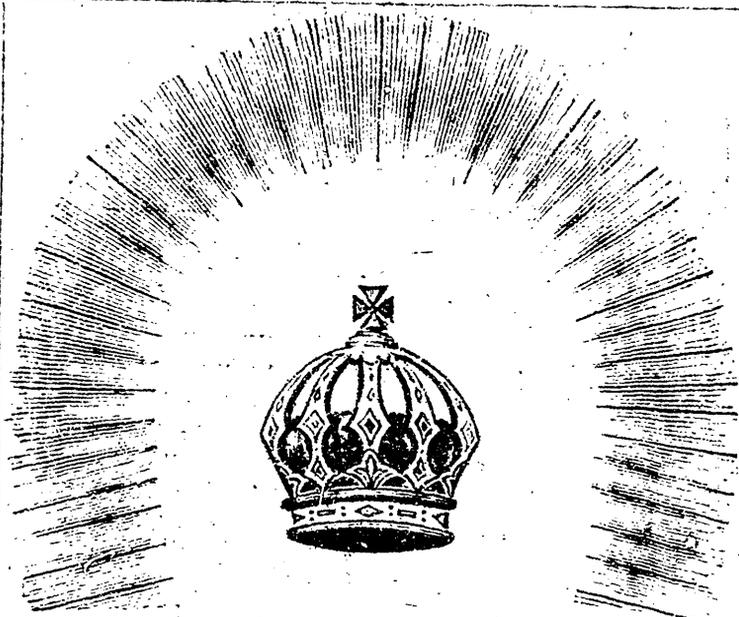


MAY. 1896.



MAGAZINE

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V.R.I. Magazine

PUBLISHED BY THE V. R. I. CLUB.

EDITOR :

DEPUTY SURGEON GENERAL F. W. CAMPBELL.
ROYAL REGIMENT CANADIAN INFANTRY.

Vol. II.

MAY, 1896.

No. 1.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The second annual meeting of the V. R. I. Club, which was held in the city of Quebec on the 29th and 30th of January last, although not attended by many members outside of those belonging to the Quebec garrison, was nevertheless, a most important one. There had been for some time among a few of the members, a feeling that the benefits to be derived from its continuance was not commensurate with its cost; and that possibly its exclusive character had, in a measure, estranged the militia from the permanent force. Some went to the meeting prepared to vote for its dissolution, but after Major-General Gascoigne had spoken, and in words that must have carried conviction to all present, expressed his opinion of its great benefit to the force and to himself, they saw things in a different light. When, in addition to his expressed sympathy and encouragement, he backed both by the promise of a handsome yearly subscription during his stay in Canada, the stock of the V. R. I. Club rose considerably. This generous act of the G.O.C. was but a practical illustration of that sympathy and interest which he has shown in the militia force of Canada since he assumed its command. The decision to admit the Head-Quarters and District Staff as members of the Club, at once removes any possible charge of exclusiveness, and brings on its roll, men who fully represent the Active Militia force of the Dominion. A still further evidence of the desire of the original members of the Club to make its portals as broad as its title will admit of, is the proposal to admit, as honorary members, the Lieut.-Colonels commanding Regiments, Battalions and Field Batteries. With such additions to its membership, the club should rapidly gain strength, and become the means of seconding the G.O.C. in his efforts to improve all branches of the service

The following Officers and N. C. Officers have proceeded to England to undergo a Course of Military Instruction :—

OFFICERS.

Lieut.-Colonel William Henry Cotton, D. A. G. Mil'y Dist. No. 3, Kingston.

Major and Lieut.-Colonel W. D. Gordon, No. 4 R. Depôt, R. R. C.I., Fredericton.

Major Alex. Roy, Brigade Major, Military Dist. No. 5, Montreal.

Lieut.-Captain W. Forester, "A" Squadron, R. C. Dragoons, Toronto.

¶ Lieut. and Captain G. H. Ogilvie, "A" Field Battery, R.C.A., Kingston.

N. C. OFFICERS.

Sergeant Major J. Ingram, "B" Squadron, R. C. Dragoons, Winnipeg.

Sergeant-Instructor C. E. Long, "A" Battery, R. C. Artillery, Kingston.

Col.-Sergt.-Major Raimbault, R. C. Artillery, Quebec.

Lce.-Sergt. P. Paschke, No. 4 Company, R. R. C. Infantry, Fredericton.

Corporal Lavoie, No. 3 Company, R. R. C. Infantry, St. John's, Quebec.

Lieut. and Captain Forester, "A" Squadron, R. C. Dragoons, left his station for England 20th February, 1896. The others sailed from Halifax by the Allan S.S. "Parisian" on the 18th April.

The notice of motion given at the Quebec meeting to suspend the publication of the V.R.I. MAGAZINE and in its place publish occasional papers, was negatived at the special meeting of the club held at Kingston on the 21st of April. This was a wise decision, and one which we know voices the wishes of the great majority of the club. It is not for us, perhaps, to proclaim our own merits, but we cannot resist saying that having taken cognizance of quite a number of the Regimental journals, published in the British Army, we believe ours will compare very favorably with any of them.

The notice of motion given at the same meeting by Major Drury that the V.R.I. MAGAZINE be published monthly is in the right direction. We, however, fear that we have not quite yet arrived at the time when our issue should be monthly, but it will come before long. We think a bi-monthly would be in order after the next annual meeting.

We are greatly pleased to learn of the increased interest which is being shown at all the stations in the welfare of the club. We have already on our list of members the name of nearly every officer of the Royal Regiments. There should, however, not be an exception, and we hope to be able to announce in our next number that all are members. We also hear that the staff are joining rapidly, and that before long all will be on the club roll.

The superannuation of Col. Powell, A.G., takes from active work the father of the Militia movement in Canada. No man could have done more—few could have done as much. He retires with the esteem—aye—the love of the entire force. May he be long spared to enjoy his well-earned rest.

The officers of the 21st U.S. Infantry stationed at Plattsburgh, N.Y., visited Ottawa on the 9th of April. Col. Lyster, Majors Jocelyn and Boyle, dined with the Governor General in the evening, and afterward with the other officers, attended a smoking concert given in their honour by the Governor General's Foot Guards. Next day they lunched at the Rideau Club with the Minister of Militia, leaving for their station later in the day.

Lieut. Col. Turnbull, late R.C.D., returned about the 18th of April from his trip to Egypt and the Holy Land. We hear that his health has been completely restored. This will be welcome news to all his numerous friends.

If our issue should in the near future become more frequent than it has been in the past, the Committee man at each station will require to be on hand promptly with his contributions.

It is reported that the office of Brigade Mayor in each Military District will be re-established, and that two appointments have been already made—though not yet gazetted.

THE REGIMENT.

The *Regiment* is a new illustrated paper published weekly at 14 Southampton street, Strand, London, at the popular price of a penny a week. The first number is a very interesting one.

The establishment of No. 1 and No. 2 garrison companies R.C.A. have been increased by one Major and one Captain each.

ROYAL UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION.

The following extracts from the By-Laws of the Royal United Service Institution is published for general information:

"D.—1. Officers of the Colonial Naval and Military Forces who are temporarily in this country on duty shall be permitted to become 'Temporary Members,' on payment of \$5 in advance, for any period not exceeding six months. Should they wish to receive the Journal, they can have it on the same terms as Members of the United Service Institution of India."

ROYAL SCHOOLS OF INSTRUCTION.

The following series of questions, which have been given at Short, or Special Course Examinations for Grade A certificates, for Cavalry, Field, and Garrison Artillery, and Infantry, are published for general information, and for the guidance of officers who may present themselves for any of the above examinations.

A further series of similar questions will be published in the next and succeeding numbers of this MAGAZINE.

ROYAL SCHOOL OF CAVALRY.

MAJOR LESSARD, R. C. D., Commandant.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1895.

Mounted Duties.

GRADE A.

1. Give the words of command for dismounting a squadron for permanent dismounted service.
2. What are the duties of mounted escorts? How far should the led horses be from the firing line?
3. Give the words of command for increasing the front of a squadron halted in single file, from the right.
4. What are the objects of outposts?
5. What is every vedette expected to see, to know, and to do?
6. What is the difference between inclining on foot and inclining when mounted?
7. Give the table of wheels with examples?
8. Give the following intervals and distances, and explain which is interval and which distance?

Between 1. Squadrons in line }
2. Regiments in line }

Between 1. Regiments in line of columns }
2. Brigades in line of columns }

Quarter column, one squadron from another.

Close column, one troop from another?

9. What is frontage? What are the following: Half section, a file, column of troops, squadron column, a horse's length?
10. What is the difference between Parade and Field movements?

Military Law.

GRADE A.

1. What is the difference between military and civil law?
2. What persons are subject to Military Law?
3. How many Courts Martial are there? Name them, and state what officers compose each? When are officers qualified to sit as members?
4. When is the Active Militia liable to be called out in aid of the civil power, and upon whose authority?
5. When a soldier has once been confined, what authority is necessary before his release?
6. If a N. C. O. commits an offence other than that of drunkenness, what rules are laid down in this case?
7. Define "close" and "open" arrest.
8. What are the powers of officers on detachment duty?
9. What is "chain of responsibility" and "channel of communication"?
10. What are the powers of C. O.s and officers in charge of squadrons, and state what constitutes an entry in the Regimental and Squadron Defaulters' books?

Regimental Duties.

GRADE A.

1. What are the duties of Majors and Officers commanding squadrons?
2. What are the duties of Adjutant?
3. What books should every officer have in his possession?
4. What are the duties of Orderly Officer?
5. What are the duties of officers in general?
6. What is laid down in standing orders about guards?
7. What are the duties of sentries?
8. What are the instructions for billetes?
9. What are the duties of subalterns?
10. Give the detail for the fitting of saddlery.

Between 1. Squadrons in line }
 2. Regiments in line }

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8. What are the instructions for billeters?
9. What are the duties of subalterns?
10. Give the detail for the fitting of saddlery.

Dismounted Duties.

GRADE A.

1. For the instruction of the recruit, how many sections are laid down in the Cavalry Regulations to be done with intervals?
2. Give the several instructions for paying compliments with arms.
3. How is the calculation of front of four troops made by markers when ordered to take up the ground?
4. Make a sketch of a carbine, and name the parts, also give the instructions for cleaning.
5. Write down the words of command for: manual exercise, sword exercise and pursuing practice.
6. When the whole squadron is employed dismounted, what precautions must be taken to ensure safety when acting alone?
7. Give instructions when carbines should be at the support, the shoulder, and the trail, by a squadron on foot parade.
8. Give the posts and duties of officers of a squadron in marching past in slow and quick time on the passing line.
9. Write down the commands for individual, independent and volley firing.
10. In what positions might cavalry be employed dismounted?

ROYAL SCHOOL OF ARTILLERY.

KINGSTON, 1st April, 1895.

MAJOR DRURY, R.C.A., Commandant.

Artillery.

| | Marks. |
|---|--------|
| 1. Describe the 9 Pr. R. M. L. gun? | 10 |
| 2. Describe the limber 9 Pr. R. M. L. Mark II? | 10 |
| 3. Describe the Watkin Clinometer and its use. | 15 |
| 4. Describe picketing rope, drag rope, picket post? | 15 |
| 5. Show by aid of a diagram the method of laying out a camp of Field Artillery, and give distances between center of tents, picketing lines, heel pegs, etc.? | 15 |
| 6. Show, by aid of a diagram, how the gun limber is packed for marching order? | 15 |
| 7. Detail the articles and how carried on N.C.O. horse in marching order? | 10 |
| 8. Give detail for laying out harness in camp. and show how shackle and heel ropes are used. | 10 |

- | | |
|---|----|
| 9. Give rule for fitting headstall, bridoon bit, numnah, girth and breeching. | 5 |
| 10. If a gunwheel is not quite unserviceable, and should it be necessary to move the carriage a short distance, how would you do it without removing the wheel? | 10 |

Gunnery.

- | | |
|---|----|
| 1. Define calibre, axis of the trunnions, trajectory, quadrant angle? | 6 |
| 2. What are the advantages of rifling. Explain? | 6 |
| 3. What are the forces acting on a projectile during flight? | 4 |
| 4. What are the various causes which affect the accuracy of shooting? | 10 |
| 5. Compare Common and Shrapnel for purposes of ranging? | 10 |
| 6. What considerations affect the distance at which Shrapnel should be burst from the enemy so as to disable the greatest number? | 10 |
| 7. In ranging, when have you found the "long bracket" and "short bracket"? When do you fire the verifying series? | 15 |
| 8. What is ranging? How are shots observed? What is done in the case of a shot, striking in such a manner that you would be unable to observe it? | 10 |
| 9. What is meant by "fire discipline" and by "fire tactics"? | 19 |
| 10. Describe how you would measure the angle of sight? | 10 |



Ammunition.

- | | |
|---|----|
| 1. Describe, by the aid of a sketch, the 15 second time fuze. | 10 |
| 2. Describe, by the aid of a sketch, the 9 Pr. Shrapnel shell. | 10 |
| 3. Describe the brass primer for Shrapnel shell. | 10 |
| 4. What are "papier maché" wads used for? with what projectile are they used? | 5 |
| 5. How would you fill a Shrapnel shell? What precautions are necessary in fixing the fuze? | 10 |
| 6. Describe the friction tube, Mark II? | 10 |
| 7. What is gunpowder? what are its component parts? | 10 |
| 8. What effect has the size of grain on the firing of the charge? What are the chief advantages of gunpowder over other explosives? | 10 |
| 9. How is gunpowder classified? what is each class used for? | 10 |
| 10. Make out a requisition to draw from store, for practice, to fire 5 rounds of Common and 10 rounds of Shrapnel. | 15 |

ROYAL SCHOOL OF ARTILLERY,

QUEBEC, 1895.

LT.-COL. MONTIZAMBERT, Commandant.

GARRISON ARTILLERY.

Ammunition.

| | Marks. |
|--|--------|
| 1. What are the ingredients in service gunpowder? Give the proportions and action of each. | 10 |
| 2. What is included in the term "Ammunition"? Give a list of the ammunition for 64 Pr. R.M.L. Gun. | 10 |
| 3. Give a list of the ammunition for 40 Pr. R.B.L. Gun. | 5 |
| 4. Describe: (1) 64 Pr. Cartridge, (2) 40 Pr. Cartridge. | 10 |
| 5. Describe a solid drawn friction tube. | 10 |
| 6. Describe a "Primer, Vent Piece." | 5 |
| 7. Give the fuzes used with 64 Pr. and 40 Pr. Guns. | 5 |
| 8. Describe a 15 Sec. Wood Time fuze with detonator. | 15 |
| 9. Describe a 64 Pr. Shrapnel Shell. | 15 |
| 10. Give the instructions for filling Shell. | 15 |
| | 100 |

Material and Appliances.

| | |
|---|-----|
| 1. Name the different parts and fittings of the 40 Pr. R.B.L. Gun. | 10 |
| 2. Describe a common Garrison Standing Carriage. | 10 |
| 3. Describe shortly a Crab Capstan, Sling Wagon, Platform Wagon, and give the weights they can take. | 15 |
| 4. What are the uses of the following knots: Reef-Knot, Catspaw, Sheepshank, Single Bowline, Double Bend. | 10 |
| 5. Describe the different orders of the lever with the aid of a sketch. | 10 |
| 6. What is the rule for finding the safe working strain of a rope? | 5 |
| 7. Describe a Luff Tackle, Gyn Tackle, Whip upon Whip, and give the power gained by each. | 15 |
| 8. What is the rule for finding the power gained in any simple Tackle? | 5 |
| 9. What is meant by slewing, cutting, parbuckling and rowing a gun? | 5 |
| 10. Give the detail for dismounting a gun by watered skids, down the rear. | 15 |
| | 100 |

Gunnery and Construction of Ordnance.

| | |
|---|-----|
| 1. Describe shortly the 64 Pr. R.M.L. Gun of 58 cwt. | 15 |
| 2. Describe the sighting arrangement of 64 Pr. R.M.L. Gun. | 5 |
| 3. Describe Allen's Brakes and their use. | 10 |
| 4. Describe shortly a 40 Pr. R.B.L. Gun of 35 cwt. | 15 |
| 5. Name the parts of a 40 Pr. R.B.L. Carriage, Siege, Wood, with saddle for traversing. | 10 |
| 6. Give the rules for laying. | 10 |
| 7. On what does the destructive effect of Shrapnel Shell depend? | 10 |
| 8. What is the practical rule for deflection? | 10 |
| 9. What is the result on your shot of the trunnions not being level? | 5 |
| 10. Give the rules for boring and fixing fuzes. | 10 |
| | 100 |

Coast Defence.

| | |
|--|-----|
| 1. What is meant by the term "Coast Defence"? | 5 |
| 2. Define the term "Coast Fortress." | 5 |
| 3. Under what heads may the Armament be divided and described? | 10 |
| 4. Define Tactical Unit. | 5 |
| 5. What are the principal conditions that should govern the detailing of guns into groups. | 10 |
| 6. How are groups and guns of groups distinguished? | 10 |
| 7. What are the general duties of a group Officer? | 15 |
| 8. What are meant by the terms "Fire Area" and "Fighting Stations"? | 10 |
| 9. Define "Fire Control," "Fire Direction," and "Fire Discipline." | 15 |
| 10. What are the duties of a "Fire Commander"? | 15 |
| | 100 |

C. E. MONTIZAMBERT, LT.-COL.,

Commanding R.C.A., Quebec.

