide within a given time is 50,000. The remainder of the Militia would of course be liable to be called upon in all emergency. Perhaps the best course would be to drill every year one or more companies of each battalion of the sedentary militia. In this manner the training of a large number of men might be effected, and all companies so drilled should, once at least in two years, if not in each year, be exercised in battalion drill, so as to keep up their training,

I put forward these suggestions for the consideration of the Canadian Government and Parliament, but Her Majesty's Government have no desire to dictate as to details or to interfere with the internal Government of the Colony. Their only



object is to assist and guide its action in the matter of the Militia as to make that Force efficient at the least possible cost to the Province and to the Mother Country.

The Canadian Government will doubtless be fully alive to the important fact that a well organized system of militia will contribute much towards sustaining the high position with reference to pecuniary credit, which, in spite of its large debt, and its deficit revenue for the past few years, the Colony has hitherto held in the money markets of Europe. A country which, however unjustly, is suspected of inability or indisposition to provide for its own defence, does not, in the present circumstances of America, offer a tempting field for investment in public funds or the outlay of private capital. Men question the stable condition of affairs in a land which is not competent to protect itself.

It may no doubt be argued on the other hand, that the increased charge of a militia would diminish rather than enlarge the credit of the Colony. I am convinced that such would not be the case, if steps were taken for securing a basis of taxation sounder in itself than the almost exclusive reliance on Customs duties. It is my belief that a step in this direction would not only supply funds for the Militia, but would remove all apprehension which exists as to the resources of the Colony.

Whatever other steps may be taken for the improved organization of the Militia, it appears to Her Majesty's Government to be of essential importance that its administration, and the supply of funds for its support, should be exempt from the disturbing action of ordinary politics. Unless this be done, there can be no confidence that, in the appointment of officers, and in other matters of a purely military character no other object than the efficiency of the force is kept in view. Were it not that it might fairly be considered too great an interference with the privileges of the representatives of the people, I should be inclined to suggest that the charge for the Militia, or a certain fixed portion of it, should be defrayed from the Consolidated Fund of Canada, or voted for a period of three or five years.

It has further occurred to me that the whole of the British Provinces on the Continent of North America have, in this matter of defence, common interests and common duties. Is it impossible that, with the free consent of each of these colonies, one uniform system of Militia training and organiza-

tion should be introduced into all of them. The numbers of men to be raised and trained in each would have to be fixed, and the expenses of the whole would be defrayed from a common fund, contributed in fair proportion by each of the Colonies. If the Governor-General of Canada were commander-in-chief of the whole, the Lieutenant-Governors of the other Colonies would act as generals of division under him; but it would be essential that an adjutant-general of the whole force, approved by Her Majesty's Government, should move to and fro as occasion might require, so as to give uniformity to the training of the whole, and cohesive to the Force itself.

As such a scheme would affect more than one Colony, it must, of course, emanate from the Secretary of State, but Her Majesty's Government would not entertain it unless they were convinced that it would be acceptable both to the people of Canada and to the other colonies; and they desire to know in the first instance in what light any such plan would be viewed by the members of your Executive Council. I understand that the Lieutenant-Governors of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, availing themselves of the leave of absence lately accorded to them, intend to meet you in Quebec in the course of the ensuing month. This visit will afford you a good opportunity for consulting them upon this important question.

The political union of the North American Colonies has often been discussed. The merits of that measure and the difficulties in the way of its accomplishment have been well considered; but none of these objections which oppose it seem to impede a union for defence. This matter is one in which all the Colonies have interests common with each other, and identical with the policy of England."

Recalling to our memory the history of that period, it is evident that the effect of the above despatch was most beneficial—much more attention being paid to the further extension, especially in the country parts, of the Volunteer Militia. So far, its organization had been principally confined to cities. In February, 1863, Lieut.-Cols. DeSalaberry and Powell submitted to Lord Monck the Militia report, showing 25,000 Volunteer Militia enrolled. About this time Col. Patrick MacDougall was placed in command of the Militia. Some few years later, Sir John A. Macdonald, having come again into power, as Minister of Militia, ordered him to prepare a new

Militia Bill—based, as far as was advisable, on the lines laid down by the Defence Commission. Col. MacDougall was engaged on the Bill for fully six months, when a change of portfolios gave the Militia to Sir George E. Cartier. It was completed while the House was in Session. It is said on good authority, when the bill was brought to him, printed, and his name on it, to present to the House, he was so annoyed that Col. MacDougall had not consulted him about the Bill, on his assuming the office of Minister of Militia, that, on being handed a copy by Col. MacDougall, he opened his stove door and burnt it. Col. MacDougall at once resigned, and returned to England. If our memory serves us correctly, this was shortly preceding Confederation. In 1871, the Imperial troops were all withdrawn from old Canada, only Halifax being retained as a Military Station. On departing the British Government, handed over to the Canadian Government all the property they owned in Canada, for the use and maintenance of the Canadian Militia, with the proviso that it should maintain a Militia force of 40,000 men up to a certain standard of efficiency that would be satisfactory to a General Officer appointed by the Imperial authorities, and spending not less than one million dollars annually on this force. How valuable these Imperial properties have become during the last twenty-five years is well known. How far they have been used by successive Governments for the benefit of the Militia it is not our province to discuss.

A very recent writer says: "Fortification which takes rank as permanent are changing their character. Modern Artillery has necessitated a change in the character of the defences. Although the old works would still have the effect of gaining time, they could not hold out very long against an enemy who could keep the field. In point of fact, they are not to be depended upon, unless supplemented by outlying defences, which should, if possible, be invisible to an approaching foe." On the other hand competent men of the present day maintain that all history proves that the style of fortifications is not everything—that everything practically depends upon the men within the fortification. Such an authority informs us that the fortifications of thirty years ago, such as the forts at Levis, Quebec, would prove very stiff nuts to crack when there are brave and determined men inside to defend them.

In conclusion, we should judge it to be pretty clearly es-

tablished that old Canada failed to carry out much she had promised to do, on the recommendation of the Defence Commission of 1862. We hope that in coming years, we may not have to record a similar neglect to the recommendations of the present Defence Commission, whose report is anxiously awaited.

The following letter from the late Captain Cook, R. C. A. to Col. Lake, late our Quarter-Master General, was written only a short time before his death. It is dated from KiKuyu, British East Africa, 1st July, and will be read with melancholy interest :—

“ I made an excellent voyage out, and quite enjoyed it, proving myself proof against the much dreaded *mal de m̄re*.

My stay in England was of a month's duration, which was fortunate in one way, as I had plenty of time to look about and buy my kit, and unfortunate in the way of expenses, which was considerable, not knowing the ropes, so to speak.

However, Dec. 24th, set out on board B. C. L. “ Mombasa ” for that place, and arrived Jan. 20th. I cannot say Xmas day in the channel was a pleasant one ; a heavy gale blowing, and our time mostly taken up in holding to supports to keep us on our feet.

There were 8 of us on board all bound for Mombasa, and our reception there was of the most indifferent and meagre description. The Gov. chaps did nothing for us and allowed us to shift for ourselves, which was rather a difficult matter, being strangers in a strange land, and where another language was spoken.

At last we managed to get a place to sleep in, (an old deserted *go-down*), and there I was for ten days. They have a sort of club, and we were allowed to get our meals there.

I then got orders to proceed up country, and, after a few stoppages at different stations, porters being most difficult to get, I at last arrived in Fort Smith, KiKuyu, on the 1st April, having tramped about 350 miles in that time.

In regard to the railway, the survey parties are in the field up to Lake Niavasha, and the construction has reached a point below *Kibacsi*, about 175 miles from the Coast. They are trying to push it on, but the difficulties are many and great.

The rebellion in Uganda is over, and the troops are

returning, while Companies of the newly formed force of Uganda Rifles are going up.

The natives about here, called *Lugura*, have been cutting up lately, and I was sent out with about 60 rifles of all sorts to punish them. I carried out two expeditions on two different days, and gave them a lesson, though we got one as well.

I had been off alone with about 12 men and two other Europeans, when, on returning over a most awful country, the black devils appeared in great numbers on all sides in the long grass. We had a rear-guard action then for over two hours, when they withdrew. It was getting a bit serious when a man close to me was knocked over by a knob-kerry. A few others were hurt slightly, but all managed to get into camp safely.

It was my first experience, and happened to be quite hot enough to teach me to be more careful in future. We were really lucky in getting in alive.

At present I am attached to the Railway Camps to guard them, and to provide escorts daily for the survey parties.

In respect to my position out here, I am Hst. Dct. Officer, with the power of a Magistrate of 3rd class, as detailed in the *Indian Penal Code*, which has within the past year been adopted. I exercise my power among the people about me to keep order, settle disputes and to punish petty crimes. Anything serious is remanded to the Dist. Officer.

The country, I consider, all in all, to be a poor one; very little compensation for the European. The latter can live out here, and with care thrive, especially up in this part, which are the Highlands, and which will perhaps in a distant future, receive a certain percentage of European settlers. It is healthy, and with a pleasant climate.

At the same time, outside of the question of Sport, any white man should be well paid to live out here, as it is an exile, and absolutely devoid of ordinary facilities to make life comfortable in a small way.

As for sport, I never saw or heard of anything like it. It is beyond my pen to describe it.

Game laws have just been enforced to enable the Government to make a little revenue out of its officers, as there are no others to buy licenses.

Transport is a great drawback. The cattle diseases have killed all the cattle and bullocks, and pastures are so hard to get that the whole transport is at a standstill. The railway is expected to be up here in about one year and a half.

Well, Sir, I have given you a brief outline of myself and the life, so will close. Hoping to hear from you some day. I am yours very sincerely.

W. E. COOKE.

---

It is now fully a year since the announcement was made that the British Government had decided to issue a General Service Medal for Canada, for which bars would be given for the Fenian raids of 1866 and 1870, and the Red River Expedition of 1870, the cost of the medal to be defrayed by the Canadian Government. Since that time, say about six months ago, papers have been issued to be filled in by those claiming their right to the medal, and a Board appointed to consider those claims. Since then no announcement has been made as to when it is likely these medals will be issued, and there is a growing grumbling among the veterans who see their number diminishing almost weekly at the tardiness with which matters are proceeding. For their comfort we may state that the same delays seem to accompany the issue of medals to the Imperial troops, and that the public as well as the troops consider these delays unnecessary, and due to red tape. The *London Globe* has taken the matter up with vigor, and a recent issue contains the following, viz. :—

“In the columns of a contemporary an officer calls attention to the excessive delay on the part of the authorities in issuing to soldiers the medals won by them in our constantly recurring small campaigns. There can be no doubt that this is looked upon as a grievance by non-commissioned officers and men. The lower ranks have no brevets, C.B.'s, or D.S.O.'s to look to ; their only reward is the medal and ribbon awarded for the campaign. In recent years men have had to wait one, two, and nearly three years before their hard-earned decoration has been issued to them. And in these days of short service it will be easily understood how numbers of men go to the Reserve without ever having had a chance of wearing their medal, or even the ribbon. A very good suggestion has been made, which, without costing the

---

country a penny, would give immense satisfaction to thousands now serving. It is to permit a commanding officer, or other superior authority, to order the wearing of the ribbon, pending the issue of the medal, by all men whose names have been sent to the War Office on the medal roll." We heartily endorse these remarks, and hope they will be influential in obtaining some immediate recognition of the valour displayed in our recent campaigns, for medals have not yet been awarded."

