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MARKHAM.
W. B. ... 17Jul.56
J. N. ... 18Sep.56
J. B. ... 18Sep.56

GRIMSBY.
C. ... 11Dec.56
J. ... 11Dec.56
A. ... 11Dec.56

DUNDAS.
T. ... 15Jan.57

WENTWORTH.
T. ... 11Feb.57
G. ... 11Feb.57

Rifles.

NETCALP.
H. ... 7Aug.56
A. ... 7Aug.56
J. ... 7Aug.56

KINGS TON.
James ... 27Nov.56
D. ... 48pt.56
J. ... 48pt.56
E. ... 48pt.56
I. ... 2Jan.57

BELLEVILLE.
A. ... 13Nov.56
A. ... 11Dec.56
J. ... 11Dec.56

TORONTO.
S. ... 12Sept.56
J. ... 158pt.56
W. ... 188pt.56
J. ... 158pt.56
A. ... 188pt.56
A. ... 188pt.56
T. ... 188pt.56

COLLINGWOOD.
A. ... 11Nov.56
W. ... 13Nov.56
G. ... 11Dec.56
A. ... 11Dec.56

ORILLIA.
S. ... 17Jul.56
A. ... 21Aug.56
T. ... 21Aug.56

HAMILTON.
J. ... 17Jul.56
J. ... 17Jul.56
J. ... 17Jul.56

DELAVALLE.
S. ... 23Jan.57
C. ... 7Aug.56
J. ... 7Aug.56

GRIMSBY.
A. ... 7Aug.56
D. ... 7Aug.56
G. ... 7Aug.56

LONDON.
J. ... 7Aug.56
D. ... 7Aug.56
J. ... 7Aug.56

ST. THOMAS.
T. ... 17Jul.56
W. ... 17Jul.56
C. ... 17Jul.56

PORT DOVER.
James ... 16Oct.56
J. ... 16Oct.56
A. ... 16Oct.56

PRESCOTT.
B. ... 11Feb.57

LINDSAY.
T. ... 12Mar.57

LOWER CANADA.

Field Batteries Artillery

QUEBEC.
J. ... 31Aug.57
M. ... 11Dec.56
E. ... 31Aug.57
P. ... 31Aug.57
D. ... 11Dec.56
A. ... 14Nov.56
W. ... 14Nov.56

MONTREAL.
H. ... 11Dec.56
W. ... 3Jul.57
W. ... 11Dec.56
R. ... 11Dec.56
C. ... 11Dec.56
W. ... 11Dec.56

Foot Companies.

QUEBEC.
Boomer, captain, 31Aug.57
Lambert, 1st lieutenant, 48pt.56
W. ... 48pt.56
W. ... 48pt.56

MONTREAL.
A. ... 11Dec.56
A. ... 11Dec.56
W. ... 3Jul.57

Cavalry.

QUEBEC.
W. ... 11Nov.56
A. ... 21Nov.56
W. ... 27Nov.56
J. ... 11Feb.57
J. ... 11Feb.57

MONTREAL.
J. ... 27Sep.56
A. ... 1Jan.57
S. ... 26Feb.57

ST. ANDREWS.
John ... 31Jan.57
J. ... 31Jan.56
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COOKSHIRE.
J. ... 7Feb.56
J. ... 7Feb.56
W. ... 7Feb.56

Rifles.

QUEBEC.
C. ... 31Aug.57
S. ... 17Apr.56
F. ... 23May.56
A. ... 11Feb.57
J. ... 23May.56
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L. ... 23May.56
G. ... 23May.56

THREE RIVERS.
C. ... 10Oct.56
J. ... 10Oct.56
C. ... 16Oct.56

SHERBROOKE.
W. ... 29Jan.57
J. ... 26Feb.56
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GRANBY.
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MONTREAL.
A. ... 11Dec.56
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Cavalry.

QUEBEC.
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MILITARY DISTRICTS.

UPPER CANADA.

No. 1. Colonel Hon. Roderick Matheson, Perth.
Assist. Adj. Genl. Major Jas. Bell, do.
Asst. Qr. Mr. Genl. Major J. Thompson, do.

No. 2. Colonel Alexander McLean, Cornwall.
Asst. Adj. Genl. Major Jno. MacDonell, do.

No. 3. Colonel Angus Cameron, Kingston. [Island.]
Asst. Adj. Genl. Major W. H. Griffin, Amherst
Asst. Qr. Mr. Genl. Major John Innis, Kingston.

No. 4. Colonel Hon'ble George S. Boulton, Cobourg.
Asst. Adj. Genl. Major R. D. Chatterton, do.
Asst. Qr. Mr. Genl. Major A. A. Butchart, do.

No. 5. Colonel Edward W. Thomson, Toronto.
Asst. Adj. Genl. Major E. C. Fisher, Stobicoke.
Asst. Qr. Mr. Genl. Major T. G. Hurd, Toronto.

No. 6. Colonel James Webster, Guelph.
Asst. Adj. Genl. Major Alex. Smith, Berlin.
Asst. Qr. Mr. Genl. Major John Harland, Guelph.

No. 7. Colonel Hon. Sir Allan N. M'Nab, Bart., Hamilton.
Asst. Adj. Genl. Major Jasper T. Gilkison, do.
Asst. Qr. Mr. Genl. Major G. Hykert, St. Catharines.

No. 8. Colonel John B. Askin, London.
Asst. Adj. Genl. Major M. Mackenzie, St. Thomas.
Asst. Qr. Mr. Genl. Major Henry Bruce, London.

No. 9. Colonel Arthur Rankin, Sandwich.
Asst. Adj. Genl. Major Paul J. Salter, do.
Asst. Qr. Mr. Genl. Mjt. C. G. Fortier, Amherstburg

LOWER CANADA.

No. 1. Colonel J. C. Bellenau, Gaspé.
Asst. Adj. Genl. Major P. Vibert, New Carlisle.
Asst. Qr. Mr. Genl. Major G. LeBoutillier, Gaspé

No. 2. Colonel Honorable E. P. Taché, Toronto.
Asst. Adj. Genl. Mjr. N. Nadeau, Cap St. Ignace.
Asst. Qr. Mr. Genl. Major T. Béclard, Kamouraski.

No. 3. Colonel E. H. Duchesnay, St. Marie.
Asst. Adj. Genl. Major T. G. Taschereau, do.
Asst. Qr. Mr. Genl. Major G. N. A. Fortier, do.

No. 4. Colonel W. G. Hanson, Three Rivers.
Asst. Adj. Genl. Mjr. S. W. Woodward, Nicolet.
Asst. Qr. Mr. Genl. Major Jonathan Robinson, do.

No. 5. Colonel T. E. Campbell, C. B. St. Hilaire.
Asst. Adj. Genl. Major Thos. Valiquet, do.
Asst. Qr. Mr. Genl. Major A. Kierzkowski, do.

No. 6. Colonel Prime de Martigny, Yvernes.
Asst. Adj. Genl. Major L. D. de Martigny, do.
Asst. Qr. Mr. Genl. Mjr. J. N. A. Archambault, do.

No. 7. Colonel Charles Panet, Quebec.
Asst. Adj. Genl. Major Frs. R. Angers, do.
Asst. Qr. Mr. Genl. Major J. T. Taschereau, do.

No. 8. Colonel William Berzay, Daillabouit.
Asst. Adj. Genl. Major L. Levesque, do.
Asst. Qr. Mr. Genl. Major O. Cuthbert, Berthier.

No. 9. Colonel Honorable George Moffatt, Montreal.
Asst. Adj. Genl. Major J. R. Speng, do.
Asst. Qr. Mr. General—Major F. Penn, do.

We have been presented with a sample of oats raised on Pine Lake Farm on the Matawin one of the tributaries of the St. Maurice, belonging to Allan Gilmour & Co., of Quebec, about 60 miles from the latter river and 40 north of the St. Lawrence. The sample is what is popularly known as potatoe oats, and is decidedly the best sample we have seen in Canada. It weighs about fifty pounds to the bushel, it is short, plump, and well colored, and must be exceedingly productive in nutriment. The quantity raised last year was 2500 bushels and 400 bushels of Rye, in addition to potatoes, turnips, hay, &c. Although pretty familiar with the old country farming, we have seldom seen so fine a specimen of oats. The valley of the St. Maurice and its tributaries afford most eligible advantages to the agriculturist.

We learn from Washington March 23, that the Clarendon Dallas treaty, as amended by the Senate, has been amended over again by a Cabinet Council, and will be sent to England by a special agent—Mr. A. H. Evans—by the steamer on Wednesday next. The amendments made by the President and Cabinet will make it more palatable to the English Government, and will probably ensure its confirmation.

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

Twelve Months with the Bashi-Bazouks. By
Lieut.-Col. Money.

During the recent war the Bashi-Bazouks came in for a considerable share of notice. Their wild character and picturesque appearance, coupled with the tales of insubordination industriously circulated during their existence as a military force, awakened in them an interest which military scribes were not slow to gratify. Col. Money has produced a book which contains much information as to the habits, customs, and military value of our strange allies. A service of ten years in the East India Company's army rendered Mr Money well fitted for employment in some of the irregular corps being raised by the English Government in Turkey, yet official routine prevented his receiving an appointment from the home authorities, as he was not actually in the East India Company's service. In the East, however, this objection did not prevail with General Beatson, who immediately gave him a captaincy in a Bashi-Bazouk regiment, anxious to secure a genuine soldier amongst the motley troop that had been sent out from England to officer the irregular corps.

THE TROOPS UNDER ARMS.

"The parade began: it was rather difficult to see the squadrons for tobacco-smoke, as every other man was smoking a short chibouque; but when a portion of the matinal pipes were concluded, the scene became a little clearer. They wore a strange medley: it was the first time I had seen an Amazon regiment together and I thought it a funny sight. All who wished were talking; all who wished were smoking; some horses had an objection to standing with their heads to the front, and, as they could not find space for longitudinal position in the ranks, had either come forward or fallen into the rear. The fool of the regiment, a boy of fourteen, with a dunce's cap of paper covered with spangles and some extraordinary clothes, was a few paces in advance, mounted on a large yew-necked, cadaverous steed; at his side was the tom-tom player, keeping up a dull, monotonous sound on an instrument, which was varied by the report of a pistol, discharged every now and then in the ranks; the owner thinking, I suppose, something of the sort was necessary to enliven the scene. The Colonel presently gave the limbashee the order to advance, who called it out in a loud voice; the cry was taken up by each Yuzbashee at the head of his squadron; others repeated it; and, amidst the most frightful yelling, the advance took place. More screaming orders, and the walk was successively changed into trot, canter, and gallop; after which no further orders could be given. The men got excited, they jostled each other, all order in the squadron was lost, confusion reigned supreme, and Bashi-Bazouks were in their glory; they hallooed, they fired their pistols, faster and faster did they go, till the beast I bestrode, now fairly alarmed, took the bit between his teeth and ran away. Here, then, was something to hunt, and they availed themselves of it; a dozen or more pursued me across the plain in a most determined manner, and to a bystander it must have appeared a curious sight. I could not stop my horse, but I managed to form a large circle, and to return to the troop just as with horses fairly brought to a stand-still, they had gained the top of a small rise. My pursuers came up after me, grinning their satisfaction at the chase I had given them; and after some minutes spent in matinal pipes No. 2, the squadrons gradually reformed, and stood ready for further action."

AN ARAB MILITARY GUIDE.

"As I wended my way campwards, I had time to note the peculiar costume of my guide, which consisted of a tightly-fitting vest of a bright green colour, surmounted by a species of scarlet hussar pelisse, with the sleeves flowing behind; both these garments were richly embroidered with gold, as were also his loose green trousers stuffed into a pair of yellow boots decorated in front with tassels; covering his head was a gaudily striped silk bawkerchief, not twisted as a turban, but tied in a knot at the back of his neck, and hanging like a curtain down his

back. Round his waist, or rather stomach, he had a handsome shawl of apparently Indian manufacture, in which were tucked two clumsy, silver-mounted, flat pistols, as also a jagghat, or long knife, at his side dangled a semi-circular sabre, and over his shoulders, and hanging behind, he carried a magnificent looking carbine, about seven feet long. His horse was no less richly caparisoned, the head-piece was studded with steel bosses or knobs, while from his throat depended a horse-hair plume, dyed scarlet, two or three feet long; the reins were brass chains, the saddle, which had a high peak before and behind, was covered with silver-embroidered cloth, from the bottom of which peeped out his dish-shaped stirrups, the sharp edges of which are used instead of spurs. I had forgotten to mention a long ten-foot spear, under the spread head which was attached a round tuft of black feathers. When he had smoked his pipe, he stuck it into his boot."

GENERAL BEATSON AT A LEVEL OF THE NATIVE CHIEFS.

