

# V.R.I. Magazine

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EDITOR:

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ROYAL REGIMENT CANADIAN INFANTRY.

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**VOL. I.**

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**No. 4.**

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We regret exceedingly the late issue of the present number. The delay has been due to two causes—first, the late date at which the notes from most of the stations were received by the Editor, and his departure for his annual holiday—just about the time they reached him; and secondly, the deficiency of material sent forward to make up the required number of pages. We hope the members of the V.R.I. Club will feel that upon each of them devolves the duty of putting forward their best energies to enrich the pages of this Magazine.

Recruiting for the Royal Regiments has ceased since March last. We hear rumors of a possible reduction.

The Hon. J. C. Patterson has resigned the portfolio of Minister of Militia and Defence, and has been succeeded by the Hon. Mr. Dickey.

Captain Streatfield, Gordon Highlanders, A.D.C. to General Herbert, will, it is understood, shortly rejoin his Regiment, the five years for which he was secured having expired.

Captain Wadmore of No. 4 Company of the Royal Regiment at Fredericton has been appointed to examine the Cadet Corps in the city of Montreal who may compete for the Duke of Connaught's flag.

Major Young, commanding No. 3 Company of the Royal Regiment at St. Johns, has been appointed to examine the various Battalions of Militia in the city of Montreal, competing for the Sir Donald Smith cup.

Major General Herbert is on leave till 1st July. We believe, however, that his return to resume his command is problematical in the opinion of some. The unexpected often happens, and most likely will in this case.

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We have heard from Captain MacDougall from Shorncliffe, where he is attached to the 3rd Batt., 60th Rifles. Captain Lessard was also at the same station attached to the 7th Dragoon Guards; Lt.-Cols. Otter and Wilson with Major Rutherford were attached to the Royal Artillery at Aldershot.

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Mr. Dobell, 23 Royal Welsh Fusiliers, a graduate of the Royal Military College, Kingston, has arrived at Quebec from India on a year's leave. He is to be the guest in June of the Chamberlains Shoals Salmon Club (Restigouche River), of which Surgeon Major Campbell, R.R.C.I., is president.

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The rumor, which was so industriously circulated some few months ago,—that Captain Freer, late of the 38th South Staffordshire Regiment and for five years seconded to the Royal Canadian Infantry, had entered the Japanese Army, and became a general therein,—is, we are informed, on good authority, unfounded.

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The Corporation of Quebec has had a difficulty with the Militia Department over the charges for water supply to the garrison of that city. Matters went so far that the Minister of Militia threatened to remove the troops (to Levis forts) if the demand was insisted upon. We have no fear that the Government will be driven to such a necessity. To keep its garrison, it would pay Quebec to supply them with free water.

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The Military School in the city of Montreal does not seem any nearer materialization than it was some few months ago. The Militia officers are, however, as active as ever in the matter, and are determined to succeed. We hear from good authority that its necessity is fully recognized at headquarters, and that with the arrival of better times the prospect for its establishment will brighten. We know General Herbert was very pronounced in its favor.

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The frontier (south of Montreal) topographical survey, which was carried out last year by a number of Military College graduates, under Captain Lée, will be resumed in July. It will be under command of another officer—connected with the Royal Military

College, as Captain Lee has to visit England on business during the college vacation. The work intended to be done will be with direct reference to the defence of the city of Montreal—the basis of the survey being that made about 1866 by the Royal Engineers.

We fear there is no prospect for a Pension Bill at the forthcoming session of Parliament, which, it has been decided, shall be held. Times have been quite as bad with the Government as with business men. With a deficit of several millions in the annual revenue, we must acquiesce in the wisdom of dropping it for the present. We feel sure that before long there will be a marked revival of trade, and with returning prosperity, we hope our claims will be recognized. The force deserves it, and it would pay the country to grant it;—we cannot retain many good men without it. To give a fair, reasonable pension to its soldiers is a recognized duty in almost every country. This grand Dominion cannot afford to stand aside in this matter. But in the present position of matters we recognize the wisdom of waiting.

### GENERAL ORDERS

HEADQUARTERS, 9TH MARCH, 1895.

G. O. 15 DISTRICT COMMAND.

During the absence in England of Lt.-Col. W. D. Otter, D.A.G., from the 27th March instant, Major Lawrence Buchan, R.R.C.I., will command No. 2 Military District, together with No. 2 Regimental Depot R.R.C.I. and "A" Squadron Royal Canadian Dragoons attached to that Depot.

#### MEMORANDUM.

Major Lawrence Buchan, R.R.C.I., having been appointed to the temporary command of No. 2 Military District, is granted the brevet rank of lieutenant-colonel in the Active Militia.

#### ACTIVE MILITIA.—PERMANENT FORCE.

*Royal Regiment of Canadian Infantry.*—Lieutenant D'Arcy H. McMahon is permitted to resign his commission and to retain the rank of lieutenant on retirement.

## GENERAL ORDERS NO. 16.

30TH MARCH, 1895.

HEADQUARTERS STAFF.

Lt.-Col. J. F. Turnbull, Royal Canadian Dragoons, has been appointed Inspector of Cavalry from the 26th March, 1895, in addition to his present duties.

## ACTIVE MILITIA.—PERMANENT FORCE.

## ROYAL CANADIAN ARTILLERY.

Captain Robert William Rutherford is granted the brevet rank of major in the Active Militia as a special case.

## MEDICAL STAFF.

His Excellency the Governor General in Council has been pleased to appoint the undermentioned officers to be Deputy Surgeon General in the Active Militia from the dates opposite their respective names:—

Surgeon Major F. W. Strange, R.R.C.I., from the 1st September, 1894.

Surgeon Major J. L. H. Neilson, R.C.A., from the 1st February, 1895.

Surgeon Major F. W. Campbell, R.R.C.I., from the 1st February, 1895.

Surgeon Major C. C. Sewell, R.C.A., from the 1st February, 1895.

Surgeon G. S. Ryerson, from the 10th Battalion, Royal Grenadiers, from the 26th March, 1895.

Surgeon William Tobin, from the retired list, from the 26th March, 1895.

## ACTIVE MILITIA.—PERMANENT FORCE.

*Royal Regiment of Canadian Infantry.*—Major M. D. Gordon is granted the brevet rank of lt.-colonel in the Active Militia from the 15th April, 1891, as a special case.

Major B. H. Vidal is granted the brevet rank of lt.-colonel in the Active Militia from the 8th March, 1895, as a special case.

Lieutenants A. O. Fages and C. F. O. Fiset are granted the Brevet rank of captain from the 13th March, 1895.

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GENERAL ORDERS NO. 17.

HEADQUARTERS, 13TH APRIL, 1895.

ACTIVE MILITIA.—PERMANENT FORCE.

*Royal Canadian Dragoons.*—To be lieutenant from the 1st April, 1895: Lieutenant Francis H. C. Sutton, from the Queen's Own Canadian Hussars, to complete establishment.

*Royal Regiment of Canadian Infantry.*—To be Lieutenant from the 1st April, 1895: Lieutenant Percival Edward Thacker, from the 36th Field Battalion of Infantry, vice McMahon, retired.

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During the Crimean war, tallow and tallow candles became very dear, and the following dialogue on the subject actually took place in a Dartmouth shop:—

“Why be the candles so dear, Mr. Thomas?”

“It's all owing to the war, Jenny.”

“Dart' em; why the deuce can't 'em fight by daylight?”

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An Irish recruit in one of Her Majesty's Riding Schools had the misfortune to part company with his horse when the animal kicked. According to custom, the sergeant strode up to him, and demanded: “Did you receive orders to dismount?” “I did, soor.” “Where from?” “From hind-quarters, yer honner,” said Paddy, with a grin.

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Adjutant (watch in hand, very indignant that the gong had been struck three minutes before time by that ticker) to sentry who had struck the gong: “Did you strike that gong with the clock?”

Sentry (in a surprised tone): “Sure, no sir, but wid the mallet.”

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Sergeant-Major (to Sergeant, near Guard, just arrived in new camp): “Did you leave anything behind in the last camp?”

Sergeant.—“No, sir! I was the lasht camel to lave.”

## SOCIAL LIFE IN CANADA OF OLD.

Many quaint and interesting vistas of primitive Canada are disclosed in a recent, elaborate work : HISTORY OF CANADA, by WILLIAM KINGSFORD, F.R.S.C. Mr. Kingsford seems to have availed himself with great felicity, of the new and ever-growing materials for history, so industriously garnered at home and abroad, in our *Public Record Office*, Ottawa, by our untiring archivist, Douglas Brynmner.

A curious account of the mode of winter travel has thus been handed down to us, being the personal experience of a witty French Royal Engineer, M. Franquet, who visited Quebec and Montreal in 1752.

To this agreeable summary of Mr. Franquet's journal, which appears at pages 574-5-6 of Kingsford's III volume, the author has appended, by way of contrast and illustration, the narrative of a more recent *partie de campagne*, at Chateau-Richer, P.Q. Franquet's memoirs add one more proof to many others, that social life in and around Quebec in the palmy, early days of the Bigot regime, was a round of pleasure; heedless of the future. Hear what the light-hearted Frenchman Franquet has to say : " In the morning (8th February, 1752) the Governor started, attended by Duchesnay, the captain of the guard, his secretary and servants. Some *carrioles* were sent before him to break the way. The Intendant proposed that the other members of the party should pass the day where they were. The invitation was accepted. There was dinner, supper and heavy play. The following day, the Intendant's party returned to Quebec."

This trip was preliminary to a second journey, which took place a few days afterwards. As a rule the Intendant did not proceed to Montreal until March ; but owing to his presence being indispensable to the organization of the Ohio expedition, Bigot arranged with Duquesne that he would be in Montreal about the 13th of February, and he had to start some days previous to keep this engagement. Some officers of the garrison were to accompany him, and several ladies desirous of rejoining their husbands were included in the invitation. Mesdames Daine, Péan, de Lotbinière, de Repentigny, Marin, the wife of an ensign, doubtless a relative of the Captain of the name in command of the expedition, and du Simon, wife of a merchant. Franquet, whose duties took him to Montreal, was one of the number ; during the journey Madame Marin was assigned as his *compagnon de voyage*.

The baggage was sent to the Intendant's Palace six days before leaving, so that it could be leisurely forwarded, the travellers taking only what was required for the journey. Franquet describes the court-yard on the morning of the 8th, when the start was made. The *carioles* of the guests had two horses; they were driven in tandem fashion, the roads being too narrow to admit any other arrangement. It, indeed, would have been impossible; on two sleighs meeting, for two pairs of horses to have passed in the deep snow. The *carioles* of the servants had one horse; there was a full staff of attendants with a complete *batterie de cuisine*.

An early dinner was given at the Palace, with all the deliberation and ceremony, as if no start was to be made. On the first afternoon they reached Pointe-aux-Trembles, a drive of nineteen miles.

Here Bigot gave supper, and after supper there was faro. They started at seven the following morning, having taken coffee with some biscuits. At Cap Santé, twelve miles distant, they breakfasted, and made a halt of two hours; in the afternoon they reached Sainte-Anne-de-la-Pérade; the day's drive was twenty-six miles. Bigot was again the host for supper, with the attendant amusement of play.