The suggestion, regarding the wearing of the ribbon, is an excellent one, and if our Canadian Medal is to be delayed for any great length of time, is worthy of the consideration of the Minister of Militia.

---

The last number of the *Canadian Military Gazette* contains an article by C. F. H., headed "A Militia System." Almost at the outset he starts off with a paragraph which must knock the wind out of any ordinary reader, as it contains one hundred and seventy-three words without a colon.

---

Criticism—just, fair and reasonable, is always to be courted. To be everlastingly searching for moth-holes in the permanent force and active militia, as does the *Canadian Military Gazette* in every issue, is not commendable.

## QUEBEC FROM THE KING'S BASTION.

### THE KING'S BASTION.

Fierce on this bastion beats the noonday sun,  
 The city sleeps beneath me, old and grey,  
 On convent roofs the quivering sunbeams play,  
 And batteries guarded by dismantled gun.  
 No breeze comes from the northern hills which run  
 Circling the blue mist of the summer's day ;  
 No ripple stirs the great stream on its way  
 To those dim headlands where its rest is won.

Ah God ! what thunders shook these rocks of yore,  
 What smoke of battle rolled about this place,  
 What strife of worlds in pregnant agony ;—  
 Now all is hushed, yet here in dreams once more  
 We catch the echoes ringing back from space  
 Of God's strokes forging human history.

—FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

Quebec, 1898.

It is a warm summer evening in the latter part of July. The sun is dipping down towards the line of cool blue mountains to the north-west, and a few stray clouds on the southern horizon are beginning to glow with the rich hues of the coming sunset. A light evening breeze has sprung up, sweet with odors of the fresh cut grass on the glacis, and it has streaked with silver the calm, blue breast of the river beneath in making its noiseless way to the sea.

Just over my shoulder, pointing defiantly down the stream towards the open gateway of Canada, stands the old 7-inch gun, the sole guardian of this bastion. Many a winter and summer has it seen go by since it was raised by derricks to its pivotted throne. Many a good ship has it been the first to mark rounding the point of the Levis shore, with sails or funnel salted by the turmoil of the sea ; and many a mighty vessel passing outward to the deep has it watched in silence from this rock. But here no enemy has come to break in upon its stern repose. Yet now as the breeze plays about its iron tips a deep tone issues from its heart. It may be only my fancy, but it seems to me that the song the old gun sings is the chant of self-reliance, which is, after all, only the underlying music of our Empire. Surely there is no spot in the whole of America so full of suggestions for reflexion on men and things as is this bastion. The importance to the world of any one battle does not depend upon the number of men engaged in it. The significance of a victory can only be



measured by its after effects. Historians of the twentieth century will look back upon the capture of Quebec by Wolfe as one of the epoch-making victories of the world. When this continent is peopled by three hundred millions, all speaking the English tongue, all trained and educated under English laws and traditions, when the central influence of the Anglo-Saxon race lies on this side of the Atlantic, it will then be seen and clearly known that the battle of the Plains of Abraham was the true beginning of the Anglo-Saxon Empire. In saying this, I would not be misunderstood. I use the words "Anglo-Saxon Empire," and not British Empire. After all, race ought to be a closer bond than country, and I look for larger views of Empire in the future than those held by the average Englishman of to-day. When jealousies and the memories of family differences have died away, may we not hope to see a grand confederation of the Anglo-Saxon peoples all over the globe, dwarfing into insignificance the Greek confederacies of old? If such should ever be brought to pass, to what could it owe its origin but to the capture of Quebec by England. Let us turn briefly to the importance of that event in the spread of Anglo-Saxon influence. It has often been pointed out that the capture of Quebec led directly to the revolt of the American colonies. Such a result indeed was foreseen by the statesmanlike eye of Montcalm. Had Canada remained in French possession, menacing the northern frontier of New England with hostile armies and bands of hostile Indians, the American revolution would not have taken place. It was only after the danger of French aggression from the north was removed, and while the British army of occupation in Canada was engaged in holding the newly-acquired possession, that the smouldering discontent of the old colonies could have burst into the flame of rebellion. Nor is that rebellion, and the subsequent independence of the richer half of North America to be deplored. It was an event in the evolution of the Anglo-Saxon race. It was the birth and setting free, in a century of preparation, of a new England, one that was kindred with the old, and yet able to work out unfettered, its destiny as a daughter empire, under new social and climatic conditions. What a debt of gratitude do we Englishmen owe to the revolt of the American dependencies. First, it has taught both the Mother Land and her modern colonies a deep and vital lesson in the methods of Imperial Government. And, secondly, it has opened up a

new field for the exercise of Anglo-Saxon civilization, unhampered by political union with the old world. This freedom from European connections enables the daughter Empire to the south of us to absorb with that wonderful assimilative power which our race possesses, owing possibly to its mixed ancestry, the various nationalities who have sought a refuge in her midst from the poverty and tyranny of the East. Upon these she has stamped the influence of English thought, English law, and English speech. It will thus be seen that the mother and daughter Empires are engaged in a common cause—the spread of Anglo-Saxon influence and civilization—England, in far away corners of the earth by navies of peace and war; America, by the slow but sure process of domestic conversion.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*

One may surely be pardoned for indulging in a little rambling on imperial topics, when standing on these battlements. Far over there, on the north shore is the white sheet of Montmorency now fading in the blue evening mists, that are creeping up from the river. On this side of the chasm is the site of Montcalm's camp. On the other, day after day, Wolfe waited battling with physical weakness and many discouragements. Nor did he wait in vain. To our right, and nearer, are the heights of Port Levis. It was from rough earth works thrown up there, traces of which still remain, that Monckton poured down for weeks a storm of shot and shell upon the helpless city. From this, the very spot on which I now stand, anxious eyes have surveyed the scene of destruction and pious hearts have prayed to God and the Virgin, that the Fleur-de-Lys of France might ever float upon these heights, (Alas, that flag now floats nowhere.) Behind those houses at the foot of the glacis is the monument to the two heroes whose blood was the seed of our national life. It is not without significance that the battle which sealed the fate of Canada was one which reflected as much glory on the vanquished as on the victors. When looking back to the past, each of the two races that make up our nation can derive inspiration from the conduct of its ancestors; and, as one stone column records the common glory of Wolfe and Montcalm, so the dual elements of our common heritage shall go to the creation of a united country.

No one dreaming away an idle hour on this bastion can fail to be impressed with the enormous consequences that are

involved in the exercise of a single human will. On the dogged perseverance, unflinching courage and high sense of duty of a young man of thirty-two, a man enfeebled by disease and suffering, hung the destiny of half a continent. To most Canadians Wolfe is but a name. It would be well if the story of his pure and noble life, and unflagging attention to all branches of his duty were a household word in every Canadian home. It is commonly supposed that the character which goes to the make up of a successful soldier is one which flings religion and morality to the winds. The lives of our greatest heroes disprove this, Wolfe, Wellington, Napier, Havelock and Gordon have shown us that the highest achievements rest upon the strength of the moral fibre of individual character.

It is almost a pity that the bones of Wolfe do not rest in the land which he won for the Empire. He sleeps beside his father in the old vault of the parish church of Greenwich. But the body of Montcalm rests in the chapel of those convent buildings yonder, crowned with its white tin roof and slender fleche. His grave, like that of his country's ruler in this new land, was dug by the bursting of an English shell. Fate, which had robbed him of victory, did indeed recompense him with a glorious death!

\* \* \* \* \*

And now from the old church of Notre Dame des Victoires, in the Lower Town, rises the sound of the Angelus. The tones of the little bell float soft and clear into the evening sky. It is the voice of faith amid the din and discord of modern life. All round the church cluster the high warehouses, and places of merchandise, and past it on the river go and come the giant steamers on their errands of commerce. But high and clear rises the voice of faith—faith undimmed by the changes of newer civilization and the ceaseless cult of mammon. We are carried back in a dream to the early days of the colony, when great forests darkened the stretches of those purple meadowlands and climbed the heights of Levis shore. The scene has changed but little since then. The great river still flows on in its silent course. The tide still returns bearing with it a message from the sea. The mountains still stand watching through the ages the passing away of men and things human. Where now the huge iron steamers are moored, once lay at anchor the quaint vessels of old France. And where those lofty warehouses shut in the little

church, was once raised a rude fort—the germ of the future city. There, when, as at this hour, the sunset, flushed with red the evening sky, from the rude chapel built of logs, rose the vesper hymn. It was a strange beginning for a new world, so matter of fact and unpoetical as this has proved to be. In the little chapel knelt piously gentlemen and courtiers who had been brought up in the school of chivalry then on the decline. Among the woods that once stretched from the St. Charles River to the mountain of Beauport, when the winter snow lay still and deep, by the light of the fire in the Indian camp, or by the bright rays of the winter moon, the brave Jesuit missionary has said his office in the long night watches. And where those convent roofs extend among the rows of secular homes, pious ladies, the daughters of houses renowned in French history, taught the Indian children the story of the infant Saviour.

\* \* \* \* \*

The delight which we feel in historical meditation is owing to the two principles of our likeness and unlikeness to the past. It is the sense of our likeness with the humanity of past peoples, which forms the ground of that sympathy with them, that makes the differences in their manners and customs of interest to us. The past history of nations with whom we have now very little in common possesses for us but few charms.