"First and foremost rode General Beatson, his fine soldier-like form set off by the superb uniform he wore most profusely ornamented, it appeared as if gold were the material, and the binding. He dismounted, and walked up to the tent, his patent leather jack-boots making to his stature, while the general effect of his appearance was much heightened by a turban, constructed of some richly-colored fancy material, bound round his head in general folds, which again, in its sombre colours, was contrasted by a fillet of cord of gold, covering its base, and the upper portion of his forehead. When he presented himself before his wild chiefs, the murmur of applause and the respectful salutations with which he was greeted, showed how well and wisely he had calculated on the effect which would be produced on them by the magnificence of his attire." Add to this the white beard and moustaches of General Beatson, and it may be conceived that the Bashi-bazouks beheld in him the impersonation of the heroism of Europe. He had heard that the irregular bands dreaded the idea of being converted into a regular force, and in the presence of the European and native officers made an oratorical declaration:—"Now, let them look at me! (Translate each sentence as I utter it.) Do I look like a man who would do all this? Is this the sort of dress (and he struck his chest with his hand) that sort of man would wear? Are these the kind of uniforms (and he glanced proudly round on both English and native officers) by which that sort of man would be surrounded? Do we look like a regular army? Do our very horses appear as if they had gone through the hard-drill lessons of a riding school? No, Colonel G—, tell them that this is an irregular force regarded as such by the Government of England, who expects more from it, that is, their Chief, have been accustomed to irregular forces, and know what they are, that in me they have an officer in whom they may confide, that I hereby promise them, that as long as I am at their head, that as long as they follow me, whether as now over these quiet plains, or later against the serried columns of the Russians, irregular they are, and irregular they shall be. And now let those stand forward who have said the reverse. I minded but I'll see whether their word or mine will be believed!" By the side of the General stood his young daughter, "very pretty," in an "Amazonian kind of dress," surmounted by "a golden turban, the very miniature of her father's."

THE BIT OF CARPET ROUND THE NECK.

General Beatson was very emphatic on the subject of costume. He ordered a rich and picturesque uniform for his officers, but insisted that no collars or neckcloths should be worn:—"After suffering for some time from this, I, on my return to the Dardanelles, put on a collar and black neckcloth. General Beatson happened to see me when thus attired:—'What that bit of carpet you've got round your neck, Captain Money? he said.—'It's a simple neckcloth, sir.—'Take it off, I beg, when the neck is covered, it quite destroys the character of the uniform. I'm not particular generally as to dress, but I'll allow nothing about the throat, which should be as naked as your hand.'—Ultimately

Capt. Money concurred with his General that soldiers should go with bare necks.

NOTHING WHEN YOU ARE SENT TO IT.

Capt. Money was afterwards sent on detached command to the Crimea, and arrived in time to witness the capture of a city. It was under the fire of the northern forts. In a most exposed situation, in a central street, was found a French cafe:—"I called for the landlord, and expected to see a mounted, hard-featured, 'vieux Français.' What was my astonishment when a cur-tain at one side of the stable was drawn, and a pretty, lively French girl of two or three and twenty appeared. 'Avez-vous du café? I said.'—'Non, Monsieur, mais j'en ferai tout de suite, m'steyez vous, je vous prie,' handing us the chairs or stools. We sat down, and she commenced making coffee. Presently a round shut came winzling along, & fell near the courtyard. Away went Mahomet outside, & I could not find time to enter again. He did not appear inclined to linger away a single chance, and when his share of the coffee was prepared he said 'adieu.'—'Is it not rather uncomfortable, lying here?' said the English officer, who was with me to our father's house.—'No,' she replied, 'I'm pretty well accustomed to it.'—'Well, but, & if you think there's a good deal of danger?' he continued.—'Not much, and if there was, I shouldn't mind it; one must live, and it pays me keeping this cafe.—'Do you never have shots through the roof? I said.—'I think we had three altogether last week, but none the last three days.'—'What do you do in such cases, or when they fall into the yard?'—'Why, if they are round shot, I take no notice of them; if shells, I run into the yard or the cafe, and shut the door after me.'

THE BASHI-AZOUKS, & BY BRITISH GOLD.

An English officer appeared in a province—in invited men to join his flag—he promised them a rate of pay which their very wildest ideas of good luck and not (quibbling, as also food for themselves and horses, they could not believe in the truth of such temptations—the very magnificence of the offer made them doubt its reality, and they hung back. Some adventurous spirits, however, joined, thinking that if they got no pay they could secure plunder. Pay they came, they were paid to the moment with bright golden guineas, fresh from the English Mint. They robbed the sovereigns, and rung them to test their worth—rushed off to the bazaar, and found to their amazement, they had received the strange coin, if anything, under its value. All ranks were engaged in the same way; then a substantial knave no bounds, nor did it decrease when they found the same thing repeated week after week, month after month, until the disbandment of the force."

A FAN OF HEROES—The Bristol Times states that there are now within the walls of Horned barracks no less than 75 officers of the Land Transport Force, who it to be a splendid, every one of whom, we are credibly informed, rose from the ranks by military service and merit, some of them having been elevated on the field of battle. Their promotion took place while serving in other Corps or Regiments, nearly all of them having seen active service in India or elsewhere before the Crimean campaign. When they sit down to mess, not only is every breast decorated with the medal for the Russian war, but clasps and decorations for superior merit, and even of the Legion of Honor, may be seen amongst them. As in a week or two these brave men will have left our neighborhood, the Transports as a Corps being about to be discontinued, it has been suggested by several leading and public spirited citizens that the Bristolians should embrace the opportunity to "honor the brave," by inviting them to a public banquet, or otherwise demonstrating in some handsome manner their respect and admiration of men who belong in so exceptional manner to the noble order of merit, and who have fought their way up to fortune in a fashion that reflects honour on themselves and their country. We trust that the Mayor, in conjunction with others, will set upon the suggestion made to them by the gentlemen who have taken the matter up, and that it will receive cordial and ardent support from the citizens generally.

ORGANIZATION OF THE ROYAL ARTILLERY.

BY A FIELD OFFICER OF THE CORPS.

[From the U. S. Magazine.]

The following details relative to the artillery of the British army will, at the commencement of a fresh epoch of peace, probably prove interesting. They will, it is hoped, while they comment freely on the past, be suggestive of some improvements for the future, not only with reference to the efficiency as a military body of the corps, but also as relates to that just and requisite economy which experience has shown to us it is the best wisdom to follow. No amount of money voted by the House of Commons will ever place the artillery on an efficient footing unless the principles of a correct organization are first recognized, and the administration of the corps placed in efficient hands. It will not do to have men at the head of affairs who dream during peace, and who suffer themselves to be caught by war without any pre-arranged plan for meeting its requirements; neither is any man quite justified in remaining in office, and drawing the salary attached to it, when every suggestion he makes is set aside, and every opinion he may bring forward, on matters for which he is or should be responsible, is coolly neglected. There are general principles, applying to every one alike. It is unfortunately too much the fashion of the day to sacrifice them to our personal interests. It passes in ordinary times, but the late war, and its melancholy consequences, in many respects, has been a Nemesis at least in conscience, if not more directly, to many.

Unprepared as our military establishments generally were at the commencement of the late war, none could have been less fit to encounter an enemy at the moment than the Artillery.

The system of the artillery (if system of any kind existed) was conducted in such a manner that a peace establishment numbering, according to the estimates of 1854 and 1855, little short of 16,000 non-commissioned officers and men, was unable to do more (and even that little with difficulty, and of the most crude materials,) than furnish 51 guns to take the field,—not one of them being a gun of position or exceeding the calibre of a 9-pounder and its corresponding howitzer; and after sending this small force, absorbing little more than 1,500 artillerymen, it required upwards of twelve months to organize any reserve. In March 1854, when the expedition, of which so few ever saw England again, began to be formed, there was not a single field battery in the United Kingdom considered to be in such a state of efficiency as to justify a departure from the usual routine of the roster of companies for foreign service by sending it to the East;—showing that the bare existence of a field artillery at all in England was very nearly a myth, and that one capable of expansion or offering a foundation for an addition to our field guns, so as to meet the exigencies of war, was altogether wanting. The declaration of war made it necessary to create the arm; and it may with truth be said that it was hurried into existence. Fortunately for those who might have been held responsible, there was no one who could judge of the state of things; or it was perhaps considered wiser to take them as they were in silence, than to find fault where time was too limited and the circumstances too pressing to admit of improvement.

With our usual belief that everything English must be infinitely superior to everything foreign, we took it for granted that we surpassed every nation in the world in our artillery. It was too late to get rid of the notion, and to set about realizing the fact just at the moment of commencing a war.—Never, surely did a great nation seem so satisfied with her efforts, or rest with a more placid appearance of contentment as to the results, than England when she sent forth her 10,000 infantry, and a few raw and unconstructed field batteries of artillery, to make war with the absolute ruler of 60,000,000 of people. The general breakdown in our military system, and its incapability of meeting a war, has been but too deplorably exposed. It is the subject of the artillery only that calls for notice here. The arm is becoming one of more and more vital importance daily. It has unfortunately long been one of indifference and neglect in England. Instead of keeping it up in peace (as the sums voted by Parliament would easily admit of doing if properly expended,) so as to have an efficient number of field batteries always ready for any emergency, with others coming on, and more or less advanced, as a reserve, our artillery was in such a state at the commencement of the late war, and the efficiency of the few batteries we had was of such little worth that they were broken up. Their horses and a great proportion of their men were turned over to the companies ordered for service, and the latter, by the mere magic of their uniforms and their designation as gunners, and little else, became transformed into field artillery. They took over their equipment, and had little time to do more than show themselves once or twice on Woolwich Common before they embarked to meet the enemy. The first of these service batteries (3 in number) were formed by order dated the 14th February, 1854, and by the end of March they were on board ship. These six weeks of hurried instruction (if the term instruction is not altogether inapplicable to the state of things,) was all, or nearly all, that great numbers of the non-commissioned officers and men had ever received in field duties. Our peace establishment had never been considered with reference to a war, and offered no means, considerable as was the outlay upon it, of raising a war structure without difficulty and an absence of all efficiency. In England, from want of management and head, we can only get on by force of a profuse expenditure. To enable our military establishments to meet a war, we must keep them up in peace to a war standard. It is wonderful, in the face of contending outcries for greater economy, or increased outlay to see how much is spent, and, from want of proper organization, how little is got in the shape of a perfect army.

Four more batteries from England followed the three first ordered to the East; the last of them after an interval of some months. They were all of them formed in the same ill-considered and confused manner, as men and horses could be got together. No arrangements could ever have been considered beforehand with regard to them. The experience of the Peninsular war was a dream and the long peace which followed it a profound slumber. The department of the Adjutant General of Artillery, with which all power for good or evil with regard to the corps rested, was in very aged hands—and the mere possibility of a state of hostilities, in which England should take a part, and a field artillery be required, would seem never to have been discussed or

* The nation was not satisfied.

thought of. There was no efficient nucleus kept up on which to form it. To get together so small a force as 51 guns required a great effort. The whole corps had, as it were, to be broken up, and the required force for the field made up out of it. On taking over the material, the artificers' tools and some of the iron work of the harness, carelessly examined on its first delivery by the contractors, were found on inspection utterly unserviceable and useless. The tools broke in the hand as if made of glass, and a number of the iron hammers were found defective. The old hammers which had been years in use were more to be depended on than the new ones just issued out of store. In everything relating to the kits and necessaries for the men uncertainty and want of head prevailed; and in no respect was the peace soldier, except in his personal qualities, fit for the active duties of his profession. In himself he was everything that could be desired; in whatever related to regulation, or authority, or instruction, he was a complete failure.

Each of the batteries formed consisted of 2 captains, 3 lieutenants, 1 surgeon, 15 non-commissioned officers, 9 artificers, 2 trumpeters, and 158 gunners and drivers. Their guns consisted of 4 9-pounders, with 6 waggon-guns carrying 174 rounds each. There were besides, 1 forge, 1 store limber waggon, 1 store cart, 1 spare gun carriage, and 1 12-pounder rocket tube,—the whole moved by 170 horses. The detail for the two troops of horse artillery was almost precisely similar, at their guns were light 6 pounders and 12-pounder howitzers. They had each of them 188 officers and men, and 204 horses, including the officers' chargers.—These establishments were soon found inadequate. They were altered and increased from time to time, until, at the close of the war, the number of carriages arrived at 28; the number of officers and men being, for a troop of horse artillery, 259, and the number of horses 272; and for a field battery 242 and 210 respectively.

The horse artillery had been ordered to equip themselves with 9-pounder guns and 12-pounder howitzers, the same as the field batteries. Both remained at six pieces of ordnance as when first sent out, although the number of carriages and the personnel generally had been so much augmented.

The batteries and troops embarked from England by divisions of 2 guns each, and at first in sailing ships. Each battery, therefore, required three ships. No veterinary surgeon accompanied any of them; nevertheless, such was the care and zeal of all concerned, that but few horses were lost. Casualties in this respect hardly exceeded 2 per cent; and the horses landed after an average passage of seven weeks, in such condition that they were harnessed to the guns immediately after they touched the shore, and proceeded over a very bad road a distance of two or three miles, to the quarters allotted for them. Two ships out of three for each battery had no medical officer on board; and the only medicine given to the commanding officer of one of them (and it was probably the same with all the rest) was a box of pills and six seidlitz powders. Each of these ships contained from 60 to 70 artillerymen, and with nearly the same number of horses, in a very confined space,—the liability to accident was very great.

At the same time that the batteries for service were formed, a brigade to carry reserve small-arm ammunition was also organized. It consisted of 45 carriages, 189 officers and men, and 200 horses. Some of the carriages were not horsed, although if

Two Order of Victoria.

"FOR VALOR."

