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The Volunteer Review

AND MILITARY AND NAVAL GAZETTE.

A Journal Devoted to the Interests of the Military and Naval Forces of the Dominion of Canada.

VOL. II.

OTTAWA, CANADA, MONDAY, JANUARY 13, 1868.

No. 2.

ROLL CALL.

"Corporal Green!"—the orderly cried,
"Here!" was the answer, loud and clear,
From the lip of a soldier standing near,
And "Here," was the word the next replied.

"Cyrus Drew,"—then a silence fell—
This time no answer followed the call,
Only his rear man saw him fall,
Killed or wounded—he could not tell.

There they stood in the falling light,
Those men of battle, with grave, dark look—
As plain to be read as open books,
While slowly gathered the shades of night.

The fern on the hill was splashed with blood,
And down in the corn where the poppies grew,
Were redder stains than the poppies knew
And a crimson-dyed was the river's flood.

For the foe had crossed from the other side,
That day in the face of murderous fire
That swept them down in its terrible tide,
And their life-blood went to color the tide.

"Herbert Cline,"—at the call their came
Two stalwart soldiers into the line,
Hearing between them this Herbert Cline,
Wounded and bleeding to answer his name.

"Ezra Kerr," and a voice answered "here!"
"Hiram Kerr," but no man replied;
They were brothers those two; the set wind
sighed,
And a shudder crept through the corn field near.

"Eohraim Deane"—then a soldier spoke,
"Deane carried our regiment's colors," he said,
"When our Ensign was shot; I left him down!
Just after the enemy wavered and broke."

"Close to the road-side his body lies;
I paused a moment and gave him to drink;
He murmured his mother's name, I think,
And death came with it and closed his eyes."

"Twas a Victory—yes; but it cost us dear;
For that company's roll when it led at night,
Of a hundred men that went into the fight,
Numbered but twenty that answered "Here!"

AN ACT OF TERRIBLE JUSTICE.

CHAPTER I.

In 1845, said the Doctor, I was attached, as assistant-surgeon, to the military hospital of Constantine. This hospital rose in the interior of the *Kasba*, upon a pointed rock from three to four hundred feet high, overlooking the entire city, the governor's palace, and the immense plain which stretches away farther than the eye can reach. It is a wild and imposing point of view. From my window, opened to let in the evening breezes, I could nearly pitch my cigar into the Rummel, which winds by the foot of the gigantic wall of rock.

Garrison life has never had any charms for me; I could never find pleasure in drinking glasses of absinthe, rum, or brandy. At the time of which I am speaking, this was called

want of spirit; it was a kind of spirit which my gastric faculties did not permit me to exhibit. I was obliged to limit myself, therefore, to visiting my patients: to writing my prescriptions: to doing my duty: this done, I retired to my own room to make notes, to look over my books, or to revise my observations, and put them in order. In the evening, when the sun was slowly withdrawing his rays from the plain, with my elbow resting on the sill of my window, I stood dreamily watching this grand spectacle of nature, always the same in its marvellous regularity, and yet eternally new: a distant caravan winding its way over the hill-sides; an Arab galloping on the limits of the horizon, and lost to my sight as if he had faded into space; some cork-oak trees cutting with their leafy outline the purple bars of the setting sun, or, far off, and high above me, the wheeling of the birds of prey, their clearing wings, spread darkly against the sombre azure of the sky, all this attracted, captivated me; I could have remained there for hours, had not duty forcibly carried me away to the dissection-table.

Nobody troubled themselves to criticise these tastes of mine—except a certain lieutenant of Voltigeurs, named Castagnac, whose portrait it is necessary that I should here draw for you.

On stepping from the public vehicle, at the moment of my first arrival at Constantine, I heard a voice behind me say: "I'd bet that this is our new assistant surgeon."

I turned and found myself in the presence of an infantry officer, tall, dry, bony, red-nosed, his kepi cocked over his ear, with the peak pointed up to the sky, and his sabre between his legs; it was Lieutenant Castagnac. Before I had fully made out his strange physiognomy, the Lieutenant had shaken me by the hand. "Welcome, Doctor!" he cried. "Enchanted to make your acquaintance. You're fatigued? Let us go in at once; I'll undertake to present you to the club."

The "club" at Constantine is simply the officers' place of refreshment,—their eating-house.

We entered; for how could I resist the sympathetic enthusiasm of such a man, even though I had read "Gil Blas?"

"Here!—waiter!"—cried my conductor; "two glasses! What do you drink. Doctor? Cognac?—rum?"

"No; curaçoa."

"Curaçoa! Oh!—why not *parfait-amour*? You've a funny taste, Doctor! Waiter! a glass of absinthe for me,—a full one—up to the brim. Good! Your health, Doctor!" "Yours, Lieutenant."

It was thus that I was at once instated in the good graces of this strange individual.

I need hardly say that this kind of intimacy could not long be pleasant to me; I very quickly discovered that my friend Castagnac had a confirmed habit of being deeply plunged into the reading of the newspaper whenever the moment for payment arrived. This characteristic will give you a good idea of the man. On the other hand, I made the acquaintance of several other officers of the same regiment, who laughed heartily with me at this new kind of Amphitryon. One among them, named Raymond Dutertre, a brave young fellow, told me that, on his joining the regiment, something had happened to him.

"I detest backbiting," he said, "so I told Castagnac what I had to say before some of our comrades. He took the thing ill; and we went to a quiet place under the walls, where I gave him a pretty little cut with the point, which played the devil with the reputation of a skull cracker which he had gained in some lucky duels he had fought."

Things were in this state when, towards the middle of June, fevers make their appearance in Constantine; the hospital received not only military patients, but a great number of the inhabitants, entailing upon me a considerable amount of extra work; and interfering with my regular habits.

Among my patients were Castagnac and Dutertre. Castagnac was not suffering under an attack of fever, however, but under a strange affection called *delirium tremens*,—a state of delirium, of nervous trembling peculiar to drunkards, and especially to individuals who abandon themselves to the drinking of absinthe. It is preceded by great restlessness, sudden shudderings; it is characterised by redness of face and alcoholic odour in the breath. While the attack was upon him, he uttered frequent and terrible cries, in the midst of which he repeated a woman's name, "Fantima! Fantima!" a circumstance which made me presume that at some previous time he might have been the victim of an unfortunate love-affair, for which he had consoled himself by the abuse of strong liquors.

This idea inspired me with profound pity for him; for it was truly pitiable to see his tall, meagre body bent to the right or to the left, then suddenly stiffened like a log of wood, the face pale, the nose blue, the teeth clenched; it was impossible to witness these cries without shuddering.

Upon recovering his senses, at the end of half an hour or so, after every one of his fits, he invariably demanded:—"What have I been saying, Doctor?—Have I said anything?"

"No, Lieutenant,— nothing."
"I must have said something; you are hiding it from me!"

"Nonsense! How can I remember?" All sick persons mutter to themselves.

"I did say something, then?— what was it?" he demanded eagerly.

"How can I remember? If you wish it, I'll make a note of what you say next time."

He turned deadly pale, and looked at me as if he were endeavoring to penetrate to the bottom of my soul; he then closed his heavy eyelids, pressed his lips together, and muttered in a low tone:—"A glass of absinthe would do me good." At length his arms fell by his side, and he remained stoically motionless.

One morning, as I was about to enter Castagnac's room, I saw Raymond Dutertre coming towards me from the end of the corridor. "Doctor," he said, putting out his hand, "I am come to ask a favor of you."

"With pleasure, my dear fellow, if I can grant it," I said.

"I want you to give me a written permission to go out for the day."

"My dear fellow, don't think of such a thing; anything else you like."

"But I'm quite well, Doctor; I've had no fever for four days."

"Yes; but there's a great deal of fever about in the city, and I cannot expose you to the chance of a relapse."

"Give me only two hours,—time to go and return."

"Impossible, my dear fellow; do not press me,—it will be useless. I know how tiresome the restraints of the hospital are, I know how impatient the sick are to breathe the free air; but we *must* have patience."

"You won't let me go, then?"

"In the course of a week, if you go on well, we'll see about it."

He left me, greatly out of temper. I cared nothing for that; but what was my surprise to see Castagnac, with staring eyes, following his retreating comrade with a strange look.

"Well," I said; "how are you this morning?"

"I'm very well," he answered abruptly.

"Isn't that Raymond going away yonder?"

"Yes."

"What did he want?"

"Oh! only a written permission to go out, which I refused."

Castagnac drew a long breath, and, sinking back into himself, appeared to fall into a state of somnolency.

Something in his voice awoke in me I know not what vague apprehension; and I left him, feeling nervous and abstracted.

That day one of my patients died; I had the body carried into the dissecting room, whither I descended, towards nine o'clock in the evening. It was a small vaulted room, fifteen feet high by twenty feet wide, lit by two windows opening on the precipice, on the side of the high road to Philippeville. On an inclined table lay the body which I proposed to study. After placing my lamp upon a stone, built out from the side of the wall for this purpose, I began my work, and continued my task uninterruptedly for two hours. The "rappel" had long been sounded; the only sounds that reached my ears were the measured steps of the sentinel, his times of stopping, when he dropped the butt of his musket on the ground, and, from hour to hour, the passage of the patrol, the *qu vive*, the distant whisper of the pass word rapid and mingled sounds, the dying away of which seemed to intensify the silence which they left behind.

It was nearly eleven o'clock, and I was

beginning to feel fatigued, when, happening to turn my eyes towards the open window, I was overcome by a strange spectacle: it was a row of small grey owls, with ruffled feathers and green blinking eyes fixed upon the rays of my lamp, settled upon the sill of the window and jostling each other for places. These hideous birds were drawn thither by the scent of human flesh, and were only awaiting my departure to dart up on their prey. It is impossible for me to tell you the horror which this sight caused me: I rushed towards the window, and its revolting occupants disappeared into the darkness, like dead leaves carried away by the wind.

But at the same moment a strange sound fell upon my ear, a sound almost imperceptible in the void of the abyss. I leant forward, grasping the bar of the window and holding my breath the better to see and listen.

Castagnac's chamber was above the dissecting room, which was at the base of the building, its floor resting on the solid rock. Between the precipice and the hospital wall, ran a ledge, not more than a foot wide, and covered with fragments of bottles and crockery thrown out by the nurses. All was so still that the lightest sound was perceptible, and I could plainly hear the steps and gropings of somebody passing along this perilous path.

"Heaven send that the sentinel does not hear him!" I said to myself. "The least hesitation, and his destruction is inevitable."

I had hardly made this reflection, when a hoarse stifled voice, the voice of Castagnac, cried through the silence: "Raymond, where are you going?"

This exclamation pierced me to the marrow of my bones. It was a sentence of death.

In a moment I heard some of the *debris* clatter down, and then along the narrow ledge I heard some one struggling with long-drawn breath. The cold sweat burst from every pore. I tried to see—to descend—to call for help; but I was powerless; my tongue was glued to my mouth. Suddenly there was a groan—then—nothing! Yes, there was a peal of devilish laughter; then a window was slammed to so violently as to break some of the glass in it. And then silence, like a winding-sheet, enveloped all without.

I cannot describe to you the terror which made me shrink to the far side of the room, and there, trembling, and with hair erect, and eyes fixed before me, remain for more than twenty minutes, listening through the throbbing of my heart, and vainly endeavouring, with the pressure of my hand, to stay its wild pulsations. At the end of that time I mechanically closed the window, took my lamp, mounted the stairs to my chamber, and went to bed; but it was impossible for me to close an eye. I heard sighs,—the long-drawn sighs of the victim—then the murderer's savage peal of laughter.

Worn out and needing rest as I was, fright kept me awake. I saw constantly before me the image of Castagnac in his shirt, his neck outstretched, watching his victim's descent into the black depths of the precipice; it froze my blood. "It was he," I said to myself.—"But if he ever suspects that I was there!" I seemed to hear the boards of the corridor creak under a stealthy footstep; and I raised myself upon my elbow, with open mouth and listening ear. The sirocco had risen; it whirled over the plain with lugubrious wailings, carrying even to the summit of the rock the sand and gravel of the descent. Sleep at last seized upon me, however; and towards three o'clock I sank into a heavy slumber. It was

about day when I awoke; the wind of the preceding night had fallen, and the deep blue sky was so calm and pure that I doubted my recollections, and thought that I had been under the influence of a horrible dream.

But I felt a strange disinclination to verify my impressions. I went to fulfil my professional duties; and it was not until after I had visited all my sick wards, and examined each of my patients with more than my ordinary care, that I at last went to Dutertre's room. I knocked at the door—no answer. I opened it and went in: his bed had not been disturbed. I called the nurses and questioned them; nobody had seen Lieutenant Dutertre since the preceding evening.

Rousing all my courage, I went to Castagnac's room. A rapid glance towards the window showed me that two squares of glass in it were broken; I felt myself turn pale, but recovered my coolness as quickly as I could. "We had a high wind last night, Lieutenant," I said.

He was tranquilly seated at his table, his head supported by his hands, and making believe to read a book of military exercises. He looked up with his dull, ordinary look. "Only two windows blown in," he said; "not much harm done."

"This chamber appears to be more exposed than the others on this side," I said; "or perhaps, you left it open?"

There was an almost imperceptible contraction of the old soldier's cheeks. "No,—it was closed, all the night," he said, looking strangely at me.