But how strange it is now to look down upon the quiet streets, where once sauntered gentlemen clad in armour, and where ladies, ornamented with powder and patches, once held soirees in the high-gabled stone houses and entertained with all the airs and graces of the last favorite at the French Court. The river has rolled by under many a summer sky and many a winter ice-bridge since then, but the little bell of the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires, as it rings the evening Angelus, day by day, recalls a bygone age, and ghosts of the past move through silent courts of memory and imagination. Would that Canadians were more alive to the poetry of the wayside. They will pay to see Millet's "Angelus," because they are told it is beautiful and poetical, and so it is. And they will spend large sums of money in a visit to the beauties of the Rhine and Switzerland, and those beauties are worth the trouble and expense of a visit. But the true culture is one which can appreciate beauty everywhere and in everything; and in Canada, especially French Canada, if we will but open

our eyes to see it, there is romance and poetry at every turn. It did not need the pencil of Millet to reveal the pastoral and touching beauty of a little scene which I once witnessed in what would be called a flat and uninteresting part of the Eastern Townships. It was an evening early in May and the air was cool and fresh from the damp fields in which vegetation was showing signs of returning life. The sun had just dipped below the horizon, and over the level plain, here and there in the perspective, a leafless elm or group of farm buildings stood out black against the broad yellow band of light which remained after the sun had set. From the white-washed school house on a lonely country road, two by two, a little band of children emerged and walked in procession, carrying bouquets of wild flowers and simple weeds, to the wayside cross which stood on the boundary line of the parish. They walked hand in hand laughing and talking as they went, and as each pair knelt in turn before the tall, slender cross with its branching arms covered with white tin shining against the sky, they left their floral offerings at its foot. Surely, we need not go far afield in this province for scenes of beauty and romance. They lie around us at every turn.

\* \* \* \* \*

And now the sun has long set, and darkness, only broken by the stars above, and the gleam of the city's thousand lights below, holds sway over nature. The wind grows cooler, and still plays around the lips of the old gun, while methinks the tone from the gun's heart is deeper and sterner.

Darkness and night bring to it no respite from its long vigil of guardianship. On the black river, far below, are now many white and red lights—lights that are stationary on ships and schooners at their moorings, and lights that move on vessels passing up or down stream, and the lights from the ferries that cross from shore to shore.

Suddenly a bugle sounds and simultaneously from the battery to my right, the night gun booms out over the scene, its smoke rolling far away above the river in the starlight. Again and again the sound returns, from the Levis rocks, from the deep coves on the river's side, from the island facing me, and after a time, and very faintly, I fancy, from the mountain beyond, as the circle of its vibrations roll on and on into space.

It is with regret that one turns from a spot so full of

memories of the past and suggestive thoughts of the future.

I make my way across the Citadel square to where the lantern burns under the gateway and a light shines from the guard-room window. The long line of casemates is now in darkness and the men have turned in for the night. And yet romance has not ceased even here. In those vaulted barrack rooms, the echoes of Waterloo and of the Crimea, and of India and Egyptian campaigns have died away in reminiscences that lost nothing in the recital. It is not altogether in vain that barrack-room prose thus brings into the midst of a peaceful country like this, basking in commercial quiet, drift-wood tales from the central stress of Empire.

The poor "sons of the widow,"—they are the same all the world over, a happy-go-lucky brave, generous, wild, affectionate, unfortunate lot. We think very little of them in times of peace, but our sentiments speedily change.

"When the band begins to play," and we sniff powder in the air, Canadians as a whole care very little for their "regulars," and do very little for them, either to make their lives happier or better. They even turn them off in old age without a pension after years of patient service and strict discipline. And yet if ever the call to arms comes, it will be found that no better and truer men have ever gone to the defence of their country than those who now lie sleeping in the casemates yonder.

Suddenly and startlingly, in the darkness, from the spot where for nearly two hundred years, during French and English regiments, a sentry has nightly paced up and down, rings out the voice of the man on guard.

"Who comes there?"

"A friend."

"Pass, friend."

"Gate."

"Gate."

The sergeant of the guard turns out and unlocking the wickets, gives me my liberty.

As I make my way past the dark ravelins down the Citadel hill to the modern town and modern interests of Quebec life, I thank God that in Canada we have still had preserved, in the sacredness of its medieval and military setting, so fruitful a source of inspiration to future generations as the King's Bastion.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

## MY FIRST SALMON.

(Contributed to the United States Service Magazine.)

An evening early in August—the place, the Grand Trunk Depot, Montreal—three individuals, evidently, from their happy looks, bent on pleasure, which is further confirmed by the bundles of fishing-rods, tents, boxes of provisions and other *impedimenta* peculiar to fishermen, which they are placing on the eastern-bound train. And ought they not to look happy, for they are bound for Camp Robinson, in the far wilds of New Brunswick, the scene of former happy days, where they have captured many a lordly salmon and circumvented many a wily trout? The three may be styled for the present—the Secretary, the Grand Treasurer, and the Professor, and but one—the Doctor—is wanting to complete the quartette, and him they hope to pick up at Cacouna to-morrow. For six months or more has this trip been looked forward to with joyful anticipations, and for once, “Hope told no flattering tale.”

We once saw the question propounded by a newspaper correspondent, “Can a man who plays the trombone be a good Christian?” And the reply was, “Yes, but his next-door neighbor cannot.” What has this to do with a fishing trip? Did ever any reader of these annals sleep in a Pullman car without being kept awake for a good part of the night by the nasal trumpet of some neighboring sleeper? Our trip was made lively in the same way. We can recall one fellow-passenger whose musical (?) instrument was in inverse ratio to the size of his body, and who made us feel the whole night like Coleridge’s wedding guest, for “We heard the loud bassoon.” But, music and all, we arrive on time in the morning at Point Levis, and after a hearty breakfast are again *en route* for the East. Among the passengers who joined the train at Quebec was our genial Minister of Marine and Fisheries, who is an old friend of one of our party, and who gave very liberal aid toward passing an exceedingly pleasant day on the train. For once let fishing and politics mingle; the writer of these annals being a *rouge* himself, cannot part with our worthy Minister of Marine and Fisheries, and the recollection of the happy day spent in his company, without paying him the best compliment he can; had Providence only seen fit to make him a *rouge*, he would have been perfection; as it is, he is as near as possible to be-

ing so, wanting that one item. In due time the train reaches Cacouna, and there upon the platform stands the Doctor, all impatience to get off. Among the baggage is one suspicious-looking box, which the Doctor declares to be his medicine-chest. By seven p.m. the now united party arrives safely at Metapedia, and there stands big Dan Fraser, the warm-hearted, hospitable owner of Metapedia Hotel, ready to welcome them. It is Saturday evening, and, arrangements having been made for an early start on Monday morning for Camp Robinson. Sunday is spent quietly around Metapedia, than which a more beautiful spot is not to be found in Canada, combining as it does the due proportion of mountain and mead, wood and water, which go to make a perfect landscape. Early up on Monday morning, but not an early start—who ever made an early start from Uncle Dan's? The Secretary, ever indefatigable, is up by four a.m., and putting the whole household in a turmoil. "Is the Doctor up yet?" "Where's the Professor?" "Has anybody seen the Grand Treasurer?" and this torrent of questions is varied by a run to the door, a squint up at the sky, and a shout to the Indians to carry some baggage to the beach. The Doctor is snug in bed, sleeping the sleep of the just, interspersed with an occasional snore, for the Doctor can snore. The Grand Treasurer is already up and packing away his go-to-meetings, to be left at Dan's, and soon he will appear upon the scene in blameless fisherman rig—hob-nailed boots, *bloomers*—beg pardon—knickerbockers, flannel shirt, and soft felt hat, gayly decorated with Butcher's Mallard wings, Jock Scott's, etc. The Professor is still in bed, mentally debating whether it is better to get up and start, or wait for the porridge and cream. The cream carries the day, and to the disgust of the impatient Secretary, breakfast is taken at Metapedia. Has not the Professor charge of the eating department? And shall he allow the poor Indians to toil up that rapid river without a good foundation of food to help their tiresome work? At last we are fairly started—a party of four with five canoes heavily laden, and each manned by two Indians. As we push off into the clear waters of the Restigouche, a shout comes from the last canoe—"Stop at the rock spring." Some two miles up the Restigouche, from where the Metapedia joins it, there bursts from the rock on its bank an ice cold spring. Soon this is reached, and the whole party meet for a brief rest. The pipe of peace is



smoked, a little medicine taken, then up and away; the next stoppage being for dinner, at the mouth of the Upsalquitch. Less than an hour serves to cook and dispose of dinner, when we at once proceed up the river. No more halts till we reach Bolen's Brook, just above the Great Falls, and eleven miles from the mouth of the river, unless, perchance, as everyone has his rods ready, we may meet a stray salmon or guileless trout on which to try our skill, though the Professor predicts, with the wisdom of a Vennor, that we shall see no salmon till we get to Bolen's Brook, and advises the Doctor, who is the novice of the party, to push on for that point, while the others take a cast at likely-looking spots by the way. Towards evening the last canoe reaches Bolen's Brook, where we propose to camp for the night. As it rounds the bend below the brook, a shout is heard from the opposite bank, and the Doctor is seen careering up and down the beach, with his rod bent in a semi circle, while ever and anon, far out in the stream, a silvery mass jumps a few feet from the water, quivers for an instant in the sunlight, then with a heavy splash disappears. Seen from where we are there seems to be no connection between the Doctor and the fish, yet each time it appears above the water, as knight in ancient tournament lowered his lance-point as he passed his lady-love, so does the Doctor his rod. By the time we reach him the fish is nearly exhausted; one final rush, and then the Indian, wading a few feet into the water, deftly plunges the gaff into the fish, and with a shout deposits on the beach as handsome a twelve-pounder as ever swam the water—our first salmon. It is duly measured, weighed, admired and toasted. One more is captured before darkness comes on, and, as we are seated round the camp-fire, the Doctor's muse thus urges him to chronicle his feat of the afternoon:

And shall I praise each silver scale,  
Or wonder at his goodly tail?  
No—words of mine completely fail—  
    But I killed my salmon.

He was, in truth, a goodly fish  
As ever graced a lordly dish—  
At last I had my earnest wish,  
    I'd killed a salmon.

Talk not to me of maidens fair,  
Of ruby lips and golden hair,  
Such things are fit for him who ne'er  
    Has killed a salmon.

How much further the Doctor's poetical fit might have carried him it is impossible to say, but the mosquitoes and black flies at this point made such a determined attack upon him that, in disgust, he sought the refuge of his tent.

Early hours are the rule in camp, and by five o'clock the whole party is up and has breakfasted. One canoe, with the heaviest of the luggage, has been sent away at daybreak, for there are thirteen long miles of heavy poling before Camp Robinson is reached. How pleasant the journey up stream? Not a mile is passed but some brook, crystal and cold, pours in its tributary waters, but though the trip is pleasant, the fishing is decidedly bad. When around the camp fire at night the day's spoils are counted. The tale is easy. The Secretary, one salmon; the Grand Treasurer, one; the Professor, one; the Doctor, nothing, and among the whole not enough trout to feed the camp, and of these none over a pound weight, where in former years we got them by the score.