The distribution of the decoration of the Victoria Cross, as announced in a supplement to the London Gazette of Tuesday last, must undoubtedly be regarded as one of the most pleasing incidents associated with the happy termination of the late war. The newly-founded honor is designed exclusively for the reward of those brave men, of whatever rank, and in whatever branch of the naval and military service, who may have distinguished themselves by the exhibition of conspicuous valor in presence of the enemy. The motto borne upon the Cross, 'For Valor,' tells, in a word, the virtue for which it is conferred. Considering that the decoration is thus strictly limited to those who have achieved a fame by tests of personal prowess, the number who have survived to receive it affords a gratifying proof that the ancient courage and dauntless hardihood for which the natives of these islands were ever famous, still lives in undiminished vigor in every branch of the British service. The recipients of the Cross, as named in the Gazette, amount in number to eighty-three. The deeds by which they have gained it are as bold and valiant, as striking and as various, as ever made up the renown of the champions of those old days whose personal courage was esteemed the highest virtue of man, and when the waging of war was made the principal occupation of kingdoms. Let us quote an instance or two. In the Naval Brigade, Captain William Peel receives the Cross for having, on the 18th of October, 1854, at the greatest possible risk, taken up a live shell, the fuse still burning, from among several powder casks outside the magazine, and thrown it over the parapet, (the shell burning as it left his hands,) thereby saving the magazine and the lives of those immediately around it. To this brilliant act, Captain Peel added two others. At the battle of Inkermann he joined the officers of the Grenadier Guards, and assisted in defending the colours of the regiment when hard pressed at the Sand-bag Battery; and on the 18th of June, 1855, he volunteered to lead the ladder party at the assault on the Redan, and carried the first ladder until wounded. In the Navy, Comander Cecil William Buckley receives the Cross for having "repeatedly landed in a four-oared boat at Taganrog, and set fire to the stores and Government buildings."—Lord Lyons, speaking of his conduct on this occasion, says:—"This dangerous, not to say desperate, service (carried out in a town containing upwards of 3000 troops, constantly endeavoring to prevent it, and only checked by the fire of the boats guns) was most effectually performed." Joseph Tre-wavas, seaman, obtains the Cross for having cut the hawsers of the floating Bridge in the Straits of Genutchi, under a heavy fire of musketry, on which occasion he was wounded. This service was performed by the crews of the captain's gig and one of the paddle-box boats of the Beagle, under a heavy fire of musketry at a distance of 80 yards; the beach being completely lined with troops, and the adjacent houses filled with riflemen. Of the campaign in the Baltic similar acts of prowess are recounted. George Ingville, Captain of the mast, in a boat action off Viborg, saved the second cutter of the Arrogant, which had been swamped, and had drifted under a battery, by jumping into the sea, though wounded, and catching hold of the painter. Lieutenant Charles D. Lucas, like Captain Peel,

threw over a live shell during the attack on Bomarsund. In the Army, Private Samuel Parker, of the 4th Light Dragoons, saved the life of Trumpet-Major Crawford at Balaklava, after both their horses had been killed. Parker defended himself and friend against six Russians, whom he kept at bay, and retired slowly, fighting and defending the Trumpet Major for some time, until deprived of his sword by a shot.—Corporal John Ross, of the Engineers, obtains the cross for, among other achievements, intrepid and devoted conduct in creeping to the Redan on the night of the 8th of September, and reporting its evacuation, on which its occupation by the British took place. Private Anthony Palmer, charged singly on the enemy, as witnessed by Sir C. Russell, and is said to have saved the life of Sir C. Russell. Brevet-Major Lindsey, of the Fusilier Guards, is distinguished for having, at a most trying moment, with a few men, charged a party of Russians, driving them back, and running one through the body. Private John Connors, of the 3rd Regiment, distinguished himself most conspicuously at the assault on the Redan in personal conflict with the Russians; rescued an officer of the 30th Regiment, who was surrounded by Russians, by shooting one and bayoneting another, and was observed inside the Redan in personal combat with the Russians for some time—was selected by his Company for the French War Medal. Captain Andrew Henry, of the Royal Artillery, is distinguished for defending the guns of his battery against overwhelming numbers of the enemy, and continued to do so until he had received twelve bayonet wounds.

These are but a few, and probably not the most conspicuous of the many brilliant exploits performed by the eighty-three gallant and now celebrated men upon whom the "Cross of Valor" has been conferred; but they will suffice to show that amidst all the refinements and increased luxuries of these latter days, the mettle of Englishmen is still the same as when their forefathers held the sword which never quailed before the enemy.

SEVEN DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

Arrival of the Europa.

HALIFAX, 27th March, 1857.

The Europa from Liverpool the morning of Saturday, the 14th, arrived here at 11:45 to-day. As she was leaving, she met the Circassian, going back into Liverpool. The City of Baltimore sailed from Liverpool on the 11th, with 272 passengers, and on the same day the Arago from Southampton with 104 passengers and \$104,000 for New York.

On the 15th, the Europa passed the Canadian screw steamer, supposed to be the North American, with loss of foremast, steering eastwards. At 4 p. m., off Bally Cotton, exchanged night signals with a large steamer steering east, supposed to be the Persia.

On the 23rd, burnt night signals to a vessel apparently a steamer, steering east, but the signals were not answered.

On the 26th, passed a large screw steamer steering west.

The Anglo-Saxon arrived at Liverpool on the morning of Friday, the 13th.

BRITAIN.

The country is excited by electioneering movements. The supposition is that Palmerston will carry a majority, but a small

one. He continues to receive addresses of confidence.

On the Commons Notice Book is a motion by Mr. Gordon, to interrogate Government respecting the present state of relations with the United States.

Lord Elgin has a similar notice in the Lords for Tuesday, 17th.

Lord Clarendon moved for copies of correspondence respecting the proportion of the cost of the war with Persia to be charged upon the Indian revenue, or relating to the way in which provision for such expenditure is to be made in India. In making this motion he expressed a wish for information with regard to the treaty with Persia.

Earl of Clarendon said that the treaty was of a most satisfactory nature. Persia undertook to evacuate Herat within three months of its ratification, and upon the fulfillment of that condition England would evacuate Persian territory. Commercial advantages were also gained, and England was to be placed on the same footing as the most favored nation, while all further disputes between Persia and Afghanistan were to be referred to the arbitration of England.

Earl of Ellenborough regarded the treaty as an admission by Persia that she had adopted an improper policy, and that she had abandoned her designs on Herat.

In the Commons Mr. Gordon enquired whether it was true that Government in the treaty with Ferosh Khan, at Paris, had abandoned the right to protect Persian subjects, and expressed his opinion, that if such was the case, other nations ought also to abandon that right.

Lord Palmerston said it was extremely inconvenient to discuss a treaty which was not on the table, but with regard to the point referred to by the Hon. Member, he thought that very great inconvenience would arise, and was likely to arise from the practice in Persia, by which foreign governments were entitled to extend protection to Persian subjects, and he thought it most desirable for the performance of friendly relations that the practice should be discontinued; Her Majesty's government were quite willing to abandon that right for this country, except with regard to Persians, who were actually engaged in the service of the Embassadors. The Consulates at the same time have quite agreed that that right ought to be abandoned by other countries as well as England. The treaty was in all respects a better treaty than Persia had offered to accept at Constantinople.

The late arrivals of Australian gold were delivered on Thursday, and nearly the whole was purchased on account of the Bank of France. There was an undiminished demand for money on Thursday, both in the discount market and at the Bank of England.

FRANCE.

The Post's Paris correspondent states that an exchange of notes has taken place on the China difficulty between England and France, and the best understanding exists with respect to joint operations.

Advices report favorably of appearance of crops in Normandy.

SPAIN.

Country quiet. Preparations for an expedition against Mexico continue. It is thought probable that the operations will be limited to a blockade and bombardment of Vera Cruz. A special Ambassador had arrived at Southampton on his way to Madrid to arrange the difficulty. Meantime the

war programme is to bring Santa Anna from his retirement, and send him and to capture Vera Cruz. General Comcha is named for the command of the expedition to Mexico.

AUSTRIA.

The Emperor has returned to Vienna.

TURKEY.

Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar is a candidate for the throne of the United Principalities, and the British Government favors his claim.

There is a change of Ministry in Egypt.

RUSSIA.

News from Circassia received to the effect that the Circassians have again beaten the Russians on the banks of the Laba. The Russians were driven back over the river, with a loss of 400 men, 4 pieces of cannon, and their baggage.

The Russians are seeking to take possession of the Chutla. Its Sovereign has demanded the interposition of the Sultan.

Constantinople, March 2.—A Russian corps of 3000 men had been received with enthusiasm at Tabriz.

The Persian army destined to act against the Afghans had been reinforced.

Russia was seeking to occupy the Khanate of Khoukhand, with a view to the extension of its frontier to the English possessions. The Sovereign of Kohkhan, alarmed at these projects of invasion on the part of Russia, had solicited the mediation of the Sultan, to secure the independence of Krouckhand.

CHINA.

Further despatches from the Indian mail received.

Hong Kong, Jan. 30th.—Admiral Seymour had withdrawn from the gardens and Dutch Folly Fort. As a reprisal for certain attacks of their fleet Admiral Seymour had burned (?) the western suburbs of Canton.

Nine Chinese have been arrested at Hong Kong for poisoning.

At Foo Choo Teas were arriving slowly, and prices were high. At Shanghai holders demanded a further advance.

Later by Telegraph to Liverpool.

Earl Belgis (?) has accepted the office of Plenipotentiary to Peking, and will proceed there as soon as he has been made sufficiently acquainted with the views of Her Majesty's government.

The Daily News' City article of Friday evening says, Funds closed at a fresh decline of 1/4 per cent. Demand for money active, but no pressure.

THE WAR IN PERSIA.

Our news from Bushire comes down to the 17th of Jan. At that date the troops were still unmolested by the enemy, part in the town, the remainder in the entrenched camp outside the walls and in the neighborhood of the wells. Pending the arrival of reinforcements one offensive movement only had been made by them; this was an attack on a depot of Persian stores and ammunition collected at a place called Chakotah, 22 miles from the camp. The service was intrusted to Colonel Tabb, with a party of cavalry and horse artillery, who, marching out of Bushire early on the morning of New Year's day, returned late in the evening, having accomplished the object of the expedition without loss, and, it would seem, without opposition on the part of the enemy. His service is acknowledged by the General in the following terms:—"Major-General Stalker tenders his best thanks to Lieutenant-Colonel Tabb and the officers and men of the detachment, which has so entirely and satisfactorily carried out the ob-

ject of destroying the enemy's depot at Chakotah, and returning to camp last night after marching a distance of 44 miles. The Major-General begs that Major Wray and Lieut. Stirling, C.B., who accompanied the party, will also accept his best thanks." That the Persians were urging forward large reinforcements from Chahar to the southwards was noted at headquarters without interest, but without apprehension. The position taken up by their troops, in anticipation of an advance from Bushire upon Shiraz, are described by our military men to be eminently judicious, so much so as to suggest to them—or, at any rate, to one of no slight experience—that Russian skill, not mere Persian intelligence, has planned them. The shortest road from Bushire to Shiraz is by Kirisit and Kazeroun. The difficulties presented by this route to the advance of an army are so great that we may readily believe the report that the force collected at Kazeroun, though strongly placed, is not very numerous. But there is another and easier, though more circuitous, route, which, proceeding from Bushire to the eastward as far as Ferozabad, and thence nearly due north, turns the back of the mountains and approaches Shiraz by comparatively trifling ascents. It is at Ferozabad, commanding this road, that the main strength of the Persian army is posted in numbers. When the latest accounts raised to 25,000 men and upwards. Here they are in a position either to receive our advance, should we decide upon making one in their direction, or, in the event of our moving straight upon the passes, to harass our flank and impede our main movements with bushire, or to retire upon Shiraz, and meet us as we struggle up the defiles at Kazeroun. Another route into the heart of Persia is found by ascending the river Karun, which enters the Gulf by one of the mouths of the Tigris, as far as the town of Sauster, and thence striking off for Isfahan through the district of Lohistan. Shuster, it is understood, will be the point of raising and ascending the proposed corps of Irregular Horse. For this purpose it is calculated not only from its being situate among Arab tribes, who are, it is supposed, perfectly ready to serve us, but also from its proximity to the Turkish frontier and the Basma-kazooks and other wild horsemen of that empire. With all our constant talk of war, we find it difficult to persuade ourselves that the resistance of Persia will be a sustained one. Clearly, it will not, unless her mighty northern neighbor powerfully supports her. Meanwhile, the second division of the army is gradually assembling on the Persian seaboard, General Outram and the headquarters staff of the army would reach Bushire in the latter days of January. The 75th Highlanders and 96th Native Infantry have sailed, as also the mountain train, the additional head battery, and three companies of the Light Battalion. The seven remaining companies of this latter corps were still at Bombay waiting for the commissariat stores which are to be sent up to them.

MILITARY RESOURCES OF PERSIA.