"Ah!" I said; then approached him to feel his pulse. "And how is your health?"

"I'm all right," he said.

"Good," I replied; "you are decidedly better,—a little agitated at this moment, but decidedly better. But then you must take care of yourself; no more green poison!"

In spite of the good-natured tone I assumed, my voice trembled. The old scoundrel's hand, which I held in mine, produced upon me the same effect as if had been a serpent's head. I could have wished to fly from his presence. His restless eye was fixed upon me, and its glance filled me with nameless horror. I contained myself, however. At the moment of leaving him, I returned suddenly, as if I had recollected something.—"By-the-by, Lieutenant," I said, "did Dutertre happen to pay you a visit last night?"

A shudder passed through him.

"Dutertre?"

"Yes; he has been out since yesterday,—nobody knows what has become of him. I suppose—"

"Nobody has been to see me," he said, in a dry tone of voice; "nobody."

He returned to his book, and I closed the door, as convinced of his crime as I was that the sun was shining in the sky. Unfortunately I had no proofs. "If I denounce him," I said to myself on regaining my room, "he'll deny everything I may say,—that is evident; if he denies it, what proof of the facts can I bring forward? None. My own testimony would not suffice. Besides crimes of this kind are not provided for by the laws. All the odium of the accusation would fall back upon my own head, and I should have made a terrible enemy."

In consequence of these reflections, I determined to wait, and to watch Castagnac without appearing to do so, persuaded that he would end in betraying himself. I went to the Commandant of the place, and simply reported to him the disappearance of Lieutenant Dutertre.

On the following day, some Arabs coming to Constantine, with their asses laden with vegetables, said that from the road to Philip-

peville, they had seen a uniform hanging to the high rocks of the Kasba, with birds of prey flying about in hundreds, and filling the air with their cries. They had seen the remains of Raymond. It was a task of infinite difficulty to recover them by means of ropes and ladders. The officers of the garrison devoted themselves for one or two days to this strange adventure: they made a thousand commentaries on the probable circumstances of the event, then chatted on some other subject, and finally returned to their dominoes and piquet. Men every day of their lives exposed to the risk of sudden death have no great stores of sympathy one for the other: Jacques dead, Pierre replaces him; and the regiment is immortal—Raymond Dutertre's death was soon forgotten.

(To be continued.)

RIFLE MATCHES.

SHOOTING MATCH AND PRESENTATION AT NORTH GOWER VILLAGE.

The return shooting match between Infantry Companies No. 4 and No. 7, 43rd Battalion, came off on 31 December last, being the last day of the year 1867, when No. 4 Company came off victorious, scoring twenty-eight more than their opponents. The feeling throughout was most cordial, and everything passed off harmoniously. A person out side the ranks could not tell but they were one company.

After refreshing the inner man with the good things provided by Sergt. Elliott, the non-commissioned officers and men of No. 4 Company were ordered out by Sergt. Drynan, who put the men through some manoeuvres when Sergt. Elliot proceeded to the front, and read the following address, and presented a sword to Captain Johnston, purchased by the Company.

ADDRESS.

Capt. Johnston, Co. No. 4, 43rd Battalion:

KIND SIR,—In behalf of the men composing your company we wish to tender you our most sincere and heartfelt acknowledgment and appreciation of your many noble and generous qualities as our respected Captain, and your manifest loyalty at all times to the great and glorious Sovereignty of which we all feel proud to form a part. Being one of the first captains in this country at the time of the memorable Trent affair to present to our Government a full enrolled company, which we all regretted was not fully recognized till the late Fenian invasion of June, 1866, at which time your efforts were appreciated and our company legally organized and gazetted. Since which our many associations have renewed in us a confidence in your military spirit of enterprise, which we will feel anxious to fully develop under your command, should we be afforded the opportunity in conflict with our foes, and as a token of our respect and esteem we present you this sword, which we feel conscious should it be required you will use it with honor to yourself and company.

North Gower, Dec. 31, 1867.

To the Non-commissioned officers and men of North Gower, Infantry Company No. 4, 43rd Battalion.

FELLOW SOLDIERS,—The presentation of this beautiful and valuable sword, accompanied by such a very flattering address, is so unexpected and unmerited, that I feel quite at a loss for words to reply, or express the gratitude I feel—words cannot convey all I feel in presenting you with this reply.

The terms in which the address is couched, expressing your attachment to the company, and more particularly to myself personally, is highly gratifying to me, and deeply as I shall always treasure the beautiful gift, still more shall I prize the kindly feelings and remarks contained therein, however undeservedly I may be of the present I have been made the recipient. I will receive it with heartfelt thanks, and regard it as a souvenir of the past, and as a convincing proof that my past humble efforts on behalf of the company under my command, have been appreciated.

What I chiefly appreciate, however, in the address is the declaration to continue in the Volunteer force, and to serve as heretofore, under my command, for which I return you my many heartfelt thanks. I cannot convey to you what I feel in being absent from the company with whom I have passed so many happy hours, but having every confidence in my brother officers, and being now so highly honored by your deeming me worthy of so valuable a token of your regard and attachment I can return to my new home and business of life with renewed hopes and more confidence, than if I had not been so highly honored.

To my brother officers and non-commissioned officers, I would say that I can never forget the many acts of past kindness to me personally, and more particularly your past services and assistance in maintaining the company. To your spirit of emulation and patriotism, and to you only is due the credit of its efficiency, and I trust that you will renew your efforts to maintain the company in its present proud position, viz:—Second to none in the Battalion.

Men of No. 4:

It is a source of great pride to me to be able to bear my unqualified testimony of your loyalty, good behaviour, strict obedience to orders, and assiduous attention to your various military duties since I had the honor of being your commander, and I sincerely trust you may continue to be in the future as you have been in the past, distinguished for steadiness under arms, cleanliness in your appointments, and diligent in the discharge of your duties, and I would further trust that the patriotism and zeal which prompted you to enroll your names and prepare for the defence of your beloved country, will still stimulate you to the discharge of your arduous yet honorable duties until you arrive at that perfection in your drill and use of arms which is necessary to qualify you for being good soldiers and defenders of our New Dominion and beloved Queen.

I would further remark, and in all truthfulness, that I have never regretted joining the Volunteer Force, on the contrary it has always been a source of honor and pride to me. I did feel proud of the position when selected to command the so-called Old Treva Company, which you refer to in your address, and still with greater feelings of pride when re-elected to my present proud position as Captain of Infantry Company No. 4—a company I have always felt proud of, which pride could only be increased or enhanced by joining you in your rejoicing after your return from a well fought victorious battle-field with soiled uniforms and blood-stained banner, should ever such an opportunity occur—which God forbid—having every confidence in your loyalty and pluck, rest assured that should our Dominion again be invaded, no matter who the foe may be, that no person will be found more ready than I to go to the front as your leader, to fight in defence of our beloved Canada under the flag which has braved the battle and the breeze—that flag which of all flags is the most great and glo-

rious, and for our beloved Queen whose crown is jewelled with the love and loyalty of her subjects.

In conclusion I thank you for the kind feeling which has prompted your gifts and address, and it is my earnest wish that a benign Providence may continue to watch over, and that health and happiness may long accompany each and every one of you, and when the trials and battles of this life are over may you be received into Heaven by the Captain of your salvation, and hear his welcome voice exclaiming, "well done good and faithful servant enter into the joy of thy Lord," is the heartfelt wish and sincere prayer of your faithful Captain.—*Ottawa Times.*

THE NEW YORK HERALD ON THE FENIAN OUTRAGES.

That the American people are at last becoming aware of the true spirit of Fenianism, is shown by what the New York Herald says in a recent article on the outrages in Ireland. A change has come over the spirit of their dream, as witness the following:—

"It is now, we think, no longer possible for the worst enemies of Great Britain which this country contains, provided only they are not in their own hearts cowards and assassins, to have a word of sympathy for that detestable and cut-throat organization called Fenianism.

The cable despatches which we publish to-day reveal the true character of that organization, and gentlemen occupying respectable positions in New York and other cities are enabled at last to see to what horrible and barbarous uses their contributions have been applied. The doings of the Fenians are without parallel in history. In London the most alarming intelligence is hourly received from all parts of the United Kingdom. At Cork, bands of men with their faces blackened and otherwise disfigured had captured a Martello tower, dispersed the guard and carried away a considerable quantity of arms and ammunition. A Fenian cruiser was seen off the Irish coast, and moved off only when a war vessel made its appearance. In Dublin a most determined attempt was made to blow up the General Post Office by Greek fire. The attempt was happily frustrated and no great damage was done. At Faversham, about fifty miles from London, a large powder mill was blown up and utterly destroyed, ten persons being killed outright and a large number injured—cause unknown. It is also reported, as proof of the vigilance of the government, that the man who fired the fuse at Clerkenwell has been captured.

If these incendiary and reckless proceedings are traceable to the Fenian organization, as they doubtless are, the cause of the Irish people must soon sink in the nostrils of every sensible man. If they are not traceable to the Fenian organization, the time is fully come when Fenians on the side of the Atlantic should disavow their sympathy with such mean, cowardly and diabolical conduct. A fair stand up fight has always something to commend it; but the only effect of such doings as those which are daily reported by cable will be to bring upon the Fenian, and through the Fenian upon the Irish name, the contempt and detestation of all right-thinking men. We can protect ourselves against the attacks of an open foe, but no skill can save us from the stroke of the assassin. It is no longer a British question; it is a question between civilization and barbarism.

THE ABYSSINIAN CAPTIVES.

The following extracts from the diary of Dr Blanc, one of the Abyssinian captives who was appointed to convey the Queen's letter to Theodore, are very interesting and we are sure will be acceptable to our readers.

"In the valley between the hills a large body of cavalry, about 10,000 strong, formed a double line, between which we advanced. On our right, dressed in gorgeous array, almost all bearing the silver shield and the bitwa, the horses adorned with richly plated bridles, stood the whole of the officers of his Majesty's army and household, the governors of provinces and of districts, &c. All were mounted—some on really noble looking animals—tribute from the plateaux of Gedgars and the highlands of Shoa. On the left the corps of cavalry was darker, but more compact than its aristocratic *ris a-vis*. The horses, though on the whole perhaps less graceful, were strong and in good condition; and seeing their iron ranks we could well understand how thunder-stricken the poor scattered peasants must be when Theodoros, at the head of the well armed and well mounted bands of ruthless followers, suddenly appears among their peaceful homes, and, before his very presence is suspected, has come, destroyed, and gone. In the centre, opposite to us, stood Ris Engedah, the Prime Minister, distinguished from all by his gentlemanly appearance and the great simplicity of his attire. Bareheaded, the shama girded in token of respect, he delivered the Imperial message of welcome, translated into Arabic by Samuel, who stood by him, and whose finely chiselled features and intellectual countenance at once proclaimed his superiority over the ignorant Abyssinians. Compliments delivered, Ris and ourselves mounted and advanced towards the Imperial tents, preceded by the body of mounted grandees and followed by the cavalry. Arrived at the foot of the hill, we dismounted, and were conducted to a small red flannel tent pitched for our reception on the ascent itself. There we rested for a while, and partook of a slight collation. Towards 3 o'clock we were informed that the Emperor would receive us. We ascended the hill on foot, escorted by Samuel and several other officers of the Imperial household. As soon as we reached the small plateau on the summit, an officer brought us renewed greetings and compliments from his Majesty. We advanced slowly towards this beautiful durbar tent of red and yellow silk between a double line of gunners, who, on a signal, fired a salute very creditable to their untaught skill. Arrived at the entrance of the tent, the Emperor again inquired after our health and welfare. Having acknowledged, with due respect, his courteous inquiries, we advanced towards the throne, and delivered into his hands the letter from her Majesty the Queen. The Emperor received it civilly, and told us to sit down on the splendid carpets that it covered the ground. The Emperor was seated on an alga, wrapt up to the eyes in a shama, the sign of greatness and power in Abyssinia. On his right and left stood four of his principal officers, clad in rich and gay silks, and behind him watched one of his trusty familiars, holding a double barrelled pistol in each hand. The King made a few compliments about the European prisoners, and regretted that by their conduct they had interrupted the friendship formerly existing between the two nations. He was happy to see us, and hoped that all would be well again. After a few compliments had been exchanged,

on the plea that we must be tired, having come so far, we were allowed to depart. We remained with the Emperor from the 28th January to 5th February. During that period we were treated with the utmost courtesy, had the honor of several private interviews, and were abundantly supplied with bread, sheep, cows, and money. His Majesty accompanied us several stages towards the Tana Sea, as Kourata had been fixed upon as our place of residence until the arrival of our countrymen from Magdala. On the first day's march we were left behind on account of our luggage, and had a good opportunity of experiencing what it is to travel with an Abyssinian army. The fighting men were in front with the King, but the camp followers—numbering on that occasion about 250,000, encumbered as they are with the tents and provisions of the soldiers—came more slowly behind. It is almost impossible to describe the crush and confusion that frequently took place. For example, when a small river has to be forded, or when a single footpath leads to a long and steep incline of almost naked rocks, thousands heaped together push, scream, and vainly endeavour to penetrate the living wall, always increasing as the mules and donkeys get more frightened, and the muddy banks of the stream more slippery and broken. We had been the whole day upon a march that the Emperor accomplished in an hour and a half. Theodoros travelled with us for several reasons. He wanted to take us by a short cut to the Tana Sea, and as the country was depopulated, he was obliged to have our luggage carried by his soldiers."