ROYAL SCHOOL OF INFANTRY.

LIEUT.-COL. SMITH, Commandant.

LONDON, 26TH FEBRUARY, 1896.

Organization and Interior Economy.

GRADE A.—FIRST CLASS.

1. By what authority, and by whom, are Regulations made for the government of the Militia?
2. What are the general duties of an Adjutant-General?
3. Who are exempt from service in the Militia?
4. What is a sufficient notification of Militia General Orders?
5. What are "Standing Orders" of a Corps?
6. What services are usually performed by a Sergeant Major?
7. Under what circumstances may the Active Militia be called out otherwise than for drill?
8. Make a rough sketch of a battalion Camp.
9. A letter to you, as Commanding Officer, comes from a Lieutenant of your corps asking for leave of absence; what would be your action?
10. Describe the system pursued in our Militia for providing the men with rations.

Organization and Interior Economy.

GRADE A.—SECOND CLASS.

1. By whom are officers appointed, and on what condition do they hold their commissions?
2. What is the difference between "Rank" and "Appointment"?
3. What are "Orders"?
4. Who is immediately responsible for the Messing of soldiers?
5. What should an officer in charge of a Company be capable of teaching?
6. What power has an officer in charge of a Company to grant a "Pass"?
7. How does a man "go sick"?
8. Make out a Company "Sick Report."
9. Describe the dress of an Infantry Officer in "Review Order."
10. Describe the general arrangements of articles in a Barrack room.

Drill.

GRADE A.—FIRST CLASS.

1. What is the rule as to mounted officers changing flank in manœuvring?
2. A battalion is in line, halted, give the detail for forming it forward into column.
3. A battalion is standing in quarter column, give the detail for opening to column from a central company.
4. A battalion is in quarter column, give detail for wheeling it "on the move."
5. A battalion is in line, give detail for advancing it in echelon from the centre.
6. Give the detail for a brigade in line of quarter columns to form Mass on a battalion.
7. A brigade is in line of quarter columns, at 30 paces interval, give the detail for deploying into line on a central battalion, that battalion deploying outwards.
8. What is the rule laid down as to battalions and brigades moving off when commencing a route march.
9. What, usually, is the strength of an advanced guard relatively to the body it is covering?
10. What orders, generally, should be issued by a commander of outposts?

Drill.

GRADE A.—SECOND CLASS.

1. In what respect does "Drill" differ from "Manœuvre"?
2. Give the definitions of "Outer flank," "Deploying," "Interval," and "Dressing."
3. What amount of excavation should a man be able to make in an hour?
4. Describe the formation and telling off of a Company on parade.
5. Describe the positions of the Company commander in manœuvring.
6. Give the detail for forming a Company from column into line at the halt, with markers.
7. Give the detail for a Company to move forward from line into column, at the halt.
8. Give the detail for a Company to move to a flank in sections.
9. You are commanding No. 3 in line, what commands do you give in an advance in column from the right?
10. Describe the formation of an advanced guard sent out in front of a battalion.

Military Law.

GRADE A.—FIRST CLASS.

1. Name some of the Offences in relation to the Enemy.
2. What is meant by "wilful defiance of authority"?
3. If a Commanding Officer deals summarily with a case which does not come within the scope of his authority, what is the effect of his action?
4. Make out a Minor Offence Report showing that Pte. Tompkins of No. 1, or Capt. Smith's, Company, and Pte. Wiggins, of No. 2, or Capt. Brown's, Company, have been awarded C.B., and make a minute remitting half of Wiggins' punishment.
5. In what case may a prisoner ask that the evidence against him be taken under oath?
6. Draw up a Regimental Order convening a Court Martial.
7. What is a Judge Advocate?
8. Who are excluded from giving evidence for the Prosecution?
9. What are the means laid down for having Civilian witnesses punished for misconduct before a Court Martial?
10. Give the scale of punishments from which Courts Martial may select in the cases of N.C. officers and men.

Military Law.

GRADE A.—SECOND CLASS.

1. What is meant by Military discipline?
2. Name some of the ordinary offences against Military Law.
3. What is meant by "Drunkenness"?
4. How should a person be treated who is charged with having committed a Military offence?
5. What is the Regulation as to the treatment of persons in Confinement?
6. What statements should a "Crime" contain?
7. Who only may release a prisoner from Confinement?
8. Name the various kinds of punishment from which a Commanding officer may select in making his award.
9. What is "Punishment Drill"?
10. What power of punishment is possessed by an officer commanding a Company in a Corps?

Duties.

GRADE A.—FIRST CLASS.

1. What Field officers are, as a rule, excused from doing duty as Field officer of the day
2. What is a Fatigue party?
3. Describe, generally, the duties of a Regimental orderly sergeant.
4. Distinguish between the "Canteen sergeant" and the "N. C. officer on Canteen duty."
5. Distinguish between "Riot" and "Insurrection."
6. Whose duty is it to put down an "Insurrection"?
7. Under what law do the Civil Authorities call out the militia in aid of the Civil Power?
8. When people speak of reading the "Riot Act," what is meant?
9. What different Rosters are kept in a Corps?
10. Give the classification of Duties.

Duties.

GRADE A.—SECOND CLASS.

1. Give the definition of "Duties."
2. Describe the mode of detailing N. C. officers.
3. Describe, generally, the duties of a Company Orderly sergeant.
4. What guards should be commanded by officers?
5. What constitutes an "Armed Party"?
6. What is a regimental Piquet?
7. What, generally, should a Guard Report contain?
8. Under what circumstances may the Militia be called out in aid of the Civil Power?
9. What should be done by the officer commanding a Company on receiving an order from his Commanding officer to turn out in aid of the Civil Power?
10. What penalty may be imposed on a N.C. officer or man for refusing or neglecting to turn out in aid of the Civil Power?

THE CANADIAN NORTH-WEST REBELLION, 1885.

(From the Royal Engineers Journal, March 2, 1896).

We have been favored with the following letters by an officer who served with the Canadian Force in the above Rebellion:—

*40 miles S.E. of Clarke's Crossing, S. Saskatchewan,
210 miles N. of Qu'Appelle, on the Canadian Pacific Railway,
April 16th, 1885.*

DEAR——

We are pushing forward from our base at Qu'Appelle to siege Clarke's Crossing, on the Saskatchewan river, as fast as our transport and supplies will permit us. We have a force of 600 men, consisting of 85 mounted scouts, 60 artillerymen of the A Battery, 40 of the Winnipeg Field Battery, with 4 9-pounder guns in all, and about 400 infantry of the Midland and 90th Regiments of Canadian Militia. A regiment 200 strong, the 10th Royal Grenadiers, C.M., is following, two days' marches behind, and doing its best to catch us up. We have gone rather faster than our supplies, and have quite run out of oats, and nearly out of hay, but we expect to get some from the farmers at Clarke's Crossing, if the rebels have not been before us. The grass has not yet started to grow, for the frost is not yet out of the ground, and in many places the remains of snow-drifts still linger. We hope, also, to meet two stern-wheel steamers at the river, which should have arrived with supplies, and then, if the state of the water permits it, we will open a fresh line of communication by the river to the railway, in place of our 210 of prairie, mud and water. Our transport consists of about 270 springless 4-wheel carts, with pairs of horses; it is now being thoroughly organized by Colonel Bedson, and is being added to daily. The papers and telegrams we get keep complaining of delays, but they little know what difficulties we have to overcome. The news from Battleford and Prince Albert, with which we are in telegraphic communication, is most alarming; in both places they are in daily dread of an attack, and complain of want of provisions, ammunition, and defence. Col. Otter, with 400 men, is proceeding northwards from Swift Current to relieve Battleford, and we have Prince Albert as our goal, but the rebels, under Riel's directions, have entrenched a position at Batoche, on the South Saskatchewan river, between Clarke's Crossing and Prince Albert. So far, we have seen nothing of the enemy, and it is curious that, with their knowledge of the country, they have not sent out parties to harass us; had they done so, they might have stopped our advance by cutting off the supplies,

for with our small force it is impossible to properly guard 200 miles of communications. We are in daily expectation of night alarms, or attempts to stampede the horses, and, as precautions, every night we have three or four picquets round the camp, with double sentries patrolling between them ; a mounted patrol goes round outside the double sentries every hour, to see that all is quiet. Our wagons are laagered every night, that is to say, drawn up in a hollow square, with the horses tied inside ; and a very excellent improvised defence it makes. The prairie is not like the descriptions I have read of it ; here it consists of grassy undulations, 5 feet to 50 feet in height, and looking, generally, as if countless rivers had once wound their sinuous courses between them. In the hollows are strings of ponds and lakes, called "slews." At this time of year they are pure and fresh, being mostly melted snow, but later the water, diminished by evaporation, becomes full of insect life frequently strongly alkaline, and most unpleasant for any purpose. Washing with it causes the skin to crack, and makes most painful sores, and when drunk it gives violent purging. Often for 50 miles there is not a brooklet, and none that we have yet seen in 200 miles were unfordable. The prairie is frequently covered with clumps and copses of poplar trees, and rose bushes, which are kept small by the fires, but on the steep slopes along the big rivers like the huge Saskatchewan, there is much more variety of vegetation, and the trees are much larger.

The troops march splendidly ; we do 20 to 25 miles a day, and they have constantly to wade through shallows, to avoid going round the long slews. As most of the men are fresh from the towns, it is a wonderful performance. The discipline is, of course, not so strict as in the regular army, the distinctions of rank not usually so well marked, but the men are very well behaved, and willing to do anything they are set to. An immense aid to discipline is the impossibility of getting alcohol in any shape, as the importation of it to the North-West Territories is under stringent restrictions. After the day's march the men were very fond of scattering through the copses (called bluffs) and shooting the white rabbits with rifles and revolvers, a practice which has had to be stopped.

This country impresses one very much with its immensity ; one can ride for weeks in any direction and still the surroundings look the same. I think the absence of distant mountains gives the feeling that the country is limitless. Although we have been marching over prairie from Qu'Appelle, yet the 200 miles has been very varied ; first there was the Qu'Appelle valley, at the end of the first day's march,

a curious depression 200 feet below the prairie level, two miles wide at the bottom, and perfectly level, with very steep sides. The Qu'Appelle river meanders down the centre, expanding here and there into long lakes, swarming with wild fowl. Then some forty miles north we passed through the Touchwood Hills; here the prairie undulations rise perhaps to 50 feet, and are more marked by being capped with a large growth of timber. Here is an Indian reserve, the Indians of which have so far remained friendly, but they could be extremely dangerous, situated as they are on the flank of our communications. All these Indians assembled to meet us, with their farm instructor, a white man, as interpreter. At the "powwow," as the meeting was called, a crowd of Indians squatted in a semi-circle, facing the General and his Staff, and spoke one by one, with a good deal of gesticulation and grunts of applause from the remainder. The burden of their remarks appeared to be that the Great Spirit had made us all, that they were glad to see us, and were very hungry; the universal cry, I am told, was that their source of food, the buffaloes have disappeared. They were warned that if they did not keep quiet, their rations of food would be cut off, their whole community would be destroyed, and then some tinned provisions were distributed amongst them. After passing the Touchwood Hills, we came to a remarkable district called the salt plains, more properly alkali plains. It is really a very shallow valley, 20 or 30 miles broad, and covered with a vast number of marshy alkali lakes, the water from which gradually finds its way down to the Qu'Appelle river. The number of wild fowl on these lakes passes belief, but we had no time for sport; all our energies were occupied in getting the wagons along. The trail here is often two or three feet deep in mud, and is constantly broadening from wagons seeking harder ground at the sides, except where it is hemmed in by water. When we passed, the frost was only a foot and a-half melted out of the ground, but I expect we shall have great difficulties with transport here later, when the ground is completely thawed. As it was, we had to send the wagons across with only half their loads. The numbers of buffalo bones on the prairies is astonishing, especially near water. Along the banks of a small stream a skeleton may be counted on every four or five yards, and there is certainly one to an acre on the plains. The buffalo paths and runs, leading to water, and their wallows, where they rolled in the dry dust, are quite a feature of the prairie; but for the last five years they have been absolutely extinct in these parts. Ten years ago the steamers on the two Saskatchewan were frequently stopped by

the immense herds of buffalo swimming across, on their spring and autumn migrations. How they have disappeared so suddenly is a problem that the various theories advanced hardly explain satisfactorily. Of course, numbers were shot for meat, more for hides, and it is said that as the cow robes were the most valuable, they were destroyed first, and large herds of bulls alone were seen in the last years of their visits. On both sides of the border it is asserted that the Indians of the other side made fires to stop the migrations, as if it were possible to stop a migration that might take place anywhere along 2,000 odd miles of border!

Yours, ———

Fish Creek, 20 Miles North of Clarke's Crossing,

April 25th, 1886.

DEAR ———

We are resting after our fight with the rebels the day before yesterday, of which you will have heard by telegraph, and awaiting the arrival of the steamers I told you in my last we were expecting. They have been stuck in the sandbanks and shallows at the elbow of the South Saskatchewan for many days. They have had to unload their cargoes into the scows they were towing, and to make hold-fasts on shore to help the stern wheel, and bow derricks to haul and shift them on the bars. Their detention has made us very short of supplies. We reached Clarke's Crossing on the 19th, after a horrible march in a bitterly cold snowstorm. What the thermometer went down to that night I do not know, but the night after leaving Qu'Appelle it registered 22° below zero in our tents! and the guns and teams were taken across ice that had been water the day before. I have never suffered so much from the cold before. It was impossible to keep warm lying on the icy ground with only a piece of thin canvas between one and the weather. One of our tents had a small stove in it, and we used to take turns all night to go in and thaw ourselves. We found the half-dozen farmers at Clarke's Crossing in a great state of fright, but the rebels had not harmed them, nor had they touched the ferry scows. The wire rope on which they ran as a flying bridge had been broken by the ice, but was soon spliced, and stretched across the 300 yards of rushing river. A road was hewn through enormous ice blocks as big as cottages, which fringed the water, and half of our force, consisting of 400 men with 2 guns, under Colonel Montizambert, with Lord Melgund as his Staff officer, was

crossed over. It was the intention for this force to march down the left bank, level with us, on the right, keeping up communications by signal from time to time. We took the scow and the wire rope, so as to re-cross when necessary.

Round Clarke's Crossing the country is perfectly flat and open, but yesterday we entered a bluffy (copse-covered) country, which extends some miles out from the deep ravine in which the Saskatchewan runs. After the column had been started, with an advanced guard, covered by a cloud of mounted scouts, I rode out in front with a shot gun, to get some ducks and prairie chickens for our little mess, as the General was tired of tinned meat. I had an orderly with me and together we tried to head off a stray cow we found. While, doing this I approached a wooded ravine, running into the Saskatchewan, and was fired at from it, and immediately chased by a band of Indians, who tried to pin me into a corner between the two ravines. My pony was a bit quicker than theirs, and I got off round a bluff, after a lot of shooting, with nothing worse than a bullet hole through my beast's thigh. It was very exciting, and I was lucky to escape. I lay flat on my horse's neck, and pulled each rein alternately to make him zig-zag. Had the Indians waited another minute I should have been in the middle of them. They evidently intended to ambush us as we were crossing the ravine which they call Fish Creek. Our leading scouts stopped the rush of the Indians and emptied several saddles, but they had five hit themselves. This gave our infantry time to deploy and skirmish through the bluffs. We had only 400 rifles on this side of the river, so had no men for a reserve, but we laagered our wagons to fall back upon in case of need, and the teamsters all had rifles, but I don't think they knew much about the use of them. Our skirmishers went on in groups of 20 or 30, without much idea of utilizing cover, for they are very raw, and this was their baptism of fire. The General asked me to look after the left, whilst he and Wise, his A.D.C., superintended the centre and right. The left pushed across the ravine and captured two houses on the far side, but could not get beyond a hollow there on account of the heavy fire down the ravine. The men behaved very well, considering that the regiment, the 90th, was only one year old, and the men had only had one training; several were hit; one, as I was speaking to him, was struck in the forehead. He took out his handkerchief and said, "Oh, it's nothing," but the bullet had gone right in, and curiously enough he is alive now; the doctors say he must die. Our guns began to fire on some

houses and a haystack, which the enemy were occupying, and very soon set them on fire, when the rebels in them then bolted into the bluffs behind, with many bullets after them. The men on the left in the hollow believed that they were being fired at by our own people on the right, whereas the fire came from some half-breeds in rifle-pits, so, to reassure them, I determined to cross to the right and point out where the left was. I got off and walked my horse down the ravine, and up the other side through the bushes, expecting to be potted every minute. I found our men in the positions shown. There was no enemy to be seen, nothing but puffs of smoke, but our men were firing as hard as they could, and a good many crawling about wounded and groaning horribly, as the ambulance people could not take them away fast enough. There were also a number of wounded and dead horses. In the centre were our two guns firing slowly at some other houses. Next the artillery were clusters of the 90th, with some of their wounded in a hollow, where they could not be got at on account of the fire from the enemy in the rifle-pits before mentioned. Next to the 90th was C Company, and men of Bolton's Horse dismounted. They were under a severe fire. They had had rather a severe trial by the enemy setting fire to the brushwood on our extreme right. It is a well known dodge of Indians to do this, and attack under cover of the smoke. However, the fire never got a really serious hold, because the bluffs (small woods) were rather too far apart for the fire to spread. Whilst I was explaining to Bolton the position on our left, and how the fight was going on there, one of his men was killed close by us and another wounded. "Damme," said the latter, "he has hit me just as I drew a bead on him; I can't pull the trigger;" he was struck in the right arm. We only saw a rebel now and then at the edge of the ravine, as they put up their heads to take aim and fire. The range was very short, only 100 to 200 yards. I found one of our men making tracks to the rear as I was riding back to the General; he dropped and began squirming about when he saw me, so I asked him if he was wounded. He said he was, but he could not show me the wound, so I drove him up to the front again and handed him over to an officer.