The start was made betimes the next morning, for the distance was long. Madame Marin was the sister of Madame de Rigaud, wife of the Governor of Three Rivers, whom she desired much to see. She therefore proposed that her sleigh should stop at Three Rivers, for the party proposed to drive through the place without stopping. Franquet assented, and they were followed by Madame Daine and M. de Saint Vincent. Madame Marin found her sister indisposed and confined to bed. She, however, ordered dinner for her guests, and afterwards they went to her room for coffee, and to chat an hour. As they were at dinner they heard the guns fired in honor of the Intendant as he was passing onwards. They left Three Rivers at three, Bigot had determined to make the halting place at Yamachiche, fifteen miles to the west of Three-Rivers, and the horses were changed at the Cap de la Madeleine, nine miles to the east of the town. Franquet calls the place Ouachis. It had been an unusually long journey,—forty miles. There was, however, supper and play, as usual.

The 11th was Sunday, so the party went to early mass. Madame Daine made the collection. After breakfast they started, and took to the ice at Lake Saint Peter, passing the villages of Rivière de Loup and Maskinongé. The shore was again followed at Ile au

Castor, and the journey continued to near the Ile de Dupas, which must have been about Berthier.

They had met together, and were taking some refreshment before commencing play, in which they were to engage until supper, when they were agreeably surprised by the appearance of the Governor, M. Duquesne, with the husbands of the two ladies, Péan and Marin, and two Canadian officers, Duchesnay and Le Mercier. The distance was about fifty-five miles from Montreal; with good sleighing the drive may be looked upon as an ordinary matter. Until the days of railways, in modern times, it was not unusual to drive twenty-five or thirty miles to a ball, and the appearance of the party from Montreal need create little astonishment.

Madame Marin was suffering from headache, and was laying down. It was thought by her *compagnes* that the presence of her husband would restore her to health. This was not the case, and she was absent from the supper and faro. Whatever the cause, the party retired at nine.

On the following day they drove to Pointe-aux-Trembles, forty-five miles from Berthier. The journey was broken at Saint Sulpice, twenty-nine miles distant, where they made a halt of two hours and took breakfast. From Berthier, Duquesne took possession of Madame Marin, and Franquet was left alone. They selected a house for supper, but as there was no room large enough for the party to meet, some partitions were removed. Faro followed the supper, and as it was the last night they were to be together, they played later than usual.

The next morning, having only ten miles to reach Montreal, they did not leave until two. They arrived at Montreal early, and with the exception of Madame Marin, they were all received at the Intendance. On this evening the supper was given by Duquesne.

The journey reads as if it had been a more serious matter than it really was. There was no distress in the colony; it took place before war broke out, when provisions were cheap and plentiful. Most of the officers were proceeding on duty to Montreal, and it was by no means the last occasion in Canada when an official tour had been made one of pleasure. The objectionable feature is, that the additional expense was at the king's cost. It is included in this history from the light it throws on the habits of those in good position. The French Canadians long retained their ancient gaiety, and in modern times those whose memory takes them back a few years may recollect such trips, although not made on the same scale.



I append a memorandum from one whom I am certain can only state what is true, which shows that the custom prevailed to within half a century back. Canada has changed since those days in many respects.

"One bright frosty day in January, 1843, a party of young people between ages of eighteen and twenty-two, most of them connected, started in sleighs to Chateau-Richer, about 15 miles below Quebec, to visit a near relation, the seigneur of the place. He was a widower, left with a large family of sons and daughters, who were all present, the elder sons having come from different parts of the province to attend. The brother of the seigneur assisted him in receiving his guests; he had aided in bringing up his seven sons, for the mother had died at the age of thirty-six, leaving him with ten children, and he had never again married.

"On our arrival we took off our winter wraps and prepared ourselves for dinner. We had the good appetite of youth, sharpened by the wintry air of our two hours' drive. After warming ourselves at the large stove, we were ushered into the dining hall, in which was spread a long table, covered with viands of all kinds. Pig in all shapes was served up, as *Porc-frais*, *boudins*, sausage,—in fact, in every form to be imagined. We did ample justice to the good things. Tea and coffee followed, and dinner being over, we put on our wraps again, and started on a snow-shoe tramp across the fields and over the cliffs; we also tobogganed down the hill. The weather continued bright, and we enjoyed the glorious sunset, remaining out until after five o'clock, when we returned to the house, and arranged ourselves for tea, which was as plentiful as the dinner, and we all enjoyed it as well. We adjourned to a large drawing-room, where we spent the time in round dances and games. There was no piano, so we sent for the village orchestra, two *habitant* girls, to sing for us to dance *cotillons* and *contre-dances*, which they did untiringly for a couple of hours. This we continued until eleven o'clock, when all retired to rest. We returned to Quebec next day. I am not without experience of balls, with all the accessories of decoration, lights and fine music; but I never recollect to have passed a more pleasant evening. We all knew one another, and we brought to our entertainment cheerfulness, geniality, good manners, and youth. Two of the ladies are now the wives of retired generals of artillery in England."

This charming glimpse by Mr. Kingsford of social amusements in a Canadian home of the past, to be thoroughly understood, requires

a few words of explanation, which I, more than once a favored guest, at the houses he describes, can easily supply from personal recollections of my sporting days on the Chateau-Richer marsh.

1. The Chateau-Richer Manor of 1843 was an antique tenement one hundred and ten feet in length, divided here and there by wide-throated chimnies. A massive Three-Rivers stove, of the Matthew-Bell pattern, heated the ample hall; the parlor was hung round with family oil-portraits. Its hospitable laird, Lt.-Col. William Henry LeMoine, C.M., counted many friends. Among the Quebec sportsmen whom September each year attracted to the Chateau-Richer manor and snipe marshes, I can recall, among others, the late Hon. Justice Elzéar Bedard, of the Court of Appeals, Judge Louis Fiset, his friend Hector Simon Huot, William Phillips, Errol Boyd Lindsay, Narcisse Juchereau, Charles and Philippe Duchesnay, Dr. Joseph Frémont, father of the late mayor of Quebec, who, like William Henry, Robert Auguste, Alexandre Olivier LeMoine, the three eldest sons of the "Seigneur,"—all present at this memorable *réunion de famille*,—have since joined the great majority. Possibly the veteran hunter, Pitre Portugais, who for half a century glories in having each spring *flushed* the first snipe, may more than once have knocked at the door of the mossy old manor, on his way to the snipe marsh.

2. The ancient *châtelain* had the attributes of, and met with, the respect accorded to a good seigneur of the old *régime* without owning a seignior. He held important trusts, and in his quality of *Commissaire des Petites Causes* and Justice of the Peace dispensed justice evenly; more than once the chosen arbitrator in parish feuds.

3. The "unmarried brother," who assisted his brother in bringing up his patriarchal family, died in 1851. His younger brother, W. H. LeMoine, expired at Villa Saint Denis, Sillery, in 1870, aged 85. One of his fair grand-daughters recently became the spouse of Lieut.-Governor Angers, at Spencer Wood.

4. Two of the ladies present at the *fête de famille* are now the wives of retired General officers; Miss Harriet LeMesurier, the wife of General Clifford; Miss Sophia Ashworth, the wife of General Pipon. Their friend, Miss Caroline Lindsay, who married Major Ross, then of the 85th Foot, died in London, Ontario; her sister married Mr. W. Kingsford, the historian.—*Lemoine's Maple Leaves*.

## A RIDING TOUR IN SOUTHERN SPAIN.

"You cannot carry out your intentions of riding from Gibraltar to Malaga by Ronda, because the Internationalists are established in force in the Sierra, and none of the horse-hirers of the Rock will trust his animals in the clutches of these men and brethren."

[*Saturday Review.*]

A bright vista of days long ago!

Four young subs. of a Marching Regiment, with a more abundant stock of life and energy than of that experience, which is said to teach, sat in the mess-room of the South Barracks, Gibraltar, sipping coffee after an unusually good dinner, a saddle of mutton having been received by the P. & O. mail steamer, and it took the place of the usual goat cutlet. English papers had also been received, and the above paragraph caught the eye of one of the party, ever ready for anything with a spice of adventure in it.

On hearing of the difficulty above referred to, each sub. at once resolved to take the trip in question. We could not, however, all secure the necessary leave of absence; we therefore drew lots to decide who should make application for leave to our good commanding officer. It thus came about that it fell to the lot of the writer of these notes, with one of the subs. aforesaid, the best and most genial of companions, to take this trip, and, if possible, to extend it to Granada.

A word, before proceeding further, about "Gib," the hot-bed of soldiers, the point of concentration of the navy, the home of the sportsman, the "jumping-off place" of the globe-trotter.

The "Rock" is as well known as is the Tower of London. The two Pillars of Hercules—Gibraltar and Centa—are as familiar to the tourist as is Temple Bar to the man born within sound of Bow Bells.

No one who has climbed the "Rock" can forget the scene—one sees the Mediterranean on one hand, the Atlantic on the other—Africa before, Europe behind. The eye ranges over a boundless extent of mountain, land and sea; you stand on the confines of civilization and barbarism—a narrow strip divides the two physically—morally, a vast gulf lies between them. There are many sights of interest about Gibraltar—the Galleries; the Seaward Batteries; the immense caves, by which apes are said to come and go between Spain and Africa; the Alameda, or Park, where every conceivable nationality is represented; the Library, etc.

It is, however, of "Gib," as a "jumping-off place" for the globe-trotter, that I now propose to speak.

Our proposed route lay through Andalucia, whose ancient history is full of interest. The story of the Moors in Spain alone fills many a page.

For nearly eight centuries under her Mohammedan rulers, Spain set to all Europe a shining example of a civilized and enlightened State. In 1492 the last bulwark of the Moors gave way before the crusade of Ferdinand and Isabella, and with Granada fell all Spain's greatness.

Moorish castles and towers remain in good state of preservation in all the principal towns, notably at Cadiz, Seville, Cordova, Granada, and Malaga. To see these places was our first resolve. The only means of locomotion in those days, before railroads, and without carriage roads, was that valuable animal "Shank's Mare," or on horseback. The former I had, on a previous occasion, resorted to—the latter was, as shown, dangerous in the extreme. However, we two rash youths, having secured horses, started one bright summer morning, at gun-fire, to "do" southern Spain.

How delightful this feeling of freedom: as we rode along over the neutral ground, and along the well-known path to St Roque. No longer are we shut up within the strictly kept limits of a fortress; now we are free men, we expand our chests and drink in the clear air of Heaven, as if we were Lords of all we survey; we wound our way considerably to the right of the cork woods, our happy hunting grounds with Calpe hounds, and, in a few hours, having passed over mountains, where we saw herds of cattle in great numbers, and shepherds "armed with the sling,"—peculiar to this part of Spain,—we entered a smaller cork wood. Here we found several parties of muleteers packing their loads in a very smuggler-like manner.

These muleteers gave us no friendly greeting, and they expressed surprise at finding us without an armed escort.

Towards evening our route lay through extensive valleys, with orange groves in abundance, and nightingales singing their sweetest songs. After this we ascended a high hill, on which Gaucin is situated. Here we put up for the night at the "Posada de la Paz."

Having assisted in the capture and death of the fowl, on which we afterward dined, we were led by a small boy to the Governor, to whom the boy introduced us, and from whom we received a permit to see the Moorish Castle—a splendid sample of that style of

architecture. The view from the Castle is very fine : on the Ronda side, high mountains, rising mountain above mountain ; on the "Gib" side, apparently a vast plain, fertilized by the rich streams which irrigate it—"Gib" in the distance, and, beyond, "Ape's Hill," in Africa, barely perceptible. The convent and chapel are worth seeing.

At night, we had the usual Spanish fight with innumerable active and energetic "hoppers." In the morning, the usual, not less real, contest about the excessive charges for board and lodging of ourselves and horses. Having handed the seniora a reasonable amount, half the sum charged, senioras and senioritas *charged* us in a different manner, and, as the sling is used by men for the cattle, so we found that, without the sling, women and children made accurate practice in stone-throwing at us, we left amid a volley of stones.