The treachery of Theodoros is thus exemplified by Dr. Blanc:—

"On the morning of the 25th of June we received a message from the Emperor to the effect that Mr. Rassam, his companions, the priests, and any one he would like to take with him, should repair to Debra Tabor to be present at a political trial. The European workmen, Cantiba, Hailo, and Samuel, accompanied us. Arrived at Debra Tabor, we were surprised at not being received with the usual salutation. Instead of being at once conducted to the presence of the Emperor, we were ushered into a black tent pitched in the King's enclosure. We guessed that the political trial concerned ourselves. We had been seated but a few minutes when the European workmen were sent for by his Majesty. After a while they returned with Cantiba, Hailo, Samuel, and an Afa Negus (mouth of the King) who delivered the Imperial messages. The first and most important was, 'I have received a letter from Jerusalem, in which I am told that the Turks are making railways in the Soudan to attack my country conjointly with the English and French.' The second message was much to the same effect, only adding that as Mr. Rassam must have seen the railway in construction, he ought to have informed his Majesty of it. The third question was, 'Is it not true that the Egyptian railway was built by the English?' Fourth, 'Did he not give a letter to Consul Cameron for him to deliver to the Queen of England, and did not the Consul return with an answer?' Altogether there were some seven or eight questions, but the others were insignificant. A few days before a Greek priest had arrived from the coast with a letter for his Majesty. Whether these statements were contained in the missive, or were merely a pretext invented by Theodoros himself to give a reason for the ill-treatment he intended to inflict upon his innocent guests, it is impossible to say. The concluding message was,

'You must remain here. Your arms his Majesty no longer trusts in your hands, but your property will be sent to you.' Mr. Rassam, the following day, requested his Majesty to allow me and some of our companions to remain for the rainy season at Gaffat. In my case, and in Mr. Rosenthal's, permission was granted, but refused to all the others. Every day we heard that orders had been issued for the camp to be struck, but his Majesty did not leave. His Majesty visited Gaffat twice during the few days I was there, and on each occasion sent for me and received me courteously. Mr. Rassam and the other Europeans were allowed to come to Gaffat and spend the day with us, and, though now and then the word 'Magdallah' was whispered, still it seemed as if the storm had blown over; and we hoped before long to be all again united at Gaffat, and there in peace spend the rainy season."

The accounts previously given of the savage propensities of Theodoros are fully confirmed by Dr. Blanc, who writes:—

"On 3d July an official brought us the Imperial compliments, and stated that his Majesty was coming to inspect the works, and that I might present myself before him. I went at once to the foundry, and on the road I met two of the Gaffat workmen also proceeding there. A little incident then occurred which was followed by serious consequences. We met his Majesty near the foundry, riding ahead of his escort. He asked us how we were, and we all bowed and took off our hats as he passed along. The two Europeans with whom I walked covered themselves; but aware how touchy his Majesty was on all points of etiquette, I kept my head uncovered, though the sun was hot and fierce. Arrived at the foundry, his Majesty again greeted me cordially, examined for a few minutes the drawing of a gun his workmen proposed to cast for him, and then left all of us following. In the court yard he passed close to Mr. Rosenthal, who did not bow, as his Majesty took no notice of him. As soon as he issued from the foundry fence a poor old ggar asked alms, saying, 'My Lords (gaitosh), the Europeans have always been kind to me. Oh! my King, you also relieve my distress.' His Majesty, on hearing the expression Lord applied to his workman, got into a fearful passion. 'How dare you call any one Lord but myself? Beat him, beat him to death!' Two of the executioners at once rushed upon him and began beating him with their long sticks. His Majesty all the while exclaiming, 'Beat him, beat him to death!' The poor old cripple at first in heartrending terms implored for mercy, but his voice grew fainter and fainter, and in a few minutes more there lay his helpless corpse, that none dare remove or pray for. The laughing hyenas that night caroused undisturbed on his abandoned remains. Theodoros' rage was by no means abated by this act of cruelty. He advanced a few steps, stopped, turned his lance in its rest, looked round the image of ungovernable fury. His eyes fell upon Mr. Rosenthal. 'Seize him!' cried he; immediately several soldiers rushed forward to obey the imperial commands. 'Seize the man they call an Akim.' Instantly a dozen ruffians pounced upon me, and I was held fast by arms, coat, trousers—by every place that afforded a grip. He then addressed himself to Mr. Rosenthal. 'You donkey, why did you call me the son of a poor woman, why did you abuse me?' Mr. Rosenthal said, 'If I have offended your Majesty, I beg for pardon.' All the while his Majesty was shaking his lance in a threatening manner, and every minute I expected

that he would throw it. Fortunately for us both, he turned towards his European workmen and abused them in no measured terms. 'You slaves, haven't I bought you with money? Who are you that that you dare call yourselves lords? Take care.' Then addressing the two I had met on the road, he said, 'You are proud, are you? Slaves, women, rotten donkeys; you cover your head in my presence? Did you not see me; did not the Akim keep his head uncovered? Poor men that I have made rich.' He then turned towards me, and seeing me hold by a dozen soldiers, he cried out, 'Let him go, bring him before me. All drew back except one who conducted me to a few feet from the Emperor. He then told Mr. Schango to translate what he was going to say—'You, Akim; are my friend. I have nothing against you, but the others have abused me, and you must come up with me to witness their trial. He then ordered Cantiba Hailo to give me his mule. He then mounted—I and Mr. Rosenthal following, the latter on foot, dragged the whole way by the soldiers who had first seized him. A little later we were rather startled by a message from his Majesty informing us that he could not rest before comforting his friend, and that he would come and see us. He was calm and rather serious, though he made great efforts to appear gay. He must have remained at least an hour conversing on different topics—the Pope of Rome being the principal one discussed. Among other things, he said—'My father was mad; and though people often say that I am mad also, I never would believe it, but now I know it is true.' Mr. Rosenthal answered—'Pray do not say such a thing.' His Majesty replied—'Yes, yes, I am mad.' Shortly before leaving he said—'Do not look at my face, or take heed of my words when I speak to you before my people, but look at my heart. I have an object. As he returned he gave orders to the guards to withdraw outside, and not to inconvenience us. Though we have seen him since then once or twice at a distance, it is the last time we conversed with him.

Dr. Blanc declares that the Abyssinians have not a single good quality:—

"They are cowards, and treacherous, cannot speak the truth; delight in robbery, boast of most cruel and dastardly murders. Naturally drunkards and gluttons, they are only abstemious by necessity of such coarse morality that the most debauched would blush at the sight of their corrupt manners. Pleasure is to bully the poor and helpless whilst they are humbly crying before the rich and powerful Polygamy exists to a fearful extent. All who can afford it keep wives and concubines. The first person met on the road can be taken for judge by contending parties. Such judgement can be reversed by the King alone. There exists a code of law, "fetnequet," a draconian imitation, death being the tenderest punishment. The King is above the law. All his decisions are the purest expressions of justice, immoral, sensual, and ignorant. It is impossible for Abyssinians to hold any social intercourse. Their festivals are but low and coarse orgies. They have no literature, no means of recreation, their power of conversation is most limited, it begins generally about God, and ends with lascivious talk or begging. Jealousy compels them to treat as prisoners their temporary wives and though superstitious and bigoted, they fear more the despot than the Creator. Theodore is described as about forty-eight years of age, darker than many of his countrymen. His black eyes are slightly depressed, nose straight, and mouth large."

THE ABYSSINIAN ADVANCE BRIGADE.

LETTER FROM AN OFFICER.

Colonel Sykes, M. P. for Aberdeen, sends to the *Times* the following interesting extracts from a letter received by the last mail, on the experiences of an officer serving with the advanced force of the expedition to Abyssinia:—

"The Field Force, Abyssinia, Udoda (Adoda of Dr Peterman's Map?), Nov. 6. "It is so hot here that writing is out of the question altogether between 10 A.M. and 1 P.M., between which hours the thermometer generally stands about 103 deg., so we usually go down to the pass and sit on the rocks and read until it gets cool.

"We commenced our day at 4.30 A.M., getting up and riding out in different parties shooting. The jungle was full of game when we first arrived, and we had our mess table well supplied with all kinds, but now they are getting shy, and we have great difficulty in stocking the larder. We however, manage to do it.

"This is a most peculiar country. There seem to be but very few inhabitants. We are now in the lower country, which is very poor indeed. You may ride for miles and perhaps never see any one, and when you do they are poor wretches, half starved-looking creatures, and both men and women have a strong resemblance of the monkey tribe. The men go about in the costume of our first parents, and the women with a skin tied round their lions; they have nothing on their heads at all, except woolly hair, which some shave all off, except a tuft over the forehead, the ladies do the same, but some shave between the tuft and the back hair. They are a very excitable race. A good many come to see us, and they think nothing of going up to a Sepoy when eating and helping themselves unasked. Money is of no use here for small purchases. If we want milk we give rice in exchange, but in buying stock, such as goats, mules, &c. dollars are taken. There is little or no cultivation. I have ridden a good deal about the neighborhood and been long distances, but have only once seen a patch of ground over which a plough had passed.

"Our locality is certainly very pretty, high hills all around us, and we cannot go out any way without going through a pass. The soil is sand and large stones, very nasty ground for horses. There are not any roads of any kind but simply foot tracks. The jungle is thick, and composed of raubel (*Mussa Arabica*) trees, and the thorns touch us on occasionally.

"We are obliged to go about armed and in parties, as the Joho (Shoho?) race attack and murder unarmed men, so our pistols are always loaded.

"I fancy you will hear more in England of what is to be done than we who are on the spot. Little or nothing is ready, and I fancy Sir Robert Napier will be awfully disgusted when he sees the small preparations, and will be sorry he sent us off in such a hurry, for we are doing nothing. Much has to be done, and I fear we shall remain here at least another month or six weeks.

"We have got a very nice mess, and sit down ten every night.

"We are rather 'up a tree' about carriage. It seems the men did not understand the order, and have brought with them about 200 lbs. weight of kit each man, instead of 10 lbs., and we shall have to leave a good number of pots and pans behind when we advance. It is said a regiment of cavalry and one of infantry will be left in the low

country to defend the passes. Our horses do not get on at all. Whether their constitutions are bad, and are therefore unable to stand the reaction after being shut up for three weeks on board ship, or whether the grass they got is bad, I cannot say; but we have lost 16 since we landed.

"I am writing in a superior officer's tent, with a double fly, at 4 A.M. and the thermometer is at 97°. In my own little rowlie it is upwards of 100°. I was awake last night by my dog barking. Luckily, I had got a light, who shares my tent, was sick. Getting out of bed I heard a hissing noise, and rousing my friend and looked about, we soon found a snake under my bed.

"On return from shooting this morning I found one of the largest scorpions I had ever seen snugly ensconced in a pair of slippers; the beasts are beginning to find comfortable places for themselves in our tents.

"The transports have returned to India for the rest of the troops.

"We know not what we are to do, but there are difficulties about carriage, and provisions for men and horses must be sent, so there is no chance of our moving before the middle of December. However, Colonel Merewether is expected to-morrow or next day, and we may learn something.

"Writing this letter has been an undertaking from the heat, but I am very well, and jolly as circumstances will permit.

MARSHAL O'DONNELL'S FUNERAL.

The funeral of Marshal O'Donnell, one of the most distinguished Generals and statesmen that Spain has produced, took place on the 12th ult., and the most remarkable manifestation of feeling took place on the occasion witnessed for many years at Madrid. All political parties, and all classes, seemed to vie with one another in anxiety to show profound respect for one who had but scant justice done him while living. In his will O'Donnell had expressed his desire that the ceremonies at his burial should be as simple as possible, and that there should be no gorgeous funeral car, no drapery of any sort used in the church, no unnecessary display to recall his titles or honors, and that his body should be conveyed to its last resting place, the church of San Jose, on the shoulders of four soldiers. It was followed, however, by an immense concourse of people and a magnificent cortege, which contrasted strangely with the simplicity of the ceremonies. Marshal O'Donnell was of Irish descent, as his name imports; was a grandee of Spain, had many titles, but was best known under that of the Duke of Tetuan.

THE MEDICAL DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY.—

A writer in the *Galaxy* says: "The number of wounded men in the French and English Crimean campaign was about 52,000; while our returns—very incomplete every where, and for the first year of the war not found for about half the regiments—enumerated a total number of 187,470 cases of wounds, and the actual total would doubtless bring the number up to a quarter million or more. The whole number of cases of sickness treated in the general hospitals during the four years of the war was more than a million, and the whole rate of mortality in these hospitals, including deaths from wounds as well as from disease, was the low one of eight per cent, or one in every twelve cases."

INSPECTION OF THE TORONTO
VOLUNTEER FORCE.

Last evening, the three battalions of volunteers, organized in this city, with Capt. McLean's company of foot artillery, were inspected by Lieut-Gen. Sir Charles Wyndham, K. C. B., in the drill-shed. The muster was good, and the gallant corps put on their best appearance for the occasion. It being found impossible to draw up in line, in consequence of the want of room, the troops massed in columns instead, taking their position shortly after eight o'clock, with the Grand Trunk battalion, Lt-Col. Spicer and Major Stephenson, on the right; the 10th Royals, Lt-Col. Brunel, on the centre, and the Queen's Own Rifles, Major Dixon, on the left. The brigade thus formed was under command of Col. Denison, Commandant of volunteers; Col. Durie, A. A. G., Lt-Col. Gilmour, Queen's Own, and other officers of the force, being also present, and some of the Commandant's staff. The scene presented by the troops, as they stood awaiting the arrival of the inspecting officer, was one that could not have failed to produce a favourable impression on the vast crowd that confronted them as spectators. From their appearance it was evident that neither indifference nor the want of consideration for their welfare so often alleged against the authorities, are sufficient to dispel that attachment to their colours that is a prevailing characteristic of the volunteer force.