The military strength of Persia does not consist in the number or efficiency of the regular army, and when it is said that the King, when he takes the field, makes up a force of a hundred thousand fighting men, it must be understood that this is only done by taxing all his resources regular and irregular. If we except the Russians serving in the Persian army, and who have been encouraged by the Russian authorities to desert for that purpose, the most efficient troops at the Shah's disposal are the levies of the tribes, which they are bound to furnish when called upon. These consist almost entirely of cavalry. The military tribes of Persia, in many marked respects, differ materially from the other inhabitants of Persia, and are distinguished for their hardy, generous, and courageous natures. From the vice of the rest of the population—their inveterate habit of lying—they are comparatively free. But, on the other hand, they are excessively proud, and not a little ungovernable. Under the influence of passion they will not even spare the monarch himself; and so well is their character understood, that the ut-

most intemperance of language is but a very pardonable. The Shah's army is composed of different tribes, of which the principal are the Persians and a permanently enrolled force of not exceeding sometimes not amounting to 10,000 men, the troops of Adshibey and Jafar. We can number from 30,000 to 40,000 of the body of the tribe, a number of foot soldiers, fully equipped and not to be depended upon. The levies of some of the battalions are expected of their support of good quality, such as the Sars (the) Buzand, and the Jafar (the) (of Lake). It may in a great measure be owing to the corruption of the Government, and to the maladministration of affairs if it be the Persian troops are not efficient in the field. For the character of the Persian generally displays many of the virtues which constitute the soldier. They are active, robust, and quick of apprehension. They are brave, too, and have, when well led, displayed a high degree of valour. But this has depended always on the character of their leaders and the nature of the cause for which they have fought. The influence of their cities is excessively depraving from its indolence and luxuriousness.

DEATH OF A DISTINGUISHED VETERAN.—In the London Gazette of February last it is reported of those officers who were killed at the battle of Waterloo, and who were awarded the Victoria Cross. Amongst these was the name of John Taylor, deserter from the British ranks, to whom the honor of the Victoria Cross was conferred for his gallant conduct in the battle of the Red Bank, in 1815, when he was in the ranks of the British army. Taylor was recruited as a deserter from the ranks of the British army, and he was awarded the Victoria Cross for his gallant conduct in the battle of the Red Bank, in 1815, when he was in the ranks of the British army. Taylor was recruited as a deserter from the ranks of the British army, and he was awarded the Victoria Cross for his gallant conduct in the battle of the Red Bank, in 1815, when he was in the ranks of the British army.

THE AMERICAN STRAIN.—A writer in Bell's Life, in treating of the blood of horses now upon the turf says, "The American Tail may be quoted again, as possessing a very good breed of race horses, many of whose pedigrees soon become very questionable. The Sir Archy blood is, I believe, considered very good, and American—not indigenous to the country, but the result of their breeding from a partly English strain. The famous Boston proved it good. It now rests with us to come to the scratch with the Americans, and, if Lecombe, Pryor, and Pryor's are tip-top nags, then may we hope to see them throw down the gauntlet to Findango, Melissa, or Fisherman, in an Ascot Cup-race. There is as much work in that race to prove a horse's speed and stamina, as in a four-mile race, and it is more likely to bring out the best horse. If the American horse possesses the enduring powers attributed to him, then we may be greatly benefited by the importation of a son of Boston."

A WILD BEAST TRAPPED.—A wild animal of the lynx species was caught in a trap last week, about three miles above Galt, along the line of the Mill Creek. The animal is supposed by many to have been in the vicinity for several years. A trap was set beside some carriage during the first of last week, and the following morning the animal was found fast enough.—On the person who set the trap coming near it, it became quite savage, giving evidence of its ferocious nature. It was ultimately despatched and is now being stuffed.



CANADA MILITARY GAZETTE.

OTTAWA, TUESDAY, MARCH 31, 1857.

During the last few days certain officers of the Active force to whom the *Military Gazette* has been sent, have thought proper to return it, after having received, and appropriated, and we suppose read, seven numbers. They might surely have discovered before they had received so many that they did not require it, and they do not seem to be aware, that having received so many numbers, we could if so minded, make them pay for the whole year's subscription, if we were to resort to the law. As officers such conduct is the very reverse of "gentlemanly," to say the least of it.

We publish the names of the officers who have acted in this way, without further comment.

Captain Jeffreys and his Officers, Quebec—Cavalry.

Captain Cornell, Rifles, Quebec—Lieut. Barrow, Foot Artillery, Quebec.

Captain Stephens and his Officers—Rifles, Collingwood.

Major Rutan and Officers, Cobourg.

The only four officers who declined to take the paper previously did so at once, in a gentlemanly way, and gave a sufficient reason.

The Siege of Ostend Compared with the Siege of Sebastopol.

[Translated from the German by HERR LOUIS FICHTER, late sub-officer in the 12th, or Prince Royal's Regiment of the Line, of the Prussian army.]

We have no occasion to go back to the Siege of Troy, as some English papers have done, whether in jest or in earnest, to find an example of a lengthened siege. We find one in the military history of the 17th century, which has a surprising resemblance to that of the great maritime fortress in the Tauric Chersonese. We allude to the Siege of Ostend in West Flanders which stood out so conspicuously in the history of the Revolt of the Netherlands against Spain.

It may not be quite uninteresting to give a slight sketch of the proceedings at this Siege, which we may call a companion to that of Sebastopol.

It was in the month of July, 1601, that the Archduke Albrecht, of Austria, the son-in-law of Philip II. of Spain, to whom the latter had entrusted the Spanish Netherlands, appeared with an army before Ostend, intending to wrest the fortress from the United Provinces, or Dutch Netherlands. The possession of Ostend was of the utmost importance to the Archduke, principally because it would deprive the Dutch of a splendid harbour navigable by the largest ships of war, from which the enemy could at any time throw troops into the heart of Spanish Flanders.

The besiegers under the chief command of the Archduke Albrecht, under whom were the Generals, Count Frederic Van den Berge, and Von Monroi, had hardly commenced to open the first trenches, and erect some siege works, when the

Prince Maurice of Orange, then Commander-in-Chief of the whole force of the Dutch republic, sent Sir Francis Vere with a few English troops to reinforce the garrison of Ostend. Vere, in conjunction with Charles Van der Norte took the command. Vere was a man who united the utmost personal bravery to great sagacity and theoretical military knowledge; he was to Ostend what Colonel Cruch was to Silistria, and Tottleben to Sebastopol.

The besiegers commenced by throwing up a series of small forts, and heavily armed bastions opposite to the works of the fortress. In fact they erected a fort opposite to every single (salient) work of the place, and Vere seeing that by a continuation of this process the enemy would soon dominate the fortress, immediately threw up three new redoubts, on the face of the important fort, Santa Clara, which he armed with his heaviest guns, and which he called the "Poulains."

After this had been done, Vere laid under water the south side of the country before the fortress, from which side the assaults were generally made, thereby much impeding the operations of the Archduke's army. But the Archduke was soon prepared to overcome obstacles of this nature, and gave orders to run a dyke straight through the water, the plateau of which he crowned with an immense redoubt, firing from it with great effect into Ostend. To cut off the fresh supplies of men and munitions which the ships of the Republic brought into Ostend, Albrecht destroyed the old harbour of the City.

But the indefatigable Vere knew here also what to do. He opened one of the Dykes which were constructed to keep out the water of the sea, and so created a new harbour where the ships of the Dutch found a secure anchorage.

Nor was the Archduke with his army, in a very safe position before the besieged fortress, for Prince Maurice of Orange was in the field with a very respectable force, and occasionally made a diversion, to relieve the pressure on Ostend, and compel the besiegers to desist from their works. He also laid siege to the fort of Herzogenbusch in North Brabant, but was obliged to desist, as Albrecht succeeded in reinforcing the garrison. Notwithstanding, the Siege of Ostend was never for one moment interrupted.

The Archduke had now lain seven months before the Flemish sea-fortress, without having taken even the smallest fort, or part of the City. By his spies, he, however, learnt, that several of the works of the fortress had suffered severely, and that the provisions and ammunition were decreasing to a serious extent. The garrison, consisting of about 7,000 men, mostly English and Germans in the service of the Republic, suffered horribly from sickness, and were reduced to a small number. This, and the circumstance, that Sir Francis Vere, during an armistice which was agreed on, introduced a considerable reinforcement of troops into the town, and a supply of provisions, by which indeed he broke the conditions of the armistice, induced Albrecht to order a general assault.

On the morning of the 2nd of January, 1602, the Archduke mounted his charger, and riding at the head of his staff, minutely inspected all his works and batteries. All was in the best order. The Walloon, Spanish, and Italian Regiments stood ready for the assault. The guns

were pointed against the works of the place, and the Artillerymen only waited for the order to commence firing. The Archduke gave it. All the batteries thundered forth at once, and tho' in those days there were no Lancaster guns, or Congreve rockets, the walls were so damaged by the heavy balls, that late in the afternoon a breach was effected, and the besiegers with savage shouts, advanced to the assault. There the Spanish veterans who had fought under Don John of Austria, and came with Alexander Farnese to the Netherlands, pressed irresistably onwards, there the fierce Walloons overthrew every thing in their way, until Sir Francis Vere launched against them some regiments of German Lands knechts, and English pikemen, against whose firm ranks the Spanish charge failed.

The assault was almost immediately renewed, when Vere ordered the flood gates in the Dykes to be opened, and suddenly a torrent of water rushed upon the assailants, who thus menaced by a double death, now fought for safety and protection. The Archduke, in despair, ordered a retreat, leaving a thousand men upon the field, while the garrison lost but fifty. The feeling which prevailed during that night and the following days in the Archduke's camp must have been somewhat like that in the camp of the Allies, after the failure of the assault on the Malakoff, on the 18th of June, 1855.

The most distinguished officers in the Archduke's army implored him to raise the siege, as there was no hope of success, but Albrecht, a man, who according to the testimony of all impartial historians, though not exactly a hero, had much personal bravery, an iron perseverance, and sound intelligence, remained firm, and, though he did not use the emphatic expression of Wallerstein "that the town must be his though it were chained to heaven," most energetically resisted every argument used to induce him to raise the siege.

While the siege was slowly advancing and so far resultless, Albrecht made the acquaintance of a young Italian volunteer, Ambrosius Spinola, of noble family, who had distinguished himself by his sagacity and genius. The siege of Ostend, in those days, created in Europe the same interest, as lately the siege of Sebastopol. Young princes and nobles hurried to the Archduke's camp, there practically to gain experience in the art of war. Among them little groups discussed the question, whether it was possible to take Ostend, or not. In those days, there were no newspapers, no telegraphs; yet all men in Netherlands, Germany, Spain and Italy, France and England, talked of Ostend. The Archduke held frequent conversations with the young Italian, Spinola, whose brother Frederic, menaced with his war ships the waters of the Republic, and after he had satisfied himself of his high talents, sent him with a letter of recommendation to Philip II. of Spain, praying for money and soldiers.

In July, 1603, the third year of the Siege, Spinola arrived with fresh troops and a supply of money, and was appointed Commander-in-Chief before Ostend. A spirit of general discontent pervaded the ranks of the old Spanish and Walloon Regiments, when they heard of this appointment, and everybody asked, "Who is the man?" "What has he done to be made a Commander-in-Chief at 30 years old?" It is evident

THE DEFENCE OF HOUSES.

[BY THE EDITOR.]

It is often convenient during the progress of military operations to hold a small fortified position against the enemy, such as a church, or large house. Though these buildings were never erected with an intention of converting them into fortresses, yet we know by experience that they are capable of making a successful defence upon occasion. Numbers of gentlemen's houses were turned into strongholds during the great civil war in England, and in the gallant hands of the cavaliers made a stout resistance to the Parliamentary levies. Hundreds of instances might be mentioned; we will cite here only three remarkable ones. In 1705, the chevalier Folard held a strong stone farm-house near Liescia, with four Companies of Grenadiers, against a far stronger force of the best troops of the great Prince Eugene, commanded by the Prince of Wirtemberg, so successfully, that although the attacking party employed cannon, and once penetrated into the courtyard, they were ultimately compelled to retire.

During the same year, in the course of the campaign in Poland, a Swedish lieutenant, with but twenty-four men, was detached from Petrichoff to levy contributions; his party was discovered and pursued by the celebrated partisan, Smelegski, with eight hundred men. The Swede threw his little party into a house at the entrance of a village, which he defended with so much skill and courage that Smelegski was obliged to abandon the attack, with the loss of some hundred or so of his men killed, and more wounded. Smelegski repeatedly offered honorable terms of surrender to the Swedish officer, but was disdainfully repulsed.

M. De Saxe, afterwards the great Field Marshal, with eighteen men, being pursued by a large force of hostile cavalry, shut himself up in an inn at Crachnitz, a Polish village, and defended it for several hours against 600 horse, and 200 dragoons—and when night came, though he himself was wounded, charged out of the court, on horseback, broke through the cordon of the enemy, and escaped to Sandomir, through a thick wood close to the Inn.

Officers who command companies, particularly of Riflemen, should always recollect, that it is ever within the probabilities of their profession, that they may be called on at a moment's notice to discharge such a duty as the defence of a house. We have heard men say, "Oh, field fortifications, the attack and defence of posts, and things of that sort, are no business of ours!" To which we have always retorted, "Then you can have very little of the true soldier spirit, for it is the business of a soldier to make himself acquainted with all the details of his profession, so far as his abilities and opportunities will let him." Some men will tell you that it is the duty of the Engineers to look after these matters;—but we say that it is just in a case like this where there is the least chance of an Engineer being on the spot, and that it is also just the kind of case in which an intelligent and enterprising young officer will make his mark. We would rather take our chance of obtaining the sole credit of some dash, though comparatively unimportant exploit in war, in the independent command of 20 men, than share in the general glory of a great engagement.