Our ride to Ronda was interesting in the extreme ; everyone we met seemed astonished at seeing us without guides and cavalry escort, as there were many "Malo gente" in this part of the country—the headquarters of Andalusian smugglers. At various intervals we passed through small Moorish towns, which hang, as it were, on the sides of naked rocks. The Moors sought, in these almost inaccessible mountains, retreats where they might be secure from attacks of the Christians. They have since become the haunts of robbers and smugglers.

The first view of Ronda is rather disappointing : an irregular town, standing on high ground, encompassed with a double enclosure of rocks. We passed over the old bridge of St. Miguel, built over a deep chasm in the rock on which the town stands. It is, however, only from below the bridge, near the mills, that the picturesqueness of the scene becomes unrivalled. The arch which joins the Tays, hangs some 600 feet above. The river, heard but not seen in the cold shadows of the rocky prison, now escapes, dashing joyously into light and liberty, the waters boil in the bright, burning sun, and flows in a gentle stream through the most beautiful valley of orange groves. There is but one Ronda in the world. The cascade when full is splendid.

The Alameda is picturesquely situated. The Plaza del Toros and Dominican convent are well worth seeing, and there is a peculiar old stairway, cut in solid rock, the "Casa del Rey Moro," by which we descended to the river below from the Alameda above ; an old man with a lighted candle led us, saying at each step, "poquito

poco,"—"step by step." The climate of Ronda is considered the best in Southern Spain, owing to the refreshing breezes from the surrounding mountains; hence the proverb, "En Ronda los hombres a ochenta,"—"men live to be eighty." Women, too, have fresh and ruddy complexions.

We could spare but one day at Ronda, and soon were en route to Malaga via Casarabonela, over wild mountain paths.

It is said that "those who ride these mountain routes must, indeed, rough it—attend carefully to the provender, for, however satisfactory the banquet of Alpine scenery, there is more food for the painter than for the body."

Casarabonela, 5 leagues from Ronda, is in a lovely valley at the end of a long chain of mountains. Here, for the first time, we found orange groves and vineyards in a high state of cultivation, and the ride through these was most enjoyable. Here we put up at the only venta in the place.

Besides the usual nightly unsuccessful hunt after the domestic hopper, we had, when about to start next morning, an equally interesting hunt,—for our horses, which we had carefully attended to on the previous evening, were now conspicuous by their absence.

Bleeding freely seems quite the thing of the country. The barber's sign is connected with the bleeding process. He, instead of asking whether you wish to be shaved or have your hair cut, first asks you how many ounces of blood you wish taken. Aware of this, imagine our disgust on finding that evil-disposed persons had taken our horses and bled them "within an inch of their lives," in order that they might bleed us freely—make us "pay our footing" at the venta.

There was no redress: we had only to lead our horses for many miles over the mountain roads; they were too weak to carry us.

We had another mishap on this day,—owing, I suppose, to necessary Sunday travelling—torrents of rain came on, and we spent, not a "*mauvais quart d'heure*," but 12 bad hours, plodding along the worst road, with the knowledge that on arrival at Malaga we had not, in our saddle-bags, a change of clothing in which to appear in that fashionable city. On arrival, we put up at the "Fonda de l'Alameda" and on getting out of our wet and dirty clothes, we had to get into bed. Now, however, came the dilemma—we had had no food since early dawn, dinner could not be sent to our bedrooms—we must go to the *table d'hôte*. How to do this we failed to perceive until a friendly waiter came to the rescue; he lent us a

couple of suits of his livery, and it was a sight to behold the way Mrs. Grundy "turned up her nose" in disgust as two liveried servants (?) sat down at table beside her daughters. Happily, we soon met a friend, who introduced us as two "British officers from 'Gib.'" She was thus prevented from having a "fit," and she could, if she wished, learn the lesson that "it's not the coat that makes the man." Oh, the luxury of that hotel, after the discomfort of the *venta* and *fonda* of the country, with their inhabitants, men, women, children, and ——. Our horses, too, were here refreshed after the bleeding process and the rough riding.

Malaga is the chief port of Granada—the position is admirable; the *Quadal Medina*, or "river of the city" divides it from the suburbs. The convent, "La Trinidad," and the noble Moorish Castle, built in 1279, are all worth seeing (the "Alameda" is, of course, the fashionable resort). There is a splendid specimen of a Moorish horse-shoe gateway. There are two routes from Malaga to Granada—one via *Vilez Malaga*, on which there is a diligence; the other, via *Alhama* direct, which must be ridden. The latter route is by far the most interesting, and occupies two days. You put up at a comfortable private house on the Plaza at *Alhama*. The road thence to Granada descends from *Alhama*, continuing up the bed of the river, and passing a picturesque mill, near which are mineral baths. The road soon reascends, again to descend, by a deep gorge, to the village of *Cacin*. It then enters the *Vega* of Granada—below you see the towering *Nerada*, in all its Alpine majesty.

#### GRANADA.

Time and space fail, in which to adequately describe Granada, the capital of the province, with its unique *Alhambra*, its ever-flowing fountains, its "Gate of Judgment," its watch-tower and silver-tongued bell. There are numerous Moorish buildings, all under the shadow of the snowy *Alpujanas*, with the *Sierra* of *Alhama* in the distance; all this, and much more than this, is a scene for painters to sketch and for poets to describe. There is but one Granada, and but one *Alhambra*, on earth.

Fain would we linger in these parts, but we must turn our backs to poetry and the picturesque, and return to the prosaic routine of duty in the *Fortress* of *Gibraltar*! There is nothing to notice in the return journey to Malaga, except that at that place we found ourselves in a not infrequent position of the "gay and festive" sub., viz.: short of funds. It was a question to us which was better,

the chance of imprisonment *for debt* at Malaga, or of imprisonment *without debt* at our next stopping station, Marbella, which had the bad name of being infested with robbers, hence the following poem .

“ Marbella es bella, no entres en ella  
 “ Quien entra con capa, sale sin ella.”  
 Anglico—“ Marbella is ‘ fair and frail.’ ”

Happily , a fellow-countryman appeared on the scene, at Malaga, in the person of the British Consul, Mr. Marks, and lent us five sovereigns ; never before or since has the “ needful ” been more needed. We saddled, and sallied forth, with full purse and light consciences, en route to “ Gib,” via Marbella and Estaphona, the shore road—about 18 leagues. How we enjoyed this day’s riding slowly along the sea coast, with its charming scenery, every valley with its orange groves, then in full blossom, the vine-clad hills beside us, sloping down to the Mediterranean Sea. The sun was sinking fast as we entered the village of Marbella, aforesaid.

Suddenly, six or seven men, armed with stiletos (long knives), rushed upon us, unhorsed us, and led us, weary and sad and worn, into a temporary prison, in order to extract blood money from our kinsfolk, after prolonged imprisonment. [This has more than once since been accomplished with British officers.]

From practical experience, I can say that prison life has not all the charms of the modern hotel. Our only course, however, was to “ rest and be thankful ” in this dismal, dirty hole. If our next of kin could but see us in this place, how freely would they bleed, to secure our freedom. Success comes at last, if we but wait for it. The day and hour arrived when our sentinels were off their guard, some through drink, others through sleep, and, during a dark night, “ on saddles and off,” was effected without word of command. The clicking of knives, and the volley of oaths caused us the more to hasten our retreat.

Once more we breathed freely, and in two days after this mishap, we made our entry into Gibraltar, without the expenditure of blood.

“ BEAVER.”

FREDERICTON, 19th April, 1895.



## INCIDENTS OF THE WAR OF 1812-14.

By J. L. H. N.

Extract of the Diary of a French Canadian Captain of the  
"Voltigeurs Canadiens," on detachment at  
Kingston, Upper Canada, in April,  
May and June, 1813.

Translated from the original in French.

On the 29th of April I was officer on duty, and that night, about midnight, the alarm was sounded. I was then asleep in the Guard House. The news of the fall of York had just been received, and it was believed that brother Jonathan was marching down towards Kingston. (1)

This news of the first success which the American arms had had since the beginning of the war produced a deep impression on all, and many were the exaggerated rumors which flew around from mouth to mouth. York in itself was not of supreme importance, but with it we lost an armed vessel and another still on the stocks, but about to be launched, together with considerable supplies of all sorts for the troops, at the front and further in the west.

A sudden call to arms—even when half expected—is liable to cause a certain amount of excitement and confusion ; on this occasion it led to the death of one of our Voltigeurs, the first loss we have made since our arrival here. At the first sound of the alarm the men seized their fire-arms ; one of them by mistake picked up another man's musket which happened to be loaded with ball, while tightening on the flint the charge suddenly went off, and lodged itself in the back of an unfortunate young man named Laframboise. He died a few hours later. A similar fate very nearly happened to a soldier of the 104th Regiment in the adjoining barrack room, only in this case the ball lodged itself in a chunk of pork, which he held in his hand, instead of in his person.

On the night of the 1st we were disturbed by another alarm. It certainly did not take me more than three minutes to jump into

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(1) The capital of Upper Canada had capitulated to the Americans on the 27th of this month. The enemy attacked it with 10 vessels of war under Admiral Chauncey and 2,500 men under General Dearborn, while General Sheaffe, who commanded this unfortified place, could oppose but 600 men, half of whom were militiamen. Notwithstanding this inferiority in numbers, Sheaffe did not hesitate to give battle. The landing of the Americans was carried out by General Pike, who perished at the moment of victory by the explosion of a magazine.

my clothes and rush off to the barracks, yet I found my brave Voltigeurs already formed in rank in the square. Colonel Halkett, the commandant of Kingston, arrived a few moments later. (1)

He ordered me to proceed to the Centre Bridge with thirty Voltigeurs and a subaltern and ten men of the 104th. (2)

This time I verily believed that an engagement was at hand. It had been rumored during the day that the enemy's fleet had been seen sailing towards Kingston. Anyway, it was not unnatural to suppose that, with a view of intercepting the retreat of the debris of Sir Roger Sheaffe's small army, the Americans might attempt a landing in the neighborhood of Kingston. We hastened to our assigned position, the roads were abominable and the night as dark as pitch.

Three miles from Kingston flows a small river, known generally by the name of Cataragui Creek ; it is bridged over at three different points within a mile of each other. While I was proceeding with my detachment to the centre bridge, two other officers at the head of similar detachments were being sent to the two other bridges. The road by which the retreating army was coming, and by which it eventually reached Kingston, proved to be mine.

The Tête-de-Pont on the town side was easily susceptible of defence. It consisted of an entrenchment lined with timbers and fascines pierced with two embrasures, for cannon. The river is pretty wide at this point, its bed is very muddy and bordered with thick shrubbery.

My first care was to render the bridge impassable. I had been authorized to destroy it with axes ; I contented myself with loosening the planks. In the stillness of the night the distant sounds of chopping could be heard—it was the two other bridges which were being cut. I deferred the destruction of mine for the following reasons : 1st, not to delay Gen. Sheaffe's retreat should he come my way that night ; 2nd to prevent the enemy from collecting the floating debris with which he might make rafts, and in that way effect a crossing. My reasons found acceptance, my orders were cheerfully obeyed ; a chieftain must necessarily be so clever !

The planks of the bridge were therefore loosened, and left in such a way that they could at short notice be entirely removed. I further-

(1) Alexander Halkett was Colonel in the army and lieutenant-colonel commanding the 104th Regiment, at that time forming part of the Garrison of Kingston.