It is also evident that volunteering has now existed amongst us sufficiently long to weed out from its numbers the feather-bed soldiers who attach themselves to the force while it is popular, and who are absent whenever any real work is to be done. The force last night was equal to any that previously assembled in the drill shed, despite the fact that a large number, including the University and Trinity College Companies of the Queen's Own are absent from the city for the holidays. In discipline and drill the men showed gratifying improvement, and we are convinced, had not the crowded state of the shed prevented it, a much greater degree of perfection in maneuvering and drill generally would have been manifested.

The reviewing officer arrived about half-past eight, accompanied by Major-General Stisted, C. B., commandant of the School of Gunnery, Capt. Fryer, A.D.C., and Capt. Parsons, Brigade-Major of the Garrison. He was received with a general salute, and immediately the troops broke into open column and marched past at quick time. They afterwards repeated the movement in quarter distance column, when, after a variety of manoeuvres, the troops formed in hollow square on the 10th Royals, and in review order. Lieut-Gen. Wyndham then advanced into the square and said:—Col. Denison and officers,—I cannot dismiss you without expressing the great pleasure I have felt in reviewing the very large body of very loyal men I see before me. It is not the duty of the general officer to make long speeches and as I have heard on the hustings in England and also in the House of Commons in the old country, quite enough of that sort of thing and know its value, I shall not address you at great length. At the same time I must let you know that I have been a great supporter of the volunteers in England. If that force in that little sea girt island is of use, so much more is it in this large and extensive country. In connection

with this I can only say that in my opinion, the volunteers express not only the feelings but also the wishes of the people, and without them I firmly believe no defence can be made of this province. But again, if you will attend to your duties, and show the loyal feeling you have hitherto displayed, I have no doubt that a very fair and respectable account will be given of any one who comes thither to interfere with you in the peaceful possession of your homes and fire-sides. I am now pretty old, I have seen a fair amount of fighting in my day and do not very anxiously desire to see any more; but if I do, depend upon it I shall rely implicitly upon you, and if the occasion comes you shall have a fair share of work, undoubtedly, and with it at my hands a fair share of glory."

The spirited address of the gallant officer, produced its effect and the loyal fellows that listened to it, for some time apparently hesitated whether to adhere to the rules of the service, or give vent to their feelings in rousing cheer. However, their discipline restrained them from doing what would have otherwise been their delight, and quietly but none the less pleased with themselves and their corps, each battalion dispersed for home.—*Globe 11th inst.*

We (*Army and Navy Gazette*) do not believe that the taint of Fenianism ever extended to the men of the army, save in exceedingly rare instances; but, if it did, it appears to be altogether extirpated. The troops certainly have no right to be in love with the Fenians, who have been the cause to them of much hardship and inconvenience. The state of affairs in British North America would appear to render an additional battalion necessary in these regions, for the 74th Highlanders have been unexpectedly ordered to New Brunswick. They have had little more than three years' service, and for that fact they have only to thank the Fenians. But for the maintenance of some seventeen or eighteen battalions in America, our regiments would have had a reasonable time at home; and, but for this and the necessity of keeping a large force in Ireland, home, that is to say English service, would not have become as it is, merely a matter of months. When we throw in assize-guards, and flying-columns, and double sentry duty, we think we have said enough to show why—beyond the one grand consideration—Fenianism and its agents should be hated by Her Majesty's troops.

THE NEW DRILL HALL.—It is rumoured that when the new Drill Hall is further proceeded with some changes will be introduced in its architecture. One of these will be side wings to relieve the heavy blank walls on Constant and German streets. The architecture of these wings will be that of the centre portion of the front, viz: two Martell towers at each side connected with turrets in the centre, by raking battlements. These wings will be sixty-six feet by forty-five feet according to the estimates now preparing by Fowler and Roy, projecting three feet from the outer wall and will have two storeys, the height being that of the roof. It is also proposed to place a gallery supported on cast iron brackets round the Drill Hall, and also round each armory, on which the usual arm racks will be placed, leaving the space below free for company drill.—*Montreal Gazette.*

MILITIA ASSOCIATION.—The series of lectures projected by the Militia Association for the present session promises to be of more than ordinary interest. As a matter of course, such subjects will be discussed as will further the objects of the Association, and tend to develop a taste for the study of those great campaigns which are now recognized as standard precedents for military movements. The next lecture will be delivered on Monday evening, by Lt. Col. Smith. His essay is aptly entitled "The three great epochs of war," and it will doubtless be marked by careful study and the ready command of language of which the gallant Colonel is possessed. The succeeding lecture is to be delivered by the Adjutant General.—*Montreal Daily News.*

C A N A D A



MILITIA GENERAL ORDERS.

HEAD QUARTERS,

Ottawa, 10th January, 1868.

GENERAL ORDERS.

VOLUNTEER MILITIA.

No. 1.

18th "Prescott" Battalion of Infantry.

To be Quarter-master, temporary:

John Butterfield, Gentleman, M. S., vice
A. McNaughton, whose resignation is
hereby accepted.

35th Battalion "The Simcoe Foresters."

No. 7 Company, Orillia.

The resignation of Lieutenant D. M. Malloch is hereby accepted.

45th "West Durham" Battalion of Infantry

No. 4 Company, Newcastle.

To be Captain, temporary:

Lieut. Jno. Jas. Robson, J. S., vice G. A.
Jacobs, whose resignation is hereby ac-
cepted.

To be Lieutenant, temporary:

Asa Burnham Wilmot, Gentleman, M. S.,
vice Robson, promoted.

To be Ensign, temporary:

John Taylor, Gentleman, M. S., vice R. J.
Wilkinson, whose resignation is hereby
accepted.

Nicolet College Infantry Company

To be Captain, temporary:

Lieutenant Octave Hardy De Chatillon,
M. S., vice G. Desilets, resigned.

The undermentioned Officers having ob-
tained Military School Certificates are now

confirmed temporarily in their respective rank* from the date of those Certificates, viz:

FIRST CLASS,

Lieut. & Adjt. Wm. Hy. Hudson, 27th "Lambton" Battalion, 17th December, 1867.

SECOND CLASS,

Capt. Franklin Goforth, 44th "Welland" Batt. 3rd December, 1867.

Ens. Jus. Shields, 36th "Peel" Batt. do
Lieut. David Rutherford, 38th "Brant" Batt, 17th December, 1867.

" Jno. Ballachey, do 24th do

No. 2.

CAVALRY CERTIFICATES.

The following Officers and Non-Commissioned Officers of Volunteer Cavalry, have received Certificates from the Commandant of the Cavalry School.

TORONTO.

FIRST CLASS.

- Major William Button, Markham Troop.
- Captain George Book, Grimsby Troop.
- " William Dempster, London Troop.
- " Jacob Bingham, Burford Troop.
- Cornet Thomas, L. Jones,
- " Alfred Luard, 2nd London Troop.
- " R. B. Patterson, Grimsby Troop.
- Sergt.-Major Knight, Kingston Troop.
- Sergt. James, Governor General's Body Guard, Ontario
- " Winstanley, Governor General's Body Guard, Ontario.
- " Howard, Cobourg Troop.
- " Regan, Cobourg Troop.
- " Alex. Harrison, Markham Troop.
- Corporal Mathias Book, Grimsby Troop.
- " Henry Casey, Cobourg Troop.

With reference to General Order No. 3, of the 13th of December, 1867, the certificates received by the Non-commissioned Officers below named, should have been inserted under the head of "First Class:" Sergt. Major Dunn, Governor General's Body Guard, Ontario.

Sergeant Ashford, Port Hope Troop.
" Elliot, Markham Troop.

GUNNERY CERTIFICATES.

The following Officers and Non-Commissioned Officers of Volunteer Militia Artillery, have received Certificates from the Commandant of the School of Gunnery.

TORONTO.

FIRST CLASS.

Captain James Wilson, St. Catherino's Gar. Battery.

" Henry C. Bourlier, 4th Batt. Bgde. Garrison Artillery.

" John Carlaw, 4th Batt Bgdo. Gar. Artillery.

" John Yogg, Collingwood Gar Battery.

" Charles E. Perry, Ottawa Provisional Brigade.

Lt. & Adjt. Ed. W. Windeat, 4th Batt. Bgde. Garrison Artillery.

Lieutenant G. B. Carruthers, 4th Batt. Bgde. Garrison Artillery.

2nd Lieut. Josiah Holmes, St. Catherino's Garrison Battery.

" W. G. Patterson, Collingwood Gar. Battery.

Sergoant Perry, Ottawa Provisional Brigade.

Sergoant-Major Anderson, 4th Batt Brigade. Garrison Artillery.

No. 3.

SERVICE MILITIA.

CERTIFICATES.

The following Candidates for Commissions in the Service Militia have received Certificates from the Commandants of the Schools of Military Instruction:

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

FIRST CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Regimental Divisions. Names.

- Hochelega....John Yeomans, Gentleman, do
- doMontgomerie Lewis, do
- Jacques Cartier, Stanislas A. Pare, do
- Quebec.....Elzear A. Dery, do
- doGeorge E. Stubbs, do

SECOND CLASS CERTIFICATES.

- I'Assomption..Emile Pepin, Gentleman,
- Argenteuil...Allan Williamson, do
- Beauce.....Damaso Paradis, do
- doJoseph Turgeon, do
- Beauharnois...Philorome Giroux, do
- Berthier...Edmund Emond, do
- Chambly....Pierre Wm. Charron, do
- Charlevoix...Louis Henry Chaperon, do
- Chateauguay..Pierre Alphonse Chauvin, do
- Hochelega...Charles T. Sauvageau, do
- doForbes Torrance, do
- doCharles E. A. Patterson, do
- doG. Ernest Jenkins, do
- doPaul McInnes, do
- doEdward Berry, do
- doLeon Sarrasin, do

- Huntingdon...George Austin Rogers, do
- Iberville...Edmond Lareau, do
- doNapoleon E. Chevalier, do
- Missisquoi....Eugene Nelson Brown, do
- doEdmund Harvey, do

- Quebec. Leon Marticotte, do
- doFrancois Turcot, do
- doElzear St. Laurent, do
- doDavid Jowell, do
- Richmond. Charles P. Hill, do
- Rimouski. Aimo St. Laurent, do
- Rouville...Bericus Monty, do
- doJoseph D'Auray, do
- St. Johns. Joseph Godin, do
- Temiscouata Philipppo Dube, do

PROVINCE OF ONTARIO.

FIRST CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Regimental Divisions. Names.

- Lambton. Lieut. & Adjt. William Henry Hudson.
- Lanark.....John F. Bain, Gentleman, do
- doWilliam H. Wylie, do
- Northumberland. Robert C. Ogilvie, do
- Prescott and Russell.....Capt. Archibald McLeod, do
- Stormont.....Corydon J. Mattice, Gent'n,
- York.....Lt. Col. Robert B. Denison, Brigade Major.

SECOND CLASS CERTIFICATES.

- Brant Lieut. David Rutherford, do
- doLieut. John Ballachey, do
- Bruce Robert Millar, Gentleman, do
- Peel.....Ensign James Shields, do
- Simcoe...George A. Woodward, Gent. do
- doCharles G. Atkinson, do
- Stormont...Corydon J. Mattice, do
- Waterloo....Benjamin B. Boyd, do
- Welland.....Capt. Franklin Goforth, do
- Wentworth...Sydney Smith Murray, Gent. do
- York.....Robert A. Gallagher, do
- doJohn Crosson, do
- doCharles A. Steward, do
- doRichard Heap, do
- doGeorge D. Dawson, do
- doJohn B. Hunt, do
- doCharles A. G. Bunt, do
- do Richard T. H. Coady, do

By Command of His Excellency the Right Honorable the Governor General and Commander-in-Chief.

P. L. MacDOUGALL, Colonel, Adjutant General of Militia, Canada.

P. J. BUCKLEY, L. L. B.,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW,

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A GOOD JOURNEYMAN PRINTER may find a constant employment and good wages by applying at this office. Ottawa, 13th January, 1868.

CLUBS! CLUBS! CLUBS!

1868.] THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW. [1868.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS

FOR THE

FORMATION OF CLUBS.

LARGE CASH PRIZES OFFERED!

The Proprietor, in order to increase the circulation and thereby add to the usefulness of

THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW,

offers the following liberal terms to persons who will exert themselves in getting up clubs for the paper during the months of January and February 1868:—

1st prize—For the largest club, \$50 in cash.	
2nd do	2nd do 25 do
3rd do	3rd do 15 do
4th do	4th do 10 do
5th do	5th do 5 do
6th do	6th do. 'Review' 1 year.

It will be understood that from the number of prizes offered no one need despair of securing at least some return for his time and trouble in getting up a club; for besides the prizes enumerated above, we allow 12½ per cent on all subscriptions sent to us in this way, which the person raising the club will deduct from the total amount of monies received by him on account of subscriptions in forwarding the same to us.

