



The Canadian
United Service
Magazine



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THE CANADIAN
United Service Magazine

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ROYAL REGIMENT CANADIAN INFANTRY.

Vol. III.

AUGUST, 1897.

No. 2.

The recent changes which have taken place in the Permanent Staff of the Militia once more brings prominently to the front the question of Pensions. This is a subject on which we have already expressed the opinion, that the sooner the Government deals with it, the sooner they will be in a position to deal equitably with those who have passed the best part of their lives in the Military service of their country. Why the North West Mounted Police get pensions, and the Permanent Military Staff and Force not get any, is puzzling to more than those immediately interested. From time to time we have heard that the subject was under discussion by the proper authorities, but so far a Pension scheme has not materialized. We feel confident that the Hon. Minister of Militia must recognize the absolute justice of the Permanent Force getting pensions after a certain extended service. It would keep the best men in the force, and ensure them at least a living, when leaving the force, after such a service as renders them unfit for any other employment.

We are sure that the entire Militia Force of Canada will be pleased to learn that the Hon. Dr. Borden, Minister of Militia, has so completely recovered from the railroad accident, which so nearly cost him his life, as to be able to fully resume the duties of his office. The Force has great con-

fidence in the ability and desire of the Minister to remedy the grievances under which it has so long suffered. They feel now that he has resumed the reins of office, the outlook for the Militia is brighter than it has been for a long time.

We hear that the recently appointed Surgeons to the Royal Regiment of Canadian Infantry will be sent to Netley for a special course of instruction. Surgeon Lt.-Col. Campbell, R.R.C.I., received instruction at Aldershot in 1885.

Major General Gascoigne, commanding Canadian Militia, who went to England on leave the latter part of July, is expected back the first week in September.

The Artillery Camp, which for the past two years has been held in September on the Laprairie Common, will this year take place near Deseronto, Ont. The time decided on, early in the month, will, we think, be an improvement. The two previous Camps went into the first week of October, and the weather was cold and wet.

The retirement of Lt.-Col. Irwin, Assistant Adjutant General for Artillery at Headquarters, and Commandant Royal Regiment of Canadian Artillery, is announced, and a very eulogistic general order regarding the retirement has been issued. In our next we hope to publish a short sketch of his Military career, which began in the Royal Artillery. He has gone on a brief visit to Ireland.

The half-yearly Militia list, corrected to 1st July, was issued on time. It is more than usually interesting, as it contains the war services of the officers of the Canadian Militia. It shows a large amount of hard work, and Lieut.-Col. Bliss, Deputy Assistant Adjutant General, by whom it was compiled, deserves much credit.

We were present at the inspection by Major General Gascoigne, of the Jubilee Contingent, previous to their embarkation at Quebec. We have no hesitation in saying that the Contingent made an excellent showing. In England they acquitted themselves so as to reflect honor on the country, which sent them to represent it, in the most memorable event in British history.

The decoration of all Colonial Contingents, with a Jubilee medal, presented by the Prince of Wales, and ordered to be worn on the left breast, was an unexpected honor, and one which is highly prized. Complaint is made that some Colonial Military men, who were in England, but not on the Contingent, managed to get them.

All the officers of the Canadian Jubilee Contingent, with whom we have conversed, speak in the highest possible terms of the courteous treatment that they received from their late commanding officer, Col. Herbert, of the Grenadier Guards, who, under Lord Roberts, was second in command of the Colonial troops. To Canadian Militia Officers (unattached to the Contingent) in London, at the time of the Jubilee, he afforded every opportunity to see the various ceremonies. Without his advice and assistance many would have fared badly. Ever since Col. Herbert has relinquished his Canadian Command he has shown his great regard for the Canadian Militia by lavish hospitality to such of its officers as have been officially or otherwise in England.

Field Marshall Lord Wolseley, Commander in Chief, has written to the Editor of this magazine that he read with very great interest the notes on Lower Fort Garry, which appeared in our November, 1896, issue, under the head of Winnipeg notes. It was near this spot that he, then Col. Wolseley, landed the troops of the Red River expedition—the first important command he ever held.

Lt.-Col. Cotton, D.O.C., at Kingston, has been transferred to Ottawa to assume the duties of D.O.C. of No. 4 Military District, and act as Assistant Adjutant General for Artillery.

The announcement by Sir Richard Cartwright, while acting as Minister of Militia, that the Government had asked the Imperial Government to issue a Medal to those who repelled the Fenians, who invaded Canadian territory in 1866 and 1870, has created much satisfaction among those interested. We ought soon to know the result.