To take our own Volunteer companies; if offi-

cers for a moment suppose that when they themselves have learned the mere company drill, and are told by the Inspecting Field Officer that the performance of their Companies is very respectable, there is nothing more to learn, they vastly deceive themselves. The Company drill, allowing it to be done to perfection, is to the soldier, just what the very first lessons are to the musician; the mere alphabet of his art.

To exemplify our meaning we take this very subject, the defence of a building.

It may happen that the force of circumstances, the emergency, may compel an officer with a detached party, as it happened to the Swedish officer, and to M. De Saxe, to act on his own responsibility in occupying and defending a building. He may do so if surprised and pressed by a superior force, in the hope of speedy assistance from his own people. Under no circumstances whatever, that we can imagine, can an officer do wrong, who resists the enemy to the last moment. War is after all a chapter of accidents, and it is impossible to say what effect the resolute defence of an isolated post may not have on the result of some much larger operation.

If ordered to defend a post, that is quite another matter:—the officer acts under definite instructions, and has no responsibility, beyond that of carrying out his orders to the letter.

But how is an officer to execute these orders, or even act on his own responsibility, without knowing how? He cannot have a military library in his pocket, nor should we give much for the probable efficiency of measures taken by a man who has to carry them out with a book in his hand. Years have elapsed since we ever read a line of the subject, but there are lessons, particularly where the simple first principles are concerned, that can never be forgotten.

Suppose then, that either acting on his own responsibility, or in accordance with orders, an officer is ordered to defend a building, what is needed? Decision—Time—Material.

Decision. As Schiller says in his great play, "Wallenstein's camp," of the soldier—

"His sharpness makes him, the dash, the tact,
The cunning to plan, the courage to act."

We mean then by "Decision" that almost indescribable quality of mind, which intuitively as it were, leads an officer, almost in an instant, to comprehend the position in which he is placed, the state of things about him, the necessary steps to be taken, and the tact of communicating in the fewest and simplest words his will to others, and enforcing obedience by the power of his own energy and example. Indecision is fatal—it spreads like the virus of an epidemic disease. How can the men do ought but waver and hesitate when they find their officer's brains go wool-gathering? Knowledge, the thorough understanding of what is to be done, and the way to do it, is the parent of decision. What a fearful thing would it be were the Surgeon whose knife is within a hair's breadth of the issues of life, suddenly to become undecided? But on the decision of an officer scores of brave men's lives may hang. Without the necessary knowledge there can, as we insist, be no decision.

Time. The more time for preparation the better, but this cannot always be attained; the best must be done that circumstances will admit, and it must always be recollected, that if the party is thrown into a house in ever so great a hurry, a portion of it must instantly be set to

strengthen the defences, while the other does its best to beat off the assailants.

Material. Almost everything, wood, stone, iron, furniture, that can be collected, should be so as quickly as possible, together with working tools, and a supply of water—but on these points we shall enlarge when we speak of the preparations to be made within the building.

Of the nature of the building to be defended. Except it is a regularly built blockhouse, of heavy logs, and if possible of hard and green timber, we should have but little hope of holding out a house constructed of timber; none whatever, if cannon, or rockets could be brought against it. The incendiary projectiles would soon burn it over our heads. With a strong stone building the matter is altogether different. A Stone building properly prepared in the manner to be hereafter indicated will resist light Artillery, six and nine pounders, for a long time.

(To be Continued.)

OTTAWA RIFLES.—We have great pleasure in inserting the following communication addressed by the Adjutant General to Captain Patterson, commanding the First Company of Volunteer Rifles in this City; a letter of similar tenor has been addressed to Captain Turgeon, commanding the second Company.

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,
TORONTO, March 7, 1857.

SIR.—I am directed by His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief, to acquaint you that His Excellency has received with much satisfaction the favorable report made of the appearance and progress at drill of the Company under your command, by Lieutenant Colonel McDougall, Inspecting Field Officer for Upper Canada, at his recent inspection. The number present on parade is very creditable to both officers and men.

I have the honor to be,

Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,
DE ROTTEBURG,
Adjutant-General.

CAPTAIN PATTERSON,
Com. 1st Volunteer Militia
Rifle Co., Ottawa, Canada.

ADMIRAL NAPIER AND THE QUEEN.—Admiral Sir Charles Napier, in his "History of the Baltic Campaign of 1854," publishes the following letter to Prince Albert, declining the honor proposed to be conferred on him, of being invested with the insignia of a Knight of the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath:—

"I have received your royal highness's commands to attend her Majesty on the 7th of July, to be invested with the insignia of a Knight of the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath. I beg your royal highness will convey to her Majesty my humble duty and sincere thanks for the honor her Majesty contemplated conferring on me, and I beg most respectfully your royal highness will convey to her Majesty my regret that I do not think I can, consistent with my own honor, accept it. I beg to assure your royal highness that I mean no disrespect to her Majesty; she has not a more devoted subject than myself, and I am ready to lay down my life in her service. I have served her Majesty's family with honor and credit for 55 years, and at the end of my career I have been grossly insulted, and false interpretations put upon my despatches, by the Admiralty, and been degraded and dismissed because I resented, as became a man of honor, injuries wounding to my character. Her Ma-

jesy last year confided to me the command of the finest fleet that ever left these shores, as far as ships are concerned, but badly manned and totally unorganized. I led it to the Baltic and Gulf of Finland, much better than usual, with imperfect charts and ignorant pilots, and conducted them safely through the dangers and intricacies of that little known sea, and in conjunction with her Majesty's fleet, took and destroyed the western blockade of the Emperor of Russia's dominions; and because I would not attempt impossibilities, suggested to an English brigadier-general, and recommended by the Admiralty, though disapproved, by myself, by admirals, by the French marshals, and by the French admirals, in councils of war, I receive insulting letters, and was deprived of command because I resisted, as a British Admiral ought to do, such unworthy treatment. I have no hesitation in saying, had I followed the insane suggestions of Sir James Graham and his Admiralty, the allied army would have been made prisoners, and the greater part of her Majesty's fleet lost. I stated this to the Admiralty, and I demanded a court martial to investigate my conduct, which was refused, and I do not think I can accept an honor until my character is cleared. Your royal highness is a soldier, and I feel satisfied your royal highness will pardon the unusual course I have taken to convey my feelings to her Majesty.

Vice Admiral Sir Charles Napier has, through Mr. Earp, published a history of the Baltic campaign. Our contemporary the *Naval and Military Gazette* of February 28, says that "it is a truthful and vigorous sketch of the difficulties and hindrances with which Sir Charles had to contend, and we are glad to find that the gallant Admiral has found so able and searching an advocate to uphold his cause, for it was high time a just and faithful account of the matters in question should be rendered to the world, that it might know whom to accuse and whom to exculpate—the uninitiated being too often necessarily at a loss, from their ignorance of official tyranny and stupidity, to decide who is right and who is wrong in professional matters." It is quite evident that public opinion in England is with the Admiral, notwithstanding his somewhat querulous temper, and that an ungenerous advantage was taken of his slight failings, both by Sir Jas. Graham and Admiral Berkeley, who allowed private pique to stand in lieu of official integrity and anxiety for the honor and safety of the fleet.

The Ottawa Field Battery turned out on Monday for the last day's ball practise of the Season; Lieut.-Colonel Coffin, who lately held command of the Montreal Battery, and is now attached to the Quartermaster General's Department, under the Adjutant General at Toronto, was present, and after the practise was over, complimented the Battery very highly on their efficiency.

We shall endeavor in our next to give a précis of the practise of this Battery since its first organization. On Monday eighteen round shot were fired, eight of which struck the target at 700 yards; four common and two spherical shells were fired; one shell passed through the target and instantly exploded; one shell fell blind, but the range and time of explosion of all but this one, was very good.

THE ACTIVE FORCE—We see by the "Public Accounts," that the Active force, during the end of the year 1855, and the whole year 1856 has cost the Province £36,107 14s. 11d. Of this sum £16,000 have been paid for arms and ac-

commodities, while the entire cost of the Active force for the year 1855, was £20,700. The cost of the Active force for the year 1856, was £20,000. The cost of the Active force for the year 1857, was £20,000. The cost of the Active force for the year 1858, was £20,000. The cost of the Active force for the year 1859, was £20,000. The cost of the Active force for the year 1860, was £20,000. The cost of the Active force for the year 1861, was £20,000. The cost of the Active force for the year 1862, was £20,000. The cost of the Active force for the year 1863, was £20,000. The cost of the Active force for the year 1864, was £20,000. The cost of the Active force for the year 1865, was £20,000. The cost of the Active force for the year 1866, was £20,000. The cost of the Active force for the year 1867, was £20,000. The cost of the Active force for the year 1868, was £20,000. The cost of the Active force for the year 1869, was £20,000. The cost of the Active force for the year 1870, was £20,000. The cost of the Active force for the year 1871, was £20,000. The cost of the Active force for the year 1872, was £20,000. The cost of the Active force for the year 1873, was £20,000. The cost of the Active force for the year 1874, was £20,000. The cost of the Active force for the year 1875, was £20,000. The cost of the Active force for the year 1876, was £20,000. The cost of the Active force for the year 1877, was £20,000. The cost of the Active force for the year 1878, was £20,000. The cost of the Active force for the year 1879, was £20,000. The cost of the Active force for the year 1880, was £20,000. The cost of the Active force for the year 1881, was £20,000. The cost of the Active force for the year 1882, was £20,000. The cost of the Active force for the year 1883, was £20,000. The cost of the Active force for the year 1884, was £20,000. The cost of the Active force for the year 1885, was £20,000. The cost of the Active force for the year 1886, was £20,000. The cost of the Active force for the year 1887, was £20,000. The cost of the Active force for the year 1888, was £20,000. The cost of the Active force for the year 1889, was £20,000. The cost of the Active force for the year 1890, was £20,000. The cost of the Active force for the year 1891, was £20,000. The cost of the Active force for the year 1892, was £20,000. The cost of the Active force for the year 1893, was £20,000. The cost of the Active force for the year 1894, was £20,000. The cost of the Active force for the year 1895, was £20,000. The cost of the Active force for the year 1896, was £20,000. The cost of the Active force for the year 1897, was £20,000. The cost of the Active force for the year 1898, was £20,000. The cost of the Active force for the year 1899, was £20,000. The cost of the Active force for the year 1900, was £20,000.

We are very much indebted to Herr Louis Fecht for his admirable translation of a really interesting paper. Herr Fecht served in a distinguished Prussian Regiment during the Sleswig-Holstein campaign, and was one of the combatants at the Battle of Alstett, and is a largely accomplished young gentleman, of whose services in writing for this paper we hope often to avail ourselves.

PRESENTATION—The non-commissioned officers of the 1st Volunteer Rifle Company of Toronto, presented Sergeant James Gray of the Royal Canadian Rifles, on Monday last, at the Company's Drill Room, with a very handsomely bound Bible, as a token of their appreciation of the valuable services he has rendered them during his connection with the Company as Drill Instructor. The Bible is altogether one of the handsomest we have seen, it is bound in Morocco, with panelled sides, richly got, and illustrated throughout with first class engravings. The gift is highly creditable to the donors, and will, we are certain, be much valued by the recipient.

We regret to find that several of the Subscribers to this paper have not received their paper regularly for the last two or three numbers. We imagine that this must be owing to the fact that we have not owing to an accident, been able to direct the papers ourselves. The back numbers have been sent today.

RIFLE PRACTICE—Twenty men of Captain Nickerson's Volunteer Rifle Company, Toronto, assembled on Friday last, on the Garrison Common to practise ball-firing at a target, being the first practise of the kind the Company has attempted. We give the following as the result, and it is highly creditable to the men, many of whom have been unaccustomed to the use of firearms, and must have studied carefully the instructions given for the use of the mimic rifle to be so successful on the first trial.

The number of rounds fired was 200; the first hundred at a distance of 100 yards; 33 shots hitting the target. The second hundred rounds were fired at a distance of 200 yards, 23 hitting the target. In the first 20 rounds, 17 men targeted. At the close of the practice, one man had hit the target 9 times, one 7 times, and three 5 times. Corporal Kirk received the first prize, given by the officers of \$5, Private Henderson the second prize of \$2½, and Private Lindsay the third of \$1.

U. S. Agricultural Society.

General Notice of the U. S. Agricultural Society, and of the Exhibition of Agricultural Implements and Machinery, to be held at Louisville, Kentucky, during the Fall of 1857.

The undersigned committee of the United States Agricultural Society, appointed at the annual meeting of the Society at the State Fair, at Louisville, on the 17th day of September 1857, to make arrangements for the exhibition of agricultural implements and machinery, at the Society's Annual Exhibition, to be held at Louisville, Kentucky, during the fall of 1857.

This new arrangement for the exhibition of agricultural implements and machinery of all kinds in actual operation, results from a conviction on the part of the Society that no just award can be made except upon a practical working trial before competent judges, and the first opportunity will be afforded to test the comparative merits of the various machines that may be entered as competitors for the awards, both as regards land for field implements, and steam power for stationary machinery.

A separate trial for reapers and mowers will be made at the appropriate season, special arrangement for which, as to time, space, &c., will be announced at an early date.