Our terms for the paper are \$2 a year, payable strictly in advance. It is not necessary that the address of persons sent us in a club should be all at one Post Office.

An hour or two a day for a week spent in canvassing for subscribers by one person in each company throughout the Dominion will be certain to secure a very profitable return for the time expended.

Persons desiring to act as agents will be furnished with show bills and further particulars, by applying as below.

Post Office orders, being safer, are preferable to any other mode of remittance.

Address,

GEO. MOSS,

"The Volunteer Review" Office,
Ottawa, Ont.

THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW

Is published EVERY MONDAY MORNING, at OTTAWA, Dominion of Canada, by GEORGE MOSS, Proprietor.
TERMS—TWO DOLLARS per annum, strictly in advance.

TO CORRESPONDENTS:

All Communications regarding the Militia or Volunteer movement, or for the Editorial Department, should be addressed to the Editor of THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW, Ottawa.

Communications intended for insertion should be written on one side of the paper only.

We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. Correspondents must invariably send us, confidentially, their name and address.

All letters must be Post-paid, or they will not be taken out of the Post Office.

Adjutants and Officers of Corps throughout the Provinces are particularly requested to favor us regularly with weekly information concerning the movements and doings of their respective Corps, including the fixtures for drill, marching out, rifle practice, &c.

We shall feel obliged to such to forward all information of this kind as early as possible, so that may reach us in time for publication.

**The Volunteer Review,**

AND MILITARY AND NAVAL GAZETTE.

"Unbrided, unbought, our swords we draw,
To guard the Monarch, fence the law."

OTTAWA, MONDAY, JANUARY 13, 1868.

FENIANISM.

Fenianism has entered upon another phase of its existence and from being an institution established to wrest Ireland from the grasp of the *Sassenach*, it has changed into a sort of Thugism modified to suit the civilization of the times, but bearing, nevertheless, a striking likeness to the Hindostanee tribe of murderers. They made murder a part of their creed and deified all their members who, overtaken by justice, were condemned and made to suffer the only penalty adequate to their crimes. The Fenians in like manner have adopted murder as a part of their system, with the varied additions of outrage, arson and plunder; and by doing so they have declared open war upon society at large and placed themselves in open hostility to civilization and christianity. Thus they are no longer to be considered within the circle of the whose aims and objects are legitimate, and cannot claim to be considered otherwise than in the light of assassins and outlaws of the worst and most dangerous type. There is something so exceedingly revolting to every sentiment of justice and humanity in the late acts of the Brotherhood, in England, that even those who strove to justify other of their doings shrink with disgust from even seeming to uphold such a horde of cutthroat miscreants. Even the *Irish Citizen*, of New York, an avowed organ of Fenianism, shrinks from claiming the perpetrators of the late outrages as being of its party, and declares that in no instance

has any of these crimes been clearly proved as having been committed by Fenians. Indeed it would be a very sad thing if the redressing of Irish grievances had fallen into the hands of men who learned the art of spreading murder, rapine and ruin in the once fruitful fields of the sunny South. Sad indeed is it for Ireland, and the Irish, if the mantle of O'Connell has fallen upon the shoulders of cowards, lunatics, and assassins.

Surely a certain class of the Irish, both at home and in America, has done enough to darken the glory of their country, cloud the deeds of her heroes, and render their own name a byword, without flinging back upon the shores of their struggling country this nauseous vomit of degradation.

It is a noticeable fact in history that, after any great national convulsion, there over followed a season of danger and inquietude, for the elements called together in united force for the attainment of some great object, were of too active and disturbing a nature to be quietly dispersed. Sometimes these spent themselves in ways comparatively harmless; at other times they were the causes of further convulsions, and, as in the case of the first French Revolution, shook the whole fabric of society to its foundation, turning the people from the usual avocations of life, and, by tossing to the surface a class that is usually hidden among the byways of the world, caused men to turn upon each other and earn their own destruction amid ruin and desolation. Of such elements as these is the monster Fenianism composed, and it is well for the land in which it found birth and nurture that the higher and better impulses of the people were opposed to it. The massacre of the negroes in New York is still fresh in our memories, as is also the murderous riots in the same city on last St. Patrick's day. If Fenianism thus exhibits itself in the land and among the people who have given it greatest countenance and support, what would be the fate of the unhappy land where it might obtain success? We shudder to think of it, for so surely as they obtained power, so surely would we behold the scenes of the French Revolution enacted over again. But happily for us and for the world, this thing is confined to a class of a people whose power for evil is comparatively harmless; but it is nevertheless incumbent upon the Government of England to use the most crushing and effective means to destroy that power, insignificant as it is; mercy has been shown until mercy further extended, would become folly and injustice. How absurd it would be to make an abstract idea of national wrong extenuatory of private assassination. Or to say because a foreign Church is forced upon the Irish, and the law of land tenure unjust and oppressive, that these are excuses sufficient to palliate the murder of policemen in England by the hands of Irishmen, allens alike to their country and the honor which the best and truest of her sons have ever held as their

proudest heritage. The ranting demagogues of the United States, who seek to make political capital out of men who, under the name of Fenians, are sinking themselves into the lowest depths of infamy, have given force and vitality to this conspiracy which may yet recoil upon their own heads with a force that will astonish, if it does not overwhelm, them. But there is still a darker view of this horrible conspiracy which must cause deep and painful reflection in every well constituted mind, and that is—if Liberty can thus be perverted, Christianity ignored, and the enlightened efforts of science degraded to the most debasing, unholy and retrogressive ends; of what good is Liberty? what power has Christianity? and of what use are the labors of Science? But when we come to consider Fenianism in this its darkest aspect, it is gratifying to find that although Liberty in its fullest sense has been granted to those people who have abused its privileges, it is not to them that Christianity has extended its most ennobling influences, nor for them that Science has exerted its most elevating tendencies. And they, being behind the age and in opposition to its advancement, must go down under the great onward rolling wheels of Progress and be crushed out forever.

AN OLD VETERAN.

On the 2nd of the present month, the Pensioners were paid in Ottawa, and we happened to be present at the time, and saw many representatives of the old school of soldiers, a race that is fast disappearing; the clean shaved, hooked-nosed, unbending, and dogmatic heroes of a past generation. Others there were of a later day, bearing unmistakable signs of service and still possessing the stride and air which never altogether departs from the British soldier. And there were others of a still later date and, though some of them were grizzly enough, they had to bear with becoming meekness the contemptuous epithet of "youngsters" from their older and consequently more conservative brethren. While standing quietly aside, taking heed of each as he advanced to the table to receive the bounty, earned, and well earned, by the blood and toil of his youth, we were struck by the appearance of one old man, who was assisted into the room by his son and daughter; his extreme age was shown by his feebleness, though his form still bore evidence of great strength. On enquiry we found his name was John Morris, and that he had served in the old 100th Regiment at Chippawa, Lundy's Lane, Detroit, Stoney Creek and at Queenston Heights under the gallant Brock. At one of these battles he was wounded in the right hand which crippled him for life. And there he stood trembling under the weight of 97 years, a cripple and in rags, one of the few surviving heroes who wrote with their blood the most brilliant page of Canadian history, receiving in his surviving hand the few doleful dollars

bravely earned at a time when most of those who read this page had not appeared upon the land which he so gallantly defended. We would ask can not something be done for this poor old man to render the few remaining days of his life free from the stings of poverty? If Canadian patriotism is not a mere sentiment John Morris of the old 100th, will not go down to his grave without knowing the gratitude which should ever be shown to the soldier who has fought and bled for his country.

COMPULSORY SERVICE.

A correspondent sends us the following:—"In an account of a visit to Servia, by the Rev. W. T. Grieve, in the year 1862, I find it stated that all the men between thirty and forty years of age, are required to attend drill once a week. Might not this afford a hint for some of our Militia Authorities? If all our young men between twenty and twenty-five were obliged to drill once a week, a much longer interval after that age would keep them *au fait* of all their exercises, and that interval might be further increased after five or ten years."

Our correspondent in his communication strikes right at a question about which there is great difference of opinion. In a country like Canada where a thin population is scattered over an immense length of territory and in many instances divided by long stretches of forest and wilderness, the only possible means in our opinion to establish a reliable militia force is to arm and drill all the male population between certain ages; for upon the people themselves must depend the defence of the country in the event of invasion. Any standing army which could be raised, equipped and maintained by the Canadian Government would be far too small to be of any effective service in such a contingency, although it could be made a nucleus upon which to form the only real defensive force of the Dominion.

As things exist at present we have no force with the exception of the few garrisons of Regular troops and the Volunteers; whereas every man capable of bearing arms should be capable of turning out at any moment if required. But we must be patient; things are in a transitory state with us just now, but the time is not far distant that will see us in full possession of the means for establishing a good and reliable Militia System which will deal fairly, it is to be hoped, with all classes of our people. Situated as we are, under the shadow of a great power, speaking the same language as ourselves and owning the same common origin, but whose feelings and institutions are altogether contrary and opposed to ours, our position is fraught with much cause for serious consideration. But it does not follow that because we are weak, comparatively speaking, that the United States should overwhelm or, to use their own elegant diction, "gobble us up." History tells us of

many small nations maintaining their independence for centuries although surrounded by powerful and aggressive neighbors; and the reason why they were enabled to do so was because they relied upon themselves and never bated one jot of their privileges as a free people. There is an inherent power and vitality in a community that is truly free and patriotic which never can be subdued. A free people were never yet overcome until they had fallen from their high estate and turned from the God of their fathers to worship at strange shrines.

Patriotism, and a love for the institutions of our mother land is a distinguishing trait of the Canadian people, and sooner than be forced into an unholy alliance with the mob despotism to the South of us we would almost submit to anything; the people only require to be shown and taught how to defend their homes, and there need be no fear; that, should an invader approach our shores, he will receive such a reception as will prove convincingly the hopelessness of his mission. Grant us but time to work our own destiny in all honesty of purpose, and if our children do not succeed to a heritage of liberty and happiness great as was ever bequeathed it will not be through any fault of those who labor in the morning of our existence as a nation.

THE FENIAN INVASION OF CANADA.

In a recent speech to his constituents Mr. GLADSTONE thus refers to the Fenian invasion of Canada:—

"I know not who it may please or who it may offend, but in my opinion there is a deep moral taint and profound degradation in this thing which we call Fenianism. (Cheers.) That opinion, gentlemen, does not arise in my mind from any disposition to judge too harshly of those who may, perhaps, feel too acutely the ancient wrongs of Ireland. It arises in a very different way. The time when I arrived at that conclusion was the time of the Fenian invasion of Canada; and certainly it did not appear to me, so far as I am capable of forming a judgment of affairs, and I remember taking the opportunity of expressing the opinion nearly two years ago, before an audience in Liverpool, that it is difficult to find upon record proceedings of a large body of men more inconceivably and abominably wicked than the Fenian invasion of Canada. (Loud applause.) Canada has inflicted no wrongs upon Ireland. (Hear, hear.) Ireland has wrongs. Canada has no power to redress them; but whatever we may have, Canada, with respect to Ireland, is as innocent as a child unborn. And I say to carry fire and sword within the borders of Canada thus unequivocally, and those notoriously guiltless, merely because it is dreamed or supposed that through Canada some disgrace or some wound may be inflicted on England, is the very height and the very depth of human wickedness and baseness. (Cheers.) I hope you will not think that because I have stated that opinion in very strong language—I own, in the very strongest language I could find for the purpose—I hope you will not think on that account that I have stated it in heat or in haste. (Hear, hear.) It is my free and deliberate conviction, and at no time have I ceased to entertain or been inclined to modify that opinion of the Fenian invasion of Canada."

WEEKLY SUMMARY.

The officers of H. M., 16th Regiment gave a grand ball at the St. Lawrence Hall, Montreal, on the night of the 9th inst. There was a large and fashionable party, and the affair was very brilliant.

The London *Times* correspondent, with the Abyssinian expedition, sends the following translation of Sir Robert Napier's proclamation to the people of Ethiopia:—

"Hear! Tedros, King of Abyssinia, by binding Cameron, the Consul of England, and Rassam, the envoy of England, with many other men, has violated the law of every country where the people abide by laws. Now, all friendly measures tried to free them having proved useless, I am coming, commanded by the Queen, with an army to liberate them. Whoever is the friend of those prisoners, and who will help to deliver them, shall be rewarded, but whoever ill treats them shall receive severe punishment. Further, reflect in your heart, O people of Ethiopia, in the time of the coming of the army into your country, that the Queen of England has not a thought of anger against you, your country, your liberty and existence. All your persons and property, all your convents and churches in your country, shall be protected with much care. All who may bring provisions for sale will receive their price. The inhabitants who remain quiet will not be troubled by any one."

It is said the proclamation produced a very good effect.

The report by the cable last week that THEODORUS had released the English captives has not been confirmed. The latest despatches state that the preparations for attack were going on bravely, though there has been some undue delay somewhere. Sir ROBERT NAPIER had not left Bombay on Christmas Day, and it was thought unlikely that he could reach his command until about the second week of the present month; and the *Times* thinks that the rainy season, the worst of all seasons in Abyssinia for an expeditionary force, will be on before much has been done. It is probable, therefore, the captives may not be released during the present campaign. The *Times* further says: "The error of the plan of the expedition has been from the first that it was conceived on too large a scale. This, we fear, becomes more apparent every hour. Every fighting man drags five non effectives at his heels, and as men make horses, forage, and commissariat supplies generally necessary, the quantity of material to be put in motion goes on increasing."