It is Wednesday morning, and we have passed our first night in Camp Robinson, our home for the next week. Let us look at our surroundings. On the beach are our four canoes, and to the right of them the indefatigable Secretary is fast in a salmon—a likeness of which the Doctor would have given, but it would not stay long enough out of the water to be sketched—beside him sits his Indian with ever-ready gaff to land the fish. Near the shelter on the beach lies the lazy Professor, deep in a novel, while in the white tents in the background, the Doctor and Grand Treasurer are indulging in the post-prandial siesta. The smoking cone behind the bushes is not a small volcano, but a bark hut, erected by the Indians to smoke the trout and salmon. Camp Robinson stands on an island of some two acres in extent, where two streams meet in a nearly circular pool of eighty yards in diameter. The pool is literally swarming with salmon, but few of them will look at a fly, much less take one. Each morning sees the party start, now up one stream, then up the other in pursuit of trout. Comparatively few reward our labours, yet the time passes pleasantly, and far too quickly. An account of one day will serve as a specimen of all: Breakfast early and off up the north-west branch. The Professor is left to bring up the rear, to see that the provisions and things in camp are properly covered up, for bears are plentiful round, and attend to the commissariat. The old beaver house, some six miles up stream, is fixed

upon as the meeting place for dinner, where a hungry crowd assembles at twelve o'clock ; but, alas ! for human hopes and empty stomachs, the Professor has forgotten the eatables and dishes. Diligent search reveals a tin of pork and beans and a bottle of ale, which the Grand Treasurer has stowed away for his own edification (root for this occasion only, *edo*, I eat). And now, behold the Doctor and Secretary seated facing each other astraddle upon a log, between them the open tin of pork and beans, and on the ground, within easy reach, the bottle of ale and the Grand Treasurer ; each man is armed with a piece of wood in lieu of a spoon, and thus we dine, while the Professor skirmishes round and snatches a hasty morsel wherever he can, seasoned by the *blessings* of his companions for his forgetfulness. A hearty supper on our return to camp makes everything right, and so the days pass. The following Wednesday sees the party gathered again at the Metapedia Hotel, the Indians are paid off, the rods taken down, the tents and baggage packed, ready for the train next morning, and, when supper is ended, the last ceremony is performed, when the Secretary calls out : "Gentlemen, number." Secretary, "Thirteen ;" Doctor, "Seven ;" Grand Treasurer, "Eight ;" Professor, "*Three*."

Some matter of fact reader of this "over true tale"—a Scotchman, of course it must be—will want to know why the place was called "Camp Robinson." It's a secret, however, and the writer has promised not to tell that it was named in honor of the Secretary, who, poor man, had, and still has, one very bad fault—he will begin to fish before three in the morning and fish till it is dark at night.

A. N. S.

---

## THE BATTLE OF CAWNPORE.

JULY 16, 1857.

The name of Cawnpore must be familiar to every soldier in Her Majesty's Army ; firstly, on account of the terrible massacre of European women and children which took place there in the early days of the great Sepoy mutiny in 1857 ; and, secondly, on account of the splendid valour shown by the troops commanded by Sir Henry Havelock in recovering that strong place from the rebels.

It was but a small force that marched under the orders

of General Havelock ; there was the 3rd Company, 8th Battalion Royal Artillery, numbering 76 men ; detachment Bengal Artillery, 22 men 1st Madras Fusiliers, 376 men ; H. M. 64th Foot, 435 men ; 78th Highlanders, 284 men ; 84th Foot, 190 men ; Volunteer Cavalry, 20 men ; total British, 1,403. There were also the Sikh Regiment of Ferozepore, 448 strong, and some irregular Cavalry, bringing the native force up to 561, the grand total 1,964 men with eight guns. A very small army indeed with which to recapture Cawnpore, then relieve the 32nd Foot who were closely besieged in Lucknow, and afterwards assist in the conquest of Delhi. But Havelock believed that British soldiers were capable of very great things ; he knew, moreover, that the bulk of his Europeans were seasoned warriors, just returned from a hard campaign in Persia, where they had become used to the smell of gunpowder and the whistling of bullets. So he set out with his little handful of men, who, between the 7th and the 16th of July, marched 126 miles under the blazing heat of an Indian sun, and fought four successful actions with the enemy. We have not space here to describe all the events of this historic march ; but the action which immediately preceded the entrance of the British into Cawnpore was the most fiercely contested.

On the morning of the 15th of July there was a sharp action between the rebels and Havelock's men at a fortified village called Aong ; in the afternoon, when they were preparing to rest, word was brought that the rebels contemplated destroying the only bridge across the Pandoo Nuddee, a deep and rapid river which crossed the road to Cawnpore. This had to be prevented ; so the entire force jumped up from the ground, marched other six miles, captured the bridge, and drove the enemy away towards Cawnpore. This done, our men threw themselves on the ground, caring for nothing but rest, and for the most part too fatigued to eat their food. They rested during a night of most intolerable heat, and at daylight, when appetite had to some extent returned, found that their meat was spoiled. They threw it away in disgust, and, fasting, resumed their march towards Cawnpore, which was now only twenty-three miles distant. As the sun rose on that 16th of July, his fierce rays smote the British worse than the bullets and swords of the enemy ; man after man reeled out of the ranks, and fell fainting on the ground ; but the remainder, determined if possible to rescue their country-

women in Cawnpore, defied the heat and everything else. Sixteen miles were covered, and then the General allowed his men to halt and rest in the shade of a grove of trees. While reposing two friendly Sepoys came into the camp and gave information that Nana Sahib had marched out of Cawnpore with 5,000 men to dispute the progress of the British.

The rebel force, it was found, had taken up a position near the point where the Grand Trunk Road unites with that leading to the military cantonment of Cawnpore. They had cut the roads with trenches so as to render them impassable, and had posted seven guns so as to command the route by which they thought the British must advance. Havelock, however, did not choose to go forward by the path his enemies had so carefully prepared for him—he determined to attack the rebels on their left flank—so he sent his feeble force of cavalry to make a display on the main road, and so occupy the attention of the foe while he moved off his infantry. The Madras Fusiliers led the way : next came the 78th, behind whom were the guns of the Royal Artillery, under Captain Maude ; next marched the 64th and 84th Foot, with two guns of the Bengal Artillery ; and the Sikh Regiment of Ferozepore closed the column. The British defiling at a steady pace, began to circle round the left of the enemy, being for some time screened from view by clumps of trees ; but presently they were seen, and the rebel leaders tried hastily to change their front. Their artillery did much injury, and our guns being of much lighter calibre. were unable to silence this hostile fire ; so the Highlanders were ordered to charge the village in which the rebel cannon were posted. The 78th advanced without firing a shot or uttering a sound till they were within about eighty yards of the guns, when, with a shout which appalled the hearts of the enemy, they dashed forward and captured the guns, inflicting great loss on the enemy. But the Sepoys rallied in another village, from which, however, they were driven by the 78th and 64th.

It looked as though the battle was over ; the enemy seemed to be in full retreat towards Cawnpore ; but suddenly they faced about and made a last frantic attempt at resistance at a point on the Cawnpore road where Nana Sahib had posted a 24-lb. gun, the shot from which did great damage till the General ordered the piece to be captured. In Sir H. Havelock's own works—"The enemy sent shot into our ranks till we were within 300 yards, and then poured

in grape with such precision and determination as I have seldom witnessed ; but the 64th, led by Major Sterling, were not to be denied. Their rear showed the ground strewn with wounded ; but on they steadily and silently came ; then with a cheer charged and captured the unwieldy trophy of their valour. The enemy lost heart, and gave way in total rout."

So exhausted were the men that they were unable to move from the ground they had won. Early next morning a terrific explosion announced that Nana Sahib had blown up the great magazine before quitting the city. An hour or two later our troops entered the place, but too late to prevent that horrid butchery of women and children with which the name of Cawnpore must for ever be associated.

---

### CURIOUS BATTLE PREDICTIONS.

Many of the greatest battles on record have been predicted, although the sceptic would have us believe that such things are mere coincidences, but from the earliest times we hear of these prophecies being fulfilled.

Julius Cæsar, previous to his assassination, is said to have been troubled by petty events, which he regarded as omens. His nights were rendered sleepless by bad dreams, while pre-entiments that death hovered over him and visions of a great fight in which he was the chief participator were constantly before his eyes. His wife, Calphurnia, also had similar visions, and she frequently urged upon Britain's conqueror the necessity of being fully armed.

Astrologers foretold Elizabeth that the year 1558 would be the most remarkable during her reign, inasmuch as an event would then come to pass which would make her famous. This was the year that the Spanish Armada met with such a disastrous fate at the hands of the English, but whether this was the event which the prophets meant is not known.

It is also recorded that the Civil Wars, which drenched the country with blood during the reign of Charles I., were predicted while good Queen Bess was on the throne. The prophesy was written out on parchment, and was preserved for a considerable time.

The Battle of Culloden and the defeat of Prince Charles

Edward was foretold in a prophecy published in the reign of James I. Such a long stretch of imagination seems rather remarkable, but the prophet did not name the number of years that would elapse before it took place.

Francis I. is said to have been aware that the Battle of Pavia would take place, and also what the result would be. This information appears to have been given to him during his Spanish captivity.

The result of the great American War was predicted some years previously. Colonel Barré, in 1765, said: "I prophesy further troubles; the whole continent will be in arms, and perhaps these provinces will be lost to England forever." George III. is also credited with having received spiritual information as to the end of this war, and some even went so far as to blame him for allowing the war to begin, knowing what the result would be. A curious incident happened at the coronation of George III., which, although it was not thought much of at the time, was afterwards regarded as an omen foretelling the loss of America. When the crown was placed upon the young monarch's brow a large emerald fell from it. General Wolfe was to a certain extent superstitious. During the voyage out to America, prior to his glorious victory at Quebec, he said to a friend on board: "The French will be defeated in a great battle, but beyond that I can see no further." Some say that this was the prognostication of his death, which took place at the close of the memorable fight on the heights of Abraham.

It is well known that Napoleon was one of the most superstitious men that ever existed, but how far his superstition aided him it is difficult to tell. He confessed to being guided by a star, and he would spend nights alone in the open air watching this particular constellation. Speaking about it, he once exclaimed: "It has never abandoned me; I beheld it on all great occasions; it commands me to advance, and is a sure sign of success." This was just before Austerlitz, so that for once we may safely say that this innocent star prognosticated the result of a battle.