From 9 a.m., until 4 p.m. the fight continued—hottest from 9 to 11—when all, except the half-breeds in the ravine, ran away across the far side of the ravine. Our artillery fired about 40 rounds of case and reversed shrapnel at the place in the ravine, where we saw the smoke of the enemy's rifles, but the effect was apparently *nil*.

We afterwards found that the half-breeds had dug out rifle-pits in the soft bank, where they lay in safety, and after each discharge gave a round of war whoops. This they did by sounding a high note and hitting the mouth with the hand ; it sounds like " Ki, yi, yi, yi. . . ." and it makes a very unpleasant noise when a lot of men do it together and are firing at you at the same time.

When I got back to the General, he told me he wanted the other half of our force crossed from the left side of the Saskatchewan, so I galloped off to carry this out. I attracted attention by waving a handkerchief, and tried to signal a message, but could not make them understand, and it was too far to shout. They, however, realized what was wanted, and began to cut a roadway down the steep, wooded banks, whilst I selected a line of ascent on my side. The two scows, with two men on board each, now came along, and brought a small party across, who started to clear my line with axes. We tried to make the wire rope fast to quicken the crossing, but finding it would take too long, we brought the men over as quickly as we could by rowing them across. They worked at this from 3 p.m. till past midnight, and even then had to leave a number of wagons on the other side laagered, which came over the next day. We made huge bonfires for light in the evening, and it was a most stirring and picturesque sight, but it was most fortunate that none of the rebels came that way to disturb us.

At 2 o'clock we had about 120 men and 2 guns across ; they were marched up to the battlefield, but, though spoiling for a fight, the General would not let them clear the ravine for fear of a great loss of life. Meanwhile, Captain Peters, of the artillery, had led a party of men into the ravine to clear it ; but several men were lost, and the attempt was not successful. The half-breeds were just the color of the earth, and quite invisible until within a few yards, when they would rise, pot a man, and fall back invisible under the trees again. At 3 o'clock it began to rain, and though the first order was to bring the wagons up and camp on the ground, better counsels prevailed, and we moved off a mile or so to a clear, open space I had marked when getting the force across from the left bank. As we left, the Indians sounded their war whoop in triumph, which inexpressibly irritated us, but to have camped where we were, at the edge of a wooded ravine, with the enemy in it, and no water near, would not have been good policy, and might have shaken the *moral* of our raw troops.

We lost 46 men killed and wounded out of 400 engaged ; 9 are

now dead, and 2 or 3 are dying. Amongst the wounded were both the A.D.C.'s—Wise and Doncet—one hit in the ankle, the other in the elbow. The General had a bullet through his cap. I went on the principle of keeping on the move when I could, and, when obliged to remain still, I dismounted and bent my horse's head in front of me. My beast got a bullet through the fleshy part of his high, as I already stated, but that was all.

We were much surprised at the good fight the rebels made, and looked upon the action as drawn, for our advance was stopped, and we did not drive them all off the field. To-day we went over the ground in force, and found two of our men dead, but not mutilated. There were three dead Indians and 55 dead ponies. The ground where the enemy had been was littered with blankets, knives, guns, and many other things. The houses about were filled with articles, evidently looted from various Hudson Bay Company's stores. The enemy we left in the ravine had time enough to carry away their dead and wounded. The three dead Indians we found were all at the edge of the ravine in exposed places, where their friends were probably afraid to come.

We are daily expecting the steamers to arrive and supply us with more ammunition, and oats for our horses, without which we cannot advance. The wounded will probably be sent back in one of them, as we cannot take them with us.

I forgot to tell you about one exciting night we had just before the fight. Our scouts reported that they had seen some half-breeds about a solitary house where there were a number of carts with oats, and also a herd of cattle. We took about 12 men, and rode out at midnight. It was so dark that the house was barely distinguishable from the trees. Captain Gardner and I dismounted, kicked the door in, and found the floor covered with oat sacks. There was a ladder leading to an upper storey, and it was most exciting climbing this, revolver in hand, expecting every moment to be fired at. We lit a lantern, and found that the birds had flown, but had left some of their eggs behind. We carted the oats back to camp, where they were most acceptable, as our supply was very low. Poor Gardner, the next day, at Fish Creek, got shot in two places in the side, but I hope he may recover. There is a wonderful change in our force; many thought that the enemy would not fight at all, but now precautions are doubled, and our picquets at night are most carefully placed and inspected. Last night there was an alarm and a lot of firing by one of the picquets. We sleep in our

clothes, so it does not take long to turn out, and I arrived at the picquet with the General in a very few minutes. One of the sentries said he had seen two men creeping towards him, so he fired, and then all the other men of the picquet fired. The General disbelieved the enemy's existence, and made them skirmish for half a mile through the bluffs. It was weird work, going through the woods in pitch darkness, expecting the enemy at every step. However, none appeared, and the picquet was marched back again, and we had peace and quiet afterwards.

Some of our men's wounds are horrible; one man has both jaws broken and the roof of his mouth cut. His appearance is awful, and, poor fellow, he can only be fed on soup out of a tube. Another is shot through the lungs, and as I sit in my tent I can hear him still groaning, as he has been ever since he was hit, night and day.

During the night alarm, a wounded scout—D'Arcy Baker by name—sprang up, called for his rifle and horse, and fell dead at the tent door. One man was hit on the spine, but the bullet glanced, and, travelling under the skin, was found in front!

Yours, ———

s.s. "Northwest,"

North Saskatchewan River,

Between Prince Albert and Battleford,

May 24th, 1885.

DEAR—

We started this morning to relieve Colonel Otter's force at Battleford. He is stuck there with some 350 men, with Pound-maker's and Big Bear's band of Indians on the look-out for him. There may be perhaps 800 to 1,000 redskins, if all that is said is true. The Indians are elated after looting so many stores, and after Otter's fight at "Cut Knife." He travelled 70 miles (in carts), fought for eight hours, and retired, leaving a wounded man on the field, all within 30 hours.

We have only 350 men on this steamer, but three others follow with the rest of the 800. We have brought no N.W. mounted police, as they have not shown up well. They said they were not enlisted to fight, and would not go out from Prince Albert patrolling. Four companies of settlers were formed, and armed with a few Sniders, many old shot guns, and, they say, some with only clubs. These men did all the patrolling; in some cases, 20 miles distant from

Prince Albert. The police, meanwhile, garrisoned their "cordwood fort." This has been made in the midst of the houses of firewood about 4 feet long and 6 inches diameter, the pieces being laid at right angles to the crest of the parapet, which is 7 feet high. You can see right through the parapet from outside, and a bullet would probably pass through the interstices. It is curious that they never thought of using spades, for alternate layers of wood and earth would have made a very good parapet against rifle bullets.

We left Batoche two days after the battle, crossed the river by means of our stern-wheel steamers, and got to Prince Albert in two days. You will be interested to hear about our fight at Batoche, and I will describe what has happened since my last letter of the 26th April. Thirteen days after our fight at Fish Creek we left our camp there to advance on Batoche. Meanwhile the stern-wheel steamer "Northcote" arrived with ammunition and food supplies, and, by the General's order, I made her lower deck bullet-proof with oat sacks, meat tins, and planks, experimenting on them with a Winchester to see what thickness of each was required. Her captain—an American—steered her from a look-out house at the highest point, that is to say, on the roof of her second deck. He said he would make his steering-box bullet-proof, and I was told to let him do it. This, as will be seen, led to disaster, for he knew little about it, and would take no advice. Our plan was to march to the attack of Batoche at the same time that this steamer, with 50 men on board, took the defences in rear from the river. We buried our dead, and sent our wounded back *en route* for Winnipeg in spring carts, which were converted into beds by having bullock skins stretched from side to side to ease the jolting. A reconnaissance in the direction of Batoche showed us that for several miles from the river bank the country was covered with scattered woods, but beyond that it was open undulating prairie. On this occasion we surprised some of the enemy's scouts cooking their dinner in a farmhouse, but they managed to get to their horses and escape barebacked, but with a hail of bullets after them. We also found a curious Indian burial place; there was a stout spar, supported by two forked uprights, about 10 feet high. To this spar several dead bodies were lashed with strips of hide, the usual prairie cord. Many skulls and other remains were lying about where they had been dragged by wolves. It reminded me of a trough "Tower of Silence" like the Parsees have in Bombay.

On the 7th May we started 750 strong, having lost nearly 50 men,

and having put 50 more on board the "Northcote." We struck out across Fish Creek for the open prairie, about four miles away. The passage of the Fish Creek ravine was very difficult from the steepness of the banks and the softness of the bottom. We cut thousands of saplings and branches, and tried to make a corduroy road, but it only sank out of sight; many wagons had to be unloaded, and some even dug out. Had I not stumbled into the enemy's ambush they would probably have caught us astride of that ravine on the 24th April, instead of attacking us before we reached it, and we should then have suffered much more severely. That day we reached Gabriel Dumont's crossing, and found the rebel General's house standing there empty. On the 8th we marched to a spot opposite to Batoche, and at the edge of the woods there we chose a good defensible site for a camp, laagered our wagons, and the next day, leaving our camp standing, marched to the attack. The distance was greater than we expected; it was fully nine miles through woods and marshes, and past deserted Indian huts and "tepees," before we came across the enemy. The first we saw were round a house, evidently watching for us, and our 9-pounder promptly put a shell through the walls and frightened them away. We then found a steep cliff on our left down to the river, 200 feet below. Another house made of wood planks appearing, the Gatling gun which had come up in the "Northcote" was turned on to it. After some minutes' firing, a priest appeared at the door with a white handkerchief. We rode up, and he told us that the house was full of women, but he was the only man. We could only find marks of three bullets, and they had done, fortunately, no damage, striking the floor only. A little farther on we came in view of the houses at Batoche's Crossing, and our guns opened fire. For some half-hour we had heard a tremendous noise of musketry down the river, which we rightly concluded was the "Northcote" engaging the rebels. It turned out that she had drawn them away, and we were almost into their rifle pits where we stood. Suddenly a tremendous fire was opened on us from the bushes, 100 to 200 yards away, and the Indian war cry was shouted to our front and right. Our guns and staff were then a few hundred yards in front of the infantry, which came up at a run, whist we fell back behind it, having several men hit. The infantry—10th Grenadiers—lay down in bushes in skirmishing order, where they remained the rest of the day. Lieut. Rivers with the Gatling did good service at this time, pouring a rain of bullets in the direction the fire came from. There was little or nothing to be seen, except

now and then a head or an arm. The reason of this was obvious a few days afterwards ; the rebels occupied deep rifle pits with head cover, which each held four men, and were placed at the edges of the woods. The earth was thrown to the rear, so that there was next to nothing to show from the front. The rebels now tried their old game of lighting a bush fire, and nearly caused a panic, as the men thought they were going to be cut off from their camp. Again, however, the fire did not take serious hold. We now tried to push forward at several parts of the front, but were always checked by a close fire from the hidden rifle pits, against which our fire appeared to be useless, for there was nothing to fire at except the smoke. The position remained the same the whole afternoon, when the General directed me to select a site for a camp, as a retreat through the woods to our laager on the open prairie was too dangerous to be thought of. There was only one place where it was open enough for a camp, and that was within 150 yards of the woods. It was a ploughed field, which fortunately included two ponds. I took two artillery horses, harnessed them in a plough, and ran two furrows round to mark the outline of what was to be our camp, or rather bivouac.

Lord Melgund, the chief of our staff, an hour or two before this time, was sent back to tell our 160 wagons to come up, and to ride to the nearest telegraph, *i.e.*, Humbolt, about 70 miles away, with the news. There is no denying the fact that we appeared to be in a very tight place. We could neither get forward nor back, and to bivouac in the midst of woods filled with the enemy was a risky business. The great danger was that the Indians might work round our right flank and cut us off from our wagons, which contained our food and supplies. The "Northcote," which contained another lot of supplies, had failed us. It turned out that as soon as she was fired on, the Yankee captain funk'd, left the pilot house, and ran below. He said the bullets came through, although he had strengthened it to his own satisfaction. The vessel, now rudderless, drifted down stream under a terrific fire. She came in contact with the wire rope at Batoche's ferry and had both her smoke stacks broken. The flames coming out of the broken ends set fire to her woodwork, and, to make matters worse, she ran aground. The half-breeds attempted to board her, but were kept back by a steady fire, and with the greatest difficulty the burning wood-work was put out, three men being hit whilst doing it. Fortunately, the current swept her off the bank, and she drifted several miles down stream, anchor-

ing when clear of the enemy's fire. Nothing could induce the cowardly Yankee to bring her up again, and no one else could steer her, for these stern-wheelers are quite different from an ordinary vessel. As far as the rest of the force was concerned, she was a complete failure.

It was a most anxious time waiting for our wagons to come ; every minute we expected to hear firing in their direction, and many a time it was said that the enemy was working round our right flank. The message to strike camp and come to us was sent at 2.30 p.m., but it was not until 8 p.m. that the leading wagon appeared through the woods. The cheers we gave when we saw them must have made the enemy think we had gone mad, and when shortly after a small mounted corps, the "Surveyors," 50 or 60 strong, appeared to reinforce us, we were overjoyed.

Meanwhile I had got a few of the men from the supports to make a tiny parapet of plough sods and fence rails on the dangerous side of the bivouac, and as the wagons came up they were laagered inside this. Our troops were withdrawn in the growing dusk, the enemy following, shouting exulting war whoops. Our short retreat was very well carried out, but the men were badly scared when they got inside the laager, and two of them getting shot as they were manning the frail parapet did not make matters better. It looked at one time as if the enemy were going to rush us, but some well-timed volleys cleared them off for a bit. The whole of the night desultory firing went on, and though the wagons were plentifully bespattered with lead, only eight horses were hit, but no men, because, as I have stated before, our bivouac was in a freshly-ploughed field, and the men soon piled the sods up, each making a shelter for himself.

At this time, as we heard no sounds from the "Northcote," we thought she had been captured by the rebels. It had been arranged for her to signal to us with her steam whistle, but it was shot away. I afterwards counted 89 bullet holes in the pilot house, and there were hundreds elsewhere. One unfortunately found a curious billet ; strong liquors, as I said before, were not allowed, but an officer on board had a private supply in his cabin ; a rebel bullet, however, smashed both his bottles of whiskey, to his great disgust.

We all slept on the ground as well as we could amidst the noise of the firing ; the only tent that was pitched was a marquee for the wounded down in a hollow by a pond. The upper part had a good many bullet holes in it in the morning.

We did not know what force was opposing us ; there were 700 or 800 half-breeds and Sioux Indians we knew, but there were also two bands of Indians under Poundmaker and Big Bear, some 500 or 600 strong each, in the neighborhood, and we could not tell if they had joined the rebels. Fortunately for us they waited to see how the cat jumped, and had we been defeated, no doubt would have joined in against us.

(To be continued.)

A HERO OF MANY CURBITS.

Written for the V. R. I. Magazine.

The Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes,
 But here or there as strikes the Player goes ;
 And he that toss'd you down into the Field
 He knows about it all—*He* knows—*HE* knows!
Rubaiyat of Omar Kayyam of Maishapur, LXX. Fitzgerald.

Courage is much more a matter of physiology than is generally supposed. A man's pluck is, as a rule, in inverse ratio to the distance between his head and his heart. I do not say this because I happen to be a little man myself; the conclusion is based upon my observation of men in trying circumstances. There are exceptions of course. I know a place where a red granite monolith attests the indomitable bravery of a man who stood 6 ft. 5 in. in his socks. You would like to hear the story? Well, there is no reason why you should not.

A few weeks after I got my troop in the 22nd Dragoons, John Wagner Leet, gentleman, was gazetted to a cornetcy (there were cornets in those days) in the same regiment. His father was a well-to-do city man, and I suppose the old gentleman thought he had done pretty well for Jack, who had a good many brothers, when he bought him his commission and made him an allowance of £300 a year. I saw a good deal of young Leet, because, when they had licked him into shape at the *dépôt*, he was sent to my troop, at that time on detachment in the west of Ireland. We had not much to do, for the country was just then recovering from one of its periodical fits of lawlessness, and things were pretty quiet. There was a good pack of fox-hounds in our neighborhood, and we generally managed to get the full five days a fortnight with them through the season. Young Leet rode good horses; he had a nice strong seat and nearly perfect hands; but I was not slow to notice that one never saw him at the end of anything like a run. It was a treat to watch him schooling his horses over the big walls on the race-course behind the barracks—where he knew exactly what was on the other side of every fence. With hounds it was quite different; there he had to take his chances of the unforeseen, and he did not like it—to be short, he was a confirmed craner. Otherwise, Jack Leet was a nice boy, very tall and well set up, and muscular to an extraordinary degree even then. He was a fine boxer, and went in for clubs and dumb-bells in a much more methodical way than was usual in those days. When our time came to leave Ireland, the regiment went to Aldershot. We used to spend a good deal of time in town, and I recollect very well being up with young Leet and some others on a boat-race night. Cremorne was in full swing, and on that night there was a particularly brisk row there. Young Leet got mixed up in it; how, I don't quite know, for he was the most peaceable of men. I had been separated from him in the crush, and, being a small, light man, had some difficulty in pushing my way

to the front of the ring that had been formed by the crowd. When I got there, I saw Jack Leet standing up to a squat, bull-necked man, whose blows he was stopping most scientifically. He was getting home on his opponent's face, too, now and then, but in an inefficient, flipping way that did the bull-necked ruffian no more harm than it had been a girl slapping his cheeks. The round ended, and I gave Jack my knee. Had the fight to be decided in ten rounds by points, he must have won as he pleased; but I knew that it was not to be decided that way, and I told him to get his right in and end it.