It is intended that these exhibitions shall be on the most extensive scale for the purpose of testing the working qualities of these important implements more thoroughly than has yet been done on any previous occasion, either in the United States or in Europe.

All articles from foreign countries intended for exhibition may be consigned to the "Agent of U. S. Agricultural Society, Louisville, Ky," by whom they will be received and stored free of charge.

This announcement of the proposed Trial is made at this early date to afford the most ample time for the preparation and transmission of machinery. A circular containing full particulars as to regulations will be issued as soon as practicable, and, with the Premium list, will be forwarded to persons who may apply to the Secretary of the Committee, Henry S. Olcott, American Institute, N. Y., where all business letters should be addressed.

To enable the society to make arrangements on a sufficiently liberal scale, it is absolutely necessary that the committee should know what articles will be offered for competition; and they therefore request that all inventors or manufacturers who may be disposed to enter in the proposed trial will communicate their intentions to the secretary at their earliest convenience.

TEXAS FERTILIZER, CHAMBERLAIN, GARDNER, & CO. 250 N. 2nd St. New York, N. Y. J. T. WARD, 100 N. 2nd St. New York, N. Y. H. S. OLCOTT, Secy. U. S. Ag. Socy., N. Y.

Committee on Implements and Machinery of United States Agricultural Society.

Editors of Journals of every description, who are desirous to promote the interest of agriculture and mechanics, will confer a particular favor by an insertion of the above circular.

LUCK IN LEISURE—The ship Samuel Russell, with a valuable cargo of teas, silks, and spices, sailed from China for New York some time since. By stress of weather she had a long passage of about 150 days, which of course nullified the sale of her cargo, the time fixed in the terms of sale for the arrival of the goods having expired. After her departure from China, and before she reached New York, the war broke out, by which means her cargo was worth between \$40,000 and \$50,000 more to her owners than it would have been if she had made her trip in the ordinary time. In other words, had she made a quick voyage, she would have caused a loss to her owners of \$10,000. The last place of detention was in the ice at Norfolk, when her situation for a time was very critical.

The Life and Opinions of General Sir Charles Napier, G.C.B. By Lord George. Sir W. Napier, K.C.B., &c. 4 Vols. 12 mo. With Portraits. London, 1857.

(Continued from our last.)

At the close of the year 1800, he became a lieutenant in the 95th or Rifle Corps, and was quartered at various places in England. Removed to a distance from his family, his passionate yearnings for the affectionate intercourse of the domestic circle rendered him wretched. 'The warlike man,' says his biographer, 'while beating arms in every quarter of the globe, never ceased to sigh for home and a mother's tenderness.' The conflict on this point between the unquenchable desires of his nature and the stern necessities of his profession was the bane of his existence. As his brother forcibly expresses it, 'he set the strength of his brain against the softness of his heart, and bravely accepted a fate which doomed him to a life-long struggle.' The manners of the time were licentious, but he never attempted to dispel weariness by dissipation. 'proud to the last that he had never fought a duel, gambled, or been drunk.' His resistance to the seductions of pleasure was solely the result of steady principle, and not at all of indifference. 'There is a billiard-table,' he wrote from Blatchington in 1801, 'but, feeling a growing fondness for it, and fearing to be drawn in to play for money, I have not touched it a cue lately.' The only congenial recreation he appears to have found was talking in love, being always, as was inevitable with such a noble and affectionate nature, an ardent admirer of women, and delighting in their society. His commanding officer, Colonel Stewart, did not contribute to render his position more endurable. He describes him as open-hearted and honorable in the highest degree, but full of passion and zeal without the least controlling judgment. Of the excess of the zeal, and the deficiency of the judgment, Sir William Napier relates a striking example. He ordered the officer on guard to include the whole of the Martello towers in his beat. Charles Napier was the first on whom the task devolved. 'How is this, Sir?' said Colonel Stewart when he gave in his report, 'not a quarter of the duty performed?' 'It was impossible.' 'That word is not in the military dictionary.' 'But in arithmetic, Colonel, it is, to walk forty-five miles along a beach mid-leg deep with shingle.' An extract from one of his letters in December, 1802, gives us another glimpse of this indiscreet and indefatigable officer.

"We are going on here as badly as need be. Two or three men desert almost every night, and not recruits either: the hospital is full of rheumatic patients, and men with colds and coughs, caught from standing long on damp ground and being kept in mizzling rains for hours without moving. Stewart is, however, killing himself as well as us, and the loss up is who will go first. I am trying my luck in the lottery—a Napier seeking luck! I begin to have a sane idea that I am mad."

The despotism of Stewart rendering the regiment 'odious' to him, he was glad to get on the staff of his cousin, General Fox, who first was commander-in-chief in Ireland, and was next appointed to the London district. Here Charles Napier was frequently in the company of a more celebrated cousin—his namesake Charles Fox—and the account which is given in the biography of the famous leader is both interesting and characteristic.

"The young soldier used to describe, with vivid humour, the manifestations of the orator's natural and earnest disposition. How at cricket

he would strike at the ball and recede by run for a wicket, but on shoulder, or back, or Panza figure fully displayed and his head thrown back, laughing in child-like delight amidst reproach if cries were his opponents struck down the wicket behind him. How, also, when wading in the beautiful gardens of St. Anne's Hill and his rare flowers were blowing freely, he would at sight of a snail suddenly stop, plant his heel on it, spin round like a toetotum, and then resume his walk and of his wisdom with all possible gravity. Mr. Fox also expressed his disapproval of Mr. Windham's minority motions, calling them his fancies, and predicting failure, as indeed happened. His young cousin often pressed him on military politics, chiefly on the defects of the Mutiny Act, his eagerness where present was essential for enabling officers to act with decision and legality. To this Mr. Fox answered duly, whether in condemnation or approval was not ascertained, 'That it was purposely so framed to retain unlimited power over military men.'

London was not the place for military experience, and Charles Napier, having adopted the army for his profession, desired to make it his business and not his plaything. After various removals, the middle of 1805 found him at Hythe, where he was under Sir John Moore, 'the model soldier of England.' These years in which he was labouring to perfect himself in his calling afforded no particular incident, except the irreparable loss of his father at the age of fifty-one in October, 1801. He fell a victim to consumption, brought on by his close application to sedentary duties after a life of vigorous out-door exertion. His last act and speech were touching and impressive. He put his watch, as a dying memorial, into the hand of his wife, and said, 'Sarah, take my watch; I have done with time,' and immediately expired. His son, left to struggle unaided with the world, grew weary of the monotonous routine of pacific duties, and longed for active service. He found it at last under the great object of his admiration, General Moore. He had obtained his Majority in 1805, through the influence of Fox, and his colonel being absent on leave, he commanded his regiment, the 50th, during the advance into Spain, and the retreat to Corunna. Of his part in the famous action of the 16th of January, 1809, when his gallant chief, in the words of Sir W. Napier, 'turned and ended his glorious life amid the hues of victory,' he has left a narrative which appears to us to surpass every performance of the kind. Charles was not, like his great biographer, a master of classic composition, but there is a native raciness in his language which beats the stamp of his character, and as with his brother phrases of singular power which could only come from a masculine and terribly mind. Above all there is a vividness in his descriptions which brings the scenes with more than the reality of pictures before the mind, and this without the slightest effort, in the natural, easy, even careless style of a man who aspires only to truth and has not bestowed one thought upon effect. His account of what fell under his own observation at Corunna presents, apparently without design, fine grouping and striking contrasts. The impetuous bravery of Sir John Moore, the easy composure of Lord William Bentinck; the daring of some, the timidity of others; the love of life and the resignation to death; the stoic endurance of wounds, and the cries of pain and despair; the generosity which refuses to save, and the brutality which thirsts to destroy, are all brought into immediate juxtaposition, and with his own singular adventures stranger than fiction, show both the varied natures of mankind, forced into rebel by the fierceness of a trial which permits no disguise, and give a terrible representation of the awful details

which go to make up the sum of that glowing generality—a great battle. Nowhere else is there a view of the incidents which compose a fight so powerful and so complete, and though the extract is long we can neither omit it, nor further abridge it without injury.

The Imperial troops, on higher ground, hung over us like threatening clouds, and about one o'clock the storm burst. Our line was under arms, silent, motionless, yet all were anxious for the appearance of Sir John Moore. There was a feeling that under him we could not be beaten, and this was so strong at all times as to be a great cause of discontent during the retreat wherever he was not. This agitation augmented as the cries of men stricken by cannon-shot arose. Suddenly I heard the gallop of horses, and turning saw Moore. He came at speed, and pulled up so sharp and close he seemed to have alighted from the air. He glanced to the right and left, and then fixed his eyes intently on the enemy's advancing column; his aspect was one of searching intenseness beyond the power of words to describe: for a while he looked, and then galloped to the left, without uttering a word.

Again Sir John Moore returned, and was talking to me when a round shot struck the ground between his horse's feet and mine. The horse leaped round, and I also turned mechanically, but Moore forced the animal back and asked me if I was hurt. "No, Sir?" Meanwhile a second shot had torn off the leg of a 42nd man, who screamed horribly, and rolled about so as to excite agitation and alarm with others. The general said, "This is nothing, my lads; keep your ranks, take that man away; my good fellow, don't make such a noise, we must bear these things better." He spoke sharply, but it had a good effect; for this man's cries had made an opening in the ranks, and the men shrunk from the spot, although they had not done so when others had been hit who did not cry out. But again Moore went off, and I saw him no more! Lord William Bentinck now came up on his quiet mule, and though the fire was heavy, began talking to me as if we were going to breakfast; his manner was his ordinary one, with perhaps an increase of good humour and placidity. He conversed for some time, but no recollection of what he said remains, for the fire was sharp, and my eyes were more busy than my ears: I only remember saying to myself this chap takes it coolly. Lord William and his mule, which seemed to care as little for the fire as its rider, sheltered me from shot, which I liked well enough; but having heard officers and soldiers jeer at Colonel Walker for thus sheltering himself behind General Fane's horse at Vunem, I went to the exposed side: yet it gave me the most uncomfortable feel experienced that day. When Lord William went away, I walked up and down before the regiment, and made the men shoulder and order arms twice to occupy their attention, for they were falling fast and seemed uneasy at standing under fire. Soon the 42nd advanced in line, but no orders came for me. The 4th did not move; the 42nd seemed likely to want our aid: it was a moment for hesitation, and John Montgomery, a Scotchman, said laughingly, "You cannot be wrong to follow the 42nd." I gave the word but forbade any firing. The 42nd checked a short distance from a wall and commenced firing, and though a loud cry arose of "Forward! forward!" no man, as I afterwards heard, passed the wall. This check seemed to prove that my advance was right, and we passed the 42nd.—Then I said to my men, "Do you see your enemies plain enough to hit them?" Many voices shouted, "We do." "Then blaze away!" and such a rolling fire broke out as I have hardly ever heard since. After passing the 42nd we came to the wall, which was breast-high, and my line checked; but several officers, Stanhope one, leaped over, calling on the men to follow. At first about a hundred did at a low part, no more; and therefore, leaping back, I took a halberd, and holding it horizontally, pushed many over. All got over, yet it required the example of officers and the bravest men. Now the line was formed beyond the wall, and I, recollecting Voltaire's story of the guards' officers laying their swords over the men's shoulders to

keep their level low, did so with the habit of showing coolness. We then got to our ground, close to a village, where the fire from the houses was terrible, the howitzers from the hills pelting us also. My sword-belt was shot off, scabbard and all; but not being hit, I pushed rapidly into the effect, exactly at the spot where, soon after, I was taken prisoner. Many Frenchmen lay there apparently dead, but the soldiers cried out "Bayonet them!—they are pretending!" The idea was to me terrible, and made me call out, "No! no! leave those cowards; there are plenty who bear arms to kill; come on. At this place stood the church, and towards the enemy a rocky mound, behind which, and on it, were the grenadiers. A lane went up straight towards the enemy; I ran forward, calling out to follow. About thirty privates and three officers did so, but the fire was then terrible, and many shells burst among us. Half way up the lane I felt, without knowing why, but was much hurt, though at the moment unconscious of it. A soldier cried out, "The Major is killed!" "Not yet, come on." We reached the end of this murderous lane, but a dozen of those who entered it with me fell ere we got through it. However, some shelter was found beyond the lane, for Brooks of the 4th had occupied the spot with his picquet the day before, and had made a breastwork, and then it appeared to me that by a rush forward we could carry the battery above. Three or four men were killed at my side, for the breastwork was but a slender protection, and two were killed by the fire of our own men from the village behind. The poor fellows kept crying out as they died, "Oh! Major, our own men are killing us!" "Oh! I'm shot in the back of the head!" Remembering, then, that my father had told me he saved a man's life at the siege of Charleston by pulling a ball out with his finger before inflammation swelled the parts, I thought to do the same, but could not find it, and feared to do harm by putting my finger in it. It made me feel sick, and the poor fellow, having laid down, continued crying out that our men had killed him, and there he soon died. This misery shook us all a good deal, and made me so wild as to cry and stamp with rage, feeling a sort of despair at seeing the soldiers did not come on. I sent Turner, Harrison, and Patterson, the three officers with me, to bring them on; and they found Stanhope animating the men, but not knowing what to do, and calling out, "Good God! where is Napier?" When Turner told him I was in front and raging for them to come on for an attack on the battery, he gave a shout and called on the men to follow him, but ere taking a dozen strides, cried out, "Oh, my God!" and fell dead, shot through the heart. Turner, and a sergeant who had been also sent back, then returned to me, saying they could not get a man to follow them up the lane.—Hearing this, I got on the wall, waving my sword and my hat, and calling out to the men behind among the rocks; but the fire was so loud none heard, though the lane was scarcely a hundred yards long. No fire was drawn upon me by this, for a French captain afterwards told me he, and others, prevented their men firing at me; he did not know, nor was he told by me, who it was, but he said, "Instead of firing at him I lunged to run forward and embrace that officer." My own companions called out to jump down or I should be killed: I thought so too, but was so mad as to care little what happened to me. However, it was useless to stay there, and jumping down I said to Harrison, "Stay here as long as you can, I will go to the left and try to make out how the 42nd get on." No one was to be seen near our left from my standing-place near the wall; but there was some brushwood, and a ridge with a hedge on the top, which debarred further sight, and the thought came to me that, instead of being foremost, we might be in line with some of the 42nd, and if fifty men of the 42nd and 53th could be gathered we might still be charge the battery above us. Telling this to Captain Harrison, I went off along a lane running at right-angles from the one we were in, and parallel to our position; this exposed me to the English, not to the French fire, but being armed only with a short sabre, useless against a musket and bayonet, and being quite alone, short-sighted, and without spectacles, I felt very cowardly and anxious. Pur-