An incident took place not long before the Battle of Waterloo which is not generally known. One day Napoleon was riding alone with Marschal Ney, when a magpie followed them from tree to tree, uttering hoarse cries. This considerably disconcerted the Emperor, and he told his com-

panion that this was a sign sent from heaven that his power was doomed to be crushed. In vain did Ney attempt to turn the thought from Napoleon's mind, but, as he afterwards declared, "It had taken deep root of him." This, of course, was purely incidental, but to the superstitious mind of him who played for kingdoms it had a meaning, and that meaning, was true.

Again, before Acre, Napoleon was troubled by a presentiment which ultimately came true. He had sent Desaix with an army into Egypt against a celebrated Marmaluke chief. After some time the news came that Desaix had been completely successful, and that he had blown up a boat named "l'Italie" on the Nile, containing the chief. Napoleon, instead of being pleased at the news, was greatly alarmed, and he forecasted, through the name of the destroyed boat, the fate which had befallen his Italian territory. Speaking to one of his generals about it, he said: "My presentiment never deceives me; you will see that all is ruined. I am satisfied that my Italy, my conquest, is lost to France!" Not long afterwards he learnt that Massena, in a battle with the Vizier, had lost all that he had conquered in 1796.

Pitt augured the war in Spain, for at a banquet where Sir Arthur Wellesley was present he said: "Yes, gentlemen, Spain will be the first nation in which the war of patriotism shall be lighted up, which can alone deliver Europe.

To Wellington Napoleon's ultimate down-fall was known long before the decline of the great Emperor had begun. Over and over again did he declare it, for he said that the nations would unite in suppressing Bonaparte's base tyranny.

A prophet is credited with having actually predicted the year 1857 as being the one in which the Indian Mutiny would take place, and there are many who foresaw that trouble would arise in India which would cost many lives to settle.

Our frontier war in 1845 was augured many times previous to its advent, and the Indians kept a number of astrologers, when the campaign had begun, to prophesy the date and hour when the British Army would arrive. These prophets, however, were without honour in their own country, for eventually they were all publicly hanged for foretelling the wrong time.

And, lastly, we may take the case of the Franco-



Prussian War of 1870. On the out-break of hostilities, prophets were forthcoming in both countries. A young German, however, merited more success than the others, for he said that the French Army would surrender at one point, and that the overthrow of the nation was already decided upon by God as a just punishment for their haste in making war. The fate of Bazaine's army proved that the former surmise was correct.

W N. F.

## DEPOT NEWS.

---

### WINNIPEG, MAN.

#### "B" SQUADRON R.C.D.

The route march this year was to Brandon, a distance of 150 miles from the city, and made under somewhat trying circumstances, but withal it was accomplished in five (5) days actual marching, making about thirty (30) miles per day. The heat was intense, being on more than one occasion 98° in the shade, and the mosquitos both day and night were bad beyond description. Man and horse suffered alike, and sleep for either was almost impossible. The continued use of smudges at night was the only means of obtaining temporary relief, and even this remedy is not of a pleasant nature.

At Brandon they were heartily welcomed, and were soon comfortably settled in Camp.

The Brandon Annual Fair opened on the 18th of July at which the Squadron gave their popular "musical ride" on several occasions, much to the delight of the spectators, it being the first time it was ever performed in that part of the province. Capt. Clarke and directors of the exhibition thanked Capt. Williams for the attractive performance, assuring him that it materially assisted in the success of the exhibition.

Several changes have lately taken place at this Depot, Lt.-Col. Holmes, D.O.C., has been removed to the same position at London, Ont., Capt. Williams commanding this squadron taking the duties of D.O.E. as well. Lt. Sutton has been transferred to "A" Squadron, Toronto, and Capt. Nelles of "A" to "B" here. Previous to Col. and Mrs. Holmes' departure, they and their numerous friends were the recipients of a very pleasant afternoon tea at the officers' mess.

There are eleven officers attached this term for instruction.

During the month of June, several hundred Galician emigrants arrived in the city, and owing to a case of small pox developing they were all quarantined outside the city. The authorities found that their police were unable to control so large a number in their defined limits, requested from

the Department the assistance of this squadron which was granted. At the expiration of their required services, Capt. Williams received a letter from the Emigration Commissioner "thanking him, officers and men for their very efficient services which were rendered under the most disagreeable and trying circumstances."

The Manitoba Rifle Association matches commenced on the fourth of August. Capt. Williams, R.C.D., officiated as range officer, and was ably assisted by Lt. Mackie of the 90th Rifles. The medical officers of the Association, Surgeon Lt.-Col. Codd, R.C.D., Surgeon-Major Blanchard, 13th Field Battery, and Surgeon-Major Chown of the 90th Rifles, each attended on their day for duty at the Range, and, happily to report, their services were not called for. The skirmishing match for "The Strathcona Challenge Cup" was won by the section from "B" Squadron R.C.D.—this is the second year in succession that they have secured this prize. On Saturday afternoon, the last day of the matches, an At Home and presentation of the prizes took place. The honor of presenting the numerous prizes involved upon Mrs. Williams (wife of Capt. Williams, acting D.O.C.), who very ably fulfilled the important duty. This ended one of the most successful meetings of the Association.

---

### **TORONTO.**

#### **NO. 2 REGIMENTAL DEPOTS, R.C.D. AND R.R.C.I.**

The visit of Major-General Hutton to this Garrison for about a week (Oct. 9 to Oct. 16) made things lively. His visit was most thoroughly enjoyed by everyone connected with the Force, and we are all anticipating great things will be the result. The appointment of Lieut.-Col. Otter to the command of the Royal Regt. of Canadian Infantry vice Lt.-Col. Maunsel resigned, has given great satisfaction to his numerous friends.

---

The members of the Batoche Association, of which the late Lt.-Col. Van Straubenzie was Honorary President, sent a beautiful wreath to the General; on it were the words, "Batoche Column Comrades, 1885."

---

The attempt which was being made to have a combined

Decoration Day has fallen through. The Veterans of '66 are blamed for this. It was intended to combine the interests of those who served during the Fenian Raid and the North-West Rebellion, and vary the day—each year selecting alternately the day commemorative of each interest.

The old colors of the 10th Grenadiers were on Sunday, 13th November, after appropriate ceremonies deposited in St. James Cathedral. No more fitting resting place could be found. Under its chancel rest the mortal remains of Dean Grassett, the father of Lieut.-Col. Grassett, to whom the Royal Grenadiers owe so much of their success. On the Cathedral walls are two tablets to the memory of officers, viz. :—Lieut. Fitch, killed in action at Batoche in 1885, and Captain Irving, who died in 1896, when Adjutant of the Regiment.

---

The annual Sunday Parade on Oct. 9 was most successful. We are looking forward to our usual Field Day on Thanksgiving, and praying for good weather.

---

### **KINGSTON, ONT.**

#### **A. BATTERY, R.C.A.**

The many friends of Lieut.-Col. Drury will be pleased to hear that he is once more to the fore after his severe attack of malaria. Early in November he proceeded to Montreal for rest and change of air.

The mortal remains of Lieut.-Col. Stranbenzie were interred on Friday, the 9th November, in the presence of a large number of sorrowing friends, many of whom came from a distance. Col. Straubeuzie began his career in the 8th Regiment, transferring afterwardsto the 9th Regiment, and terminated his imperial service in the 100th Regiment Prince of Wales Royal Canadians. He then entered the Canadian Militia and served at various stations, among them Montreal, where he was universally esteemed and beloved. He has four sons in the service, one being on the staff of the Royal Military College at Kingston ; the other is an officer in the Royal Canadian Dragoons, and is stationed at Toronto.

A course in staff duties is to open in Kingston at the Royal Military College about the 1st of February, and is to

last during four months. It is said that Major-Gen. Hutton and Col. Foster will spend a good deal of time at Kingston during the term the course is on.

The sad news of the death of Capt. Cooke in Africa was received by his many friends here with very deep regret.

The inspection of A Battery, R.C.A., by Major-Gen. Hutton, was considered to be very satisfactory.

Capt. Norman Leslie, R.C.A., has resumed his duty with A Battery, after having acted for nearly six weeks as A.D.C. to Major-Gen. Hutton. He performed his duties as A.D.C. to the General's entire satisfaction.

We have heard but little from the detachment from this station on the Yukon contingent. We know, however, that this journey has been a hard one, and that the entire contingent have done their duty well.

---

**ST. JOHN'S, QUE.**

**No. 3 REGIMENTAL DEPOT, R.R.C.I.**

The following orders have been promulgated under the dates given :—

Sept. 7.—To be Lance Corporal with pay, No. 5138, Private Bough.

October 10.—To be Drill Sergeants., No. 2071, Color Sergt. A. Long ; No. 1891, Sergt. A. E. Lavoie.

October 12.—To be Sergeants, No. 5062, Corp. J. Shreeves, Vice No. 1891, Sergt. A. E. Lavoie, appointed Drill Sergeant.

October 31.—To be Lance Corp. without pay, Bugler Lawler.

November 5.—No. 6167, Orderly Room Sergt. Wright will proceed to Ottawa for temporary duty with the Head Quarters' Staff.

November 11.—To be Acting-Sergt., while in charge of Officer's Mess, No. 4159, Lance Corp. Connolly.

---

Serg. Doxtader, Drill Instructor, proceeded on the 8th September to St. Hyacinthe to act as Instructor to the 84th Batt.

---

Sergt. Miller proceeded on the 1st of October to Rigaud or two weeks to act as Instructor at Bourget College.

On the 28th of October, Major-General Hutton, G.O.C., arrived at this Depot, and in the early part of the forenoon inspected the Barracks and Hospital with the condition of which he expressed himself as pleased. At eleven, accompanied by Lieut.-Col. Roy, D.O.C. Military Dist. No. 6, he received the Lieut-Colonels and Adjutants of the various Corps in that District. At 1.30, No. 3 Co. R.R.C.I. paraded in the Barrack square in heavy marching order. The parade state showed 4 officers, 13 N.C.O., 24 privates and 3 buglers, the majority of the latter being employed men and recruits. The men were exercised in Company and Battalion Drill for about three hours. In the evening, the General, who was accompanied by the new Quarter Master-General, Col. Foster and Capt. Bell, Scots Guards, A.D.C., dined with the officers in mess. They left the next morning by early train for Montreal.

---

A smoking concert was held in the Barracks by the N. C.O.'s, and men of No. 3 Co. R.R.C.I., on Friday, the 11th November, and for the first one proved a grand success. An excellent programme was rendered, consisting of songs, by the officers, N.C.O.'s and men, and the orchestra under Sergt. Ringuette gave four fine selections; Sergts. Cotton, Shreeves and Connolly received encores. Major Chinc also gave some very fine selections on the Gramophone, which were appreciated by all. A number of citizens were present, who appeared to be well pleased with their evening's entertainment. Major Wadmore made an excellent chairman, and enlivened his speeches with frequent jokes, which called for rounds of applause. Drill Sergeant Roberts, Hosp. Sergt. Cotton and Sergt. Ringuette form the committee of management.