"You had two chances to cross-counter him last round," said I, "and either time you could have knocked him out without trouble. He'll give you another chance, take it and finish the thing off decently. Tom Sayers himself couldn't stand that long right of yours; but it's not a bit of use flipping with your left."

"Time!" yelled the crowd, and Jack stood up again to the bull-necked man. This round was a repetition of the last. The man couldn't hit Jack, and Jack could hit him whenever he liked with his left; but he would not use his right, though he had lots of chances, and it began to dawn on me that he was afraid of giving the bull-necked man an open. When he came back to my knee at the end of the round, he was as fresh as paint.

"Why didn't you knock the fellow out, he gave you lots of chances?" I asked.

"Damn it all," said Jack, "if it hadn't come off he'd have made a mess of my face. Devilish disreputable going about with your eyes black, and all that, you know. The best thing you can do, Peacock, is to give his second a fiver to take him away."

I saw at once that it was the best thing. Decidedly, Jack Leet had no stomach for fighting. When time was up and the two went at it again, I told a brother officer, who was standing by, to see to Jack for a minute, and I got round unnoticed to the other man's corner. There were two fellows seconding him, and I handed one of them a fiver and told him to get his man away quietly.

"That's 'andsome, Captain," said he; "your a gent, hany'ow. Hi'll see to it."

I got back to my place as the round finished. Jack had not a mark on him, except that his right forearm was getting a little puffy from so much stopping. The bull-necked man's face was a bit discolored from Jack's flips; but they might have gone on fighting of a week on the same terms. When they stood up again, I thought the fiver was thrown away, so vigorously did the bull-necked man force the fighting; but, at the first flip from Jack, he went down like a log and stayed there. They poured soda-water on his head; but it was no good, and he did not come up to time. The crowd cheered Jack, and, after a decent interval, the bull-necked man came up to him and shook hands.

"You're a better man than me, Captain," said he, and then he slunk off into the crowd. Jack looked sheepish, but said nothing. Only he and I knew the real facts, and I never mentioned them to any one—after all, the poor devil could not help being 6 ft. 5.

Shortly after this episode, my cousin, Sir Geoffrey Costelloe, K.C.B., was appointed first Governor of New Clapham, and the old gentleman was good enough to take me out with his A.D.C.

Jack Leet had always found it hard to live on his allowance. A subaltern in a cavalry regiment was expected to spend a good deal of money in those days. Jack tried to eke out his income by backing horses, but of course that only made matters worse. He did a little with the Jews, but it only prolonged the agony, and at last he was forced to sell out. Whereupon, his father gave him £1,000, told him to go to New Clapham, and warned him not to expect anything more, whatever happened. And so it was that Jack Leet landed in Kakopolis about six months after I went there as A.D.C. to the Governor. The gold fever was at its then height, and the rich alluvial diggings of New Clapham were as catch-basins to the human scum of the earth. Kakopolis was the chief town of the new colony, the receiving pipe of the sewer, and much of the scum floated there in transit. I saw Port Said and Suez soon after the opening of the Canal; both were bad enough; but either was a mere kindergarten of iniquity in comparison with Kakopolis in the early digging days. Jack Leet stayed in the capital as long as his money lasted. I observed the stages of his degradation, and pitied him; but what could I do? When his money was gone he would have starved, only that a greasy Jew, the proprietor of an indecent variety show, gave him employment as chucker-out in chief. Jack, I believe, never had to do much chucking. At that time he was physically a splendid man, and the very sight of his imposing muscularity made for order within the precincts of the show. The Jew's operations were not confined to the capital; he used to travel about the larger diggings, and I only saw Jack at intervals. During one of his absences a new colonial bank, with a London directorate, was started. Glancing over the list of directors, I saw, among others, the name of Jack's uncle, a well known city man. Without saying anything to Jack, I wrote to his uncle, keeping the nature of the lad's present employment in the shade, and asked that he should be appointed to a clerkship in one of the numerous branches of the new bank. I had a very civil letter in reply, and Jack was duly appointed teller in the Wombatholes' branch of the London & Kakopolis Banking Corporation (Limited). With his uncle's interest behind him, he had every prospect of quick promotion and a successful career. Wombathole's (now Carsonville) was then a great digging centre; it lies about 60 miles north of Kakopolis, and as there was no railway in those days, I saw little of Jack Leet. What follows concerning him I had partly from himself and partly from other sources. Old Sir Geoffrey's term as Governor came to a close, and I was preparing to rejoin my regiment, then quartered at Mhow, when the Colonial Secretary offered to appoint me chief commissioner of police in the colony. It was an arduous post, but the pay was good, and I sold out in order to accept it. The New Clapham police had a lively time of it in the early days. Bush-rang and horse-duffing were rife; but I am proud to say that

during the ten years I commanded the force, serious crime rarely went unpunished, and when the time came for me to leave the colony, bush-ranging had been entirely stamped out.

About two years after Jack Leet's appointment to the bank, his uncle, the director, died, and with him Jack's hopes of speedy promotion. This was a great blow to Jack, for he had been going in a little for racing on the quiet, and had run into debt, trusting to a quick rise in salary to put him straight. He thought he had still one chance left, however, and as it was his last, he meant to make the most of it. A few days before the news of his uncle's death reached him, Jack was smoking his cigar on the veranda of the Digger's Arms. It was about four of the afternoon, and the wide main street of the mining town was deserted. The veranda projected over the sidewalk, and Jack, leaning his arms on the balustrade, looked up and down to the points where the drab rectitude of the street lost itself at either end among the dirt-heaps of abandoned claims. At the north end a man and horse emerged from a cloud of dust and took shape slowly as they neared the inn. Jack had always an eye for a horse and he noted with admiration the rugged quarters and oblique shoulders of the grey ewe-necked mare as the ordinary looking bushman dismounted and hitched her up to a post by the water-trough. Jack went down to the bar on the ground floor and met the new arrival, who was eyeing the long array of parti-coloured bottles thirstily, while the snores of the barman shook the fusty air with rhythmic cacophony. They soon stirred up the sleeper and shouted each other successive John Collinses, after the manner of New Clapham. The bushman said he was a shearer on his way to Kakopolis to visit a dying brother. He was going to take the night coach from Wombatholes.

"What are you going to do with the mare?" asked Jack.

"That's just what's troubling me," said the shearer, "there's no grass about these bloody mining places and the price of feed is a caution. She's a good un, but I'd sell her for £30, though she's worth double of any man's money."

"Let's have a look at her," said Jack, and the two men went out to where the mare was standing, with drooping head and flexed hind leg, by the water trough. Jack ran his hand down her back-sinews; her fore-legs were as fine as a foal's, and Leet marvelled at their great substance in a mare so obviously well bred. He saw by her mouth that she was aged, but he could find no blemish in her. Adjusting the leathers to his own length, he threw a leg over her and galloped her smartly up and down the dusty, stoneless street. She was a beautiful mover, and her wind was clearly all right.

"Where did you get her," asked Jack, as he dismounted.

"I bought her off Aleck Boyd of Junee when we finished shearing there last year. Here's his receipt for the price, and there's his brand, A.B. joined, on her off-shoulder."

"I'll give you a pony for her," said Jack.

To his surprise, the man took his offer without haggling. Jack had just the £25 by him; he had intended to invest that sum at

long odds on a horse engaged in a big race over the border; and he paid the shearer who signed the receipt,—George Powell.

Next day, as soon as his office work was over, Jack rode his new purchase over to Delaney's stables on the outskirts of the township. Delaney had been a good man over the sticks in his day, but he was getting a little fat and lazy and had nearly given up steeplechase riding. He still trained a few horses for local events, and he had a nice bit of schooling-ground near his stables. In those days the fences on a New Clapham steeplechase course were all of one kind, and when I tell you that they were heavy, stringy-bark posts and rails, clamped together with iron, quite unbreakable, and from 4 feet to 4½ feet high, you will understand that out there steeplechasing was no child's play.

Nat Delaney ran his eye over the mare as Jack rode up.

"Hallo!" he cried; "fwhere did you get that wan?"

"Maybe I stole her, Nat," said Jack, mimicking the trainer's brogue.

"Ther's many a thruw worrd spoke in jest," muttered Nat, and when Leet had larked the mare over a couple of fences—

"Come off ov her, Mr. Leet," he shouted, "'tis a sin, and you ivery ounce ov r's stone, and the ground like irrun. Let me up on her mesel'," pleaded the trainer.

"You're no foolish weight yourself, Nat," said Leet, but he dismounted and gave Nat a leg up.

"I can ride 12 stone yet, glory be to God," said the trainer, feeling the mare's mouth as he settled himself in the saddle.

Nat rode the grey mare twice round the miniature steeplechase course (miniature only in area: the fences were on the big side, if anything), at first slowly, then at a good racing pace. There was no mistake about it; the mare was a flippant fencer, and in point of pace could live with most platers of the day. Nat got off when he rejoined Leet and said to him:—

"Fwhere did you git her, sor? Tell me the thruth now."

Jack told him: "Here's the receipt, and you can see the brand is all right."

"Maybe, maybe," said Delaney, "though it's a quare thing that Aleck Boyd 'ud sell a mare like that to a shearer. Maybe she don't go kind in company, or something. Lave her to me for a week or two, and I'll know all about her. It won't take much to get her fit neither," he went on, gripping the mare's crest and running his hand along her barrel. "There'll be a steeplechase over at Waragul Flats wan o' these days—just a catch-weight affair—ye might come over yersel'? No? Well, I'll inter her in me own name, and maybe ride her, too. That's the way to find out."

"All right, Nat," said Jack. "Do whatever you think best; only keep my name out of it. I don't want the directors to know that I'm racing."

Delaney rode the mare in the Waragul Steeplechase and won it, although there were some good local horses engaged, and he was giving everything a lot of weight.

"See here, now, Mr. Lect," said Nat, as the pair sat sipping tepid pegs in Delaney's stuffy little den on the evening after the Waragul meeting. "See here now, sor, that mare's a wundher, that's fwat she is. We were giving Duranghile a stone and Gilderoy nearly 20 pounds, as far as I cud judge, and worse horses than either of them has won the Kakopolis Cup Steeplechase before now. The judge gave it a short head from Gilderoy wid a length between him and Duranghile. I cud have wun be lengths. Well, now, it's a month to the Kakopolis Cup meeting. The mare'll win the big steeplechase, shure. They won't put more than 10 st. 10 on her at the outside. I can't ride the weight mesel', but I've a boy that can, and we can trust him, not like one of them town lacsther's—young Banks, that is, you know him yoursel', sor. You can get a monkey on at long odds, if you like;—I'll have a bit mesel', too,—and then you can go home rich to the bussum of yer fam'ly—for it's at home y' ought to be wid a pack of hounds and a string of chasers, instead o' quill dhriving out here, which yer not fit for."

Nat Delaney was an honest fellow according to his lights, and had taken a great fancy to Jack Leet. "I'll go wid the mare mesel' and she can run in me name," Nat went on, for his enthusiasm, as is often the case with Irishmen, had overcome his judgment, and he kept his suspicions about the shearer's good faith rigorously in the shady background of his consciousness. Jack had heard of his uncle's death at this time. He did not see how he was to get the £500 to back the mare, as Nat suggested, and he knew very well that none of the Kakopolis bookmakers would bet with him to that extent on the nod. He said nothing of this to Nat, however, but a scheme began to take shape in his mind, the first outlines of which made him shiver in the frowsy heat of Nat's back parlour.

A fortnight before the Kakopolis Cup meeting, Nat and young Banks started for the capital—Nat riding a useful hack and Banks the grey mare. They did the journey by short stages at a slow walk. Nat intended giving the mare's preparation the few finishing touches it needed on the Shamington training ground. He got a comfortable loose box for the mare near the Shamington race-course, and on the morning after their arrival he left her in charge of young Banks and cantered his hack into Kakopolis to meet Jack Leet, as had been arranged, at Pot's Hotel. The day after Nat had left Wombatholes with the mare, Leet had seen his chance of securing the £500 he wanted. Something over £1,000 in sovereigns had been paid into the bank that day, and duly received by Jack in his capacity of teller. It was the custom in the bank to put sovereigns up in bags (similar to those in which shot is sold), each holding 500 of the coins. Jack had put 500 sovereigns into his pockets, and, at the end of the day, had handed into the safe, under the manager's eye, two bags, one containing honest sovereigns, the other, which he had all ready for the occasion—copper half-pennies. When the thing was done he had felt relieved. The coppers once in the safe, there was no fear of detection until the next gold escort should be about to start for

Kakopolis. That would give him a good month, and long before its issue Jack would be in a position to change the half-pennies for gold, or—he would not dwell on the alternative. After all there was not much risk. Mr. Nat Delaney's grey mare, Fiametta, aged, had accepted for the Kakopolis Cup Steeplechase at 10 stone, 5 lbs., at the very bottom of the list, and Nat, who knew the form of everything in the handicap, had assured him that the mare could give anything in it 10 lb. and a beating. So Jack had taken a few days' leave and had traveled to Kakopolis by coach with a fairly light heart and tolerably heavy pockets. His first care on reaching the capital had been to change his gold for notes at different banks, so as to avoid notice as much as possible; and when he met Nat at Pot's Hotel he handed the notes over to him with instructions to work the commission. There was no difficulty about it, and before Jack left Kakopolis he stood to win close on £7,000. Nat also had a bit for himself, but he was a man that never went much out of his depth; he had seen too many pots upset in his time for that. Jack had the box-seat on his return journey, and his musings, hardly interrupted by the taciturn driver, took a rosy hue. True, his winnings would go but a little way towards realizing Nat's suggestion of a pack of hounds and a string of chasers, but the money would enable him to live at home for a while, and perhaps his father might give him a lift into some sinecure. . . . At any rate he would get clear of this hideous colonial life;—that was the main thing. And if a vision of the Tentridge Stockade and its villainous, cropped inmates obtruded itself upon his fancy he was able to burk it without much effort.

The manager of the Wombatholes branch bank was not a racing man, but, like many colonials, he looked upon the Kakopolis Cup meeting as a sort of carnival, and that year he determined to assist at it in person. Up to the time the manager announced his intention of going to the capital for the race week, Jack had hoped to be allowed that privilege himself. However, as the day that was to decide his fate approached, he began to feel a little nervous and almost enjoyed the stagnancy of Wombatholes when he thought of bustling Kakopolis and how ill it had harmonized with his present anxious mood. The day before that fixed for the big steeplechase Jack had a letter from Delaney which destroyed all his hopes and left him face to face with the worst kind of ruin. The facts embedded in Delaney's involved epistle were, shortly, these:—Mr. Tom Bryce, a well known squatter and leading man in a neighbouring colony, had claimed the grey mare, Fiametta. She was, he alleged, his mare Doll Tearsheet, well known in the north. She had been stolen from his station about three months before. The brand, A.B. joined, was a fake; at least as to the A part of it, which had been made with a pair of tweezers and a needle dipped in iodine, very cleverly, though the A part was now beginning to grow in again. Bryce could produce plenty of unimpeachable witnesses as to the identity of the mare, whose peculiar ewe-neck made her conspicuous; and Aleck Boyd, who was also in Kakopolis, although he

admitted having sold a grey mare to a shearer and that the receipt bearing his name was all right, denied that the mare he sold was identical with Delaney's Fiametta, or, for the matter of that, in any way like her. With such a case Bryce had had no difficulty in getting an injunction restraining Delaney from racing the mare *pendente lite*. Not that it mattered much; she would have been disqualified in any event for wrongful entry, Doll Tearsheet having won a big northern steeplechase, and Delaney had no doubt now that the mare was really Bryce's. "Fwhat'll we do at all, sor?" he concluded; "I never was in such a madder in me loif! 'Tisn't the money I moind, though t'was all P.P., but no wan b'lieves me that I wasn't thrying to work it on the cross, and shure I ought to ha' knowed betther, an' I misdoubted all along, but I guv no heed winnin' the big race." How much Delaney really did suspect is a to it, wid me heart set on matter of opinion. He must have confined his attentions to the mare's near side, if he did not notice the faked brand growing in before his eyes. However, he gave the mare up quietly to Bryce, without any more law, and I never heard that the trainer suffered in reputation by the transaction.