Fenian news from Ireland is still exciting and arrests of suspected and known Fenians are constantly being made. Facts which have come to the knowledge of the authorities in Dublin, lead to the belief that the leader of the rising at Tallaght last spring was not killed as reported. A man named Lennon, a prominent Fenian, was arrested in Dublin on the 10th inst., on the charge of high treason, and it is confidently asserted

that he is the person who organized and directed the insurrection on that occasion. His examination will soon take place, when the evidence in the possession of the Government will be brought to light. Mr. Pig got, the editor of the *Dublin Irishman*, has been examined and held for trial, for publishing certain alleged libels in his own paper, and writing seditious articles which appeared in the *Irish American*. The clerks in the office of the Magnetic Telegraph Company in Belfast have been arrested and thrown into jail, on the charge of belonging to the Fenian organization.

In the United States the Brotherhood are keeping suspiciously quiet, but it is the generally accepted opinion that they are preparing for an early demonstration against Canada. They have learned discretion by experience, and keep their plans to themselves. All statements therefore in regard to their intentions must be founded on conjecture only.

VOLUNTEER BALL.

Our Military friends and others will please bear in mind that the first annual ball of No. 1 Company, Ottawa Rifles, will come off tomorrow (Tuesday) night, at the St. Patrick's Hall, Sussex street. All necessary arrangements have been made by an efficient and attentive committee, to secure a perfect success, in which we trust they will not be disappointed. Dancing will commence at 8 o'clock; Gowan's splendid Quadrill Band has been engaged for the occasion, and Mrs. Proderick will prepare the supper. See advertisement.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTICE.—All communications addressed to the Editor of the VOLUNTEER REVIEW, must be accompanied by the correct name and address of the writer, to insure attention.

LT. COL. E. L., QUEBEC.—The paper has been mailed regularly to your address. Doubtless you have received your numbers before this.

J. Y. B., MONTREAL.—We should be happy to publish your communication were it couched in more becoming language. As it is, however, we must decline to do so. Such epithets as "cowardly carcass" and others of a like offensive nature, applied to gentlemen and soldiers, are quite unfit for the columns of a respectable newspaper, and besides, you are altogether wrong in many of the instances of hardship which you have enumerated. We are quite willing to insert your letter, however, provided you weed it of its offensive personalities. Argument to be conclusive need not necessarily be made up of covert attacks on the private character of individuals or deliberate accusations of cowardice, founded, as yours must have been, on simple "hearsay" evidence. We will return your MS. if you desire it.

J. R., LONDON (Ont.)—Not at all improbable. We have heard of similar occurrences.

T. F. G., QUEBEC.—Certainly.

J. A. R., PERTH (Ont.)—Have written the Postmaster to explain the difficulty.

TOO LATE.—Our Toronto correspondence, owing to irregularity in the arrival of the trains, reached us too late for insertion this week.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED.

During the week ending Jan. 11th, we have received, on account of subscriptions, as follows:—

OTTAWA—Capt. R. S. M. B., \$2; Mr. A., \$2; Min. Customs, \$2; Dept. C., \$6; R. H. G., \$1; Dr. T., \$2; Min. Militia, \$2; T. D. H., \$2; Mr. R., \$2; Recr. Genls. Dept., \$2; W. B. L., \$2; Reading Room, Commons, \$2; House of Commons, \$2; Parliamentary Lib., \$2; Mr. F. T., \$2; Senate, \$2.

TORONTO—L. H. M., \$2; Capt. J. W. H., \$2; Capt. C., \$2; Capt. B., \$2; T. M. D., \$2; Lieut. F., \$2; Major A. M. S., \$2; Major J. B., \$2; Capt. J. D., \$2; Lt. Col. B., \$2; Dr. R., \$2; Col. R. D., \$2; Dr. T., \$2; Lieut. A. L. R., \$2; J. M. G., \$2; Major H. E. I., \$2.

ELORA (Ont.)—Lieut. F. McP., \$1.

BROCKVILLE—Lt. Col. J., \$2.

NEW HAMBURG (Ont.)—Capt. C., \$2.

QUEBEC.—C. W. A. L., \$1.

NORWICHVILLE, (Ont.)—Lt. B., \$2.

PELLETON, (Ont.)—Major C., \$2.

WOODSTOCK, (Ont.)—Lt. J. W., \$2.

PERSONAL.

Owing to the appointment of Lieut. Col. Gillmor, of the "Queen's Own," Toronto, as Clerk of the Legislative Assembly of Ontario, he has been granted leave of absence until after the session—Major Dixon in the meantime commanding.

BATTALION CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM BELLEVILLE.

(BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

A Rifle Match came off on the morning of New Year's day between No. 7 Co., G. T. R. B., and No. 1 Co. 49th Battalion (late Belleville Rifle Co.) fifteen from each company. The prize was a silver-plated candelabra, beautifully finished, to be paid for by the losing company, and to be retained by the Officer commanding the winning company. The ranges were one, two, three and four hundred yards; three shots at each range. A blinding snow storm prevailed the whole time and rendered accurate shooting utterly impossible, indeed at the long ranges the target was barely visible. Taking this into consideration you must not accept the score as the highest that could be made; as will

be seen below, No. 1 Co. 49th Battalion came off victorious by a majority of 85 points; in fact they carried the palm at every range. The Grand Trunk Company bore their defeat like veterans, and many were heard to express that they would give them another trial next summer. I think it was a great mistake that such a handsome prize should have been carried off at one match; best two out of three would have been much more exciting, and would have lasted during the coming season. Captain Hambly commanding No. 1 Co., invited the officers and men participating in the match, with a few guests, to a quiet supper at the Hotel in the evening. After the standard toasts had been duly honored, the chairman Captain Nunn, in a neat and appropriate speech proposed the health of Captain Hambly, officers and non-commissioned officers of No. 1 Co.; he had much pleasure in handing the prize to such a gallant company. Captain Hambly in reply stated that he was unprepared for this, and did not expect to be the recipient; he thanked Captain Nunn in the name of his officers and men; after sundry Volunteer toasts the company separated. The following is the score:

No. 7 Co. G. T. R. B.	No. 1 Co. 49th Batt.
100 yards—131 points.	147 points.
200 " 82 "	123 "
300 " 34 "	58 "
400 " 60 "	64 "
Total, 307	392
	307

Majority, 85

The 15th Battalion have received the Snider Enfields, and by judicious application of the Manual and Platoon during the winter, we hope to be able to show a shining team at the Butts next spring. We have many good shots in the Battalion, and I hope the novelty of the new Rifle will induce them to come forward and maintain the credit of their corps.

MILITARY.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW:

DEAR SIR,—In one of your late Editorials upon "defence," you take occasion to advance, and advocate the claims of Volunteer Officers upon the justice and fair dealing of the country. That such claims should be brought prominently before the public thro' the medium of THE REVIEW, is perfectly legitimate; and should aught humiliating be held to attach to them, the fact of such appeals being needful, must justly throw the onus of humiliation, if any, upon the invoked rather than the appellants. In either case your persistent advocacy of Volunteers' rights entitles you to the grateful consideration of that service. Thus far—and I fully determined that, for the present—THE REVIEW should escape a further infliction from my pen; but a trustful optimism prompts me to believe that the future is pregnant with a more generous

public spirit—a spirit capable of appreciating and rewarding all who devoted their time and energies to the public weal. All communities of men, in the aggregate, are prone to shirk, or evade a responsibility, which, as individuals, they would deem it their duty to entertain and act upon. Hence the old adage—"What is every body's business, is no body's business." And hence, too in all, probability, the apparent apathy which pervades a subject so vitally important as that of our military economy. Should these be the real ethics of the ostensible indifference to the national integrity, we are yet sanguine enough to believe that the apathy of which we complain will be found as temporary, as we think it is exoteric; and that there is an under-current of genuine patriotism, however exoteric; its meanderings ready to find its full development in our great desideratum—a strong nationality alike worthy of a free people, and of that flag under which we are proud to take our place in the record of dynasties.

In conclusion I fearlessly assert, that the material advantages which a mere quasi-nationality may possess, will be found but a miserable substitute for a genuine love of country. We may have the most perfectly elaborated system of fortification, the best and most artistically finished arms; but should the men who man the one, and wield the other, be not imbued with, and actuated by, the *primum mobile* of all patriotism—a generous pride in their nationality—it were in vain to look for the cheerful self sacrifice of the true patriot, or the indomitable courage of the soldier. Let us then foster and cherish these moral requirements, and we shall become strong in "confidence and might," invulnerable to aggressive attacks, and progressively rising in the scale of nations.

I remain, Sir,
Yours, &c.,

PARATE'S.

MOUNTED RIFLEMEN.

To the Editor of THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW:

The establishment of Mounted Rifles or Mounted Infantry is a new military feature in this country, and is a branch of the service which only requires attention in order to admit of its becoming more generally adopted, especially in Districts situated on our Frontier. During the late Caffre war no Troops rendered better service than the Cape Mounted Rifles, who, in many instances, dislodged large numbers of the enemy from their cover (the bush). Originally (I believe) Hottentots, this fine corps has gradually been improving until many of our best Dragoons of the British service may now be found in its ranks. To be drilled as Light Cavalry, and well trained to perform all movements at a brisk gallop, to mount and dismount as quickly as possible—to be expert in linking horses, and the practice of skirmishing, in the woods especially, should

form leading features in this branch of the service. And when situated on a Frontier where many miles of a narrow river form the dividing line, too much attention cannot be paid to videttes and outpost duties, the officers and non-commissioned officers being careful to observe every road or avenue on the opposite side by which an enemy could approach, and posting opposite such places the most intelligent and best mounted men of the Troop. An admirable work has been published on outpost duties by Major Denison, Commanding 1st York Cavalry, a perusal of which will interest any mounted officer. All movements on foot should be quick; Light Infantry drill being practiced as often as possible. A repeating arm, such as the Spencer carbine, would be a most efficient weapon, together with a light sabre. My own men, who are now learning the Carbine Drill, wish for no better arm, and the first practice at ball firing has proved that at from 200 to 300 yards the number of marks made exceeds those formerly made by the long rifle,—that is, when using the bridle arm as a rest. A light skeleton saddle, covered with a sheepskin, the cost of which would be trifling, would answer every purpose; in fact, where heavy clay roads prevail, and when, as in the spring of 1866, our horses had to wade through mud almost up to their knees, the lighter the appointments the better. As regards clothing, nothing is so comfortable to a mounted man as a small forage cap, stable jacket, and overalls similar to those worn by our Volunteer Cavalry. Troops of this description situated at convenient distances from Battalion Headquarters, especially on our frontiers, would, I think, be advantageous to the service and answer every purpose of Cavalry, expensively armed clothed and equipped as they are at present. I must not be considered as advocating mounted Rifle Troops to the extinction of Cavalry, but simply their adoption in localities similar to the one where my own troop is located. I have been led to make these remarks owing to the question having been often put to me: "Of what use are Mounted Infantry?" The question would probably be better answered should we be called into active service.

Yours truly,

T. O. BURGHEWATER.

Capt. Moorstown M. I.

Moorstown, Jan. 6th, 1868.

RULE PRIZE.—The prize presented by Brigade-Major Villiers at the late annual tournament of the Victoria Rifle Club, and won by private Ormand, of No. 1 Company, 13th Battalion, has been completed, and we had the pleasure of examining the article this morning. It is a handsome silver medal, bearing on one side a rifle surmounted by a crown, in relief, with the inscription, "Brigade-Major's Prize, 1867." On the reverse is inscribed the name of the winner: "Gilbert Ormand, 13th Battalion." It was manufactured by Mr. Russell, of this city.—*Hamilton Times.*

MR. A. COCHRANE ON "THE ARMY AND NAVY."