---

### **MONTREAL, QUE.**

Surgeon Lieut.-Col. F. W. Campbell, Deputy-Surgeon General, Royal Regiment Canadian Infantry, gave a dinner party at his fine residence, 1006 Sherbrooke street, Montreal, on the 29th of October, to Major-Gen. Hutton, C.B., A.D.C. to the Queen and Commanding the Canadian Militia. The following formed the party: His Worship Mayor Prefontaine, Sir William Hingston, Lieut.-Col. Whitley,

6th Duke of Connaught's Royal Canadian Hussars; Dr. E. P. Lachapelle, Harry Stikeman, General Manager Bank of British North America; H. R. Ives, Lieut.-Col. Caverhill, late Royal Scots; Capt. Bell, Scots Guards A.D.C.; Lieut.-Col. Gordon, D.O.C. Military District No. 5, and Surgeon-Major Rollo Campbell, Royal Scots.

The Sunday Parade of the Montreal Militia Brigade, under Major-Gen. Hutton, G.O.C., was, so far as numbers and appearance is concerned, a decided success. A little over two thousand men were marked on the parade state. There was the usual hitch caused by long sermons in one church and short ones in two others. The result was that the 65th Battalion which attended the Jesuit's Church and the 5th Battalion Royal Scots, which attended St. Andrew's, were kept waiting in a cold bleak wind nearly half an hour for the rest of the Brigade which attended St. George's Church. This will, we fear, always occur till some means is formed of having but one place of worship for the entire Brigade. In the present instance the result of this *contre-temps* was that it practically spoiled the inspection by the G.O.C. When the Brigade began its march past on Sherbrooke street, a threatened thunder storm made it unusually dark, but, before the last Battalion came in sight, it was almost too dark to see the men to any advantage.

The transference of Mayor Whitly, of the Squadron of the Duke of York's Canadian Hussars to the Command of the 6th Regiment of Cavalry (Duke of Connaught's) has given much satisfaction to his friends in Montreal. Lieut.-Col. Whitly is an enthusiastic and thoroughly up-to-date Cavalry officer, and it is a satisfaction to know that he takes hold of his new command with the promise of the active support of every officer in the Regiment.

The officers of the 1st Prince of Wales Regiment Fusileers celebrated the birthday of their Honorary Colonel His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales on the 9th November by a mess dinner at Windsor Club room. Lieut.-Col. Cook occupied the chair, having on his right the Hon. Dr. Borden, Minister of Militia, and on his left Major-Gen. Hutton. There were several old officers of the old first present; also several of the Commanding Officers of Montreal Regiments. A very delightful time was passed.

The Montreal Militia Battalions have each been called upon to furnish Guards of Honor to His Excellency the

Earl of Aberdeen during his stay in Montreal *en route* to Quebec, whence he sailed for England on the 12th of November. The various guards turned out clean, neat and tidy, and the Officer in Command of each body complimented. Some of them, however, were below the required strength.

The Earl of Minto arrived in Montreal on the 13th of November, and, owing to the illness of his son, Lord Melgund, remained on board the "Scotsman," on which he crossed the Atlantic, till the 15th November, when he left for Ottawa. The Duke of York's Canadian Hussars furnished an escort and the Prince of Wales Fusileers the Guard of Honor.

The Ball given by the City, under the direction of the Officers of the Militia at the Windsor Hotel on the 4th October to the officers of the war ships then in port was a most enjoyable affair, though many who should have put in an appearance were conspicuous by their absence. The attendance of naval officers was not large, many having taken advantage of the visit to Montreal to get a few days leave and visit Niagara Falls.

On the 29th of October Major-Gen. Hutton, Col. Foster, Capt. Bell, A.D.C., and Lieut.-Col. Gordon, D.O.C., Military District No. 5, proceeded to Laprairie, and inspected the Camp Ground. Later they proceeded to Longueuil and inspected the Government Grounds there.

---

## QUEBEC.

### WITH THE BOYS IN BLUE.

#### TROMPETTE'S EXPERIENCE OF A DAY IN THE CITADEL.

I have been having Christmas with "the boys in blue" and having been under the especial care of the Sergt.-Major, who as he expressed it "rules the roost," I have left much of my former ignorance of military life (and also loose cash) behind. I am a poorer, but a much wiser man. On presenting myself at the gate the man who stands there with a gun somewhat brusquely demanded my business. I meekly replied that I had been invited to call by the Sergt.-Major. That magic name smoothed all difficulties, and immediately the "noncum of the guard" was called, who in his blandest tones invited me to come right in, and pointed out the place where I would find the gentleman whom I was seeking.



I learned afterwards that if I had asked for the Colonel, I would probably have been marched across the square under escort, formally handed over and a receipt taken, to ensure the safety of the garrison. I was cordially received by the "S.M." as he is familiarly called—behind his back—with the regulation question "what will you have"? and after a little rest, assisted by the Colonel, officers and ladies went "round the dinners." On Christmas Day the men have a regular "blow out" which is provided for by their savings for that purpose and from canteen funds. Our first "objective" was the horse artillery quarters at the foot of the Citadel Hill. This Corps is small, but high toned and very exclusive, and is commanded by a colonel who is either "second in command" or is a "separate command"—I am not sure which—ably assisted by two captains, and consists of a B.S.M., several sergeants and corporals, two or three drivers and nineteen horses. Although it takes some years of hard drill and study to make horse artillerymen, under ordinary circumstances, yet the Department have a secret and patent process, by which these few men will, on emergency, in the twinkling of an eye, expand into a perfect brigade. The gallant colonel led the way into a perfect fairy palace. Appropriate mottoes, garlands of colored paper, collar chains, and evergreens, handsome oil and water colored paintings, decorated shields and other ornaments too numerous to mention adorned the walls and ceiling, while the tables groaned under the weight of decorations, glassware and all sorts of good things. On my entrance all the men stood up with fire in their eyes and determination shown on every countenance to charge till the last armed foe expired and effectually dispose of the turkey question. Like all loyal subjects, the first toast was drank to "the Queen"; like the soup at dinner, it clears the way for the good things that follow. Then followed the health of Colonel Wilson and other officers and the ladies, all of which were eloquently responded to. All these toasts were drank with the utmost enthusiasm and followed with three hearty cheers and a tiger. In fact after these toasts every countenance so beamed with smiles that were childlike and bland, that I believe they would have responded to any toast that one chose to offer, and the more the merrier.

Notwithstanding their fierce looks on our entrance, they were all jolly good fellows. I know they were, because they

said so in song until we departed. Our next "objective" (see how I am catching on to military terms) was the gymnasium at the Citadel, where the Garrison gunners dined together on this occasion, and which was specially fitted up and decorated; here also were evergreens, flags, mottoes and rosettes of bayonets, swords, ramrods, and rifles burnished like molten silver; at one end was a miniature 12 gun battery which fired a royal salute to Her Majesty's health. The work was all done by the corps, officers and men vied with each other in trying to convert the room into a palace of beauty, and that they thoroughly succeeded was the unanimous verdict of all present. Again we drank to the health of every one, and then with the sergeant major in supreme command had a look at the city which is enclosed by the walls of the Canadian Gibraltar. On one side of the entrance gate is the canteen and grocery store, where things are sold at the lowest possible price; the gymnasium, fitted up in fine style, library with the best of current literature, billiard and bagatelle tables and other games, and stationery provided for letter writing. Everywhere one sees how generously the department have permitted the inmates of the garrison to spend their own money in improving public buildings. Then there are the company offices, where the majors sit in solemn judgment on the erring Gunner Atkins, who may be charged with requesting acting Bombardier Jones to emigrate to a warmer climate. After a patient hearing, a thorough sifting of the evidence, a study of Queen's regulations and military law, he generally remands the case for the C.O.'s disposal. Next is the Quarter Master's store, and the Q.M.S. will show you with pride how nicely everything is arranged, a place for everything and everything in its place, as if you expected to find white helmets kept in a coal oil cabinet or cloth tunics in a soft soap barrel.

Next is the hospital, commanded by a Surgeon General and hospital sergeant. Here is comfort and stale drugs, and but for the latter, is the place I should choose were I a soldier. The officers' quarters occupy most of the river front. No profane foot is allowed to tread on this sacred ground—unless accompanied by an orderly—but they in their turn are restricted to the smallest half of the building, the rest being reserved for the temporary use of the Governor-General, when he wishes to escape from the Ottawa boodlers. The officers are rigidly excluded from these

quarters unless they receive special permission and pay the expenses of a guide. The prison is occupied by the jailor and his family, prisoners being an unknown quantity except on rare occasions. In conversation with my friend I learned that the popular idea of the colonel being the most important personage was all wrong. The S.M. is the man, for whenever he chooses to order his satellite (a diminutive person armed with a brass trumpet with parti-coloured strings and unlimited "gall") to "sound," every one from the highest to the lowest must come on parade, or go to dinner, or guard mounting. In fact, every military duty is regulated by this blowing. It is the S.M. who details the guard and orderlies, and inspects the parade and tells off the squads. As a matter of form he tells the Adjutant that it is all right, and he tells the Colonel. The S.M. instructs all the junior officers so well that they have no lieutenants then, and generally bosses all the seniors. He is assisted by the adjutant in the grave and responsible duty of selecting the C. O. orderly. The adjutant is rather a superior being. He is usually a captain selected by the colonel as his conscience keeper and mouth piece. It is his exclusive privilege to sit in the colonel's office and issue orders in the same haughty tones to his frivolous juniors or grey haired seniors, while he thoroughly enjoys the fact that they may not ease their minds by any outspoken disapproval. Next to the S.M. in importance is the Quarter Master. He is responsible for everything that makes military life comfortable or luxurious. While he is much the hardest worked man in the corps, he is generally credited with sitting up nights studying how to prevent his comrades from getting what a liberal government has provided. He is a wonderful man, with rare administrative ability, and possessed of a vast intricate knowledge of the multitudinous articles, which go to make up the "stores" that are considered necessary for the proper destruction of the enemy. He is, or is supposed to be, an infallible authority on architecture, engineering, sanitation, electricity, quality of provisions and fuel, and in fact knows everything from a ham bone to a nine inch gun. Possessed of a stoic calm that nothing can ruffle, he is as polite to Major Smith who wants to know why his smoky chimney is not attended to, as he is to Mrs. Colonel Black, who wishes to goodness he would "be kind enough to put in that pane of glass that blew out last week," although there was not a breath of wind

at the time. There are several colonels and majors with a sprinkling of captains who are expected to be on hand to give *éclat* to full dress parades and attend to social duties, &c., &c., but the S.M. and the Q.M. hold the corps together and strike terror in the hearts of our country's foes. After a long fond look at the magnificent panorama to be seen from the King's Bastion, we meandered quietly to the sergeants' mess, where after partaking of a splendid dinner of the best of everything that carnal mind could wish, with song, good wine, and cigars, we discussed the affairs of the empire, all of which were settled to our entire satisfaction. If the Minister of Militia could have been present he would have obtained a complete military and political education that would have enabled him to have so combined the strategy of the field and the Cabinet as to have won imperishable renown. If he really wishes to learn the higher branches of the art of war he should do as I have done, spend an entire day with the "boys in blue."