As for Jack Leet, it was after office hours when he got the fatal letter and he went straight to his quarters with it. As soon as he had mastered its contents, he took out a Colt's revolver, removed the caps from the nipples (it was before the days of breech-loaders), drew the charges from the chambers, cleaned and carefully reloaded the weapon. Then he drank half a tumbler of brandy, sat down in his arm-chair and put the muzzle of the pistol to his temple. The touch of the cold metal made his scalp twitch. No, he could not do it without more brandy. He drank some. Again and again he tried. There was no retreat for him that way. He could not do it. He was no more capable of pulling the trigger than he was of lifting the house. He still tried to brace himself to the effort with brandy, but the more he drank the less he could control his will, and in the end he sank into a stertorous, drunken sleep upon the floor.

The first faint opalescence of dawn was streaking the eastern sky when a cold breeze, laden with acrid exhalations of the eucalyptus,—with the tonic, detested and unforgettable aroma of the Australian bush,—blew through the open window of his room and smote Jack back to consciousness and to misery. His first thought was for the pistol, and taking it from the table he dipped it in his pitcher so as to make it useless until reloaded. We all play these little comedies to the Ego at times. Jack liked to think that he was in danger at his own hands; and as he wrapped himself in the shoddy remnant of his self-respect, there was the same pathos in his actions (had there been anyone to witness them) that belongs to the spectacle of a gutter child eking out its rags with the drabbed flowers from a trull's cast bonnet. He leaned his head out of the window, and the whole consequence of his crime took shape and substance in his throbbing brain. A mounted trooper came down the street. Was the man coming for him? For the moment Jack thought he

was; forgetting that the evidence of his theft was locked away in the safe, of which he held one necessary key. When the trooper had passed on his way, Jack breathed again, and turning from the window examined his bunch to make sure of the safe key. It was there as usual. The junior held the other key in the manager's absence; without both, the safe could not be opened. For the present there was no danger. The hours passed in futile plans and horrid intervals of panic, when the very bones of the strong man would seem to soften in his flesh. He could think of no practical way out. When he went down to the office at 10 o'clock he had some notion in his mind that if he could get hold of the bag of coppers again suspicion on the discovery of the theft need not point so mercilessly at him. It was a vague, inchoate notion, but it made the one stable centre in his whirling consciousness. He must do something; he would get the half-pence out of the safe. The resolution would calm his nerves for a little, and then a clear perception of its uselessness would rush, trampling upon his mind, and shake him to the very core and roots of his being. All the morning these alterations of resolve, and hopeless consciousness of the futility of the plan resolved upon, tore him in their passage through his brain. But the desire for action triumphed, and, the opportunity offering, he took the bag of coppers from the safe. The junior went out for a peg; he had been boozing the night before and felt chippy, leaving the safe, which they had just opened for a deposit of gold dust, ajar. Leet shook the half-pennies out of the bag and scattered them among his cash. He had no sooner done so than he wanted to get them back again, but before he could collect them the junior came in. It was 3 o'clock; they locked the street door, and were preparing to leave, when a hawker's cart drove up, and a couple of bushmen jumping out of it begged to be allowed to cash a small cheque. It was against rule, but the junior was good-natured, and, Leet making no objection, he opened the door. As soon as they were inside one of the men clapped a pistol to the junior's head and told him to throw up his hands. The junior obeyed smartly, and Leet followed suit under the pistol of the other man. It flashed on Jack that the bank was stuck up and that he was safe from any discovery of his theft. With alacrity he carried the £5000 worth of coin and gold-dust from the safe to the round table in the middle of the office, one of the men covering him with a pistol all the time. Every bag he dumped down exhilarated him like a glass of champagne. When the gold was all out he brought the notes. The bushrangers hesitated a little over these; one of them went to the door, called in a third, who had been keeping watch outside, and took his comrade's place. As soon as the new man came in, Jack recognized him for the so-called shearer who had sold him the grey mare. The change was catastrophic. All that Jack had suffered since he got Delaney's letter surged within his breast like lava; a rush of blood to the head nearly blinded him for a moment, and he saw things in a red mist. He was standing with his back to the table

on which he had placed the contents of the safe, his strong hands grasping the back of a heavy oaken office chair. The bushranger walked up to him with a pistol in his right hand and a sneer on his mouth:—

“Well,” said he, “and how’s the grey mare, Mr. Leet?”

They were his last words. As the heavy chair went up in Jack’s hands the bushranger fired; but though the powder burnt Jack’s coat the bullet merely grazed his ribs; and the chair came down with a crash, and the man’s skull cracked like an egg under a spoon. The other man, who was standing guard over the cowering junior, fired twice at Jack before the latter could get within striking distance. Both bullets took effect, but Jack never heeded, and he killed the man with his bare hands in the corner into which he had backed to escape the swinging chair. The man outside had also fired hurriedly through the door, but did no damage, except to the glass, and as people began to gather at the sound of the shots, he jumped into the cart and went off at a gallop. Constable Craig, an active man, tried to stop the cart, but he was shot dead for his pains, and the bushranger got clear away. He was taken shortly afterwards, and I had the pleasure of seeing him duly hanged. It was said that he had taken £500 in gold with him in the cart, but that was never recovered, and people used to hint that the police made well of his capture.

I was on the Shamington race-course when the news of this affair reached me, by the new electric telegraph, and I rode the 60 miles to Wombatholes in a trifle over four hours. Of course I had the pick of the police horses for relays, and they were among the best in a colony always renowned for its horse-flesh. When I got to the Digger’s Arms, where poor Jack Leet lay dying, my first enquiry was for the surgeon attending him. I found Dr. Fitch in the dining-room devouring roast turkey with astonishing voracity. The pupils of his eyes were widely dilated, and I could not get a word out of him. Up country, in New Clapham, in the early days, a medical man who neither drank to excess nor drugged himself, had little chance of establishing a practice; people used to say: “He wouldn’t be here if he was any good.” But a doctor who was always drugged or drunk, or both, passed for a clever man, whose presence in the bush could be accounted for. Therefore, when I had taken stock of Dr. Fitch, I told the waiter to bring me a dozen lemons, peeled and cut up. When he brought them I ordered everything off the table, set the lemons in front of the doctor and told him, shouting in his ear at the top of my voice, to eat them there and then. The doctor obeyed. I was glad of it, for manifestly he had been dosing himself with *cannabis Indica*, and I knew no other way to bring him round. I had learned the treatment in India: When the doctor had eaten the lemons, I began to question him about Jack.

“He’s all right just now,” said Dr. Fitch, “but he’s shot in the lung, and pneumonia will supervene to-morrow. Oh, he’ll die right enough. You can send for anyone you damn please. He’ll die

just the same. I've seen lots of men shot in the lungs," and then he began to maunder about Chilianwallah and gun-shot wounds in general. After a while I brought him back to the point: "No, talking won't harm him," he mumbled. "Nothing can harm him any more. Give him anything he asks for, and let him do what he likes. He's as good as dead."

I sent my orderly with a telegram for another doctor, and went up to see poor Jack. I found him in bed drinking champagne—or something that went under that name at the Digger's Arms.

"Gad, Peacock," he said, "I am glad to see you." I could notice no change in his voice. "The doctor says I'm going to die," he went on, "and I dare say that's quite likely, through I don't feel too bad now. I've something I'd like to tell you before I go, old boy, and if that sot of a doctor knows anything I haven't got too much time to do it in. Sit up close so that I can economise my voice and tell them not to interrupt us."

Poor Jack. He told me what I have told you now, and it took long in the telling. The other doctor came in with Dr. Fitch just as he finished his story, and I left them with him. When they joined me again the new man told me that he agreed with Dr. Fitch's prognosis. There was nothing to be done.

* * * * *

So Jack Leet died; and we buried him under the gum-trees in the half-cleared cemetery. My theory is that owing to sudden excitement caused by the appearance of the man who had chiselled him with the mare, poor Jack's heart had done double duty for a bit, and there was thus enough blood sent to his brain to make him feel, for that once, as any of us who are fighters feel when we stand up to an enemy. The shareholders of his bank had another theory, which they caused to be cut into the base of the red granite monolith that now stands in the Carsonville public gardens. Here it is, and you can take your choice:—

TO COMMEMORATE THE
dashing bravery

OF JOHN WAGNER LEET, LATE TELLER IN THE
Wombatholes branch of
THE LONDON AND KAKOPOLIS BANKING COR-
PORATION
LTD.

and sometime Lieutenant 22nd Dragoons
Who died of wounds received

While successfully defending the property of
THE BANK.

From the depredations of three armed Bushrangers,
Two of whom he slew, although he was himself
Unarmed during the conflict, on the
10th of November, 18—.

This monument is erected at the cost of
 One thousand admiring
 SHAREHOLDERS.
 WELL DONE THOU GOOD AND FAITHFUL
 SERVANT.

* * * * *

Thank you, yes, all the soda. So much talking has made me thirsty.

MIALREA (Bald King).

FREDERICTON, N.B., 1st May, 1896.

THE FATIGUE PARTY.

STORY OF THE 52ND REGIMENT.

Many years ago the 52nd was stationed at Enniskillen. The officers of this Regiment, as befitted so crack a corps, were a hospitable, jolly, dinner-giving, ball-attending lot, from the Commanding Officer down to the last-joined ensign, and upon a certain occasion they gave a ball and a supper to all the notabilities of the country round. Near and far contributed their quota of 'fair women' and 'brave men'; the affair was a most brilliant success, and the company broke up long after the day had dawned, and left the scene of festivity in a state of the most admired disorder: far beyond the power of the usual exertions of the mess sergeant and his assistants to rectify in time for the appearance of the officers in the ante-room and mess-room to a late breakfast. So fatigue men were indented for from the different companies, and after the early breakfast of the men, the men were warned, paraded, and marched to the scene of their duties. Grady was one, and his comrade Barney Hennessy, the other, and they were *bonâ fide*—*arcades ambo*! both wags, both heedless young fellows who would do anything for a 'lark.' They received their instructions from the lady who had charge of the officers' mess (a widow with handsome daughters) and it appeared that they were to wash dishes, silver, cutlery, &c., &c. There were two large tubs provided, full of hot and cold water, and into these the dishes, &c., were to be put, first into one, then into another, then wiped and put away. Working away, and chatting gaily as they worked, the time slipped on, and the sound of the dinner bugle was heard as they were nearly finished. They acquainted—or at least Grady did, for he was the spokesman—the lady that they were going to dinner. Very well, they could go, but must return again after.

"Very well, ma'am," said Grady, "You'll excuse me from *men-shining* it, but it's very *dry* work this, although there's plenty of water about it!"

The lady did not know what Grady meant, but he 'incensed' her as he called it. "We have been working hard, and would wish to drink yer health before we go to dinner."

"Dear! Never heard of such impudence; sent on fatigue duty, and want beer! Had a great mind to have Grady put in the guard room!"

"Ah, now," said Grady, with affected humility, but with a glance of mischief at the dame, "Don't get us put in the guard room, av ye plase. Never mind the beer; we didn't mean any harm, shure we're ignorant craytures, an' don't know any better. Let us off this time, ma'am, an' God spare ye to yer fine childer! Come on, Barney, let's go to the canteen and get a pint, an' our dinner. We'll be back at two o'clock, ma'am, an' good day to ye." And the pair vanished.

They returned at the appointed time, fully determined that whatever was to be done should be done with the addition of some trick, not yet developed, to be played upon the lady with the handsome daughters, who was so stingy with her beer. The water tubs with their contents were still *in statu quo*, with an addition of a fine greasy scum of about an inch in thickness, floating on the surface of the water in each. Their arrival was duly reported, and 'a slip of a girl' made her appearance carrying a large clothes basket full of ladies' boots and shoes; dancing, walking, dress, all sizes, kinds, and denominations; black boots, white, bronze, buff, brown, all colours, and of shoes, 'ditto to Mr. Pitt!' This 'slip of a girl' was followed by her mistress, who told her to put the basket down, and pointing to the contents told Grady to 'clean them!' with which she gathered her skirts round her, and departed.

Grady stared at the basket and its contents—at Barney Hennessy—at any and everything in fact; scratching his head the while with an air of the most profound perplexity. At length he caught what must have been a brilliant idea, for his face brightened wonderfully.

"Barney," he said.

"Aye," said Barney.

"We're to clane them!"

"So she said," said Barney, over whose face perhaps a reflection from Grady's—a smile was stealing.

"Two waters?" said Grady.

"Aye, faith," said Barney.

"Well," said Grady, *I suppose we must clane them by the same process as claned the dishes*, an' we'll see how she likes the look of them." Suiting the action to the word, he emptied the entire contents of the basket into one of the tubs, gave them a thorough soaking, then deliberately transferred the boots and shoes to the other tub, from which Barney fished them one by one, and commenced 'drying' them with a duster.

While they were engaged in the operation, my lady made her appearance again, this time carrying in her own fair hands a small pile of plates, cutlery, &c., on which she intended the 'fatigue men' to operate. Words cannot express the mortification and dismay of the lady! She let all the plates, knives, forks, spoons, &c., fall. She 'screeched,' 'she raised the divil generally,' as Grady said, and

the finale was, that the pair of interesting youths were conveyed to the guard room to abide the consequences of having wilfully destroyed certain &c., &c. They made themselves comfortable, and the guard as well as the guarded had a hearty laugh at Grady's new idea of cleaning boots and shoes.

In the 'dry room' as it was called, there was a grating through which the barrack yard could be seen, and at this Grady stationed himself, whistling the *Wind that shuk the barley*, 'Father Jack Walsh,' 'Paudeen Roo,' or some rare auld Irish tune to beguile the time. As he whistled, the Major in command walked in at the gate and heard the bird in its cage.

"Sergeant of the Guard."

"Sur," said the sergeant.

"Who have you there?" pointing to the dry room.

"Grady and Hennessy, sur."

"I'm going to the orderly room; bring 'em up."

"Yes, sur," said the sergeant, and in a very short space of time a file of the guard, the corporal thereof, and Messrs. Grady and Hennessy were standing in front of the Major, who demanded the nature of the offence committed. The only other officer present was the Adjutant, and he explained that the men were confined for having wilfully destroyed boots and shoes the property of so and so, value £3 18s. 4d.

The Major looked at Grady (who was a favourite of his, as indeed he was of everyone's) and asked how the matter occurred.

"Sur," said Grady, "Av ye let me tell me own story, and not have anyone interrup' me till I'm done. This poor boy, sur (pointing to Hennessy), had nothin' to do wid it. Sur, it's me! I'll tell ye the God's truth."

"Very well," said the Major. "Go on."

Grady related the story of the dish-washing—carefully keeping back the episode of having been refused the beer—and brought his tale down to the period of the 'slip of a girl's' bringing the boots and shoes to be cleaned.

"When we wint in the mornin,' sur, we wor told to put ivery thing in two waters, an' then wipe thim dry, an' we done it, didn't we, Barney. [Barney nodded.]

"An' sur," continued Grady, getting pathetic on the subject, "I think we are suffering now for obedyance of orders."

The Major laughed; he inquired from the Adjutant how the men happened to be sent on such a fatigue duty. That gentleman referred to the regimental sergeant-major, who said they had been indented for by the mess sergeant.

The Major was of opinion that he shouldn't have his men employed on such duties; that provision should be made for extra work by the caterer for the mess; and if the lady who held that position had really had articles destroyed to the amount stated, why, let the person who sent the men there, and who acted, wrongly perhaps of misconception of instructions, let him pay for the shoes.

"See now," said Grady, "May I niver——"

"Silence, sir," roared the Sergeant-Major.

"Well, Grady," said the Major, "What were you about to say?"

"Well then, sur," said Grady, "I never seen worse shoes than thim in Cuffe Street, in Dublin (and that's where the hoight ov bad shoes is to be seen).

"Good or bad," said the Major, "Let the mess sergent pay for them. Release these men—fall away the guard."

Said Grady to Barney, as they leisurely strolled to the canteen after being released, "We won't be sent to the mess in a hurry again, Barney, on fatigue; *and she was foolish not to give us the beer.*"

"Bad luck to her," said Barney.

"Amin," said Grady, "whether you're joking or not."

J. W. O'B.

THE SUMMER HOLIDAY.

WHERE TO GO—WHAT TO DO.

Who can understand Mr. Herbert Spencer's "System of Synthetic Philosophy," or his definition of "Evolution?" The value, however, of his "gospel of relaxation" cannot be over-estimated.

In the excessive hurry and excitement of this competitive stage of the nineteenth century, in the fever of life, when our well-earned holiday arrives—if it comes at all—we seek this relaxation, without time for reflection, in different directions, in various ways, and the question remains, do we find it?

It is only those who have gained that point of vantage in their career, middle age—who can compare the past with the present—that can adequately advise where to go and what to do in the annual summer holiday.

Happy is he who, in this matter, takes "the counsel of the old men"—the middle aged. Without this advice you may decide upon an Atlantic voyage—a European trip. During the voyage you are at least free from the routine of office life; no daily newspaper, no telegrams or telephones! You are a free man for a while—yes, for a while.

Your first voyage in a Cunard steamer, thirty years ago, was of eighteen days' duration. Now, before you are well settled down to find your "sea legs" you have landed at Queenstown, after five or six days' voyage in Campania or Lucania, and society vexations can scarcely be said to be absent during the short voyage.

You have but just arrived in London. You are met by Cook's or Gage's tourist agents, who would fain lead you, like a nurse with a batch of children, in your Continental trip. With or without Cook or Gage, you decide to renew your acquaintance with men and things on the continent of Europe.