Mr. A. COCHRANE (a Waterloo hero, and relative of Mr. A. Baillie Cochrane of Lamington, M.P. for Honiton), in acknowledging the toast of "The Army and Navy," on occasion of the testimonial to Mr. Adam Sim of Coultermains, made an excellent speech, which was excluded from our columns last week in consequence of an unusual pressure on our space. Mr. Cochrane spoke as follows:—It is with the utmost diffidence that I rise to return thanks for the army and navy, for I am well aware that there are some here present who are far more entitled to speak on military and naval matters than I am, and far more competent to do so. But, Gentlemen, it is the first duty of a soldier to obey, and having been called upon by my most kind and excellent friend, Mr. Baillie Cochrane, I feel myself bound to answer that call. I must acknowledge that it is with some feelings of pride that I find my name associated with the United Service on this most interesting occasion, as it connects me in some degree with that testimonial of esteem and respect presented this morning to our much-loved friend and highly-honored guest, Mr. Sim. (Applause.) I have some slight claims to your indulgence; and if those claims are not considered sufficient, I must throw into the scales the privileges attending old age! I entered the army at the early age of thirteen as an officer of the Guards. I was present at the battles of Quatrebras and Waterloo, and served during the campaign in Burmah. These are my claims. (Applause.) It is perfectly unnecessary for me to particularise the splendid victories of our army and navy—they must be known to you all; but this I may say, that for the last seventy years victory has attended our flag and our standards in every quarter of the globe; and I can scarcely bring to my recollection at this moment a single defeat we have sustained during that long period. (Applause.) Gentlemen, our military fame is not of yesterday. We may look back with pride many centuries—even to the time of the crusades, when the English, under Richard Cœur de Lion, and the Scotch, under Kenneth, performed prodigies of valour. Some centuries later the battles of Cressy and Agincourt added, "if possible," to our renown. But, Gentlemen, I wish to dwell particularly on that period of history which speaks of the accession of Henry the Fifth to the throne of England. It was then rumoured in France that our sovereign intended claiming certain French Duchies formerly belonging to our country. The Dauphin of France sent an embassy to Henry with what was ironically called a ton of treasure, but actually tennis balls. The message delivered by the ambassador was to this effect—"Think no more of claiming French Duchies—it is more consistent with your character to amuse yourself with the balls I have sent you." The answer of Henry was worthy of himself:—"Tell your Prince that I accept his present, and with his balls I will chase him (using a term peculiar to tennis) from all the towns in France, even from his capital." History tells us how well he executed this threat. At a later period, when the success of Marlborough almost recalled

those of Henry, the influence of England was so great on the Continent that no European Power dare undertake any enterprise without her consent. To prove the truth of this statement, I may be permitted to relate an anecdote bearing upon it. It was customary at that time for the ambassadors of the different Powers to dine together on particular occasions, and to propose the health of their respective sovereigns under some symbolic devise. It happened on a similar occasion that ambassadors of France, England and Germany met together at the Hague. The French Ambassador proposed his master as the sun. Marie Theresa was then Empress of Germany; her Minister gave his mistress as the moon. When it came to the turn of the English Ambassador, he gave his Sovereign as Joshua the son of Nun, who made the sun and moon stand still, and this was really the case. (Applause.) I must now allude to the war recently commenced in Abyssinia. Our troops will have to traverse a country scarcely known even to such men as Moffat and Livingstone,—they will be exposed to the malaria of a climate fatal to the natives themselves,—they will have to endure privations of every description, and to surmount difficulties which only the passive courage and dogged spirit of our countrymen could contend against; but with a Napier to lead on our brave soldiers, we may feel confident of success. But should my anticipations not be realised, we shall be able to exclaim, as Francis the First did when he and his army were made prisoners of war at the battle of Candia, "We have lost everything except our honor." (Loud applause.) Gentlemen, having spoken at some length on military matters, permit me to say a few words on naval. Our naval victories are as brilliant as our military triumphs, and are not of a recent date, for we can look back to the glorious days of Queen Elizabeth, when a mighty fleet, the greatest the world ever saw—called by the proud Spanish the Invincible Armada—appeared off our coast, threatening our country with immediate invasion. Great was the alarm created as the ships composing it were so numerous that as far as the eye could reach the ocean was covered with their sails. But what was the result!—

—A mighty host at break of day,
—At evening's fall where were they?
—Scattered to the winds!

Destroyed, captured, and driven upon many coasts, but few vessels reached the Spanish ports to tell the tale of their own sad disaster. Our admirals were Howard, Hawkins, Drake, and Robbiser. Their names still live in our memory, and will be handed down to our posterity. But, gentlemen names far greater than those I have mentioned have since become historical. Collingwood, Jervis, St. Vincent, Howe, and Nelson—these names have become household words, and most deservedly so, for they have not only contributed to raise Great Britain to her present pitch of greatness, but have also acquired for us the proudest of all titles—that of mistress of the seas! Gentlemen, there is a branch of the United Services, an admirable branch, which—"I know not why"—is seldom mentioned on these festive occasions. I mean the marines. They might well bear upon their colours the motto of the Coldstream laurels, "*Nullo s. c. indus,*" second to none, for so they are. A circumstance which occurred many years since will show how highly their merits are appreciated. At a public dinner, a gentleman observing an empty bottle upon the table, desired the servant to remove it, making use of this expression—"Take away that marine." A marine officer who was present said, "Sir,

you are insulting me." "Not in the least," the answer was, "I mean it has done its duty, and is ready to do it again." (Loud applause.) Gentlemen, it has been said that England has arrived at her apogee of glory, and that, like other great empires, she will first decline and then eventually fall. It is but too true that the wooden walls of old England—those bulwarks of our safety exist for us no longer. Iron has been substituted for wood; but the foot of the invader shall never sully the soil of our beloved country as long as England is true to herself, and as long as she possesses the gallant hearts of our soldiers and sailors and the patriotic ones of our volunteers. (Loud applause.) I have spoken of the rise and fall of nations. There is one not far distant from our shores, which a few short centuries since possessed territories so extensive that it was said—and said most truly—the sun never set upon them. Her armies were remarkable for their discipline and their courage, and her influence on the continent of Europe was greater than that of any other nation. What is she now?—a byword and a scorn; torn by intestine factions; shorn of those possessions she was once so proud of; and worse still, her courage more than doubtful. To prove the truth of this last statement, I may be permitted to relate an anecdote of which a near relation of my own—the late Earl of Dundonald—was the hero. At the commencement of this century, under the name of Lord Cochrane, he commanded the Speedy sloop of war, of six guns and forty men. He fell in with a Spanish frigate mounting thirty-six guns, with a complement of four hundred men. He attacked, boarded, and captured her. Like the Roman, he might have exclaimed, "*Veni, vidi, vici,*" I came, I saw, I conquered—for it was so. After the action, the Spanish captain requested Lord Cochrane would give him a certificate that he had bravely defended his vessel. Lord Cochrane wrote, this is to certify that Don so and so—for the Spaniards have always twenty names—behaved like a true Spaniard, meaning anything but complimentary. The Spanish captain was delighted, and probably promoted on his return to Spain. (Applause.) Gentlemen, I have perhaps tried your patience too long in speaking of naval and military matters, but I must beg your attention for one little moment to me yet, and that moment shall be devoted to addressing a few words to those ministers of peace who are present on this most interesting occasion. I trust the time is not far distant when there will neither be wars or rumors of wars: when peace, good will, and brotherly love will prevail upon the earth, and the only warfare that shall exist between Christian communities of every denomination shall be who may do the most good or contribute most to the happiness of our fellow creatures. Mr. Cochrane resumed his seat amid loud and prolonged cheering.—*Scotch paper.*

A letter from Rome, published in the *Independance Belge*, says that the corps of Pontifical Zouaves, which consisted of two battalions only, has been increased by two others. The greatest numbers have arrived from Belgium, (500) France and Holland. Some have also come from Scotland, Ireland, and England, and even from the United States, which recently sent a considerable contingent. Fifty Scotch have also arrived and are to form the nucleus of a legion of highlanders in the Pope's service. During the last two months 3,000,000 francs have been received from different towns of France for the Pontifical army, and Ireland £40,000.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Irish Reform League has ceased to exist. It is said that most of its members have joined the Fenian Brotherhood.

Sherman and Pendleton are both mentioned as probable candidates for the U. S. Presidency.

If you use a fire-arm, take care that in shooting off your arm you don't shoot off your hand.

The total number of City Volunteers present at the annual inspection last week was 250.—*Charlottetown, (P. E. I.) Patriot.*

Lord Charles Hamilton, the Duke of Hamilton's brother, has arrived in Abyssinia from India, having volunteered to join the expedition to that country.

A plan for a simultaneous attack on certain armories in England is said to have been discovered at Wolverhampton, and the authorities had been fully advised of it.

Threatening letters, professing to be written by Fenians, had been freely addressed to the conductors of the leading London newspapers.

The Fenian outrage at Clerkenwell and its consequences continued to absorb attention in England. The inquest on the bodies of the persons killed by the explosion was in progress, and the three persons in custody had been completely identified as concerned in the outrage with another man who had escaped arrest.

THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION.—We understand that Captain Grant, the late African traveller, now Major Grant, of the Bengal Army, has been requested by the Governor General of India to be civil aide-de-camp to Sir Robert Napier in the Abyssinian expedition. Major Grant has accepted the honourable position.—*Courant.*

The English papers are calling upon the Prince and Princess of Wales to take up their residence in Ireland for a few months, or weeks, at any rate. They admit, that just now, there would be a danger of the Prince being assassinated, but they urge that it is his duty to go, and that his family have ever been renowned for their personal courage.

The following haughty defiance has been hurled at the Fenians by an Ontario Lyrist. He sarcastically signs himself "Byron."

"Oh! fairest land beneath the sun,
Thou land of wood and flowing main!
The vagrant Fenian horde must run
If they but tread our soil again!"

The English papers loudly demand that all Fenians found guilty of complicity in the recent outrages, shall be well flogged. The *Liverpool Courier* says with truth, that the man who attempts to garotte another, for the purpose of stealing his watch, is not so culpable as a Fenian, for he does not by exploding a barrel of gunpowder in the midst of a dense population, intend to take life. "The garotter who chokes his victim to death did not design to kill him. He only wanted his watch and his money, and as to the too severe squeeze, that was an accident."

THE KINGDOM OF POLAND.—The *Moscow Gazette* declares that France and Austria are about to commence an active interference on behalf of Poland, and expresses its fears lest a serious attempt should be made to re-establish that kingdom.

During the Crimean war a lady was distributing tracts to the occupants of the ward of a hospital, and was excessively shocked to hear one poor fellow laugh at her. She stopped to reprove the wretched patient. "Why, ma'am," says he, "you have given me a tract on the sin of dancing, when I have got both my legs shot off."

An anxious Scotch mother, taking leave of her son on his departure for England gave him this advice: "My dear Sandy, my ain bairn, gang south, and get a' the siller ye can from the southerners—tak' everything ye can. But the English are a brave boxin' people, and tak' care o' them, Sindy. Never fight a bald man, for ye canna catch him by the hair."

SANTA ANNA.—The *N. Y. Tribune* says there is unfortunately reason for believing the report, that the incorrigible old Jack in the box, Santa Anna, has started up again in Mexico, and is cursing Yucatan with a fresh attempt at revolution. He is a terrible affliction to his native country, and up to the present advanced period of his career has been of no particular benefit to any portion of the human race, not even to himself. The best thing he can do now is to come back to New York and open a cigar shop. He can do no harm in the United States, because nobody will mind him; and if his course here does not promise to be brilliant, it is likely at least to be safe.

Garibaldi has written letters to two of the representatives of those people who sympathize with his views and objects. In his letter to the Chairman of the Orange Association is the following passage. Speaking of the Pope he says:—"You will be told that his rule is mild, that the people are contented, and that it has ever been so. Now, if this be true, how is it that they who claim to be the representatives of Christ upon earth—of Him who said 'My kingdom is not of this world'—have, since the commencement of the temporal power, requested French intervention sixteen times, German intervention fifteen times, Austrian intervention seven times, and Spanish intervention three times?"

LORD ELCHO'S PROPOSAL FOR AN ARMY OF RESERVE.—Lord Elcho has placed on notice paper the terms of the motion which he intends to propose when Parliament re-assembles touching the formation of a real Reserve Army. He will suggest that a Royal Commission should be appointed "to inquire into and report upon military organization in so far as it relates to the establishment of a sufficient and economical Army of Reserve, and the means it offers of a speedy and efficient expansion to meet the requirements of war, more especially for home defence; and to consider, keeping these objects in view, whether it may be necessary or desirable to enforce the ballot for the Militia; and if so, in what way this may be done so in what way this may be done so to effect the desired end, and at the same time press most lightly on the people."



1868.

FIRST ANNUAL BALL.

THE MEMBERS OF

No. 1, Ottawa Rifle Company.

are holding their first Annual Ball, under the patronage of the Officers of the Battalion, on

TUESDAY EVEN'G., 14th JAN., 1868,

at the St. Patrick's Hall, Sussex-st. where they will be happy to meet their comrades from the other Volunteer companies of the city, as well as their civilian friends.

The Dancing will commence at 8 o'clock. Gov. W.'s splendid Quadrille Band will be in attendance and Mrs. Proderick will supply supper at twelve o'clock.

DOUBLE TICKETS 2 dol. SINGLE Tickets 1 dol. 50 CTS.

To be had from Messrs. E. K. MacGillivray & Co., 57 Bedford House, Messrs. Young & Radford, Bank-street, the Officers of the Company, and the Members of the Committee, Messrs. D. McLeod, S. K. Lovell, H. W. Bennett, James Doherty, D. Aniol, T. H. Hodgson, J. Hillis, J. C. Blythe, and W. Brown.

HENRY BENNETT, Secretary.
Dec. 31, 1867. 1-2 In.



NOTICE.

ON and after the FIRST day of JANUARY, 1868, all requisitions for Law and Registration Stamps, to be used in the Province of Quebec, and all Returns of Stamps cancelled by the various Officers entrusted with that duty, will have to be addressed to the Treasurer of the Province of Quebec, Quebec, and not as heretofore to Ottawa.

R. S. M. BUCHETTE, Chairman,
Board of Customs, Excise and Stamps.
JOHN LANGTON, Auditor.
Ottawa, 23rd December, 1867. 31a.

POSTERS,
HANDBILLS, CIRCULARS, CARDS,
PAMPHLETS, BOOKS,
BLANK FORMS,
AND EVERY OTHER KIND OF
PRINTING

AT
"THE OTTAWA CITIZEN"
STEAM PRINTING HOUSE.