TROMPETTE.

---

**FREDERICTON, N. B.**

MILITARY DISTRICT, NO. 8.

PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

HEAD QUARTERS, FREDERICTON, JULY 15TH, 1898.

DISTRICT ORDERS.

In handing over the Command of this important Military District to his successor, Lieut. Colonel Vidal, in accordance with Orders, dated Head Quarters, Ottawa, July 8th, 1898, Lieut. Colonel Maunsell desires to place on record his deep sense of gratitude to the Staff, and to Officers Commanding Corps, for cordial support and co-operation, and to officers and men in general, for valuable and kindly assistance at all times and under varied circumstances, during the period of command of a Canadian Military District of over thirty-three years—the most enjoyable part of a career of over forty-three years continuous military service.

During his command in New Brunswick, Lieut. Colonel

Maunsell has seen the Militia of this Loyalist Province (composed of men of which any army may be proud) make steady progress in organization and efficiency. Ever ready and willing for the call to active service, it has given ample proof of the zeal and energy of its officers and men in the sacred duty of preparation for defence.

At the present day each arm (Cavalry, Artillery, Engineers and Infantry) is in a most satisfactory state of efficiency, and has received the highest praise from Inspecting Officers.

Lieut. Colonel Maunsell quits the service with deep regret, leaving behind hosts of friends with whom he has long been associated.

He is, however, cheered by the thought, that from his adopted home in New Brunswick (to which he is bound by the strongest ties of affection) he will watch with the keenest interest the continued progress of the force of this Military District, whether as a Provincial unit, or as a not unimportant part of the Army of the Empire, and also the continued welfare and advancement of every officer, non-commissioned officer and man.

In conclusion, Lieut. Colonel Maunsell has but one word to add—for each and all—that best word of true good will—a hearty “God speed” for many a year to come.

GEORGE J. MAUNSELL, Lieut. Col.,

*D. O. C.*

---

## ROYAL REGIMENT OF CANADIAN INFANTRY.

REGIMENTAL ORDER No. 56.

FREDERICTON, N. B., JULY 27TH, 1898.

In retiring from the Service, in accordance with the G. O. 69, dated Head Quarters, Ottawa, 20th July, 1898, and in relinquishing the command of the Royal Regiment of Canadian Infantry, and of No. 4 Regimental Depot, Lieut. Colonel Maunsell desires to place on record his appreciation of the hearty co-operation and ready help received from Commanding Officers, and to express his sincere thanks to all Officers, N. C. Officers and Men for their faithful discharge of duty, their cheerful obedience of orders.

The Royal Regiment has been thoroughly tested, during the past fourteen years, on active service, in camp, and

in quarters, and as the chief factor in conveying instruction to our brethren in City and Rural Corps, and in no particular has it failed to stand the test of time and experience.

*Esprit de corps*, in a regiment whose companies are widely separated geographically, is fostered by the interchange of Officers and N. C. Officers. Depot vies with Depot, and Company with Company, in general efficiency, while in the interchange of Companies—No. 4 Company with a Company of the Royal Berkshire Regiment—the G. O. C. H. M.'s Troops has stated that "The bearing and tone of the Officers and the behaviour and soldier-like appearance of the Men were all that could be desired, and he hoped that the association of the Colonial with the Imperial Troops may be continued, as it cannot fail to be productive of good." All this is extremely gratifying to those who have the improvement of the force at heart, and Lieut. Colonel Maunsell will watch with the keenest interest every step of progress in the Regiment of which he occupied the proud position of being the first Lieut. Colonel Commanding, and his chief pleasure will be the welfare and advancement of every Officer and Man thereof.

GEORGE J. MAUNSELL,  
Lieut. Colonel Commanding.

AT LAST!

3rd September, 1898.

By J. ARTHUR ELLIOTT,

*Author of "Balaclava (Oh, 'tis a famous Story!)," &c, &c.*

"The greatest tyranny on the face of the earth has been swept away by the Sirdar and his brave army."

At last! Brave Gordon now has been avenged!

He who for Britain's honour stood at bay

Alone and unsupported on that day

When honour, reason, sense were all unhinged;

He who went forth at duty's sacred call

Withouten arms or men and short of scrip;

While British troops took a fore-fated trip

He perished nobly within sight of all.

Yes, he's avenged at last! 'Tis well he died

Since thro' his death the world a victory gains

O'er bigotry and all its hideous pains;

While Britain's flag again doth float with pride

O'er dark Khartoum (O name of fatal worth!)

The direst place upon God's planet, fair,

Where England found her meed of dark despair,

But now finds joy that quickens all the earth.

Well done, brave Sirdar. Well and nobly done!

Worthy the wreath that Britain will bestow

On him who's vanquished thus a cruel foe

And proved himself her premier hero-son.

And thy brave legions, black and white, alike,

Who thro' the desert sand did plod their way

And won for Britain this all-glorious day—

We will for them a unique medal strike.

This deed is worthy Rome's heroic prime,

Matched only by her grim immortal three,

Or by the heroes of Thermopylæ

And all the wonders of the olden time.

The ancient fires still burn in Saxon breasts,

And freedom dwells where valour loves to lurk,

Ready, aye, ready for the wholesome work

Which honour finds as worthiest of her tests.

Wreath we the laurel for our peerless brave!

Those who have shown that Britain still is true

To her great past and ne'er will need to rue

The heroes who fill up a martyr's grave.

Sleep, Gordon, sleep! Immortal is thy fame!

Our martyr'd hero! Now thy crest is clear,

Thy memory to the world made ever dear,

While from her brow is wiped Britannia's shame.

Cheers for the Sirdar and his gallant host,  
 And let our festal halls resound to-day  
 With echoes of this immortal fray—  
 "Gordon and England!" the prevailing toast.  
 No child of Britain falls for her in vain,  
 Her vengeance, like her steel, is straight and true ;  
 O sons of Britain, howe'er humble you,  
 If worthy, can her highest gordon gain.

---

MISCELLANEOUS.

---

MUCH TOO CLEVER.

Sir Charles Napier was at one time Governor of Gibraltar. One day, by some mischance, he mislaid the keys of his safe. Search being unavailing, he sent down to the engineer's yard to know if they had a man capable of picking a lock.

A certain sapper, whose skill at lock-picking was well known, was sent to the Governor's house, and, with the aid of a few pieces of wire, he very shortly succeeded in opening the safe. Napier was amazed at his celerity, but said nothing.

Next morning the sapper was sent for by his colonel, who handed him a five-pound note, and informed him that by Napier's orders he was to return to England, for home service, by the next boat, as the Governor did not think it safe to keep a man on the Rock who could pick the most complicated lock as easily as he could eat his breakfast.

---

On the outside wall of the riding school in Island Barracks, Dublin, there is a tablet which has been photographed several times. It bears the following inscription:—

Near this Spot lie Buried the  
 Remains of  
 DICKIE BIRD, B7  
 Troop Horse, 5th Dragoon Guards,  
 Which was foaled in 1850.  
 Joined the Regiment in 1853,  
 And Served throughout The Entire  
 Crimean Campaign,  
 From May, 1854, to June, 1856.  
 He was Shot on 21st November, 1874,  
 By Special Authority from the Horse Guards,  
 To save Him from being sold by  
 Auction.



MILITARY EPITAPHS.

On Brigadier General Lord Howe \* :—

Here lies a matchless hero's mortal part,  
Untimely struck by death's relentless dart ;  
Wisdom and valour, virtue, honour, truth,  
And ev'ry outward grace adorn'd the youth :  
He for his country bravely dar'd to die,  
His soul, too good for earth, would upwards fly.  
We, who remain behind, his loss deplore,  
The brave man envies him the death he bore ;  
May those who envy imitate his ways,  
And *British Soldiers* all deserve his praise.

In Westminster Abbey, near the door which opens into the cloisters, is a handsome monument to his lordship's memory with an inscription in testimony of his virtues and military services, erected by the Province of Massachusetts Bay, in New England.

\* Slain in America.

IN Winchester Cathedral Yard :—

In Memory of  
THOMAS THATCHER,  
A Grenadier of the Ninth Regiment of Hants Militia,  
who died of a violent fever, contracted by drinking  
small beer when hot, the 12th May, 1769, aged 26  
years.

In grateful remembrance of whose universal goodwill  
towards his comrades

This stone  
is placed here at their expense as a small  
Testimony of their regard and concern.

Here sleeps in peace a Hampshire Grenadier,  
Who caught his death by drinking cold small beer ;  
Soldiers, be wise from his untimely fall,  
And when ye're hot, drink strong or none at all.

This memorial, being decayed, was restored by  
The officers of the garrison, A. D. 1781,  
An honest soldier never is forgot,  
Whether he died by musket or by pot.

This stone was placed by the North Hants  
Militia when disembodied at Winchester  
On 26th April, 1802, in consequence of  
The original stone being destroyed.

FIGHTING FOR ENGLAND.

In the old days England could get together any army she desired by drawing on that vast body of Continental adventurers who lived by the sword. Nowadays most citizens fight only for their own country. Still, there is a sprinkling in both our Army and Navy from all the chief countries of Europe. There are of

French.....	29	officers and	7	privates
Germans.....	12	" "	13	"
Italians.....	10	" "	5	"
Greeks.....	7	" "	6	"
Spaniards.....	5	" "	0	"
Portuguese.....	3	" "	0	"
Russians.....	1	" "	2	"
Swiss.....	2	" "	0	"
Turks.....	1	" "	0	"
Norwegians.....	1	" "	1	"
Danes.....	1	" "	1	"
Belgians.....	3	" "	0	"
Swedes.....	0	" "	1	"

Total (Army) 75 officers and 36 privates.