The heat and turmoil of Paris bores you. You try to escape it. You ascend the Eiffel Tower, as you have already tried to avoid the London busy crowd, on the great wheel at Earle's Court; even

here (on Eiffel Tower) you are hustled by the large family of tourists—even here you cannot “rest awhile.” You go up in a balloon for a bird’s eye view of Paris. Alas! you find it is a captive balloon—so-called—and before you have time to open your eye to the view you receive the word of command, “Time’s up!” and the balloon is pulled down to mother earth by the rope which regulates its ascension.

You proceed to Switzerland. Surely nothing can rob the Alps of their picturesqueness, the flora of their beauty, the lakes of their charms. You climb the Regi or Pilatus once more to gather your favorite Alpine flowers—edelweiss or *Gentiana acanthis*. Modern science, however, has brought a cogwheel railway train to the highest points of these mountains, and the poetry of Alpine climbing has, in a great measure, departed.

At Grindenwald, prior to ascending the Jungfrau with its glaziers, you find there has been a “boom,” and that hitherto isolated place has become a celebrated summer and winter resort, with all “modern improvements.” You try back, in order to visit northern Italy, and you find that the St. Gothard Railway has brought “over civilization” even to those parts.

You have discovered that Geneva, on one side, and Brussels, on the other, are but miniatures of Paris.

Again you vary your route. You go east. You must find that eagerly sought “relaxation” down the Rhine! Here hosts of tourists drink their British beer on every Rhine boat. You stop off at some quiet village *en route*, say St. Goar or Bingen, in order to secure peace and quiet, and you have hardly landed before ‘Arry on his bicycle plunges into your centre of gravity and leaves you all of a heap. As soon as possible you move on to pastures new, if not vistas fair.

You take the P. & O. steamer for the Mediterranean. Again you visit that hotbed of British soldiery, Gibraltar, to find that “on foot or on horseback in southern Spain” is not what it was thirty years ago. Then there were no railways and there was a spice of danger—a bit of pleasant adventure about it. Now you elect to travel by railway train. Again you are disappointed. The train dumps you down at Grenada (the Alhambra), or Cordova, or Seville, with but “ten minutes for refreshment,” or perhaps the train guard stops at that picturesque spot, Ronda, long enough to enable him to light his cigarette.

You return to America in despair, not having found the eagerly sought relaxation. On landing at New York after a too brief voyage, you are once more “electrified” by over-civilization. The stream and counter stream of cars on Broadway still move on. There are a thousand and one signs of advanced civilization on the right and on the left, the desire for rest and quiet remains.

Where then can this relaxation be found? Accept the counsel of the old men. Come with me, say I, to the forest and stream, with the State of Maine or Eastern Canada for your hunting grounds, “far from the dreary sounds of crowded earth, the cries of camp or town.”

Let the Micmac or Milecete canoe be your means of transport, a small tent or wigwam your sufficient shelter from sun or storm, the redskins your sure guides. And allow me to lead, in thought, by offering the following extracts from camp notes on a very enjoyable round-trip, canoe voyage, from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Bay of Fundy during my autumn holiday.

Our party consisted of two ladies, an Irish friend, skilled alike with rod and gun, my boy and myself. We found that to none was the trip more enjoyable than to the ladies, and shooting the rapids gave zest to their enjoyment, and they were ever ready for the business and pleasure of roughing it.

Four Milecete Indians accompanied the party as guides, and three bark canoes were the usual means of transport, while the Indians themselves were the means of transport for the canoes during the portage. On but one previous occasion (years ago) had a lady—Lady Head, wife of the then Governor—taken the round trip in question.

We proceeded from the harbor of Bathurst, on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, to the source of the Nepiseguit River, Nepiseguit Lake (100 miles); thence by portage three miles to Nictor Lake, the source of the Tobique River; thence nearly 200 miles to the St. John River; about 200 miles further is St. John Harbor; total distance of round trip about 500 miles, more than 200 of which are through wild forest lands.

The whole course of the Nepiseguit River (its name being derived from its rough waters and rugged rocks), as well as the upper part of Tobique River, may be said to be wild and rocky and in consequence picturesque in the extreme.

The view from Bald Mountain (the highest point of land in the province, 2,500 ft., overshadowing Lake Nictor) is very fine, millions of acres of forest are spread like a map, sinking and swelling in one dark mantle over hills and valleys, while Mars Hill in Maine, Tracadie Gash in Quebec, and Green Mountain in Victoria, are all distinctly visible.

There are some fine cascades on the Nepiseguit River. Grand Falls, twenty miles from its mouth, is a total height of 140 ft., and thus completely bars the upward progress of salmon.

One member of our party here killed four salmon in one hour, one of which weighed (not by guess work) 30 lbs. Splendid trout fishing can be had in every deep pool above the falls. From Nepiseguit Lake to the falls is a part of the river but little frequented and but little known, the limit of salmon fishing being the limit of civilization.

I pity those whose tastes can only be satisfied by excessive salmon taking, and who fail to appreciate good trout fishing with light rod and line. In proof of the excellence of the trout fishing in the Upper Nepiseguit I may mention that I caught three trout in succession whose net weight was 9½ lbs.

Having ordered our Indians (Milecetes from the St. John River) to meet us with their canoes at Grand Falls, where is a lengthened

portage, we appointed a time and place, meanwhile, to meet some French "habitants" with their canoes at some distance from Bathurst, desiring to spend a few days before the arrival of our Indians in fishing the splendid salmon pools at the Paheneaux, the Chain of Rocks and at Grand Falls. We failed, however, to make the connection. Our men came not.

Notwithstanding this, like old campaigners, the business of pitching camp, chopping wood, cooking, etc., proceeded in the most systematic manner, and when we had all assembled for our evening meal we were agreeably surprised, not that the Frenchmen had arrived, but that the usual camp fare of pork and fish, bread and beans, with "oceans of tea," had been supplemented by the thoughtfulness of the good wife by such luxuries as butter and condensed milk. A pot of marmalade, too, was actually produced.

It would be hard to say which camp during our trip was pitched on the most picturesque spot. This, our first camp, however, was beautifully situated on a hardwood plateau, the river running calmly and peacefully by at some distance beneath us. Vivid recollections of that evening will long remain. We sat for hours round the campfire in front of our tents (a small bell tent for the ladies, a lean-to for the gentlemen), and though we had done an honest day's work, we were loath to lose any moment of this enjoyment. Night was far advanced before, one by one, we sought the spruce bough couch.

Our Frenchmen, with so many excuses and such ample apologies that it was impossible to lose one's temper, arrived at our camp next morning. They had had no dinner on the previous day, no breakfast this morning, and they made short work of what remained of our condensed milk and pot of marmalade when having a "square meal." At this camp we spent the day in fishing the numerous salmon pools in the neighborhood of Middle Landing, while the ladies fished for trout and assisted in shifting quarters to Mr. Spurr's comfortable log hut at the Chain of Rocks, where we settled down for a quiet Sunday. What better place?

"To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene?"

After a day of perfect rest and perfect pleasure, we again resumed operations with rod and line; but owing to an unusual rise of water neither the well-known Nicholson fly, nor the Jock Scot, Silver Doctor, Dusty Miller, nor any favorite fly we could produce, nor any skill my brother angler and myself could bring to bear would tempt the numerous salmon we could see in these pools to rise with a will; and not till we reached Grand Falls next day did we have the good sport I have referred to.

Unlike the Frenchmen, the Indians were most punctual in keeping their appointment. At the precise moment they were told to meet us their cheery voices were heard on the high bank above us; and, though we were agreeably occupied at the time in successfully fishing the large salmon pools at the Grand Falls, we soon bade farewell to this favorite spot. Ere night set in we had poled many miles up stream.

Day after day, for several days in succession, we poled steadily but slowly up this fine river, instinctively pulling up now and then at the best trout pools, and landing three-pounders till even my boy cried enough, when his arm had become tired, or when his rod required a fresh splice (results of playing monsters); or again, we disembarked to follow a covey of partridge (ruffed grouse) which, refusing to take to the tree ran with all the speed of their red-legged brethren in Spain, and a general chase was the result. Now a halt was called, on the part of the ladies, to gather rare specimens of flowers—one of the pitcher-plant family in one place, one of the water plantain family in another. Ordinary wild autumn flowers, (it was now late in August) were abundant in every direction, and ferns, mosses and lichens of rare kinds abound in the Upper Nepiseguit. Like practical people, too, we more than once stopped en route to gather blueberries for the pudding at our midday meal (always a certain excuse for a halt).

And, not so practical, one member of the party, ever ready with his sketch book, was wont to ask occasionally for five minutes "law," to commit to paper his idea of the beauty of some particular bit of landscape, much to the amusement of our canoe men, who seemed to enjoy being "thrown in" in the foreground.

Moreover, while enjoying a delightful reverie, building castles in the air, there was often a sudden check to our onward progress by the quick exchange of a pole for a gun, on the appearance almost in the midst of us of a flock of ducks; while one of our Indians, whose eyes are always open on seeing a mink or otter retreating to his "fort" thrusts his pole, lance like at his foe.

We found the Indian Rapids, Portage Brook and the Devil's Elbow delightful camping grounds, with capital trout fishing close by. At the last named place we met a trapper (it is unusual to meet anybody in these parts), he had just settled down for a month's trapping and had already captured a fine black bear and several otters.

We spent a pleasant half hour in his camp, admiring his furs and hearing all about his prospects of sport. His canoe men were Micmac Indians from the Gulf of Lawrence, and there was no interchange of civility between them and our Milecete Indians.

We were desirous of reaching Nepiseguit Lake by Saturday night. We therefore had to push on, to ply pole and paddle, toward the end of this week. The sun was sinking fast when we entered this beautiful lake, and so taken up were we with the scenery that we allowed ourselves but little time that evening to pitch camp and catch the following day's supply of fish.

So abundant, however, are the trout in this lake that the supply was easily obtained, and ere night set in, with little effort on the part of the Indians and ourselves, we had our tents pitched in a deep pine forest, on a most picturesque spot on the edge of the lake. Having resorted to poetry to give an adequate idea of the delights of a previous Sunday (I admit that the Sunday spent here was not less enjoyable), I must give some prosaic details concerning

this day. Instead of "sitting on rocks" we were all "sitting on a log" in a row, having our midday "square meal," when the faithful Noel—our pet cook—formally announced with long, serious face, as if he had lost his nearest and dearest friend, that the "pork was giving out," which means, in plain language, that soon we should have no "nice fried pork," varied by "nice pork fried," to delight our hearts. "The pork was giving out," we must soon go on our way down stream, 'twas true, amid beautiful scenery, yet it would really be up-hill work—"the pork was giving out." In estimating for provisions for a trip of this kind one should see that the supply is equal to the demand, and the unexpected arrival of the "waiting man"—our spare Indian—was the cause of this mishap. No other course was now open to us, sad to relate (as it is indeed a serious thing, and I have no intention of speaking of it in a frivolous manner), than to put ourselves on "half rations" of pork till we should reach the settlements, where we could replenish our stock.

Next day we made the portage to Lake Nictor, the source of the Tobique River, and during this portage the ladies for the first time received unwelcome visits from our old enemies, mosquitoes and black flies. A black bottle of "Angler's Defence," the gift of a thoughtful friend at our start, had the effect of keeping both mosquitoes and black flies at a respectful distance. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the scenery of Nictor Lake. It possesses more beauty of scenery than any other locality I have seen: close to its southern edge a granite mountain rises to a height of nearly 3,000ft., clothed with wood to its summit, except where it breaks into precipices of dark rock, or long gray shingle slopes. Other mountains of less height, but in some cases of more picturesque forms, are on other sides. And in the lake itself, in the shadow of a mountain, is a little rocky Islet of most inviting appearance. We spent a couple of delightful days in this region.

We camped one night on Hacmatac Brook, on the northern side of the lake, Bald Mountain and its hills on both sides being directly in front of our camp, the lake lying between us and the mountain. It would be hard to describe the beauty of this view, especially when at night the full moon rose over the top of Bald Mountain. and mountain and hills, forests and ravines, were reflected upon the placid water, not a cloud was visible. Gladly should we remain here many days, but we were often reminded of the rapidly diminishing piece of pork. We started early one morning down the Tobique River, and gently down stream is the order of the day. To anyone who has poled all day long up-stream in midsummer at low water, the delights of going down stream with an abundant supply of water are fully appreciated; they were by us on this occasion. The upper Tobique country has a wild and peculiar aspect, quite unlike the upper Nepiseguit country. Here the now narrow river turns and twists through cedar forests, the trees growing at every conceivable angle; some had fallen across the stream, others were reclining along the bank, while others were meeting above our heads, forming arches of every imaginable shape and size. Here and there blue hills, more or less remote, are to be seen.

The run to Cedar Brook (twenty-five miles), where we dined, was made in quick time. We afterward made the Forks (twenty miles further). Here the Momozeket River from the northeast and Campbell River from the great Tobique Lake join our little Tobique River.

We now met a friendly Indian (Old Tom) whom we had surprised at his happy fishing grounds spearing whitefish, who gladly exchanged a piece of pork for some tea. Money appeared to be of no value to him. He also supplied us with whitefish, which never or rarely take the fly, and he threw in in the bargain a few potatoes. Our fortunes were thus made; we had abundance of food; we went on our way rejoicing.

I can't say much in favor of fly-fishing in this branch of the Tobique. Trout and salmon and these white-fish appear to be abundant in the river. There are some beautiful salmon pools. I have, however, thrashed the waters for hours with but indifferent success. We soon found that we had gone too quickly down stream. We had left the favorite moose yards behind; we had seen lots of fresh tracks of both moose and caribou. And now, for the first time, it occurred to us that during this full moon was the most favorable time for moose calling. We, however, made fruitless attempts at this sport, so-called, the Indians making a doleful noise (artistic moose calling is doleful in the extreme) to attract the attention of the moose, we men and women shivering with cold the while.

We had some beautiful views during our voyage next day of Blue Mountain, eighty miles from the mouth of the river.

And as autumn advanced the forest became daily more and more beautiful, decked in its foliage coat of many colors.

From Blue Mountain to Andover, at the mouth of the Tobique, we pass the Gulquae River, navigable for canoes twenty-five miles, and later on thirty-one miles, the Waspekehegau—this Indian name means a river with a well at its mouth.

Some beautiful wooded islands are afterward seen, on one of which we camped and held "a levee," which was well attended by farmers' wives and daughters, who came to study the fashions, the cut of the dresses of the ladies of our party. I doubt whether they got many valuable hints; they, however, seemed quite pleased with their visit. We made an early start next morning, so early that when we pulled up with good appetites for dinner we discovered it was but 9 o'clock in the morning. As fashions were the order of the day our dinner hour was not an exception to the rule. We passed the Red Rapids eleven miles from the mouth of the Tobique, and reached Andover, the shire town of Victoria, and beautifully situated, at an early hour. From this the canoe voyager can dispense with the services of the Indians, as it is all plain sailing to St. John, 55 miles to Woodstock, 130 miles to Fredericton, a total distance of about 200 miles to St. John from Andover.

FREDERICTON, N.B., May 1st, 1896.

BEAVER.

OVER-WEIGHT LUGGAGE.

The following incident occurred at a railway station near Rochdale. A young man was standing beside some luggage waiting for a train, when a porter came up to him and said :—

“Sir, that luggage is over-weight.”

“Who says it is ?” asked the man, who stammered badly.

“Well, I think it is,” answered the porter, “but we will weigh it.”

During the conversation a crowd had collected round them, and another porter came up and asked what was the matter. The man stammered out :—

“F—rst he says it is over-weight ; then he—says he th—inks it is over-weight, and th—en he says he will weigh it.”

The porters then took hold of the luggage and carried it to the office and weighed it.

“It is over-weight, and you have got two shillings to pay,” said porter No. 1.

“Sh—an’t pay it,” the man said.

“Well, if you won’t pay it, we shall fetch the station-master,” said the porter.

“Fetch wh—o you like ; sh—an’t pay it,” again stammered the man.

The station-master was duly fetched, and on arriving asked what the bother was about, when the man again said :—

“F—irst he says it is over-weight, and then he th—nks it’s over-weight, and then he weighs it, and says it is over-weight, and I have to pay two shillings. Sh—ant pay it—Sh—an’t pay.”

“Well,” said the station-master, in a rage, “why won’t you pay it ?”

“Because it’s not my luggage,” answered the man, and walked off.

Apropos of nothing whatever, as Pitcher began when responding for “The Army, Navy and Master of the Rolls,” the queerest thing of all is just how things turn out at times. Now G. W. B. was a wag ; also he was in Vienna, and it struck him that he’d never seen anything much funnier—where there was no admission money—than an Austrian lieutenant of cavalry. So in his great, rich humor, not thinking that the chap in gold lace and tassels could understand a word of English, G. W. B. went up to his braidlets and remarked :—

“’Pon me soul, old chap, I beg your pardon, but what have you got your tail tucked up for ?”

“You verdamter scoundrel, I’ll tam soon show you why !”