(2) This bridge is the one which crosses Cataragui Creek on the Bath road.

more directed that on the first intimation of the approach of the enemy these planks were to be piled in such a manner as to offer a protection to sharp shooters, and in this way be utilized as a first line of defence. With the number of men I now had under my orders, this task could have been performed in about two minutes, for I must add that within a few hours my party was reinforced by the arrival of 40 militia men and twenty Indians under the Chevalier de Lorimier. (1)

I placed six sentries in pairs, each 300 paces in advance of the others, a dragoon was posted as a vidette still further in advance of these, while a few Indians were scouring the country around. During my absence on this duty, Lieutenant Le Couteur had attended to my instructions with regard to the bridge, 20 feet of which could be removed in the "winking of an eye." On my return I placed my men in the position they should occupy in the moment of need. I then caused a few fires to be lighted, for it was cold and we were drenched with rain. My command now consisted of 1 captain, 3 subalterns, 10 soldiers of the 104th, 40 militiamen, 30 Voltigeurs, 20 Indians, total 104 braves; we had not the two cannons, but "come who dares!"

I must add in praise of my small army that for the nonce the alarm was considered genuine, that the best spirit, activity, vigilance and discipline animated everyone under very trying circumstances on this night, sufficient evidence of what could have been expected of them, if opportunity had offered—in other words, if the expected had happened. It had, however, been otherwise ordained in the "Great Book of Fate": the destiny of the "Centre Bridge" over the Cataraqui was to ever remain an obscure, mean, common-place bridge, whose sole destination was to give passage to many wayfarers, cattle drovers and poor country men, over a dirty, muddy stream, for neither dragoon, patrol, sentry nor scout saw the shadow of an enemy that night. All my cleverness went for naught, and my laurels to the wind! Daylight found us still on the "*qui vive*," except our friend Tasché, who was snoring deeply, his cheek pillowed on the rounded form of a fat Iroquois. Hush, let him be! ..... Shivering with cold, but not with excitement, more inclined to sleep than to laugh, we returned to the barracks.

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(1) The Chevalier was killed the following October at the battle of Chrysler's Farm.

## A NEWHOUSE—NO. 6.

“Son cœur n’a point changé sous la robe de lin.”

—LECONTE DE LISLE.

I never told the story while Joe lived. He is dead now, and it does not matter. Besides, he was only a breed, and if his morals were eccentric, their lack of conventionality may be set down (pace Mr. Leslie Stephen) to the mixed blood in his veins—a thing for which he could not fairly be held responsible. Joe was an old man when I knew him first. He had white hair, which is unusual in men of Indian blood, and a beady black eye that knew no repose. He spoke little English, mixing French and Cree in his speech, so that it was not easy to understand him. He was the best caribou hunter I ever saw and his woodcraft was unerring. I hunted with him for three winters before he told me his story, and I suppose I gained his confidence, as I learned to understand his talk. I often asked him why he had left his own country; he would answer in two words: “No fur”; adding, sometimes, that the fur was good here, in Madawaska, and the trappers of no account. All which statements I knew to be lies.

One winter, Joe got very ill. We were camped on Reed Brook then, far from help, and I thought he was going to die. I told him so, and doctored him as well as I could.

“I don’t think I shall die this time,” said Joe, “but I might; anyway, I’m going to tell you why I left the Pitewawa, forty years ago. It is well to tell secrets before the tongue fails.”

I have always thought that this fancy for confession on the approach of death came from the French blood in Joe’s veins. Perhaps it was only human nature. I give the story as he told it, though not in his own crabbed jargon, for that were unintelligible to all men east of Ottawa and to many west:

“When I was a young man, I hunted every winter in the country about Temiscaming, though my home was on the south branch of the Pitewawa. I was about twenty-five, I think, when I married an Indian girl. She was handsome and handy, and she made moccasins out of sheep-skin, which she dressed to look like moose hide, and these she sold to the townfolk in Pembroke, who sent them East. My partner, who used to hunt with me, was a breed named Gardefui. He wore a curled beard, of which he was very proud, and spoke English, which was his mother’s speech. The last winter I hunted there we did not do well, and, in the early spring, Gardefui said he

would go on the drive for a bit, promising, however, to come back in time to set some bear traps and to help me in with our furs. I had some doubt of Gardefui. I knew he hated going among the lumberers. I also knew that he had wanted to marry my wife. So anxious had he been to do so that I had been obliged to give her father a four-barrelled gun that once belonged to a chief at the head of Temiscaming—a gun I set great store by. Therefore, when Gardefui left our camp I followed him down. His trail took me to my own door, and I saw my wife sitting upon his knee by the stove, I standing in the drift at the gable window. I got back to our camp unseen, blinding my trail as I went. I made up my mind to kill Gardefui. But I bethought me that I would have small satisfaction in the killing if I did it at one stroke. This troubled me a good deal as I sat by the camp fire those long March nights. I thought and thought and thought. It was no good. I could think of no kind of death for him that would be sure and very slow. I did not mind much about Marie, for, at that time, we had been married more than a year, and, look you, a year when one is young is a long time to spend with the same woman. The little quirks and tricks of her that please well in the beginning make a man rage in the end. But she was mine all the same, and I meant to make Gardefui pay for coming between us. Besides, I hated him outside of this business—hated him for the loss of my four-barrelled gun for his curly beard, for his skill with the flute. When a man hates another he cannot tell what he hates him for most. I hated Gardefui, and I meant to kill him, but not all at once. It is stupid to kill your enemy at one stroke; for, once he is dead, you cannot do any more to him, and you go about dissatisfied for a long time. All March and half April I thought of these things. Gardefui came back and I had no plan ready; but I was glad when I saw his face, for I knew then that he suspected nothing—a thing I was doubtful of before.

“One day, early in May, we went among the hills to set bear traps. Before we did anything to the dead-falls we started to set a steel trap, a Newhouse No. 6, weighing over 40 lbs., that was lent to me by the Factor at the Temiscaming Fort. They were a new thing then, those big bear traps, and this was the first we had seen. The men at the Fort shewed us how to set it by lashing the ends of two pairs of sticks, one pair for each spring, and then pressing down the free ends, with a spring between each pair, making the free ends fast with raw hide when the springs lay flat. This we did, having

scraped a bed for the trap. Then it came to me in a flash how I should kill Gardefui. We spread the jaws of the trap and got the pan fixed. I took the clamps off the springs while Gardefui gathered stuff to spread between the jaws and over the pan. He squatted, balanced upon his toes, spreading dry grass and moss over the trap. I watched my chance, and as his hands came fairly above the pan, I gave him a sudden push, planting my foot in the small of his bent back. Gardefui overbalanced, his weight came upon his hands, and these upon the pan; the trap sprung, and he was fast.

“Gardefui was a brave man: when the big jaws snapped upon his arms, taking them between elbow and wrist, one a little higher than the other, he did not yell nor struggle. He kept quite still on his knees, his head and shoulders reaching beyond the closed jaws. I came in front of him and lay upon my belly so that he could not avoid my eyes. I mocked him. I said all I could think of, and the pent up hate streamed blistering from my lips as the steam from the valve of the mill-engine when the engineer eases the throttle. Gardefui only smiled: ‘And, Marie?’ said he. Then, after a pause: ‘the price is heavy, but not too heavy; I would do it again if I were free.’ Nothing that I could say or do made him wince or speak again. In the evening I left him there. My throat was as rough with talking as the throat of a bull moose in the first frosts.

“Next morning I went back from our camp to the trap. Gardefui had changed his position. His right arm hung clear of the trap. It had been caught higher than the other and the bones broken in the snap. He had torn it free in the night, leaving the lower part still in the jaws. Only the smaller bone in the left arm was broken, so that he was still quite secure. What the struggle had been I could see; even the heavy clog chained to the trap was shifted. The sun blazed and the flies buzzed about his wounds thick as swarmed bees. His lips were swollen and his tongue was become so big that it stuck out between them cracked and black. As the day wore on I fetched a pannikin of cool water from a neighbouring spring and set it before him just out of reach. All that day no groan escaped him. Gardefui was a brave man. He knew how to die. But I was glad: for, with all his bravery, I knew that he suffered. I went to the camp again that night, returning in the morning; and so for two days. And each day I mocked him with speech and with water. In all that time he

made no sound. At noon, on the last day, I saw his body stretch in the death throes: and he was dead. I left his carcass in the trap and went to the Fort—two days journey—and there I sold my furs. Then I struck east, working my way to Quebec on a raft. Next winter I came to Madawaska, and here I have been since. No; I don't know what became of Marie. How should I? Who cares for the bottle when he has swallowed the rum?"

Joe did not die then. I hunted with him for two winters after that. Early last fall I heard that he was dead of influenza. And this winter I had to make shift with a Melicite Indian who was a thief and no hunter.

“GLAMORGAN.”

#### COLONEL GUSH.

It was a scorching hot day; nearly every window in the car was open, while those on the sunny side had pulled the shutters down and were sprawling out on the seats in every fashion trying to keep cool; across the aisle, my companion, Surgeon Major —, lounged in the corner of his seat half asleep, idly twisting his sword-knot. I was pondering over my subaltern's work at home as compared to the work I was to perform on the staff, on which we had both been placed in a District-camp for the next fortnight, at the scene of which we were shortly to arrive.

All along the line prior to our arrival, at nearly every stopping place, groups of Militia were to be seen mingling with crowds of their friends, the centre of admiration, heroes of their households, the glory of their generation. These gentlemen seemed to simply revel in their glory; all were flushed with expectation, and every mother's son of them appeared to be in a flutter of excitement. In and out through the crowds they loafed with ill-fitting tunics flying open, belts unbuckled and falling in one graceful loop behind, at the bottom of which dangled dangerous-looking, recently polished and scrubbed side-arms, the two combined puckering the tunic in the vicinity of the hips into clumsy-looking folds. Helmets thrown squat on the back of their head to allow full play to the “two-for,” while the chin-strap tickled their throats carelessly and prevented the newly pipe-clayed head-gear from being lost in the dust. As we steamed into each station, however, the scene would change suddenly: proud Captains could be seen excitedly arranging

their "boys," assisted by subalterns and sergeants, and having got them in two rows drawn up on the platform, would despatch the two subs and a few sergeants to find out if this was their train; some-one would finally discover that it wouldn't be along for four or five hours, and would run back, singing out lustily—"No, Captain," upon which the excitement would at once subside, the girls all look relieved, and the war-stained soldiers promptly break off without another word, and scatter, just as we would move away from the happy scene on to other and similar ones.

It was at one of those places that a commotion appeared to be taking place at the front end of our car, and as the train started, several men could be heard cheering enthusiastically one after the other; we hadn't long to wait to discover the cause of their exuberance, for just then the door opened, and, after a momentary struggle, an officer with several brown and black satchels managed to sidle through, and issued forth, carrying a smile of supreme satisfaction, and apparently satisfied with himself and the world in general. A little corporal in a huge tunic and baggy trousers followed closely, carrying the Colonel's sword and belt across his left shoulder and his whole kit dangled and swayed from his right hand. Seeing us, the first named came forward, followed by the second, and at once joined in a lively conversation; in less than two minutes I was jammed in tight by the Colonel and his luggage; in less than five he had become quite chummy and confidential, had informed me that he was a member of Parliament as well as a colonel, and many other bits of useful information, and in less than eight had introduced me to his corporal, who, he said, "was an excellent man in every shape and form," that he was "quite proud of him," and that he was to be "his Orderly Room Clerk" during the Camp because he was an "Editor" when at home, and therefore "knows all about Orderly work of a military character." The Corporal at this stage of the proceedings tilted a helmet (which must have been quite two sizes too large for him) well back, lit a cigar, slid forward, and proceeded to unbutton and loosen everything that he dared,—that was consistent with propriety. This was too much for me to digest, so scrambling out I proposed to the Colonel that we cross over and join my friend, who was enjoying the proceedings from behind a newspaper. The Doctor straightened his face out, and gravely shook his newly made friend's outstretched hand. The rest of the journey was spent in listening to a brilliantly painted description of his Battalion: of how his "lads" had mobbed the canteen on the last



night of their previous outing, and what a magnificent set of officers he had, etc., etc. Luckily we reached the end of our destination just at this stage, for I saw that the doctor was beginning to cave in. I started on to see to some minor details in connection with our luggage, but just as I was nearly out of ear-shot, I heard our talkative friend introducing his Corporal "a fine fellow" to the doctor. The next thing I saw of him was when he was heading for his tent, he and the Corporal chatting gaily in the same fashion as when they entered the car. Things went fairly smooth with him during the twelve days; they might have been smoother, but—well,—the General was there.