suing my course for about a hundred yards, I came to a French soldier, who lay on his face, wounded, and being myself covered with blood, and my face smeared, I thought he knew me, and had fallen in my arms, my hat was on the ground, and though I lay on my face, I thought he thought it was to kill him, his feet were towards me, and as he raised his head, I ran out to some comrades above him, pointing with a quick convulsive motion towards me. One whom he addressed could not be seen, but the ridge was about six feet high, nearly perpendicular, with the thick hedge on top, but my danger was soon announced through the roots of the hedge by a blaze of fire poured so close as to fill the lane with smoke. All went over my head, being evidently used without seeing me, or my body must have been blown to pieces.—Giving myself up for lost, the temptation to run back was great, but the thought that our own line might see me made me walk bravely, in more danger indeed, yet less alarmed, than when going forward without knowing what would happen. The whole excursion along the lane was the most nervous affair I ever experienced in battle; nor was my alarm lessened on getting back, for Harrison and the others were gone!—They could not stand the fire. I felt very miserable then, thinking the 50th had behaved so, that my not getting the battery had been a cause of the battle being lost, and that Moore would attribute all to me. The English smoke had gone back, and my only comfort was that the French smoke had not gone forward. The battle seemed nearly over. I thought myself the last man alive belonging to our side who had got so far in front, and felt certain of death, and that my general would think I had hidden myself, and would not believe me to have done my best. Lord William Bentinck afterwards told me that he had ordered my regiment back, in direct contumelious of Moore's usage, who had, he admitted, told him not to recall me, but send men to my assistance!!! In this state of distraction, and still under a heavy fire, I turned down the lane to rejoin the regiment, and soon came on a wounded man, who shrieked out, "O praised be God, Major! my dear Major!—God help you, my darling, one of your own 50th!" "I cannot carry you," was my reply: "can you walk with my help?" "Oh no, Major, I am too badly wounded." "You must be there till help can be found." "Oh, my jewel, my own dear Major, sure you won't leave me! The agony with which he screamed was great, it roused all my feelings, and, strange to say, alarmed me about my own danger, which had been forgot in my misery at finding Harrison was gone from the corner, and thinking the battle lost. Drooping down I raised the poor fellow, but a musket ball just then broke the small bone of my leg some inches above the ankle. Feeling the man of my wound, my course was resumed, his pitiable cries were then terrible, and his bitterness as reproaches for my want of fortitude and courage. I felt it horrible to leave him, but selfishness and pain got the better, and with the help of my sword, impia and with much suffering, I arrived at a spot where two other lanes met at the corner of a church; there were three privates of the 50th, and one of the 42nd, an Irishman, mere, who said we were cut off, and indeed Frenchmen were then coming up both lanes. They were not thirty yards from us, and, forgetting my leg then, though I had not pluck to do so for the poor wounded man left behind, I said to the four soldiers, "Follow me and we'll eat through them; then with a shout I rushed forward. The Frenchmen had halted, but now ran on to us, and just as my spring and shot was made, the wounded leg gave I saw I felt a stab in the back: it gave me no pain, but felt cold and threw me on my face. Turning to rise, I saw the man's sabre had stabbed me making a second thrust, whereupon I lunged my sabre I caught his bayonet by the socket, turned the thrust, and raising myself by the exertion grasped his trelock with both hands, thus in mortal struggle regaining my feet. His companions had now come up and I heard the dying cries of the four men with me, who were all bayoneted instantly. We had been attacked from behind by men not before seen, as we stood with our backs to a doorway, out of which must have rushed several men, for we were all stabbed

by men who had now put us up, and as they were close, they did so, however, just as they struck, a Frenchman who had wounded me was before me. That was a contest for life, but being so straggled, I stood him between my feet, and he shot me, who appeared to be a young man, as I saved when they prepared to lead on our advance through the village. They struck me with their muskets, and burst me in the chest, whereupon, seeing no help near, and being overpowered by numbers, and in great pain from my wounded leg, I called out, "Je me rend!" Finding they had no disposition to spare me, I kept hold of the musket, vigorously defending myself with the body of the little Italian who had first wounded me, but soon grew faint, or rather tired. At that moment a tall dark man came up, seized the end of the musket with his left hand, whirled his brass-shod sabre round, and struck me a powerful blow on the head, which was bare for my cocked hat had fallen off. Expecting the blow would push me, I had stooped my head in hopes it might fall on my back, or at least on the thickest part of the head, and not on the left temple, so far I succeeded, for it fell exactly on the top, cutting into the bone, but not thro' it. Fire sparkled from my eyes. I fell on my knees, bawled, yet without quite losing my senses and holding still on the musket. Recovering in a moment, I regained my legs, and saw a bold handsome young French drummer holding the arm of the dark Italian, who was in the act of repeating the blow. Quarter was then given, but they tore my pantaloons in tearing my waist and purse from my pocket, and a basket of hair which hung round my neck; they snatched at everything, but while this went on two of them were wounded, and the drummer, Gilbert, ordered the dark man who had saved me to take me to the rear. Gilbert was walking off, and the Italian again drew his sword, which he had before sheathed. I called out to the drummer "This rascal is going to kill me! brave Frenchmen don't kill prisoners!" Gilbert ran back, swore furiously at the Italian, shoved him away, and putting his arms round my waist supported me. Thus this generous Frenchman saved me twice, for the Italian was bent upon slaying me. We had not proceeded far up the old lane when we met a soldier of the 50th walking down at a rapid pace; he instantly halted, recovered his arms and checked his pace, looking fiercely at us to make out what it was. My recollection is that he levelled at Gilbert and I threw up his musket, calling out, "For God's sake don't fire! I am a prisoner, I'm wounded, and can't I help you.—Surrender! For why should I surrender?" he cried aloud, with a dead earnest of all his breath, "because there are at least twenty men upon you." "Well if I must surrender, then," said Hennessey, dashing down his trelock across their legs and making them jump. Then coming close up he threw his arm round me, and giving Gilbert a push that sent him and one or two more reeling against the wall, shouted out, "Stand away, ye bloody spalpeens, I'll carry him myself, had luck to the whole of ye!" In this manner we proceeded about a hundred yards beyond the corner where Harrison and the rest had left me, and found a large force under General Renaud. He asked me my rank, and how I was taken. My reply was, "Taken because my regiment would not come on!" I was in great anger, and altogether ignorant of Lord William Bentinck having ordered them back. Had Moore's orders, for the 42d and 4th to support us, been obeyed by Lord William, we should have carried the hill in a few minutes. General Renaud ordered a surgeon to dress me, and he put a plaster on my head; but my leg was so swollen he could not get off my boot without it cutting, which I would not allow, hoping to escape, in which case the loss of a boot would be irreparable. They took me up the hill to where the Spanish flag was on the top had been exploded. On the summit of the position my bodily agony was so great, that Hennessey and the French captain, seeing some straw near a fire, laid me on it: then a French officer came and stood over me, a tall handsome man, he looked at me for some time and said, "War! war! war! My God! will this horrid work never cease? My young man, I fear you

Miscellaneous.

EAST INDIAN JUGGLERY.—Madame Pfeiffer, in her "Second Journey Round the World," gives the following description of certain unexplainable feats of jugglery witnessed by her while sojourning through the East Indies: "At the close of the entertainment, the performance of Hercules was really curious in its way. He appeared with nothing on but a pair of drawers, and a cord was passed around his neck, and with this his hands and arms were firmly tied behind him that he could not make the smallest movement. He came to us to have the knots examined, and then he crept under a high covered basket, beneath which various garments were placed; and after the lapse of a few minutes, the basket was lifted up, and the Hercules made his appearance completely clothed in them. Then he crept again under the basket and came out without them, but holding the cord fast in his hands, &c. All this would, of course, have been nothing in a theatre, where assistance might have been given him, but this was in a meadow, where no assistance was possible.—One of the gentlemen present offered him twenty-five rupees for his mystery, but he declined the offer."

THE PAVEMENT OF LONDON.—The pavement of London is one of the greatest marvels of our time. It covers nearly three thousand acres, two-thirds thereof consist of what may be called mosaic work, done in plain style, and the other third of smooth flagging, a series of works that far transcend in quantity as it excels in quality, the Appian way, which was the wonder of Ancient Rome, and which would cut but a poor figure as contrasted with one of our commonest streets. The ancient consular way was but fifteen feet in the main, and was filled with blocks all shapes and sizes, jointed together, and planed only on the surface; the length of its devious course, from north to south of Italy was under 300 miles. The paved streets of London number over 5000, and exceed 2000 miles in length.

TEACHING THE EYE.—The great majority of mankind do not and cannot see one fraction of what they were intended to see. The proverb that "None are so blind as those who will not see," is as true of physical as of moral vision. By neglect and carelessness we have made ourselves unable to discern hundreds of things which are before us to be seen. Thomas Carlyle has summed this up in one pregnant sentence:—"The eye sees what it brings the power to see." How true is this! The sailor on the look out can see a slip where the landsman sees nothing; the Esquimaux can distinguish a white fox amidst the white snow; the American backwoodsman will fire a rifle ball so as to strike a nut out of the mouth of a squirrel without hurting it; the Red Indian Boys hold their hands up as marks to each other, certain that the mercurial arrow will be shot between the spread out fingers; the astronomer can see a star in the sky, where to others the blue expanse is unbroken; the shepherd can distinguish the face of every sheep in his flock; the mosaic worker can detect distinctions of color where others see none; and multitudes of additional examples might be given of what education does for the eye.

SNAKE STORY.—An East India correspondent of a French paper states, that a box-constrictor having seized the child of a settler, named Morgan, the father, aided by two large and ferocious dogs, rushed to its rescue. The snake showed fight, and seized the dogs and father in its coils, without losing its hold of the child; but Morgan luckily gave the monster a severe cut, with a sharp yataghan, which nearly severed its body near the tail. This seemed to deprive the box of his constricting or crushing power. His folds loosened so that the man, the child, and one dog escaped: the other dog the snake had seized with his fangs and still held him fast. Morgan at once attacked the disabled reptile, and soon severed his head from his body; but the jaws still remained closed on the poor dog. With some difficulty they were opened, and the victim was released; but the brave fellow died the next day, and so did the child. Morgan and the surviving dog were not much injured.

A NEW DIAMOND.—Two French chemists, Messrs Wohler and Deville, have succeeded in crystallizing the well known substance boron, which has hitherto been known only as a greenish brown powder, or in combination with an acid, and they submitted specimens of the crystals to the Academy of Sciences a few days ago. These crystals possess a brittancy and refractive power when working equals but the diamond, and they rival that in hardness, being capable of scratching corundum, which, next to the diamond, is the hardest substance known. The specimens yet obtained are very small, and have a shade of red or yellow, but the color is believed to be accidental, and they hope that further experiments will enable them to procure it colorless. Boron agrees with silicon in some of its properties, and is considered as intermediate between it and carbon. This discovery may soon put us in possession of a fictitious diamond which the most experienced eye will be unable to distinguish from the genuine.

DEATH OF THE HEROINE OF MATAGORDA.—The Scotsman records the death of Mrs. Reston, better known as "the heroine of Matagorda," who died in the Glasgow Town's Hospital on Wednesday forenoon. She was with her husband, a sergeant in the 94th, when the French bombarded Matagorda, in 1810. During the bombardment she actively assisted the surgeon in relieving the wounded, and tore up her own linen and the linen of her husband to provide bandages. During the hottest of the fire, a drummer boy was directed to go for water for use in the hospital, and Mrs. Reston, seeing that the poor lad feared to face the tremendous shower of shot and shell, took the bucket from him, and ran to the well herself. While there, the rope for drawing the water gave way, but nothing daunted, Mrs. Reston engaged assistance, and succeeded in accomplishing her errand. When Mrs. Reston returned to this country, she was received into the Town's Hospital, in a state of desuetude, on the death of her husband. A public subscription was, however, set on foot, and a fund raised for her, by which the latter part of her life was rendered comfortable. Although she was thus enabled to support herself, she had become so accustomed to live in the hospital that she resolved to remain, and pay a fair amount for her board. Of course her wish was gratified, and after independently paying her way, she had a yearly surplus, which she regularly applied to charitable and benevolent purposes.