G. W. B. is quite nimble on his feet, and it took a second or two for the officer to draw his sabre, but the first thing G. W. B. did when he reached the hotel after his brisk little race for life was to dive down into his Gladstone for some court plaster. Subsequently he gave the Zommerknect a pair of trousers, and the latter said his mother could sew up the slashes in the suburban district of the garment, and that he was supremely grateful. This should be another lesson to the genius from North Canonbury ; a warning, in fact, to keep his effervescent gaiety in a locked vault.

WINNIPEG, MAN.

B. SQUADRON, R. C. DRAGOONS.

The Hockey season during the past winter has been one of the most successful on record. This was chiefly due to the mildness of the weather, and the list of matches included the series between the three Barrack teams, viz., "Staff," "Squadron," and "Attached," as well as games between officers R. C. D. *vs.* officers goth Rifles, and several matches with local clubs.

A ladies' team, composed as follows :—Goal, Mrs. Williams ; Point, Miss Letty Brydges ; Cover Point, Miss Patterson ; Forwards, Mrs. Sutton, Mrs. Hamilton, Miss Brydges, and Mrs. Mac-Kinnon, defeated the officers' team in two out of three matches, the officers playing with their left hands.

Several very jolly skating parties were given by Major Evans and Mrs. Williams, during the winter, at the Barracks Rink

Music by the Band, and a liberal display of Chinese lanterns added greatly to the general effect of the Grand Marches which form a prominent feature of the Dragoons skating parties.

The fortnightly dances of both the Sergeants and Squadron Quadrille Clubs have added greatly to the enjoyment of the long winter months.

Cricket.

With the disappearance of the snow, the regimental Cricket Club held its Council Meeting ; forty-five members being present.

A strong committee was elected, and it was decided to give a ball in the Drill Hall, on the 16th April, in aid of the funds of the Club.

The Dragoons held the District Championship in 1894, and were a good second in 1895.

Dramatic.

The Dramatic Club made a good hit in "Little Toddlekins" on the 26th March, the following being the caste :—

| | |
|----------------------------|----------------|
| Mr. Brown Smith. | Cpl. Dyer. |
| Capt. Littlepop. | Cpl. Sparkes. |
| Amanthis. | Pte. Matthews. |
| Barnby Babbicombe. | Sgt. Harris. |
| Kitty Babbicombe. | Cpl. Rhoades. |

The proceeds were devoted to procuring more scenery for the Barracks Theatre, which is now almost complete in every respect.

On the 11th and 13th of April, "Mrs. Willis's Will" was played at the Barracks Theatre, with the following caste :—

| | |
|------------------------|-----------------|
| Mrs. Robinson. | Mrs. Kirby. |
| Lady Spindle. | Miss Brydges. |
| Mrs. Dwindle. | Mrs. Hamilton. |
| Jenny. | Miss Patterson. |
| Rachel. | Miss Gouin. |

The performance concluded with an amusing negro sketch, entitled "A Troublesome Servant," with Sergt.—Judges as Handy Andy and Pte Morris as "Old Grimes."

The Theatre was crowded on both evenings, and a substantial sum realized to procure lances for the Musical Ride Squad.

Football.

The Association Football Club opened the season on Easter Monday, the Right Troop defeating the Left by 1—to 0.

The mud made the work very heavy, but good material came to the front, and staying powers won the match.

Shooting.

On Easter Monday morning six teams of Eight contested in a Morris Tube match in the Drill Hall, the Sergts. "Eight" winning

Great interest is being displayed by all ranks this year, and it is intended to enter two teams in the Canadian Military Rifle League.

Signalling, etc.

The Signalling and Military Sketching Classes are both hard at work, and will be in good shape when the prairie dries up, and the summer drill work is commenced.

TORONTO.

NO. 2 REGIMENTAL DEPOT.

By permission of the Commandant the undermentioned N. C. officers and men were allowed to form a Bicycle Club at this Depot, to be known as the V. R. I. Bicycle Club :

Qr.-Mr.-Sergt. Borland, Sergt. Beattie, Sergt. Mongeau, Sergt. McCausland, Corp. Dame, Pte. Tuft, Pte. Tingman, Pte. Oakley, Pte. Wannacotte, Pte. McEachren, Pte. Embey, Pte. Warr.

The following uniform dress was approved of by the Commandant, to be worn only when riding the bicycles. Dark blue stockings and sweater, blue serge knickerbockers with stripe, ankle boots.

Blue serge jacket with patch pockets on the breast, also shoulder strap to be worn. Service cap.

The V. R. I. crest and crown to be worn on the breast of sweater in red.

The objects of this Club is to encourage bicycle riding for recreation purposes. We have also several lady bicyclists here. Amongst the officers who have taken to the wheel lately are the following, viz. :—Major Lessard, Capt. Wainwright, Lt. Thacker, Lt. Pearse.

The Royal Canadians went out for their first day's field training on Monday, April 20th. Outpost duty was practiced towards the Humber River.

The cavalry are also at work at reconnaissance and sketching.

Col. Otter takes an equal interest in both branches of the service. As a critique he is absolutely impartial.

The smallness of our command, especially the infantry, is frequently commented on by the public. However, Col. O'Brien, M.P., says it is much too large.

Sergt.-Major Stephen, R. C. D., has been presented by his wife with a bouncing boy.

KINGSTON, ONT.

MINUTES OF SPECIAL MEETING V. R. I. CLUB.

A special meeting of the club assembled, by order of the President, at Tête de Pont Barracks, Kingston, Ont., on the 21st April. Were present, Lt.-Col. Vidal, R. R. C. I.; Deputy-Surgeon-General Neilson, Secretary-Treasurer; Major Drury, R. C. A.; Captain Hudson, R. C. A.; Captain Cook, R. C. A.; Lt.-Burstall and Vet.-Surgeon Massie.

Lt.-Col Vidal was called to the chair. The Secretary read the minutes of the last annual meeting and he explained that this special meeting was called for the purpose of considering, confirming or otherwise two notices of motions which had been given at the last annual meeting, namely:

1st. Proposed by Captain T. Benson, seconded by Captain A. O. Fages, that Article V. of the constitution, headed "Subscription," be changed as follows: The subscription shall be one day's pay per annum, payable in advance on the 1st January of each year.

Moved by Major Drury, seconded by Captain Hudson, that this meeting does approve and confirms the above resolution, altering Article V. of the constitution, to wit: The subscription shall be one day's pay per annum, payable in advance on the 1st January of each year. *Carried unanimously.*

2nd. Notice of motion by Lt.-Col. Montizambert, seconded by Deputy-Surgeon-General Sewell, that in view of the proposed reduced subscription the publication of the V. R. I. MAGAZINE be temporarily suspended, and that it be replaced by the occasional publication of papers nearer in interest to the force, when funds will permit. The special meeting is of opinion that this motion be not adopted.

Notice of motion: Proposed by Major Drury, seconded by Captain Cook, that in view of the prosperous financial condition of the club—largely due to the generous subscription of the G. O. C., and also to the probable increase of membership,—that the V. R. I. MAGAZINE become a monthly publication.

To be considered at the next annual meeting.

The special meeting then adjourned.

Captain F. M. Gaudet, R. C. A., paid a short visit to Kingston after his return from England to bid good bye to his old corps and to his numerous friends, before taking up his residence in Quebec.

Captain G. H. Ogilvie, R. C. A., and Gunnery Instructor C. E. Long, R. C. A., sailed for England last week; they will be attached to the R. A. at Aldershot for instruction.

An important event took place on the 10th April, the presentation of the Royal Humane Society's medal to Gunner John Bramah, R. C. A., awarded for an act of bravery in saving the life of one Vincent Brown, whose sailing skiff was capsized in Kingston harbour in August, 1894. The presentation was made by Lieut. Col. Cotton, D.A.G., in the presence of his comrades, of A. Battery, R.C.A., the Military College Cadets and a brilliant assembly.

There will be a large number of entries from A Field Battery for the Military Tournament to be held in Toronto in June next.

The past winter has been an exceptionally severe one; heavy falls of snow prevented the Battery from making use of the ice on the lake as a drill ground.

A large class of S. C. N. C. officers and men were instructed during the past three months.

The following officers are at present attached to the R. C. A., Kingston:

| | |
|------------------------------------|---------------------|
| Lieut A. F. March, 4th Hussars | For duty, |
| Major B. F. Wood, 6th F. B. C.A. | } For long course. |
| Captain C. M. Nelles, 38th Batt. | |
| Lieut. H. C. Bickford, G. G. F. G. | |
| Lieut. H. Wilson, 13th F. B. C. A. | } For short course. |
| “ H. J. Mackie, 2nd “ “ “ | |

OTTAWA.

Since the New Year we have had two changes in the civil head of the Militia Department. The Hon. Mr. Dickey, Minister of Militia, was replaced by the Hon. J. A. Desjardins, who filled the office for about two months, to the satisfaction of everyone. On the formation of the Tupper Administration, the Militia portfolio was accepted by Col. Tisdale, who, from his connection with the force, is sure to be an acceptable and energetic man.

The retirement of Col. Powell, Adjutant-General, is deeply regretted. He carries with him the best wishes and the warm esteem of every militia man in the Dominion.

Major-General Gascoigne goes to Montreal for the Church Parade and the Review on the following day (Queen's Birthday). He afterwards proceeds to St. Johns and then to Toronto, where he is due the end of May.

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

A District Court Martial assembled at the Barracks, No. 3 Regimental Depot, R.R.C.I., St. Johns, P. Q., on the 18th and 19th March last, to try upon a charge of mutiny the following soldiers of the Active Militia, attached for a course of instruction. Corp.

Daniels, 43rd Batt.; Corp., Duquette and Corp. Dubeau, 17th Batt.; Corp. W. Clark, 5th Batt. (Royal Scots); Private Touchette, 65th Batt.; Private Simmonds, 54th Batt. The Court was composed of Lieut.-Col. J. F. Wilson, R.C.A., President; Deputy Surgeon General F. W. Campbell, R.R.C.I., and Major D. D. Young, R.R.C.I., members.

The prisoners were assisted in their defence by counsel.

The charge of mutiny consisted in all the attached (Sergeants excepted) militiamen refusing to leave their barrack room, when the "fatigue" for which they had been warned, was sounded. The matter being reported to the Commandant, the "assembly" was sounded, when all the men in barracks appeared on parade, and the right hand man of each section of the attached were made prisoners, an opportunity for complaint having previously been given. After two days of patient investigation the Court found the prisoners "not guilty of Mutiny, but guilty of Insubordination." The sentence of the Court was that the N. C. Officers be reduced to the ranks, and that all receive 84 days' imprisonment at hard labor on the

Major-Gen. Gascoigne proceeded to St. Johns on March 31st and the entire garrison of the Depot was drawn up in square when the sentences were read out by Captain Fages, Acting Adjutant. The General then addressed the prisoners upon the serious nature of their offence, and said that any attached N.C. Officers, who had not been tried, would by him be reduced to the ranks, after the parade. He also announced that he had remitted the punishment by imprisonment. This he had done after giving full consideration to the evidence, and the fact that the prisoners had voluntarily attached themselves to the School for instruction. He trusted he would never have such another case to deal with, for the leniency which he had shown must not be counted upon. The General went back to Montreal in the afternoon, and returned to St. Johns the following day, making only a partial inspection, having to be in Montreal the same afternoon.

Col. D'Orsonnens, Commandant of No. 3 Regimental Depot, R.R.C.I., went to Quebec on the 6th of April to conduct the examination at the Temporary Infantry School, which began work last December under the direction of Lieut.-Col. Duchesnay, D.A.G., as Commandant, and Capt. Benson, R.C.A., as Adjutant. Lieut.-Col. D'Orsonnens returned to St. Johns on the 18th. On the 6th of April he was entertained to a dinner at the Garrison Club, which was attended by the leading military men of the Ancient Capital.

Sergt.-Major Phillips and Sergt.-Instructor Roberts have both been in Sherbrooke conducting a temporary school for the officers of the 53rd Battalion. The following officers of this Battalion arrived at this station on the 3rd of May, for the purpose of passing their examination. They left for home on the 9th of May. Lieut.-Col. Worthington, Major Fraser, Capt. Somers, Lieuts. Wells, Fraser, Penhale and Dastous.

Capt. Fiset has been transferred from this station to No. 4 Regimental Depot, R.R.C.I., at Fredericton. Capt. Chinic has been transferred from Fredericton to this Depot.

LIST OF PROMOTIONS AND APPOINTMENTS SINCE
THE 1ST JANUARY, 1896.

Lce.-Sergeant Albert Lamontagne, O.R. Clerk, promoted Sergt. 1.2. 96.

Corpl. Eusebe Lapierre, promoted Sergt., Vice-Sergt. Labelle, reduced, 1.2. 96.

Lce.-Cpl. A. E. Lavoie, promoted Corporal, Vice Cpl. E. Lapierre, promoted 1. 2. 96.

Lce.-Cpl. A. Beau, promoted Corporal, Vice-Lce. Sergt. A. Lamontagne, promoted Sergt. 1.4. 96.

Pte. F. A. Wilson, appointed Paid Lce.-Corpl., Vice-Lce.-Corpl. A. Beau, promoted Corpqral 1. 5. 96.

An Amateur Athletic Association has been formed here, it will comprise the following games: Cricket, Baseball, Lacrosse, and Football. The following are the officers of the Association for season 1896:

Patron.—Lieut.-Col. D'Orsonnens. *Hon. President.*—Deputy Surgeon General F. W. Campbell. *Hon. Vice-Presidents.*—Capt. Macdougall, Capt. Chinic, Capt. Fages. *President.*—Major D. D. Young. *Vice-Presidents.*—Sergt.-Major Phillips, Hosp. Sergt. Cotton. *Secretary and Treasurer.*—Sergt. Magwood.

MONTREAL.

The special school of instruction was opened in Montreal on the 1st of March under the direction of Lt.-Col. Houghton, Commandant, and Capt. MacDougall, Adjt. of No. 3 Regimental Depot R. R. C. I., as adjutant. The instructors are Drill Instructor Butcher, R. R. C. I., of No. 2 Regimental Depot; Sergt. Wilson, R. R. C. I.; and Corp. Clunie, R. R. C. I. of No. 3 Regimental Depot R. R. C. I. The attendance is large, and has kept up remarkably well.

Capt. MacDougall has been appointed to act as Brigade Major in the absence of Major Roy.

Major General Gascoigne visited the special school of instruction on the night of 18th March and expressed himself as very much pleased with what he saw. He also stated that he was most anxious that Montreal should have a permanent school of instruction, and announced his intention of using his best efforts to have it established at the earliest possible date. This announcement gave great satisfaction, and the entire force are in hopes of seeing their desire reached in the near future.

Deputy Surgeon F. W. Campbell lectured before the Military Institute on the 18th of April, before a large audience. The lecture was a great success.

Lieut.-Col. Houghton, the popular Deputy Adjt. Gen. of the 5th Military District, was unfortunate enough to fracture his left arm on the night of the 25th of February last. The arm was set by Dr. Roddick and Deputy Surgeon-Gen. Campbell, and the Colonel we are glad to know is once more at his duties. The last vestige of the surgeons' work—the plaster splint—was removed on the 20th of April.

The Minister of Militia, accompanied by Lieut.-Col. Macpherson and Major Bliss, Deputy Assistant Adjutant General, were present at the presentation of prizes to the 2nd Reg. Canadian Artillery on the evening of 28th April.

General Gascoigne was in Montreal on the 16th April in connection with a somewhat serious difficulty among the officers of the 5th Batt. (Royal Scots). We are greatly pleased to learn that his efforts at conciliation have been successful.

Major Roy, B.M. of the 5th District, sailed by the Parisian from Halifax on April 18th for a course of instruction in England. Before he left Montreal he was entertained at a smoking concert at the Military Institute, which was crowded by his numerous friends.

Lt.-Col. Starke of the 3rd Batt. Victoria Rifles will command this year's Bisley Team, with Major Bruce, 10th Grenadiers, as adjutant. Lt.-Col. Cole, of the 2nd Reg. Canadian Artillery, will command the Artillery team which will be sent this year to Shoeburyness.

QUEBEC.

The following letter, which speaks for itself, was received by Capt. O. C. Pelletier, R.C.A., dated Quebec, Feb. 3rd, 1896 :

DEAR SIR,—The firemen of No. 8 Fire Station wish to express their thanks for the delicate attention of the members of the R.C.A. toward the ice monument erected by us in honor of the brave and courageous Short and Wallick, on the same ground where these two heroes fell victims to their duty. We beg you to accept for yourself and every member of the R.C.A. our most sincere thanks for the fine demonstration made in honor of those two braves on the day of the carnival drive. At the same time we beg you to convey to the members of the R.C.A. Snow Shoe Club our thanks for the coming and laying a crown of immortelles at the feet of their late brothers in arms, and to assure them that this precious tribute of homage will be carefully kept by us in honor of these two heroes, and as a token of respect for and souvenir of the members of the R.C.A., who only wait the occasion to prove the same courage as shown by Short and Wallick if called on.

Yours devotedly,

THE FIREMEN OF NO. 8 FIRE STATION.

The annual meeting of the V.R.I. Club took place at this station on 29th January, 1896.

Capt. T. Benson, R.C.A., has had charge of the instruction of the Infantry School, specially organized for the officers of the Quebec district. Lt.-Col. T. G. Duchesnay, D.A.G., acted as Commandant of the School. Sergt.-Instructor Bridgeford and Co'y-Sergt.-Major Rainsbault, R.C.A., were instructors.