A. H. M.

### ELEPHANT SHOOTING.

It was a glorious day, with a cloudy sky, and the wind blew fresh off the Southern Ocean. Having ridden some miles in a northerly direction, we crossed the broad and gravelly bed of a periodical river, in which were abundance of holes excavated by the elephants, containing delicious water. Having passed the river, we entered an extensive grove of picturesque camel-dorn trees, clad in young foliage of the most delicious green. On gaining a gentle eminence about a mile beyond this grove, I looked forth upon an extensive hollow, where I beheld, for the first time for many days, a fine old cock ostrich, which quickly observed us, and dashed away to our left. I had ceased to devote my attention to the ostrich, and was straining my eyes in an opposite direction, when Kleinboy called out to me, "Dar loup de ould carle;" and turning my eyes to the retreating ostrich, I beheld two first-rate old bull elephants, charging along at their utmost speed within a hundred yards of it. They seemed at first to be in great alarm, but quickly discovering what it was that had caused their confusion, they at once reduced their pace to a slow and stately walk. This was a fine look-out; the country appeared to be favorable for an attack, and I was followed by Wolf and Bonteborg, both tried and serviceable dogs with elephants. Owing to the pace at which I had been riding, both dogs and horses were out of breath, so I resolved not to attack the elephants immediately, but to follow slowly, holding them in view.

The elephants were proceeding right up the wind, and the distance between us was about five hundred yards. I advanced quietly toward them, and had proceeded about half way, when, casting my eyes to my right, I beheld a whole herd of tearing bull elephants standing thick together on a wooded eminence within three hundred yards of me. These elephants were almost to leeward. Now, the correct thing to do was to slay the best in each troop, which I accomplished in the following manner: I gave the large herd my wind, upon which they instantly tossed their trunks aloft, "a moment

snuffed the tainted gale," and, wheeling about, charged right down wind, crashing through the jungle in dire alarm. My object now was to endeavor to select the finest bull, and hunt him to a distance from the other troop, before I should commence to play upon his hide. Stirring my steed, I galloped forward. Right in my path stood two rhinoceroses of the white variety, and to these the dogs instantly gave chase. I followed in the wake of the retreating elephants, tracing their course by the red dust which they raised and left in clouds behind them.

Presently emerging into an open glade, I came full in sight of the mighty game: it was a truly glorious sight; there were nine or ten of them, which were, with one exception, full-grown, first-rate bulls, and all of them carried very long, heavy, and perfect tusks. Their first panic being over, they had reduced their pace to a free, majestic walk, and they followed one leader in a long line, exhibiting an appearance so grand and striking, that any description, however brilliant, must fail to convey to the mind of the reader an adequate idea of the reality. Increasing my pace, I shot alongside, at the same time riding well out from the elephants, the better to obtain an inspection of their tusks. It was a difficult matter to decide which of them I should select, for every elephant seemed better than his neighbor; but, on account of the extraordinary size and beauty of his tusks, I eventually pitched upon a patriarchal bull, which, as is usual with the heaviest, brought up the rear. I presently separated him from his comrades, and endeavored to drive him in a northerly direction. There is a peculiar art in driving an elephant in the particular course which you may fancy, and, simple as it may seem, it nevertheless requires the hunter to have a tolerable idea of what he is about. It is widely different from driving in an eland, which also requires judicious riding: if you approach too near your elephant, or shout to him, a furious charge will certainly ensue, while, on the other hand, if you give him too wide a berth, the chances are that you lose him in the jungle, which, notwithstanding his size, is a very simple matter, and, if once lost sight of, it is more than an even bet that the hunter will never again obtain a glimpse of him. The ground being favorable, Kleinboy called to me to commence firing, remarking, very prudently, that he was probably making for some jungle of wait-a-bits, where we might eventually lose him. I continued, however, to reserve my fire until I had hunted him to what I considered to be a safe distance from the two old fellows which we had at first discovered.

At length closing with him, I dared him to charge, which he instantly did in fine style, and as he pulled up in his career I yelled to him a note of bold defiance, and cantering alongside, again defied him to the combat. It was thus the fight began, and the ground being still favorable, I opened a sharp fire upon him, and in about a quarter of an hour, twelve of my bullets were lodged in his fore-quarters. He now evinced strong symptoms of approaching dissolution, and stood catching up the dust with the point of his trunk, and throwing it in clouds above and around him. At such a moment it

is extremely dangerous to approach an elephant on foot, for I have remarked that, although nearly dead, he can muster strength to make a charge with great impetuosity. Being anxious to finish him, I dismounted from my steed, and availing myself of the cover of a gigantic nwana-tree, whose diameter was not less than ten feet, I ran up within twenty yards, and gave it him sharp right and left behind the shoulder. These two shots wound up the proceeding; on receiving them, he backed stern foremost into the cover, and then walked slowly away. I had loaded my rifle, and was putting on the caps, when I heard him fall over heavily; but, alas! the sound was accompanied by a sharp crack, which I too well knew denoted the destruction of one of his lovely tusks; and, on running forward, I found him lying dead, with the tusk, which lay under, snapped through the middle.

I did not tarry long for an inspection of the elephant, but mounting my horse, at once set off to follow on the spoor of the two old fellows which the ostrich had alarmed. Fortunately, I fell in with a party of natives, who were on their way to the wagons with the impedimenta, and, assisted by these, I had sanguine hopes of shortly overtaking the noble quarry. We had not gone far when two wild boars, with enormous tusks, stood within thirty yards of me; but this was no time to fire, and a little after, a pair of white rhinoceroses stood directly in our path. Casting my eyes to the right, I beheld within a quarter of a mile of me a herd of eight or ten cow elephants, with calves, peacefully browsing on a sparsely-wooded knoll. The spoor we followed led due south, and the wind was as fair as it could blow. We passed between the twin-looking, abrupt, pyramidal hills, composed of huge disjointed blocks of granite, which lay piled above each other in grand confusion. To the summit of one of these I ascended with a native, but the forest in advance was so impenetrable that we could see nothing of the game we sought. Descending from the hillock, we resumed the spoor, and were enabled to follow at a rapid pace, the native who led the spooring-party being the best tracker in Bamangwato. I had presently very great satisfaction to perceive that the elephants had not been alarmed, their course being strewn with branches which they had chewed as they slowly fed along. The trackers now became extremely excited, and strained their eyes on every side in the momentary expectation of beholding the elephants. At length we emerged into an open glade, and, clearing a grove of thorny mimosas, we came full in sight of one of them. Cautiously advancing, and looking to my right, I next discovered his comrade, standing in a thicket of low wait-a-bits, within a hundred and fifty yards of me; they were both first-rate old bulls, with enormous tusks of great length. I dismounted, and warily approached the second elephant for a closer inspection of his tusks. As I drew near he, slightly turned his head, and I then perceived that his farther one was damaged toward the point; while at the same instant his comrade, raising his head clear of the bush on which he browsed, displayed to my delighted eyes a pair of the most beautiful and perfect tusks I had ever seen.

Regaining my horse, I advanced toward this elephant, and when within forty yards of him, he walked slowly on before me in an open space, his huge ears gently flapping, and entirely concealing me from his view. Inclining to the left, I slightly increased my pace, and walked past him within sixty yards, upon which he observed me for the first time; but probably mistaking "Sunday" for a har-tebeest, he continued his course with his eye upon me, but showed no symptoms of alarm. The natives had requested me to endeavor, if possible, to hunt him toward the water, which lay in a northerly direction, and this I resolved to do. Having advanced a little, I gave him my wind, when he was instantly alarmed, and backed into the bushes, holding his head high and right to me. Thus he stood motionless as a statue, under the impression, probably, that, owing to his Lilliputian dimensions, I had failed to observe him, and fancying that I would pass on without detecting him. I rode slowly on, and described a semi-circle to obtain a shot at his shoulder, and halting my horse, fired from the saddle; he got it in the shoulder-blade, and, as slowly and silently I continued my course, he still stood gazing at me in utter astonishment. Bill and Flam were now slipped by the natives, and in another moment they were barking around him. I shouted loudly to encourage the dogs and perplex the elephant, who seemed puzzled to know what to think of us, and, shrilly trumpeting, charged headlong after the dogs. Retreating, he backed into the thicket, then charged once more, and made clean away, holding the course I wanted. When I tried to fire, "Sunday" was very fidgety, and destroyed the correctness of my aim. Approaching the elephant, I presently dismounted, and, running in, gave him two fine shots behind the shoulder; then the dogs, which were both indifferent ones, ran barking at him. The consequence was a terrific charge, the dogs at once making for their master, and bringing the elephant right upon me. I had no time to gain my saddle, but ran for my life. The dogs, fortunately, took after "Sunday," who, alarmed by the trumpeting, dashed frantically away, though in the heat of the affray I could not help laughing to remark horse, dogs, and elephant all charging along in a direct line.

The dogs, having missed their master, held away for Kleinboy, who had long disappeared, I knew not whither. "Sunday" stood still, and commenced to graze, while the elephant, slowly passing within a few yards of him, assumed a position under a tree beside him. Kleinboy presently making his appearance, I called to him to ride in, and bring me my steed; but he refused, and asked me if I wished him to go headlong to destruction. "Sunday" having fed slowly away from the elephant, I went up, and he allowed me to recapture him. I now plainly saw that the elephant was dying, but I continued firing to hasten his demise. Toward the end he took up a position in a dense thorny thicket, where for a long time he remained. Approaching within twelve paces, I fired my two last shots, aiming at his left side, close behind the shoulder. On receiving these, he backed slowly through the thicket, and clearing it, walked gently forward about twenty yards, when he suddenly came

down with tremendous violence right on his broadside. To my intense mortification, the heavy fall was accompanied by a loud, sharp crack, and on going up I found one of his matchless tusks broken short off by the lip. This was a glorious day's sport: I had bagged, in one afternoon, probably the two finest bull elephants in Bamangwato, and, had it not been for the destruction of their noble trophies, which were the two finest pair of tusks I had obtained that season, my triumph on the occasion had been great and unalloyed.

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## THE KING'S REGIMENT.

### AN HISTORICAL SKETCH.

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE SERVICES OF THE CORPS IN  
CANADA.

The record of the distinguished regiment now stationed at Halifax dates back over two centuries. The corps was raised in 1685 by King James II. at the time of Monmouth's rebellion; it was composed of ten companies recruited in London, Hertfordshire and Derbyshire, chiefly, however, in the latter country. The first title given to the regiment was the "Princess Anne of Denmark's Regiment;" the first commanding officer was Lord Ferrars of Chartly, who was succeeded in November, 1686, by James FitzJames, Duke of Berwick. During the stormy events of 1688 the rank and file of the corps, as a whole, remained loyal to the King, in spite of harsh treatment received at his hands in the previous September when the lieut.-col. and first captains were summarily cashiered. After the Revolution, the regiment was incorporated in King William's army, and fought at the Boyne and throughout the rest of the campaign in Ireland. It soon returned to England, and in 1697 joined the army in Flanders, and fought at Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde and Malplaquet, names that will always take high rank in the annals of the British army. By this time the corps was known as the "Queen's Regiment." Its next service was in the Jacobite rising of 1715, and at the battle of Dunblane the regiment suffered severely, losing 101 men, and 10 officers killed, 13 men and 1 officer wounded—a disparity which indicates the desperate nature of the fighting.