In the Navy, we have not anything like as many as in the Army. There are only of

Frenchmen.....	5	officers and	3	seamen.
Italians.....	2	" "	0	"
Swiss.....	1	" "	0	"
Turks.....	1	" "	0	"
Russians.....	1	" "	0	"
Germans.....	1	" "	0	"

Total (Navy) 11 officers and 3 seamen.

Thus 125 Continentals are ready to fight under the Union Jack.

HARD LINES!

A young Irish laborer in London, after wandering about for several days in search of work without success, approached a recruiting sergeant with a view to enlisting. He was finally sent in for examination which passed off all right, till at last he was asked to open his mouth. "I'm very sorry I shall have to reject you," said the doctor, "with only one fault, you have false teeth." "Well," replied Pat, "is it for aiting or foighting yez want me for?"

### THE WRONG PART.

While the Channel fleet were in the Forth some time ago, an officer, accompanied by the "butcher," landed from an ironclad for the purpose of buying a bullock. When making the bargain, the officer felt its flanks very closely, while the marine examined its hoofs.

"That's the wrong part to examine, man."

The marine answered quietly :

"That's the part we get, sir."

### PAT HAD HIM THERE.

In a certain regiment an Irishman and Scotchman being in company their conversation turned to feats of strength. Says Scotty to Pat, "Scotland can boast of the strongest man in the world." "How's that?" said Pat. "Well," said Scotty, "we have a man in Scotland that can put his arms around the biggest tree and pull it up by the roots," "Pshaw," said Pat, "that's nothing. In Ould Ireland we have a man that can get into a boat and pull up the river." (Collapse of Scotty).

When Napoleon I. formed his great camp at Boulogne, with the intention of invading England he felt so sure of success that he had a medal struck to commemorate the event (which never came off). The inscriptions on it were "Descente en Angleterre" (Decent on England) and "Frappe à Londres" (Struck in London). When the great invasion scheme failed the emperor had the medals destroyed, and the dies broken; but one impression was preserved till lately in the mint at Paris.

### "A LANG WAY OFF."

A minister one day got into conversation with a soldier, of whom the minister asked a lot of questions as to what regiment he was in, where he was lying, &c. Recently Tommy thought it was his turn to ask a few questions. "Noo," said he, "Aa would like to know what ye are?" "I am a soldier, too," said the minister. "Ay! an' what regiment are ye in, an' where is't lying?" The minister, pointing up to the sky, said, "My regiment is in heaven, sir." "Man," replied the soldier, "but thoo's a lang way frae the barracks."

## ONE FOR HIS KNOB.

Sergeant, with a detachment of recruits at 10-inch gun drill.

Sergeant: "Stand fast. There you are wrong again, Gunner Duffey: it is a great pity they did not send your mother here in the place of you."

Recruit: "Shure, sergeant, you might be after taking a fancy to her; and it's myself that would not like you for a step-father, at all, at all."

Sergeant: "Silence, and pay more attention your drill."

---

## AS YOU WERE.

Private O'Flynn was on duty as sentry at Aldershot, and in striking the gong to indicate eleven o'clock, by mistake he struck it twelve.

"Och, begorra! I have done it this time," said he. "What am I to do?"

But a bright thought flashed through his brain, and going to the gong he gave a single stroke at the back, evidently thinking that would take one off the number he had already struck, and at the same time he made use of the old familiar phrase, "As you were."

---

## FOR BETTER OR WORSE.

A clergyman was called upon to marry a couple, and the man was so very drunk that the clergyman said, "I will have nothing to do with you. You must come when you are sober. You are miserably drunk, and not in a fit state to be married." He went home, and in about a week afterwards came again as drunk as ever, or a little worse. "Why," said the clergyman, "I told you before that I would not marry you in such a state as that. Go away with you, and come again when you are in a proper state." About a week after that the clergyman met the girl in the street, and said to her, "Young woman, you should not bring that man in such a shocking state to be married." "Lor, sir," said she, "he won't come when he's sober!"

## THE SOLDIER AND THE ORATOR.

A Guardsman, the other day, was discussing politics in a public-house in the Edgware Road with two seedy Hyde Park orators.

"Tell us," they asked him, "if one day the down-trodden British workman were to revolt, would you fire on him?"

"Never!"

"You're one of the right sort. You must have a drink with us. Three pints, please!"

After they had drunk the soldier's health, one of them asked:

"How many men like yourself can we count on in your ranks?"

"All the band. They will all act as myself. I play on the big drum, you know," the Guardsman quietly remarked as he finished the contents of his glass.

---

## FOR VALOUR.

It is intended, we understand, to mark the valour of the Gordon Highlanders at the storming of the Dargai heights by the award of at least one commission among the several non-commissioned officers of the regiment who have distinguished themselves in the border war. Sir Wm. Lockhart's latest despatches bring to notice and highly praise no less than six sergeants of the regiment, Color-Sergeants J. Craib and T. Mackie; Sergeants F. Ritchie, D. Walters, T. Donaldson and J. McKay. In the last Afghan War the "Gay Gordons," it will be remembered, gained a commission for one of the brave sergeants who attracted the quick notice of Lord Roberts, and who now figures in the *Army List* as Lieut-Colonel Victor McDonald, C.B., D.S.O., in command of a brigade in the advance column of Kitchener Pasha's Anglo-Egyptian army. In earlier years the present 1st Battalion of the Gordons have on their records the brave deeds of their sergeant-major in the fierce fighting before Delhi, when Richard Wadson won his ensigncy and the Victoria Cross, and commenced a career which ended in a colonel's commission and the lieutenant-governorship of Chelsea Hospital.

## HOW THE EAGLES WERE CAPTURED AT WATERLOO.

The British cavalry accomplished what Sir Evelyn Wood describes as "One of the most brilliant successes ever achieved by horsemen over infantry." These two brigades—which did not number more than 2,000 swords—wrecked an entire infantry corps, disabled forty guns, overthrew a division of cuirassiers, took 3,000 prisoners, and captured two eagles. The moral effect of the charge was, perhaps, greater than even its material results. The French infantry never afterwards, throughout the battle, until the old Guard appeared upon the scene, moved forward with real confidence against the British position. Those "terrible horsemen" had stationed themselves upon their imagination. The story of how the eagles were captured is worth telling. Captain Clark Kennedy, of the Dragoons, took one. He was riding vehemently in the early stage of the charge, when he caught sight of the Cuirassier officer carrying the eagle with his covering men, trying to break through the *mêlée* and escape. "I gave the order to my men," he says, "Right shoulders forward; attack the colors." He himself overtook the officer, ran him through the body, and seized the eagle. He tried to break the eagle from the pole and push it inside his coat for security, but, failing, gave it to his corporal to carry to the rear. The other color was taken by Ewart, a sergeant of the Greys, a very fine swordsman. He overtook the officer carrying the colors, and, to quote his own story, "He and I had a hard contest for it. He made a thrust at my groin; I parried it off, and cut him down through the head. After this a lancer came at me. I threw the lance off my right side, and cut him through the chin and upwards through the teeth. Next a foot soldier fired at me and then charged me with his bayonet, which I also had the good luck to parry, and then I cut him down through the head. Thus ended the contest. As I was about to follow the regiment, the general said, 'My brave fellow, take that to the rear; you have done enough till you get quit of it.'

# Royal Military College



..OF..

## CANADA.

### Information for Candidates

**T**HE Annual Examination for Cadetship in the Royal Military College will take place at the Head-Quarters of the several Military Districts in which candidates reside in June of each year. Evidence satisfactory to the Head-Quarters Board of Examiners of Matriculation in the Faculty of Arts, within the previous twelve months, will be accepted in lieu of passing the obligatory examination. Such matriculants will rank, for admission to the College, in alphabetical order after those who pass the obligatory examination.

In addition to the facilities the College offers for an education in Military Subjects, the course of instruction is such as to afford a thoroughly practical, scientific and sound training in all departments which are essential to a high and general modern education.

The Civil Engineering Course is complete and thorough in all branches. Architecture forms a separate subject.

The Course of Physics and Chemistry is such as to lead towards Electrical Engineering, Meteorological Service, and other departments of applied science.

The Obligatory Course of Surveying includes what is laid down as necessary for the profession of Dominion Land Surveyor. The Voluntary Course comprises the higher subjects required for the degree of Dominion Topographical Surveyor. Hydrographic Surveying is also taught.

Length of Course, three years.

Five Commissions in the Imperial Regular Army are at present awarded annually.

Board and instruction, \$100 for each term, consisting of ten months' residence.

For further information, apply to the Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General at Head-Quarters, Ottawa.

# HOBSON & SONS

DEPARTMENT No.	<b>Military Tailoring &amp; Outfitting</b> <b>OFFICERS' OUTFITS</b> For every Branch of HER MAJESTY'S SERVICE.	*  Price List  OR  Estimate  OR  Application  *
1		
2	<b>MUFTI CLOTHING</b> IN ALL ITS BRANCHES	
3	<b>BELTS &amp; ACCOUTREMENTS</b> (DRESS AND UNDRESS) <b>HORSE APPOINTMENTS</b> Harness, Saddlery, & Harness & Boot Leathers of every description For every Branch of HER MAJESTY'S SERVICE.	
4	<b>Helmets, Caps and Head-Dresses</b> For every Branch of HER MAJESTY'S SERVICE.	
5	<b>Gold Fringes, Braids, Cords and Embroideries</b> For every Branch of HER MAJESTY'S SERVICE.	
6	<b>CLOTHING</b> RANK AND FILE for any Regiment; also BANDS, POLICE FORCES, or RAILWAY COMPANIES, &c. MADE TO ORDER. <i>Liveries for Clubs, Hotel and Theatre Attendants</i>	
7	<b>METAL BADGES, ORNAMENTS AND BUTTONS</b> EVERY DESCRIPTION OF ABOVE MADE TO ORDER, DESIGNS FOR WHICH WILL BE SUBMITTED FREE OF CHARGE.	
8	<b>FOREIGN &amp; COLONIAL DEPARTMENT</b>	

**CONTRACTORS BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY'S  
HOME, INDIAN AND COLONIAL GOVERNMENTS  
AND**

**THE CROWN AGENTS FOR THE COLONIES.**

Contractors for Clothing and every part of Equipment for the . . . .

**Army, Navy, Reserve or Volunteer Forces.**

FOREIGN ORDERS PROMPTLY EXECUTED.

**1, 3 & 5 LEXINGTON STREET, GOLDEN SQUARE,  
LONDON, W.**

REGISTERED TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS, INLAND AND FOREIGN,  
"HOBSON, LONDON."

TELEPHONE No.  
3663.

**AGENTS FOR MONTREAL . . . . .**

**MESSRS. RICHARDS & SONS**

**252 ST. JAMES STREET.**