A new additional new STEAM PRESS and also a new additional new POWER JOB PRESS have just been added to THE CITIZEN'S establishment, together with a large quantity of new Type and material, thus affording greatly increased facilities for the execution of every variety of

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING.
All work is turned out as quickly, in as good style, and at as low prices, as any establishment in Canada.
I. B. TAYLOR,
Proprietor.
Ottawa, Dec. 2nd, 1867. 48-4f

GEORGE HORNE.
WHOLESALE and Retail Stationer Account Book Manufacturer, Print Seller and Picture Frame Maker, 71 and 73 St. Francois Xavier St., Montreal.
Always on hand:—Company Roll and Squad Books; Rifleman's Requisites of Practice; Military Account Books ruled, printed and bound to order, on short notice, at moderate prices.
April 13th, 1867. 115a



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA.

Tuesday the 24th day of December, 1867.

PRESENT:

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

ON the recommendation of the Honorable the Minister of Customs, and under and in virtue of the authority given and conferred by the Act passed during the present session of the Legislature, intitled: 'An Act respecting the Customs,' His Excellency in Council has been pleased to make the following Regulation:

REGULATION.

"In addition to the Warehousing Ports mentioned in the Act passed during the present session of the Parliament of Canada, and intitled: 'An Act respecting the Customs,' the Ports mentioned in the annexed list and being in the provinces of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and which are now Warehousing Ports in those Provinces respectively, shall be and they are hereby continued as such Warehousing Ports, and are hereby declared to be so accordingly."

W.M. H. LEE, Clerk Privy Council.

ONTARIO

- Amherstburgh, Bytown, Brantford, Chatham, Chippawa, Cornwall, Cranahoe, Gifton, Darlington, Dover, Dunnville, Dundas, Guelph, Oakville, Oshawa, Paris, Picton, Queenstown, Sarnia, Sault Ste. Marie, Stratford, Trenton, Whitby, Windsor, Woodstock.

QUEBEC.

- Amherst, Magdalen Islands, Capicodoc, Gaspé, New Carlisle.

NOVA SCOTIA

- Halifax, Amherst, Annapolis, Antigonish, Archa, Baddeck, Barrington Passag., Bear River, Bridgetown, Canning in Cornwallis, Digby, Kelly Cove, (West Brantford), Guysboro Harbour, Bridgewater in L. H. H., Liverpool, Lunenburg.

- Manono Bay, Margaretsville, North Sydney, Picton, Port Gilbert, Hawkesbury, Hood, Medway, Pugwash, Ragged Island, Saint Anne's, Saint Peter's, Sydney, Tatamagouche, Wallace, Weymouth, Windsor, Yarmouth.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

- Bathurst, Bouchette, Campbellton, Wolochpool, Caraquette, Chatham, Dalhousie, Edmundston, Fredericton, Grand Falls, Moncton, New Castle, Richibucto, Sackville, Sheelae, St. Andrews, St. George, St. John's, St. Stephen, Andover, West Isles, Woodstock.

"DOMINION" NEWS DEPOT!

MILES' OLD STAND, 57 RIDEAU STREET, OTTAWA, ONTARIO.

THE undersigned, seeing the need for a News Depot in Lower Town, for the better convenience of a part of the reading people of our city during the stormy winter season—have this day, MONDAY, 18th Nov., opened the "DOMINION" NEWS DEPOT, in Miles' old stand, opposite Workman & Co., Rideau street, where they will, in co-operation with their Depot in Centre Town, keep on hand all the general publications of the day, and endeavor to satisfy the reading public. They will furnish the following periodicals at the earliest convenience:

- AMERICAN: N. Y. Daily Herald, N. Y. Weekly Herald, Boston Pilot, Irish American, Irish Citizen, new, Irish People, Scottish American Journal, Musical Review, new, Harper's Bazar, new, Harper's Weekly, Chimney Corner, Literary Album, Frank Leslie's Illustrated News, N. Y. Ledger, N. Y. Weekly, Fireside Companion, new, Pen and Pencil, new, Police Gazette, Police News, N. Y. Clipper, Sporting Times, Waverley Magazine, Harper's Monthly, Godey's Lady's Book, Frank Leslie's Lady's Mag., Madame Demorest's Monthly Magazine, Budget of Fun, and other Comic Papers.

- ENGLISH: London Journal, Family Herald, Bow Bells, new, Englishwoman's Magazine, London Illustrated News, and other Periodicals, London Punch, and other Comic Papers.

- CANADIAN: Toronto Globe, Toronto Leader, Montreal Gazette, and our City Papers.

STATIONERY ALWAYS ON HAND.

HOUSER & FULTON.

Ottawa, Nov. 18, 1867.

G. H. PRESTON,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBERS, &c. Light Products and Quik Roturas. Two Stores—No. 12 and also No. 81 Rideau street, Ottawa City.

THOS. & WM. HUNTON.

IMPORTERS of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Cloths, Cassimeres, Blankets, Silks, Shawls, Mantles, Millinery, Straw and Lace Goods, Carpets, Oil Cloths and Mattings, Manufacturers of Clothing 67 and 69 Smith Street, Ottawa City.

SMITH AND RODNEY,

CIVIL AND MILITARY TAILORS, Opposite the Russell House, Elgin Street, Ottawa.

WE have secured the services of a Military Tailor from Buckmaster's, London, and are now in a position to warrant a perfect fit in all styles of Military clothing. 41-1/2

PROVINCE OF ONTARIO

GAZETTEER AND DIRECTORY FOR 1868.

JAMES SUTHERLAND, EDITOR AND COMPILER. Hunter, Rose & Co., Printers and Publishers, Ottawa.

THE above work is now in course of preparation, and will be issued early in the new year. The book will contain full and accurate information of all the cities, towns, villages, etc., in the Province of Ontario, together with an alphabetical list of the various trades and professions, prominent citizens, manufacturers, etc., in each locality.

Terms of advertising made known on application to agents. Subscription price of book five dollars.

HUNTER, ROSE & Co., Printers and Publishers, Ottawa, Oct. 21, 1867. 43-1/2

J. GARVEY, M.D.,

PHYSICIAN, Surgeon and Accoucheur, dealer in Drugs, Perfumes, Patent Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Brushes, Combs, &c. Office and place of business, corner of Rideau and Sussex streets; Residence, Rideau street, nearly opposite to Mathews' Hotel, Ottawa. N.B.—Prescriptions carefully dispensed. Advice to the poor free of charge. 1-1/2



DEPARTMENT OF MARINE AND FISHERIES.

OTTAWA, 29th Nov., 1867.

PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN

THAT ALL COMMUNICATIONS

RELATING TO

LIGHTHOUSES, LIGHT-SHIPS, SIGNALS, Beacons, Buoys, Regulation of Harbours, Enquiry into causes of Wrecks, Provision Depots and Relief of Shipwrecked Seamen, Marine Hospitals, Shipping Offices, Pilot Service, River Police, Inspection of Steamboats, Classification of Vessels, Examination and granting Certificates of Competency to Masters, Mates, &c.; Provincial Steamers, Gunboats, Craft connected with Improvement of Navigation, and Maritime Subjects generally, for Canada, should be directed, DEPARTMENT OF MARINE & FISHERIES, MARINE BRANCH, OTTAWA."

AND THOSE RELATING TO

Protection, Regulation and Development of Deep Sea, Coast, and Inland Fisheries, Inspection of Fish and Fish Oils, and general promotion of Fishery Interests for Canada, should be addressed,

DEPARTMENT OF MARINE & FISHERIES, FISHERIES BRANCH, OTTAWA, P. MITCHELL, Chief of Marine and Fisheries.

REVERE HOUSE,

RIDEAU street, Ottawa. Omnibusses to and from the cars and boats free of charge. This House has been refurnished throughout, and is second to none in the Capital.

ST. LAWRENCE HOTEL.

RIDEAU street, Ottawa, Andrew Graham, Proprietor. The best of liquors, and a well supplied larder.

METROPOLITAN CHOP HOUSE,

AMOND'S BLOCK, Rideau street, Ottawa. P. O'NEARA, Proprietor.

THE RUSSELL HOUSE,

OTTAWA.—This establishment is situated on the corner of Sparks and Elgin Streets, in the very centre of the city, and in the immediate neighborhood of the Parliament and Departmental Buildings, the Post Office, the Custom House, the City Hall, the Theatre, the Telegraph Offices, and the different Banks. It is fitted up and conducted with every regard to comfort, and, with certain extensive additions which have lately been made, it will accommodate no fewer than 20 guests, thus constituting it one of the largest hotels in Canada. 1-ly
JAMES A. GOVIN, Proprietor.

"THE QUEEN" RESTAURANT,

WELLINGTON STREET, OTTAWA, opposite the main entrance to the Government Buildings. M. KAYANAGI, Proprietor. "The Queen" is now fitted up, and comprises all the requisites for a first-class Restaurant. The house has been refitted and refurnished throughout. 1-ly

CITY HOTEL.

CLARENCE street, Ottawa, William Graham, Proprietor. This House is well known to the travelling public of Canada, and still maintains its character as a first-class hotel.

GOULDTHRAITE'S SALOON.

CORNER Sparks and Elgin streets, Ottawa. Luncheon always ready, and the table supplied with every delicacy of the season. Choicest wines and liquors kept.

DANIELS' HOTEL!

[LATE CAMPBELL'S.]

PRESCOTT, C. W.

L. H. DANIELS, Proprietor.

SECOND TO NO HOUSE IN CANADA.

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"VOLUNTEERS' ACTIVE SERVICE HANDBOOK."

PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

Internal Economy and Standing Orders for the Guidance of the Canadian Volunteer Militia.

When on Active Service, with forms of all Reports, Returns, &c., necessary for the government of a Volunteer Battalion, and showing the everyday duties of the various grades of rank and command, by Major F. E. DIXON, 2nd Battalion Queen's Own Rifles, Toronto.

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AT THE SHEFFIELD HOUSE, OTTAWA.

D. K. MACGILLIVRAY & Co., direct the attention of Volunteers to their large stock of Watches, Rifle Cups, Tea Sets, &c. Rifle and Agricultural Cups and Medals made to any design.

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WE beg to inform the public that we have been appointed AGENTS in Canada for the sale of the above celebrated Arms and Ammunition, and that we have a full supply on hand, which we are prepared to sell at the very lowest prices. In addition, we have also on hand Smith & Wesson's, Colt's and other Revolvers and Pistols, together with a complete assortment of English Single and Double Barreled Guns, &c., &c.

Descriptive and Illustrated Price Lists furnished on application to

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And for sale in Ottawa by A. WORKMAN & Co., Rideau Street, Lower Town, and Wellington street Upper Town. 1-14

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IRON Coals, Chains, Ropes, Stoves, Glass, Oils, &c.

Agent for H. Watrous' Rifles, Revolvers and Cartridges.

SIGN OF THE CIRCULAR SAW,

Sparks street, Central Ottawa, Canada West.

JAMES HOPE & CO.,

MANUFACTURING Stationers and Bookbinders. Importers of General Stationery, Artists' Materials, School Books, Bibles, Prayer Books, and Church Services, Corner Sparks and Elgin Streets, OTTAWA. Always in stock—A supply of Riflemen's Registers and Score Books; also Military Account Books, Ruled, Printed and Bound to any pattern, with despatch. 14-ly

THE VOLUNTEER RIFLE STADIUM.

THE RIFLE STADIUM is an instrument for judging distances from 50 yards to 500 yards, and is in universal use in England. Price by mail Two Dollars Fifty Cents.

All kinds of Telescopes, Field Glasses, Microscopes, and Optic Instruments made and sold at CHARLES POTTER, Optician, King-street, Toronto, Ontario.

BRITISH AMERICAN ASSURANCE CO.

OLDEST ESTABLISHED U. CANADIAN OFFICE.

AGENCIES at all the principal places throughout the Province for the transaction of Fire and Marine business. Head Office—Church street, Toronto. George Percival Ridout, Governor; T. W. Burchell, Managing Director. Agents for Ottawa, H. Wick and Hugh Jan. 21st, 1872. 2-14

JAGGER & LEDYARD,

IMPORTERS and Dealers in all kinds of British, American and German SHEET and HEAVY HARDWARE, PAINTS, GOODS, &c., wholesale. No. 91, Yonge street, Toronto. W. M. JAGGER, 1-ly

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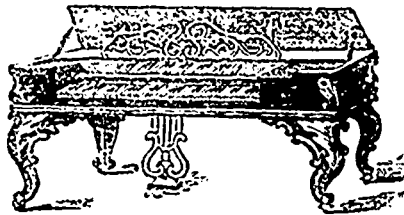
AMERICAN INVOICES—DISCOUNTS.

FINANCE DEPARTMENT,
 Customs, Quebec, March 6, 1867.

IT is directed by the Hon. The Finance Minister, that hereafter Weekly Notices be published and furnished to Collectors of Customs, as to the rate of discount to be allowed on American Invoices, which is to be in accordance with the price of gold as represented by Exchange, at a rate equal thereto.—Such Notices to appear every Saturday in the "Canada Gazette."
 R. S. M. BOUCHETTE.

FINANCE DEPARTMENT,
 Customs, Ottawa, Jan. 10, 1868.

IN accordance with the above Order, Notice is hereby given that the authorized discount is declared to be this day 31 per cent, which percentage of deduction is to be continued until next Weekly Notice, and to apply to purchases made in the United States during that week.
 THOMAS WORTHINGTON,
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