In 1716, the Eighth was authorized by George I. to bear the title of the "King's Regiment of Foot," and to adopt the badge of the White Horse of Hanover with the motto "*Nec aspera terrent.*" It

then served at home until 1742 when it was again ordered to the Low Countries, and participated in the victory of Dettingen and the fight of Fontenoy, where our troops, out-numbered two to one, met with defeat. On the breaking out of the Jacobite insurrection of "Forty-five," the "King's" was ordered home and despatched to share in the campaign against the Pretender; it fought at Falkirk and Culloden. It subsequently returned to Flanders and took part in various actions. The regiment was then ordered to Gibraltar, and remained on that station until 1751, when it returned home and remained there until 1760, when it was again sent to Germany, and took a prominent share in the fights at Warbourg, Corbarch, Wilhelmstal and others, returning to England in 1763.

In May, 1768, the "King's" embarked for Quebec, and were stationed at various points throughout Canada. On the invasion of that country by the American rebels in 1775 the regiment formed part of the feeble garrison of the colony which was strung out, in small and widely-scattered groups from Quebec to Detroit. In the following year an exploit of one of the officers of the corps, Capt. Forster, was, without doubt, the most brilliant event of the campaign, and reflected the highest credit on himself, on his corps, and on the loyal French-Canadians who aided him. With the exception of Quebec and the extreme western posts, the invaders were in possession of the country during the winter of 1775-6 and the subsequent spring, and, early in the season, they built a fort at the village of Cedars, on the St. Lawrence, about midway between Montreal and the British post at Oswegatchie (now Ogdensburg) where Capt. Forster was in command. Under instructions from General Carleton, Forster left Oswegatchie on 12th May, 1776, to attack the fort at the Cedars with its entire garrison consisting of 2 lieutenants, 2 sergeants, 1 drummer and 35 rank and file of the King's and 11 volunteers, together with 160 Indians, the latter under the command of the Chevalier de Lorimier. On the 14th May he reached St. Regis, where he was joined by 54 more Indians, making his total force 266 men. The American fort was garrisoned by 390 Continentals under command of Major Butterfield. Forster and his party reached their destination on the 18th, and at once summoned the fort to surrender. Butterfield acquiesced on condition that the garrison be allowed to march out with their arms; this was refused, and a desultory attack with small arms begun, Forster having no cannon. On the following morning he was reinforced by a party of 30 Canadians under command of M. de Montigny; but hearing

that supports for the garrison were *en route* from Montreal, de Montigny and his men were sent to intercept them. At 4 o'clock on the same day Butterfield surrendered, stipulating only for the safety of the lives and clothing of his men.

The Indians grumbled at this and claimed the right of the "free plunder of the garrison," as had been promised them by a Committee of the American Congress should they espouse the rebel cause and aid in the reduction of the British posts of Niagara and Detroit. Forster refused this claim, and with very few exceptions the American prisoners were landed safe in barracks with their packs and possessions inviolate, some money and a few watches being the extent of the robbery by the savages.

The reinforcement from Montreal, consisting of 140 men under command of Major Sherborne, was by this time near Vaudreuil, and on the 20th Forster despatched two Canadian officers—M. Lorimier and Maurer—with 98 Indians and Canadians to reinforce de Montigny. They missed him, but unexpectedly fell in with Sherborne's force, and attacked it with so much vigor that after a short fight and the loss of 5 or 6 men, the American officer surrendered unconditionally, and were taken to the Cedars. The Indians claimed the last party as their prisoners, and as their chief had been killed in the fight, wanted to put some of them to death; this Forster strenuously resisted, and finally he and his officers paid the savages a money compensation in lieu of the prisoners' lives. The latter were plundered, *but not a single man was killed*. This is worth nothing, as Congress afterwards spread far and wide the report that several of Sherborne's party had been murdered, and the historian Bancroft repeated this inaccuracy in "History of the United States."

Forster now advanced towards Montreal, and on reaching Ste. Anne's, placed 250 of the prisoners there in charge of de Montigny, and the rest at Oka in the care of the resident priests; he then continued his advance towards Montreal, but found the enemy in such strength that he determined to retreat to the Cedars. He halted at Vaudreuil, and collected all the prisoners there; but in view of their number and the smallness of his force, arranged with Arnold a cartel of exchange, and returned all the captives to the Americans on condition that they were not to serve again during the war. This cartel was afterwards deliberately broken by the American Congress, on the flimsy pretext of the murder of several of the prisoners—a charge which is not borne out by an unprejudiced analysis of the evidence.

Capt. Forster returned to Oswegatchie with his little force. His gallant conduct brought him both praise and promotion. Sir Guy Carleton wrote him from Montreal, under date 20th June, 1776: "Your last expedition has acquired you great honor; the next, I hope, will prove no less fortunate." On the 5th of November of same year, Forster was promoted to a majority in the 21st North British Fusiliers, and never rejoined the King's.

1792  
The regiment took no further prominent share in the campaign, and returned to England in 1875. During the war with France, which broke out in 1792, the flank companies aided in the capture of Martinique and Guadaloupe. In 1794 the regiment was sent to Flanders as part of the Duke of York's army, subsequently proceeding to the West Indies. They then did garrison duty in Guernsey and Minorca, following which they formed part of the force sent to Egypt, and distinguished themselves at the battle of Alexandria on 21st March, 1801, and in other engagements of the campaign. From Egypt they were sent to Gibraltar, and thence in quick succession to Portsmouth, Hanover, Copenhagen, Halifax (in 1808) and West Indies. They returned to North America, and on the outbreak of the war of 1812 against the United States were quartered in various posts on the Canadian frontier. The flank companies formed part of a brigade of observation stationed at Blairfindie, near Lacolle, the brigade being commanded by Lieut.-Col. Young of the King's regiment; this force was not, however, called on to engage the enemy. During the winter the corps was moved farther west, and at the attack on York by the Americans on 30th April, 1813, two companies of the Eighth, under command of Capt. Neale M'Neale, happened to be there, while *en route* from Kingston to reinforce the garrison at Niagara. York, at that time a village of not more than 1,000 inhabitants, had a garrison of only about 350 regulars and a few militia, while the defensive works were old and useless. The place was incapable of defence to a strong attacking force; and as the invaders were in great strength, and their landing covered by the fire from the ships, the plan of Sir Roger Sheaffe, the British commander, was to check the American assault long enough to enable him to destroy all military stores, etc., and to retire with his force to Kingston. The two companies of the Eighth, with about 100 militia were given the post of honor in engaging the enemy while the latter were landing. M'Neale may have exposed his slender force rather recklessly to their fire and the broadsides from the ships, but in any case he and a large number of his command



were killed early in the fight. The remnant, after a short defence, slowly fell back on the main body in face of a steady attack from the Americans, of whom a force about 1,000 strong had by this time come on shore. The defences were soon carried, and the whole remaining British force retreated unmolested to Kingston; an explosion of a powder magazine near the works at this time rendered *hors de combat* a large number of the assailants; and no doubt prevented further molestation of the retiring British force. Of the regular troops engaged 62 were killed and 72 wounded—not far from one-half of the force engaged. The light company of the Eighth, also on the way to Niagara, was met by Sheaffe's force a short distance from York, and joined the retreat.

By the end of May five companies of the King's had been added to the British force at or near Fort George; and at the American attack of the 27th of that month, 6 officers and 198 men of this regiment were killed or wounded, out of a total strength of 320 who went into the action. The fighting was most stubborn, and the detachment of the Eighth showed especial vigor and bravery in the fight, as attested by the heavy loss it sustained.

A portion of the regiment was still in the Kingston garrison, and two companies took part in Sir George Prevost's abortive attack on Sackett's Harbor on 27th May, and sustained a loss of 81 out of 259, the total casualties of the force engaged.

The battle of Stoney Creek was fought on the night of the 5th June. In the small British force (704) which successfully attacked an American army of 2,500 men, there were five companies of the King's under command of Major Ogilvy; proportionately to the number engaged their loss was heavy, 83 in all.

On the 3rd of the same month, Sir James Yeo sailed from Kingston with 280 men of the King's to reinforce the army on the Niagara frontier. They reached the Forty-Mile creek on the 5th, and after an engagement with the enemy landed there. The American army of invasion, which had penetrated as far west as this point, had by this time commenced a retrograde movement, and a large stock of arms and stores were abandoned to the landing party.

In the attack on Black Rock on 11th July, memorable as the occasion of the death of the gallant Lieut.-Col. Bishopp, 40 men of the King's participated and lost exactly half their number. In the second and more formidable expedition in the same direction—made on the last day of 1813, and which ended in the destruction of Buffalo, there were four companies of the King's employed, their loss in the affair being 7 killed and 16 wounded.

In the campaign of 1814, the Eighth lost a company at Fort Erie on 3rd July, when that post surrendered to General Brown, the American commander. In the fight at Chippawa that followed, and which resulted disastrously to our arms, the King's (which had just arrived from York) took part, and acted with great gallantry and steadiness. In the hardly-contested fight in Lundy's Lane on the 25th of July, a detachment of 120 men of the King's formed part of the British force, and were in the brunt of the engagement. At the unsuccessful attack on Fort Erie on the 15th August the available companies of the regiment were engaged, and suffered a loss of 32 killed and wounded.

With the exception of trifling skirmishes the King's regiment was not engaged with the enemy again during the year, and peace was declared in the following winter. In the following year the regiment returned to England, and for the next thirty years was employed on the usual home and colonial reliefs.

The Halifax *Herald* publishes an extract from the old *Nova Scotian* of 9th May, 1839, which states that the 8th regiment, under the command of Lieut.-Col. Bould, arrived there on Sunday, 5th inst., in H.M.S.'s "Pique," "Andromache," and brig, "Wanderer," and disembarked next day. Shipping intelligence in same paper of same date: "Arrived, Sunday, H. M. S. "Pique," Capt. Boxer, Montego Bay, 17 days, with part of 8th regiment; H.M.S. "Andromache," Capt. Baynes, ditto, with part of 8th regiment; H. M. brig "Wanderer," ditto, with remainder of 8th regiment."

In 1846 the King's went to India, and was still there when the Mutiny broke out in 1857, the corps being then stationed at Jallundur. It at once took part in the campaign, marched to Delhi in June, and bore an honorable and prominent share in the siege and the assault, it furnishing the storming and ladder party in the attack on the Water Bastion. After the fall of the city, the corps formed part of a flying column sent to Cawnpore, and which completely routed a force of 6,000 Sepoys which attacked them *en route*. They subsequently acted with the Lucknow Relief column, and participated in most of the actions of the war. In 1860 they returned home, the Governor-General acknowledging their services in an order which assured "the regiment of the very high sense entertained by him of its soldierly conduct whether in quarters or in "the field." Since the Mutiny the 1st Battalion has been in various stations, but has seen no special service.