The 6-inch H. P. Disappearing Gun, one of the most modern guns in Quebec, has been ordered to B.C. for use in the Esquimaux fortifications. The work of dismounting and entraining this gun and carriage has been completed, and the gun, stores, etc., are on the way to the coast.

Veterinary-Surgeon Cummings, of the Q.O.C.H., and acting V.S. of the R.S.A. at this station, died on March 15th, and was buried with military honors. The firing party and band were furnished by the R.C.A. A large detachment of the Q.O.C.H. followed.

Capt. F. M. Gaudet, R.C.A., has returned from England, and has assumed his duties as Superintendent of the Government Cartridge factory.

The R.C.A. Quadrille Club have held dances every Friday fortnight during the winter in the Regimental Gymnasium. These dances have been a great success.

Sergt. Percy Back, R.C.A., suicided in his quarters at the Citadel, some weeks ago, while suffering from temporary insanity. The Sergeants of the R.C.A. at Quebec have sent a resolution of sympathy and regret to the parents of the late soldier. He was buried with the usual military honors.

Lt.-Col. D'Orsennens, R.R.C.I., D.A.D., has been here in connection with the examinations of the officers of the Special Infantry School, and speaks highly of the manner in which the class has been conducted.

Co'y-Sergt.-Major Rainsbault, R.C.A., has gone to England for a course of instruction with the Royal Artillery.

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

Lt.-Colonel Maunsell, while driving with his daughter and a lady visitor recently, had a narrow escape. He had been driving on the river, where the sleighing was exceptionally good. But, in attempting to regain the shore, his off horse broke through the ice in about 10 feet of water. Miss Maunsell most pluckily jumped out and held the submerged horse by the head; luckily the near horse was on firm ice, which helped to support the other.

The Colonel stuck to the ship and the tiller (reins), and assistance from the Q. M. Sergt., and one or two men, shortly arriving, the whole party were soon on *terra firma*. Colonel Gordon's little girl was also of the party, and told her mother, on her return, that the Colonel's horse got in a (puddle!).

Lieut.-Colonel Gordon, who has been selected to proceed to England for a course of instruction at Hythe and Aldershot, was tendered a dinner on the eve of his departure by the Colonel. Officers and Honorary Members of the Mess, and many were the expressions of good will, and wishes for his success and enjoyment, while on the old sod.

He left for Halifax at 11.30 a.m. on Friday, 17th April, all the Officers, and many N. C. O's, as well as the band, were present at the Station, and the band played "Far away" and then "Auld Lang Syne" as the train moved out.

Captain Chinic left for St. Johns on the 28th February, and Captain Fiset arrived on the 21st March, looking very fit indeed; he has taken over the command of No. 4. Company, during Lt.-Colonel Gordon's absence in England. Mrs. Fiset has not yet arrived, but is expected shortly. They will live at an hotel, as Captain Wadmore has had to do since his transfer, no quarters being available.

Captain Wadmore, unlike those who leave the country for their country's good, has "gone west," and is now employed at Headquarters on special duty.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

SOUTH AMERICAN REPUBLICAN ARMIES OFFICERS,
SUPPLY MILITARY COLLEGE COMPANY (Limited).

President and Director:—General T. Potter (late Ecuador Army).

Military Instructors:—Col. H. O. Johnson (late Bolivian Army), Major G. W. Wright (late Haytian Army).

Naval Instructors:—Rear-Admiral J. Chidlow (late Coolgardie Navy), Capt. W. Hagans (Oromocto Lumber Company's Service).

Riding Master and Gymnasium Instructor:—Troop Sgt.-Major C. Baxter (Marysville Mounted Police).

In the present overcrowded condition of almost every profession and trade in England, it is a matter of extreme difficulty to find openings and lucrative employment for young men of good education and position. Canadian farming has been tried, and been a failure, high-spirited young fellows not caring to endure the monotonous isolation of an up-country farm. It therefore becomes a vital question to parents and guardians—What shall we do with our young men?

The above mentioned gentlemen, who have all had long and interesting military and naval careers, believe they have solved the difficulty. It is a well known fact that the South American Republics are in a constant state of agitation and civil war. Their armies are, for the most part, composed of men completely ignorant of discipline and the smallest detail of military life, and their officers are as equally ignorant. General Potter, when commanding a corps of the Ecuador Army, was, and is now from time to time, asked if he could supply trained men to command their troops, the prospects of pay and promotion being of a very promising character.

A *Military College* has therefore been established, where young men will be received and thoroughly instructed in the *technique* of military life, and then drafted off to fill vacancies in any of the Republican Armies, the commanding officers of which may have applied for officers. Among the subjects taught will be:—Spanish, outpost duty, forming guards of honor, field-sketching, wood-cutting with the cross-cut saw, use of the corn-broom, prompting at Theatrical Rehearsals, and the duties of a company orderly-sergeant by an up-to-date non-commissioned officer. A small naval class has been formed under the direction of a distinguished naval officer, applications being sometimes received from that branch of the service. It has been further decided to form a class in naval construction and engineering, under the direction of Fleet Engineer Jonah of the Salmon River squadron, and a class of military surgery and hospital instruction, under the direction of Fleet Surgeon R. Cochrane, who was senior medical officer in the "Ark," the flagship of Admiral Noah, commanding the Deluge squadron, assisted by Brigade-Surgeon Lieut.-Colonel Bill Leek, late Checker-board Avenue, Fusiliers Medical Staff Corps.

Special rooms are reserved for students, for whom every comfort will be provided, if they are willing to pay for the same. The College is romantically situated in the principal street of Fredericton; stands in its own grounds with lawn in front, directly facing the new "five and ten cents" store. At the back of the College grounds runs the noble S. John River, justly termed the Rhine of America. Wash-houses are freely scattered all over the building, with hot and cold water taps. Students will be permitted to use the hot water, if they can get it. Society in the city is distinctly of an aristocratic tendency, and students will have the additional advantage of partaking in the spiritual exercises of the Salvation Army. The evil effects of over-sleeping are strictly guarded against, a sergeant of the Muskquodbit Light Horse, whose innate modesty pre-

vents us from naming, has kindly undertaken on his own proposition to wake up the school every morning at Reveillé. which will be sounded at 6.30 a.m. ; any student desirous of remaining in bed after that time must obtain the sanction of the Director. A whist club has been formed with the entire saction of the College staff, the modest sergeant excepted, who is opposed to the permission. The modest sergeant has likewise started other schemes for the welfare of the students which to the uninitiated may seem foolish and provoking, but we caution our supporters not to listen to the criticisms of outsiders. The following constitute the Board of Shareholders :—

John Wilson, Esq.; John Hall, Esq.; Alf. Sheldon, Esq.; B. W. G. McLaughlin, Esq.; Lieut. D. Oliver, (71st Batt. ;) J. Torrance, Esq.

The following will join the Board after allotment :—

The Hon. Sam. B. Cleaves ; Capt. Littlepop.

Secretary and Treasurer :—G. Bush-Green, Esq.

Bankers :—Messrs. Harris and Garvey.

Chaplain :—The Rev. E. Brolay, M.A.

Solicitors :—McNeil & Sons (Limited).

Paid up Capital \$500,000, in a million shares of 50 cents each. The Board will meet fortnightly in the dining-room, and the sentry will have orders to shoulder arms to any shareholder above the weight of 140 lbs.

For further particulars, entry forms, etc., apply to the Military Director, enclosing stamps for reply.

Military College Company,
Fredericton, N.B.

Telegraphic address :—
“ Tabberwock.”

PROMOTIONS.

| | | |
|-----------|---|---------|
| No. 2044, | Drill Sergt. A. J. Fowlie, promoted Sergt.-Major vice McKenzie | 1/12/95 |
| “ 2804, | Corporal R. J. Harris, promoted Drill Sergt. vice Fowlie promoted ... | 1/12/95 |
| “ 2141, | “ G. Offen, promoted Sergt.-Bugler vice Hayes transferred to No. 2 Reg. Depot, R.R.C.I | 1/12/95 |
| “ 2527, | Lce-Corpl Geo. J. Moore, appointed orderly room clerk | 1/12/95 |
| “ 2527, | “ Geo. J. Moore, promoted Corporal vice Offen | 1/12/95 |
| “ 2122, | “ W. Hagans, promoted Corporal vice Harris | 1/12/95 |
| “ 2384, | Pte. O, Russell, appointed Lce-Corpl vice Moore promoted | 1/12/95 |
| “ 2281, | “ E. Bayers, appointed Lce. Corpl vice Hagans promoted | 1/12/95 |

- No. 2527, Corpl. G. J. Moore, O. R. C., promoted
Sergt. from regtl. order, 26/7/196.
- " 2384, Lce-Corpl. O. Russell, promoted Corpl. vice
Moore 1/12/95
- " 2906, Pte. D. H. Ross, appointed Lce-Corpl
vice Russell 1/12/96.

GRUMBLINGS BY THE REGIMENTAL GOAT.

I am generally let out of my sleeping place sometime early in the morning. I don't know the time. I don't see why I shouldn't be allowed to hang about the guard-room all night. What harm could I do there? The place isn't a drawing-room. Why don't they give me proper food to eat? I don't want so much hay; I like tobacco, greasy rags, boots, towels, and books, but of course I never have any given to me, no fear; they force me to steal them and then bang me with a stick for eating them. Whenever in the name of goodness does the grass come in this place. You can't see anything now but the stuff these people call snow. What on earth is snow? Why don't the idiots clear it away? I have to walk about in it all day, and the result is I have rheumatism all night in my legs. Of course that doesn't count. Then there's that Canteen. When they open the place, why don't they keep it open? Oh, and look here, one of these times when that Patchell chap fires me out and interferes with my private concerns, I'll make him long for a soft cushion for about a month. Then whenever I choose to stand near the wash-house stove, some benighted clown drives me away, because I singe my coat. What can it matter to them? It don't hurt any of their feelings; if I want to set fire to my entire hide—I can tell you I am going to do so. Sometimes these people take me on what they call parades. I want to know clearly, am I classed as a bugler, or a Non-Commissioned Officer? Because, if I am a Non-Commissioned Officer, some of these chaps will be getting run in for poking at my flanks and generally playing the fool. There is a man here who seems to have a lot to do with the Drill Hall, Berringer, they call him; well, whenever I go in to see the Colonel, this lunatic chases me out. Does he run the place? because if he does, he isn't going to run me as well. The other day they had a snow-shoe parade. The Colonel's dog went of course. He has to go everywhere, or he wouldn't be happy. They won't let me outside the gate. There's too much funny business going on here. Revised reading of old proveb—One dog can steal the horse, while another goat musn't look over the hedge. I'm getting sick of that tune that Marsh whistles. One of the wash-house pipes burst the other day. You never saw such a spree. Of course I was there. I wanted to see what was the matter, but of course was shoved out. The Qr.-Master-Sergt. fumed and stamped, and tore around, but no one seemed to be frightened; at least I know I wasn't. By Jove, there's Johnson smoking cigarettes. I must go and get one.

Ba. a a.

Capt. Macdonell who had received permission to attend a course of equitation commencing 1st Msy at Toronto—which is his home. He generously however, withdrew his application owing to the absence on duty of Lieut.-Col. Gordon and Capt. Wadmore.

TO THE PICQUET SERGEANT No. 4 CO.

Ave Cæsar, monituri te salutant.

Hail N...ts! the men about to rise, salute thee.
 Thy intellect gigantic first begot the thought
 Of bidding lazy troops arise at dawn.
 When Phœbus first shoots forth his mighty rays,
 Thy martial tread and warlike form approaches,
 Striding from room to room.
 Foremost in answering stern duty's call,
 An object lesson to the troops art thou.
 Tried, trusted, never faltering, stern, unbending,
 Thy conduct earns the praise of gods and men!
 No centurion in great Cæsar's legions
 Bearest the Victor's palm from thee.
 Shine on, thou military constellation, shine!
 And with the beams of thy effulgent light
 Illumine this dark earth.

DEXTER.

MILITIA GENERAL ORDERS.

PERMANENT CORPS.

HEAD-QUARTERS, OTTAWA,

8th January, 1896.

Colonel Walker Powell, Adjutant General of Militia, has been permitted to retire from the Active Force, with a Retiring Allowance and the rank of Colonel on the retired list.

The Major General Commanding cannot permit Colonel Powell to retire without recording the high esteem and respect entertained by all ranks of the Militia, which that officer has earned by long and faithful service to his Queen and Country.

The Major General feels that he is but giving expression to the sentiments of the entire force, when he states that the announcement of the severance of Colonel Powell's connection with the Active Militia is received with universal regret.

MEDICAL STAFF.

His Excellency the Governor General in Council was on the 8th January, 1896, pleased to direct that the medical officers appointed deputies of the Surgeon General by the Order in Council of the 5th April, 1895, be granted the relative rank of Lieutenant Colonel.

The following is added as sub-section 2 to paragraph 95:—

2. Non-combatant officers are not permitted (notwithstanding any relative rank they may hold) to take precedence over their commanding officers on any account.

ORDERS IN COUNCIL.

5th February 1896.

His Excellency the Governor General in Council.

His Excellency by and with the advice of the Queen's Privy Council for Canada is pleased to order that the establishment list of the active militia, approved by Order in Council of date the 28th December, 1895, be amended as follows:—"Royal Canadian Artillery, Nos. 1 and 2 Garrison Companies. Majors 1 to read Majors 2 and Captains 1 to read Captains 2."

JOHN J. MCGEE,
Clerk of the Privy Council.

(General Orders.)

PROMOTIONS AND APPOINTMENTS.

"A" *Field Battery Royal Canadian Artillery.*—Lieutenant William Edward Cooke is granted the Brevet rank of Captain from the 20th October, 1895, under the provisions of paragraph 28 (2) Regulations for the Permanent Corps, 1889.

Royal Canadian Dragoons.—To be Lieutenant from the 1st February, 1896:—Captain George Shepherd Bowie from the 2nd Field Battery Canadian Artillery, vice Evans, promoted.

DISTRICT STAFF.

The temporary rank of Lt.-Colonel granted to Major James Peters by General Order dated the 25th August, 1893, is hereby confirmed and made substantive from the date of that officer's appointment as Deputy Adjutant General of Military District No. 11.

7th March, 1896.

Royal Canadian Artillery.—To be Major from the 8th January, 1896, Captain and Brevet Major Robert William Rutherford, to complete establishment.

6th April, 1896.

His Excellency, in virtue of the provisions of "The Militia Act," chapter 41 of the Revised Statutes, and by and with the advice of the Queen's Privy Council for Canada, is pleased to order that the Establishment Lists of the Active Militia, prescribed by the Order in Council of the 28th December, 1895, be amended as follows:—

ROYAL CANADIAN ARTILLERY.

"B" *Field Battery* add—Veterinary Surgeon.

JOHN J. MCGEE,
Clerk of the Privy Council.

HEAD-QUARTERS STAFF.

11th April, 1896.

His Excellency the Governor General in Council was on the 4th April, 1896, pleased to appoint Major Donald Cameron Forster

Bliss, Canadian Artillery, to be Deputy Assistant Adjutant General at Head Quarters.

25th April, 1896.

Royal Canadian Artillery.—To be Lieutenant from the 25th March, 1896, Lieutenant Joseph Eugene Lenoblet du Plessis, R. M. C., vice Benson, promoted.

Royal Regiment of Canadian Infantry.—Lieutenant Archibald Hayes MacDonell is granted the Brevet rank of Captain from the 22th April, 1896, under the provisions of paragraph 28 (2) Regulations for the Permanent Corps.

25th April, 1896.

Major and Brevet Lt.-Colonel Beaufort Henry Vidal, R. R. C. I., has been appointed to the command of Military District No. 3, during the temporary absence in England of Lt.-Colonel William Henry Cottons, D.A.G.

STATEMENT V.R.I. CLUB.

January 29th, 1896.

DR.

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| To subscriptions of members 1894-5..... | \$ 215 00 |
| “ “ old “ 1895-6..... | 50 00 |
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| To balance..... | 157 92 |
| | <u>\$ 214 31</u> |

Examined and found correct,

W. IMLAH, Capt. R.C.A.

H. V. FAGES, Lt. and Capt., R.R.C.I.

BIRTHS.

At Fredericton, N.B., on the 14th January, 1896, the wife of No. 2241 Sergt. H. T. Brewer of a son.

At Fredericton, N.B., on the 18th February 1896, the wife of No. 2218 Lce-Corporal E. Bayers of a daughter.

At St. Johns, Quebec, on the 25th April, 1896, the wife of No. 1634 Sergt. W. F. Nauffts of a son.

At Fredericton, N.B., on the 6th May, 1896, the wife of No. 2026 Qr. M. Sergt. W. H. Walker of a son.

At the Barracks, St Johns, on the 7th March, 1896, the wife of Drill Sgt. Roberts of a son.

On the 29th December, 1895, at the Barracks, St. Johns, Que., the wife of Pte. J. Marceau of twins.

At Kingston, Ont., March 14th, the wife of Captain G. H. Ogilvie, R.C.A., of a son. ;

DEATHS.

At the Barracks, St. Johns, Que., on the 11th April, 1896, Valmore, son of Pte. Lefebvre, age 2 yrs. 7 months.

At the Barracks, St. Johns, Que., on the 16th April, 1896, Jeanne, daughter of Pte. Lefebvre, age 11 months.