DEER HUNTING.—The Indians of Sierra Valley, says the Marysville Herald, resort to various stratagems to circumvent the deer. The animals have been hunted so much that they take flight at the appearance of the hunter, seldom allowing him to come within half a mile. The Indians clothe themselves in deer skins, with the horns on, and gradually work towards the herd, like a straggling animal, feeding leisurely along. After getting within gun or bow shot, the hunter pretty generally secures his prey.

Another plan.—They set the wood on fire on one side of the valley, which drives the game to the other side, where the bark ropes are stretched along the brow of the hill, with here and there gateways open to let the deer pass through. The Indians lie concealed near the passage, and shoot the deer as they edge along the rope to find the end. They will not attempt to jump over unless hurried. In this way they entrap their prey. This information will not be new to mountaineers, though it may be to others.

AMONG THE BAY.—If casually strolling in the Champs Elysees, Paris, you see a plain gentleman driving his own carriage, with a couple of servants in green livery sitting behind him in the dicky, ten to one but it is the Emperor Louis Napoleon, or, is an elegant but plain open landau observed sweeping along with four horses, a couple of outriders, and second equipage of the same style following, there goes her Majesty on an airing. But mark, what state parade is this coming steadily down the hill!—Two hussars trot en avant, with pistols at full cock; two others, at an interval, succeed with drawn swords; at each door of the stately glass carriage there are two more of the dashing

gads, and behind, close up a double line, each of four sabres, sabretashes, &c. What magnitude have we here? That nurse in her picturesque Bargundy cap supplies the information graphically—it is the Infant Prince Imperial, of the 1st regiment of the Grenadier Guards.

GOOD SKATING.—The Lock Haven (Pa.) Democrat says that two students, from Lewisburg, took a trip to their home, in Clinton county, a few days ago, which they reach by skating on the canal, a distance of sixty miles, in six hours.

THE VALUE OF HORSES.—Bell's Life says 231 thoroughbred yearlings have been sold under the hammer this year, raising 24,302l. The average of the present year is about 105 gs. on 231 sales, whereas the average in 1855 was 117 gs. on 200 sales, and 137 gs. on 182 in 1854.

OBITUARY.

The late Francis Conin, Esquire, Surgeon, Royal Navy, who died at his residence in Peterboro', on the 12th Inst. at the advanced age of 84 years, was born in the County Down, Ireland. At an early age he studied for the Medical Profession. In 1783 he entered the Navy as Assistant Surgeon of His then Majesty's Ship *St. Albans*. In 1794 he was appointed Surgeon, in which capacity he was ordered to repair on board the *Queen*, and was at the action under Lord Howe, against the French Fleet, on the 1st of June, when six sail of the line were captured, and one sunk. Also, in 1795, in the same ship, under Admiral Lord Bropout, when three sail of the line were taken, on the 23rd of June, of that year. For these services Surgeon Conin received the War Medal and two clasps. He subsequently served in the *Grampus*, *Baycourt*, *Experiment*, *Tojase*, *Pandour*, and *Mars*, which ship he left in February, 1805. He served in other ships until 1807, when he was appointed to the *Proserpue*, and, in 1809, when off the coast of France, was unfortunately taken prisoner, and remained as such until 1814. After the Peace he served some time on the Jamaica Station; and, in 1818, was Surgeon of the ship that conveyed the Duke of Richmond to Quebec, as Governor General of the Canadas. In 1825 he again came out to this country in Medical charge of one of the Transports which brought out the immigrants under the superintendance of the late Hon. Peter Robinson. Having gone home, he returned to Canada in 1828 with his family, then consisting of his wife and seven daughters, and settled in Orombeo, where he resided until a few years ago, when he came to live on his property in Peterboro'.

As a Husband, a Father, a Friend or Acquaintance, in every position in life, Doctor Conin was respected and esteemed by all who had the pleasure to know him. Without any severe illness he gradually sunk under the weight of age, and died with that perfect resignation and pious submission which had marked the later days of his many years. He leaves a widow, three daughters, and a grandson to deplore his loss.

At Tours, in France, in the 68th year of his age, after a lingering illness, Col. James Humphreys Wood, of the Royal Artillery, eldest son of the late Samuel Wood, Esq., of Nunlands, Berwickshire, and only brother of the Revd. S. S. Wood, Rector of St. James', Three Rivers.—Col. Wood obtained his commission in the Artillery in 1805, and the same year he was ordered to Canada, where he was stationed for six years. Soon after his return home in 1812, he exchanged into a Company that was serving in the Peninsula. He was engaged for the first time at Vittoria, was actively employed during the siege of St. Sebastian, and was present in all the conflicts of any moment that took place from that period to the final battle of Tolouse. He then embarked a second time for Canada with the expedition from Bourdeaux, where he remained two years. Subsequently he served in Ireland, Scotland, the Ionian Islands, and Bermuda. At a later period he had the command of the Artillery at the Cape, and afterwards in Scotland, which last command, in consequence of broken health about six years ago he was compelled to resign, and reluctantly to retire from the active employments of military life, to which he had been so long and so warmly attached.

AGRICULTURAL.

ON THE ADVANTAGE ON LAYING DOWN LAND IN GRASS.

The disposition which nature shows, wherever cultivation is carried on, to restore land to its original state of grass, ought to teach the farmer that it should be admitted into every system of cropping which has the least preference to be correct. Let us clear our fields as we may, use harrows and exterminators of the most approved and improved descriptions, apply hand-hoeing and horse-hoeing, and every other method of cutting the springing blade, a extirpating the last fragment of the seedling dormant root, it takes but a short interval, when Nature asserts her rights, and hastens to reclothe the every little vacancy with her favorites—the grasses—they evidently being “her most peculiar care.” Why is this? Is it because He was justly displeased with the first man, and “cursed the ground for his sake,” has thus entailed upon his hapless posterity an heirship of endless toil? Or is it an evidence of His continued care for the human family, in thus plainly revealing to the farmer that the way to restore to his fields their decreasing fertility, is to let them alone, and leave them for a time in a condition similar to that in which he found them? or rather, to allow them to take advantage, under Nature’s charge, of the improved condition and altered circumstances in which, by his art and industry, he has succeeded in placing them?

I am no theologian, in the usual acceptation of the word, and therefore beg to be excused from answering yes, or nay, to the first proposition. As regards the second, I have faith in Nature as the handmaid of a GREATER POWER. I believe that, so far as she is concerned,

“In spite of man, in erring man’s spite,
One truth is clear, whatever is—is right.”

I would therefore advise my young friends to comply to a certain extent with the urgent demands of Nature, and occasionally let their fields “go to grass.”

It might perhaps be impossible for philosophy to point out any course, which it is admissible, more fertile than one where turpans, gratas, and grasses follow each other in regular succession. When the field is preparing for crops, the mineral constituents of the soil are disturbed. When it is in grass, carbonic acid gas is evolved. Thus, at one time it may have a superabundance one way, and at a year or two the preponderance may be the other way, but the natural consequence of the system is to preserve it in a well-balanced condition.

That carbon must accumulate when the fields are in grass, will appear evident, when we reflect that it forms a close ward, as impervious to heat or cold as the coat of wool on the back of a sheep, and that consequently such land is much cooler in summer and warmer in winter, than it would otherwise be. Another circumstance aids in producing a similar effect in such land. Plants perspire. By which means a moist atmosphere, partaking as much of the natural heat of water as of the general atmosphere, is maintained around them. Now carbonic acid gas, being considerably heavier than common air, has a natural tendency to descend, and finding a water vapor of the same specific gravity as itself emanating from the grass plants, which also are in a suitable temperature for not again expelling it, both gas and vapor continue to linger near the ground, and are partially deposited among their leaves.

The advantage of having our arable land occasionally laid down in grass, more particularly as our soils have such a tendency to get exhausted of carbon, must be apparent to every one. But how are we to do it? As I have already remarked, those grasses which are usually cultivated are inadmissible. We must therefore adopt a middle course. We must not exactly leave the land uncultivated, and allow the weeds and coarse grasses which are natural to it to usurp soils which have been, and may again be turned to so much better advantage. Neither must we attempt to sow it in timothy, and broad-leaved clover, and orchard grass. But there are other grasses which may be tried with greater hopes of success, in consequence of their being more patient of drought, such as rye-grass, downy oat-grass, hard and sheep’s fescue grass, crested dog’s-tail, and white clover. Where the ground is not too dry for ordinary crops, especially where it has been properly subsoiled, these may be sown without any great risk of failure. Besides this, there is another infallible way, recommended by Mr. G. Smeath, which, situated as we are, we ought by no means to despise, namely, to fence in a piece of good natural grass, and mow it at different times during the summer. Thus the seeds of the earlier and generally better varieties would be procured at the first mowing, and the latter sorts afterwards. By mixing such seeds with with those which I have recommended, and sowing them at the proper season, in good land properly cultivated, there would not be any greater difficulty of growing artificial hay, or laying down land for pasture here, than in any other State.—Porter’s Spirit.

A WORD TO FARMERS.—Here we want to say a kind word to farmers, whether it fairly belongs to the subject or not. The peculiarities of our climate, our sudden transitions from winter to summer, the rapid strikes of vegetation when growing in zones, all tend to make the farmer more a part of the year, and to work him beyond all reason another portion; both of which are bad evils to his rising to the possession of a good judgment, a clear, well defined intellect, and a cheerful, sunny, unobscured temper. The necessity of an indolent winter and a fevered summer, tend to make the farmer inferior to the merchant and the manufacturer, as a man—less sagacious, less thinking, less enterprising. The temptation should not be yielded to. More important advice than the following we do not believe can be given. Lay out the work of the farm, as far as possible, so as to always have something to do, in spite of wind and weather; and never do more at one time than is reasonable, for love or money.—Some Northern farmers work themselves harder in summer than they would find it in their conscience to work another. To work excessively six months, and then to suck the fingers as long before waking up, will not make much of a man, and in the long run will not produce thrift. The farmer’s rule is to be always doing something, but not to work himself to death, even in harvest. We include reading, of course, among the things to be done. It should have its times. The farmer who does not read his agricultural papers and some others must expect to fall behind his age.—Plough, Loom and Anvil.

CURRENT TREES.—Having noticed that currant bushes may as well be made trees as shrubs, I conclude to tell you how I have seen it done. In the spring of 1831, my

father commenced a garden, and among other things, set cuttings for currant bushes. I determined to experiment on one of those cuttings; and as soon as it grew, I pinched off all the leaves, except the top tuft, which I let grow. The cutting was about fourteen inches long, and during the summer, the sprout from this grew ten inches.

The next spring I pinched off all the leaves to about half way up the first year’s growth, so as to leave the lowest limbs two feet from the ground. It branched well, and became a handsome little dwarf tree.—When it came to bear fruit it was more productive than any other bush in the garden, and the fruit larger.

It was less infested with spiders and other insects; hens could not pick off the fruit, and grass and weeds were more easily kept from the roots, and it was an ornament instead of a blemish. Now I would propose that currant cuttings be set in rows about four or five feet apart each way (let them be long and straight ones,) and trained into trees.—Michigan Farmer.

VALUE OF SHEEP TO THE FARMER.—It is of more importance to the farmer than is generally supposed, that a certain proportion of his farm stock should consist of sheep. Speaking on this point, R. S. Fay, of Lynn, recently remarked at an Agricultural meeting in Boston, (as reported in the N. E. Farmer,) “sheep are gleaners after other stock, and will help to keep the cattle pastures in good condition by being turned into them occasionally, to eat the coarser plants which have been left. They will enrich the land. There is no manure so fertilizing as that of sheep, and it does not so readily waste by exposure as that of other animals. Sheep may be made exceedingly useful in helping to prepare land for a crop. A German agriculturalist has calculated that the droppings from one thousand sheep during a single night, would manure an acre sufficiently. By that rule a farmer may determine how long to keep any given number of sheep on a particular piece of land. Mr. Fay said he was accustomed to fold his sheep upon land which he designed for corn and other crops; and in doing so he shut them upon half an acre at a time, keeping them there by a wire fence, which was easily moved from place to place. In this way his land was well manured without the labor of shoveling and carting.” These ideas are worth reading by the farmer. We believe any farm will bear a certain number of sheep, in proportion to the other stock, not only without loss to the amount of grazing which it will yield to the cattle and horses, but to the increase of the same. Mr. Fay, by his management, makes the lambs and manure pay for keeping the sheep, and the wool is clear profit.

GAME AT THE NORTHWEST.—The newspapers and sportsmen of the northwest are soliciting themselves on the abundance of wild game, and particularly of deer, that is daily taken in those neighborhoods. The Galena Gazette accounts for the facility with which the deer are taken, by the fatigue they suffer in traveling over the ice-crusted snow. The crust is just thick enough to be broken through by their sharp hoofs, and they soon become so crippled and leg weary, that they are easily overtaken and despatched. A few such winters as the present, adds the Gazette, will nearly exterminate the deer from the neighborhood of the white settlements.—Porter’s Spirit.

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