On three separate occasions, in 1756, 1804 and 1857, second battalions for this corps have been formed. That first-mentioned remained with the King's for two years only, it receiving a separate regimental organization as the 63rd Foot in 1758. The 2nd battalion of 1804 was in Halifax in 1812-13, and in February, 1814, six companies marched from New Brunswick to Quebec on snow-shoes through an almost unbroken forest. They arrived at their destination in March after undergoing great hardships, which was cheerfully borne. In September this battalion took part in the expedition to Plattsburg, so atrociously mismanaged by the commander-in-chief, Sir George Prevost. The battalion was reduced in 1815.

In October, 1857, more troops were required for India, and a second battalion for the King's was again easily recruited. It served in Gibraltar, Malta and India, and was in the thick of the fighting in Afghanistan during 1878-80. Its latest active service has been in Burmah.

The colors of the King's Regiment attest its length of service and its valor in action. The badges of honor that are there inscribed read as follows: "Blenheim," "Ramillies," "Oudenarde," "Malplaquet," "Dettingen," "Egypt," "Martinique," "Niagara," "Delhi," "Lucknow," "Peiwar Kotal," "Afganistan, 1878-80."

To members of the Masonic order in Canada, this regiment possesses a special interest, for the lodge attached to the corps when it was quartered in Niagara in 1775 is the first known record of Masonry in what is now the Province of Ontario.

JOSEPH PLIMSOLL EDWARDS.

## FOREIGN MILITARY JOURNALS,

### THE RAZVEDCHICK.

Much attention has recently been devoted to snow-shoes in Russia, and trials of various patterns are still in progress. Drawings are supplied by the *Graphic* of the Canadian shoe, which is said to possess the following advantages over all others: 1. In consequence of their small size and inconsiderable weight (about 4 lb. the pair) they can be easily carried when not actually required—as on roads or ice. 2. Walking with them is easy, and needs but little previous instruction. 3. A line of skirmishers can, when wearing these snow-shoes, easily pass through the thickest wood

or ascend the steepest slope. 4. A firing line occupies no more space than when without snow-shoes which makes it easy of direction. 5. The pace is more easily regulated than with the common shoe. A party on Canadian snow shoes can drill even in close order, which is impossible with those of other patterns. The shoe in question, as is known to most of us, is not unlike an elongated tennis bat.

It appears to be difficult in Russia to get the right sort of men for the various regimental cycle corps. In consequence the Okhotnitchaya Rommanda or Chasseur Section is instructed in the use of the bicycle. Now it is easy to see that the mere carrying of letters and the maintenance of communication between various bodies, inside the sentry line, which would be the probable duties of the cyclists in time of war, do not require the same qualities which are sought for in a reconnoitrer—fearlessness, observation, and cunning. The *Razvedchick* points out that instead of teaching unwilling men to learn cycling it would be far better to seek to form a cyclist corps from the one year Volunteers who in addition to being often good riders, possess their own machines, which are far better than the ponderous Government ones, and this would result in a saving in the country's money.

#### A SONG OF THE CAMP.

“ Give us a song !” the soldiers cried—  
 The outer trenches guarding,  
 When the heated guns of the Camp allied  
 Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,  
 Lay grim and threatening under ;  
 And the tawny mound of the Malakoff  
 No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said  
 “ We storm the forts to-morrow ;  
 Sing while we may, another day  
 Will bring enough of sorrow.”

They lay along the Battery's side.  
Below the smoking cannon,—  
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde  
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love and not of fame,  
Forgot was Britain's glory :  
Each heart recalled a different name,  
But all sang " Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,  
Until its tender passion  
Rose like an anthem rich and strong,  
Their battle eve confession.

Dear girl ! her name he dared not speak  
But as the song grew louder,  
Something upon the soldier's cheek  
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned  
The bloody sunset's embers,  
While the Crimean valleys learned  
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of Hell  
Rained on the Russian quarters,  
With scream of shot and burst of shell,  
And bellowing of the mortars !

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim  
For a singer dumb and gory ;  
And English Mary mourns for him  
Who sang of " Annie Laurie."

Sleep soldiers ! Still in honored rest  
Your truth and valor wearing ;  
The bravest are the tenderest !  
The loving are the daring.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

## WINNIPEG, MANITOBA.

The men of the Squadron of the Royal Canadian Dragons are in excellent health at present, although there were several cases last month of rheumatic and bronchial affections which generally prevail in the Spring months.

"Mumps" have been prevalent throughout the province, but only four men in the Barracks contracted them; these were immediately isolated in a room, and recovered quickly; no other cases occurred. The weather is fine and dry—no Spring rains yet, this gives the opportunity of a general cleaning up of the Barracks, which is always necessary after the long Winter season. The general sanitary condition of the Barracks is very good.

The ladies of the Barracks are about organizing a "Golf" Club, which will no doubt be very enjoyable for them and others. We are sorry to have to record the death of Mrs. Carroll.

The funeral of the late Mrs. Carroll, wife of Sergt. Carroll of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, who died at the Maternity hospital on Good Friday morning, took place on Sunday afternoon from St. Mary's church to Fort Rouge cemetery. Father McCarthy conducted the services at the church before a large number of friends of the deceased. The casket was laden with wreaths and flowers worked into various designs, among them being the following:

Capt. and Mrs. Heward, wreath; hon. members of Sergeants' Mess, wreath; Mrs. E. R. A. Stevenson and the Misses Masons, cross; Sergt. and Mrs. Timmis, Maltese cross; Sergt. Major and Mrs. Watson, anchor; members of Sergeants' mess, large wreath; the men of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, a large wreath and a large Maltese cross. In addition to those who accompanied the remains to the cemetery, a number of Fort Rouge friends had gathered there to hear the last service over the deceased lady, which was conducted by Father O'Dwyer. The pall-bearers were Sergts. Garbutt, Hobkirk, Judges, Jones, Graham and Timmis.

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LONDON, ONT.

Our contribution to the last number of the V. R. I. somehow went astray, and I must therefore seem a little antiquated in some of the notes I am sending this quarter. To begin with, shortly after our return from Levis, our only bachelor, Mr. Carpenter seeing the incompleteness of his life as compared with his seniors at this depot, advisedly bettered himself by taking unto himself a far better half, as all officers of the R.R.C.I. who have had the pleasure of serving in London can testify; and the only regret of the station is that we don't see as much of Mrs. Carpenter as we should, were they on the "Quarter List."

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In the beginning of January, the mess was presented by Field Marshal, Viscount Wolseley with an excellent autograph photograph of himself, in the full dress uniform of a Field Marshal, which has been handsomely framed and hung in the ante-room; and to insure its always remaining the property of "Wolseley Barracks", which were named after him, a resolution was passed at a mess meeting, to the effect that the photograph was the property of the mess premises of the Barracks, and not of any corps that may now or at any time be stationed here.

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We have had an exceedingly pleasant season in London this winter, to which the Barracks have contributed their share of the amusement. We finished the year with a very enjoyable New Year's Eve dance, and one of the features of it was all the guests joining hands in the mess-room and singing "Auld Lang Syne," while a torch-light procession of the men of the Company, headed by the buglers, enlivened the scene by playing and cheering on the outside of the Quarters.

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A theatrical entertainment of an excellent character was given in the Lecture Room on the evenings of the 2nd, 3rd and 4th of January, by the officers; that on the 2nd for the non-commissioned officers and married men and their families; and those on the 3rd and 4th for the friends of the officers. Colonel Smith took a part in both plays in his capable manner, and convinced the people of London more than ever that he had missed his vocation; we had to requisition upon the towns people to a large extent for assistance, owing to the transference (if I may coin a word) of Mrs. Young, Captain

Wadmore and Mr. Macdonell, who were strong members of our Company when we first made our name. Mrs. Vidal was the only lady of the Barracks that assisted us, but owing to her former essays, she gave us prestige and confidence.

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The men of "No. 1" Company have increased an inch in stature, owing to the height they carry their heads, now that their commanding officer has been promoted a Brevet-Lieut.-Colonel. You talk about the Guards, why, they are not it!

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Our medical officer expresses the hope, that it will be some time before another Medical Board assembles in London, for the president of the last, who hails from a small town to the east of us, expressed a wish while here to investigate a certain "Spook" living in Anne St., and our doctor deemed it his duty to drive the said president to the investigation, and wait in the cold while he investigated; and when the visiting surgeon came forth he was undoubtedly *spookful*, while our poor doctor was *speechless*, and remained so for some weeks to come, and on his return to duty my advice to him was to "take in" more "spirits" and less "spooks" for the future.

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Golf—properly pronounced, so I was told in England last year, Goff—is the rage in London now; all our officers are honorary members of the London Club (an honor that we thoroughly appreciate), and it is very amusing to see one of our subalterns, some 6 feet 2 inches in height, taking four or five strokes and making use of eight or ten "cuss" words before he can get a yard from the "Tee."

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Cards have been issued for a garden party on the 25th inst., to entertain the officers of the 13th and 38th Battalions, who visit London on the Queen's Birthday; and we have also issued invitations for Tennis on each Wednesday in June.

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Mr. Oliver Denison, who was attached to the Regiment for duty at the camp at Levis, arrived here two weeks ago, to write for his literary examination for the Imperial Service, and I am sure we all hope that he will be successful.



## TORONTO.

The Canadian Horse Show inaugurated in the new Armory was a great success. The building was obtained for the purpose through the exertions of Col. Otter, D.A.G., and the commissioned officers of the city corps, who felt it was but fitting that a great national affair like the Canadian Horse Show should have the hearty co-operation of all of the community.

For the Soldiers, Major Hay, R. Grenadiers, scored the 1st victory, winning a red ribbon with a very handsome dogcart and horse. Mr. Laurie took a third prize in the saddle class with Kitty Tyrrell, a handsome mare, bay with black points. In the heavy weight Green Hunters, Major Hay again carried off part of the honors, taking a 2nd prize with a dark chestnut.

Mr. Geo. Beardmore, the popular M.F.H., took 3rd with Cockatoo.

In the first evening performance the tandems were the chief attraction, Mr. Laurie's tandem Carver Doon and Kitty Tyrrell took 2nd prize out of 8 tandems, the red ribbon been given to a tandem whose leader had phenomenal action in front. Kitty Tyrrell made an ideal leader, the thoroughbred blood showing strongly in her carriage and general appearance. Later, the keenest competition of the whole show took place between the light weight qualified Hunters. Mr. Laurie's mare, Lorna Doon, went 4 times round the ring without touching the timber, but unfortunately her rider, forgetting caution, let her finish at a racing pace, and was told by the judges they would have awarded Lorna Doon 1st or 2nd prize, but were obliged to disqualify him for rushing at his last fences. Mr. Forester's well known little racer, Dodo, gave a beautiful performance over the hurdles, but was disqualified for being too small.

In the light weight Green Hunters, Kitty Tyrrell won hands down, taking her jumps in perfect style and easily distancing her competitors. Next day in the competition for best combination saddle and harness horse, Kitty Tyrrell's pretty action and manners again carried off the red ribbon in a class of over 30 competitors, many of whom were valued close on a thousand dollars, Mr. Forester cleverly throwing himself over the hurdle when his mare Dolly blundered going into the pig pen, was one of the best bits of horsemanship at the Show, landing perfectly unhurt when his death seemed a certainty.

Next afternoon the gentleman rider competition brought out a large field. Mr. Forester was the favorite with the audience and certainly rode in splendid style, but the ways of judges are inscru-

table, and the Red Ribbon went to Mr. Laurie. Neither of them cared as long as they kept it in the Barracks. In the high jumping competition, Mr. Laurie's tandem team, Carver Doon and Kitty Tyrrell, gave a fine exhibition, but had not been sufficiently schooled to keep on jumping 6 five-foot jumps consecutively, and after getting over the 1st five fences in splendid form, carried away the last hurdle. Lorna Doon tried hard to carry off another red ribbon for the Barracks in the Ladies' saddle class, but the band and applause were too much for the excitable mare, and she could not be steadied sufficiently.

In the heavy weight hunters class, Carver Doon, took the blue ribbon, the red ribbon being taken by Capt. Cream, Q.O.R., on Prince Charlie, the horse he rode triumphantly to victory in last year's Red Coat Race. In the evening at the last performance Kitty Tyrrell carried Mrs. J. K. Kerr to victory in the Ladies' jumping competition, taking her jumps in a quiet, collected manner, and finished the Horse Show a very tired horse.

The Horse Show was a success financially, and part of the balance will be used as prize money for Rifle competitions in the O.R.A. matches.

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The Royal Canadian Foot Club held their annual meeting in the Reading Room, Stanley Barracks, on the 23rd March. The Treasurer's report showed a handsome balance on hand. The following officers were elected for 1895 :

*Hon. President*—Lieut J. H. Laurie.

*Sect. Treasurer*—Sergt. J. S. Campbell.

*Field Captain*.—Pte. J. Fleming.

*Committee*.—Sergt. Thomson, Corp. Male, Pte. Stump, Corp. Beattie, Pte. Hartnett, Pte. Bland, Pte. Wamacott, Pte. Cooper, Pte. Notley.

It was decided to enter a team in the Toronto Intermediate League. The club look forward to a very successful season. Invitations have been received to play matches in Collingwood, Barrie and Nobleton.

The latter town will be visited by a team from the club on May 24th, when a Silver Cup will be competed for.

Lieut. J. H. Laurie has been elected Hon. Vice-President of the Toronto Intermediate League.

The Royal Canadian Foot Ball Club are scheduled to play matches with the following teams in the Toronto Intermediate League.

April 20th	Thistles
" 27	Gore Vales
May 4	Hurons
" 11	Athletics
" 18	Gordon McKay
" 25	Riversides

The following will compose the team to play the Thistles on the baseball grounds, on Saturday the 20th April :

Gool, Welch. Backs, Pte Bland and Wonnacott, Half Backs, Ptes Lewis, Notley and Stump. Forwards, Corpl Male, Ptes Cooper, Hewing, Bateman, Bug Brough.

Sergt. Campbell, R.R.C.I., who has been drilling the N.C. Officers of the Queen's Own Rifles for the past two months, was presented on Wednesday evening, the 3rd April, with a handsome Gold Headed Cane and Pipe suitably engraved. The presentation was made by Col. Sergt. Thomson in St. George's Hall, after which refreshments were served and a general good time was indulged in by all.

An amusing incident occurred on Friday last at the weekly Kit inspection. The Officer Commanding No. 2 Coy on looking over a man's kit discovered that that worthy was deficient of soap, and on asking where the article was, T. Atkins promptly replied, "Some one has swiped it, sir." It is needless to say he was reminded to use the Queen's English in future.

Drill Sergeant Holmes was removed to the General Hospital on the 2nd inst., for the purpose of having an operation performed, and is now doing as well as can be expected.

The Squadron R.C.D. are going through their Squadron training, for the first time since arriving in Toronto, Capt Williams in command.

At a meeting of the V.R.I. Garrison Cricket Club, the following officers were elected for the ensuing season :—

*President.*—Lt.-Col. Buchan, D.A.G.

*Vice-Presidents.*—Capt. Williams, R.C.D.

Lt. Forrster, R.C.D.

*Secretary.*—Corp. W. Wale, R.C.D.

*Treasurer.*—Q. M. Serg. Borland, R.R.C.I.

*Committee.*—Sergt. Johnston, R.C.D. ; Corp. Austin, R.R.C.I. ; Lance Corp. Cooper, R.R.C.I. ; Pte. Todd, R.R.C.I. ; Pte. Lyngman ; Pte. Ware ; Pte. Jackson, R.C.D.

## ST. JOHNS.

On the evening of the 21st March, just previous to his departure for Aldershot, Captain MacDougall, the popular Adjutant at this Depot of the Royal Regiment Canadian Infantry, was entertained to dinner by his brother officers. Captain MacDougall left the following morning.

Sergt. Major Phillips has re-engaged for a further term of three years.

The Regimental Library has received a present of twenty-six volumes from Surgeon Major Campbell.

The 18th day of April last was the silver wedding of Lieut.-Col. Count d'Orsonnens, Commandant of the Regimental Depot at this Station. The officers presented him and his esteemed Countess with a sterling silver salad and cold meat set. The non-commissioned officers presented the Col. with a silver cigar box, and the Countess with sterling silver teaspoons, with monogram and crest engraved thereon. Congratulations and best wishes accompanied the presentations.

2nd Lieut. Laurie of the 1st Prince of Wales Regiment, Montreal, and 2nd Lieut. Vaux of the 42nd Batt., Brockville, are attached for a short course.

## GARRISON CRICKET CLUB.

The following members are the winners of the prizes given by the Club, and officers for season 1894 :

Silver cup, given by Surgeon Major Campbell, Hon. President, for highest score during season,—Pte. L. Etienne. Number of runs, 168.

Special Bat, given by Major Trotter, M.G.A., for highest score in a single match,—Pte. F. Wilson. Score, 47.

Bat given by Club for the best batting average for season 1894, Pte. L. Etienne. Average 15-3.

Ball given by Club for the best bowling average for season 1894, Hospital Sgt. Cotton. Average 4-4.

## QUEBEC.

Captain R. W. Rutherford gave a most interesting and instructive lecture at the R. C. A. Institute, before his departure for England. The subject was "Coast Defence." A large number of officers of the Permanent Force and Local Corps were present.

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Lt.-Col. J. F. Wilson and Captain Rutherford left for England at the end of March, to be attached to the Imperial Force for a course of instruction.

Sergts. Slade and D'Amour, R.C.A., have also gone to England for the same purpose.

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Just after Captain Rutherford's departure he was promoted to Brevet Major in the Militia.

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Surgeon-Major C. C. Sewell, R.C.A., has been promoted to the rank of Deputy Surgeon General.

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Captain Hudon, "A" Battery, Kingston, has taken over command of "B" Battery during Lt.-Col. Wilson's absence in England.

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The non-commissioned officers and men of "B" Field Battery gave a dance in the Field Artillery Barracks in March.

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The January to March course of instruction in Garrison Artillery broke up on March 31st. Some thirty-three non-commissioned officers and men went through this course. Two "Short Course" and three "Special Course" officers passed the examinations.

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The Sergeants of the R.C.A. gave a most enjoyable dance in their Mess rooms, last April.

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The R.C.A., Quebec, are to give an entertainment during the week of the Quebec Amateur Athletic Association's Tombola in June. The programme will consist of squads for Lance exercise, Physical Drill to music, Statue Dumb-bell Drill, and instrumental solos by members of the R. C. A. Band. This entertainment will be in aid of the Q. A. A. A.

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The marriage of Sergt. H. Croft, No. 2 Company R.C.A., to Miss B. Herman, took place on May 7th.

## FREDERICTON, N.B.

No. 4 Company R.R.C.I. is, like all other units of the Permanent Corps, decreasing in strength owing to the recent order against further enlistment; but that is all we have to grumble about this time.

Captain MacDougall paid Fredericton a short visit on his way to Halifax, and was the guest of Lieut.-Col. Gordon, and was in time to drink his host's health with the rest of the officers on his well earned promotion.

We are endeavoring to start a military museum here, putting the Barracks themselves in as *the* chief antiquity, and Sergt. Major McKenzie has kindly contributed some old books, one of which, the Officer's Sword Exercise for 1842, has some quaint wood cuts; another interesting relic promised us is a boarding pike from Nelson's flag Ship "The Victory." If each Company of the Regiment were to join in similar company collections, we should lay the foundation of quite a respectable Regimental Museum.

We recently received a visit from Mr. Smith, the founder of the Boys' Brigade, and a very pleasant well set up fellow he is, too; he has, we notice in the paper which he devotes to his special and philanthropic work, mentioned his visit to us in a most complimentary way; it reads as follows:

"At Fredericton next day I had my first glimpse of military life, in Canada. There are Imperial troops at Halifax, but I had no opportunity of seeing anything of them. At Fredericton, however, through the kindness of Colonel Maunsell, I had the pleasure of being present at a parade of the detachment of the Royal Regiment of Canadian Infantry under his command, and seeing over the barracks.

"The Royal Canadians are one of the finest-looking bodies of men that I have ever seen, evidently a *corps d'elite*,—every man a well set up, well developed, seasoned looking soldier. In their drill they quite maintain the highest standard that we see in our line Battalions at home. Their quarters are much like a good Infantry barracks in the Old Country, one noticeable difference being a huge pair of snow-shoes, about three feet long, hung up on the wall over each man's bed. At this season of the year all field manoeuvres have to be done on snow-shoes. Colonel Maunsell is proud of his regiment, as he has good reason to be, and evidently takes a keen personal interest in his men, with the natural consequence that they are a splendidly conducted corps, and he hardly ever has to make a prisoner."

We are all greatly pleased here to see how excellent the last number of the V.R.I. was. We most heartily congratulate our indefatigable Editor on his good work, and at the same time trust he will except our congratulations on his promotion to Deputy Surgeon General.

We have nothing in the way of actual sporting news to send, but trust in our next number to be able to give a good account of ourselves in the cricket field. Unfortunately we have lost a good all round cricketer in Lance Crop. Utton, who thought civilian life more suitable for his ambitions, so did not re-engage at the expiration of his first three years.

There are 3 officers and 31 non, commissioned Officers and men attached this course. This number does not include 5 men from No. 4 Company, whose average height is 6 feet, 1 and average weight 188 lbs. Lieut. Macdonell has charge of the Attached Company. The new School of Instruction at Halifax interferes, in a marked degree, with the attendance here, nor is it to be wondered at with the premium given.

On the 15th April the Royal Canadian Minstrels gave another entertainment in aid of the City Hospital, Sergeant Breiver being manager. Songs were given by Little Corporal Bayers, Baugh, Sherman, Sergeant Langelle and Pte. Taylor. Corporal Bayers then gave a stump speech, which would have been an eye-opener to many a politician. Foster exhibited his skill on the trapeze. Sergt. Naufis and McNeil did some excellent clog and jig dancing. Bugler Lynch made the *hit* of the evening by appearing in a cocked hat, scarlet jacket, white breeches, long boots, spurs, sword, etc., and singing the song of our esteemed friend Capt. Streatfield "The Little Tin Soldier." Hiscock gave some club swinging, Baugh another Irish song. Clinton euphonized on the euphoneum, and two good farces were acted in addition, and so a very interesting and variegated entertainment was brought to an end.

## BIRTHS.

At the Barracks, No. 3 Regt. Dept. R.R.C.I., St. Johns, Que. on the 7th May, 1895, the wife of Pte. Lefebre, of a daughter.

At Fredericton, on 29th April, the wife of Sergeant Geo. J. Moore, O.R.C., of a daughter.

On the 9th April, at the Stanley Barracks, Toronto, the wife of Sergt. Campbell, of a daughter.

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## MARRIAGES.

At St. Joseph, Point Levis, Quebec, on the 14th May, 1895, Drill Sergeant P. Doxtader of No. 3 Regt. Dept. R.R.C.I., to Miss D. Richards, daughter of Sergt. Major Richards, caretaker, Engineers Camp, St. Joseph, Point Levis.

At Toronto, on the 30th March, 1895, Drill Sergt. Butcher, No. 2 Co. R.R.C.I., to Miss M. A. Downs.

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## DEATHS.

At Fredericton, N.B., on the 18th April, the infant son of Pte. Atherley, R.R.C.I.