The new Rifle, with which the Canadian Militia is now armed, is a wonderful weapon for accuracy, and has little or no kick in it. The shooting has been so good that it seems to be a foregone conclusion that some different arrangement of the target must be made—such for instance as diminishing the size of the bulls-eye.

Although the Sergeant Major of an infantry battalion wears a sword, it is a somewhat curious circumstance—perhaps not generally known—says the Navy and Army Journal—that according to regulation there is only one occasion on which he draws it. This solitary instance occurs during the Ceremony of “trooping the colour.” The regimental colour is placed under charge of a guard on one flank of the parade, and, the “escort for the colour” having been marched up, it is the proud privilege of the Sergeant-Major to receive over the colour from the guard and hand it to the Subaltern officer who is to carry it. This officer first salutes the colour with his sword—then returns the weapon to its scabbard, and takes the flag from the hands of the Sergeant-Major. The latter then draws his sword, and salutes the colour, afterwards taking his place behind the escort, and marching past with drawn sword.

The custom of wearing sashes is thus explained by a Military Journal. Sashes are now only badges of distinction. Formerly they were used to carry the wounded off the battlefield. All officers (except in Rifle and Highland regiments), quartermasters of the foot guards, and all staff sergeants and Sergeants of line regiments wear them. The officers', made of crimson silk, are worn over the left, and the non-commissioned officers' of worsted—over the right shoulder. Field Marshals and General Officers wear their's round the waist, with the tassels hanging from the left side. Officers of Rifle and Highland Regiments wear pouch belts. In only one Infantry regiment—the 13th Sommersetshire Light Infantry—the Sergeants wear their sashes over the same shoulders as do the officers. This is a much prized and unique distinction which was won at Culloden, when nearly all the officers were killed and their places taken by the Sergeants. In 1865 this custom was officially recognised by the House Guards.

The Navy and Army says: “In the Army a gold cord aiguillette is worn by Field Marshalls, Equerries, and Aides de Camp to the Sovereign, and by the Officers and non-commissioned Officers of the Household Cavalry. In future an aiguillette of somewhat similar design, but of gold and red cord entwined, will be worn by all officers on the general or personal staff. In the Navy it is worn by Admirals of the fleet and Aides de Camp to the Sovereign in plain gold cord, and by Captains of the fleet, Chiefs of the staff, flag Captains and flag Lieutenants, and Secretaries to Admirals and Com-

colours in gold and blue cord entwined. Admirals of the fleet, and Field Marshalls, Naval and Military Aides-de-Camp to the Queen, etc., wear the aiguillette on the right shoulder. Staff Officers in both services on the left. In the Household Cavalry it is worn on the right shoulder by Officers, on the left by non-commissioned Officers."

LIEUT.-COL. HOUGHTON.

The retirement of Lieut.-Col. Houghton from the command of Military District No. 5 was announced on the 12th July. Col. Houghton was born in Dublin in April, 1839; joined H. M. 57th Foot (The Die Hards) as Ensign, May 1st 1855; embarked for the Crimea in command of a detachment of his Regt. on the 10th Feb., 1896; detained at Malta on account of the Armistice, and served there with the Light Compy. of the 57th Regt. until Feb., 1858; promoted to Lieutenant Feb. 26th, 1856, and transferred to 20th Regt., Feb. 1858; sent home in charge of Invalids on Troop ship "Harbinger;" joined the Depot of the 20th Regt. at Conmel, Ireland, in March, 1858, and there formed the 2nd Battalion of that Corps and served with it at several Stations in Ireland and England, principally Dublin, Curragh of Kildare, Aldershot and Portsmouth, until July, 1863; promoted to Captain at the Curragh in March, 1861, and retired from H. M. Service, on the 15th July, 1863, starting immediately for British Columbia, accompanied by two of his brother officers, sons of T. E. Vernon, Esq., of Clontarf Castle, near Dublin. On arrival in British Columbia, took up a "Military Settlers Grant" of land, 2,000 acres in the O'Kanagon Country, known as the "Coldstream Ranch," adjoining the town of "Vernon," and now owned by His Excellency the Governor General.

On this ranch, and in this locality, which, for a radius of thirty-five miles was then uninhabited except by native tribes of Indians, he and his partners, the Vernons, carried on the business of stock-raising and farming on a limited scale, owing to the absence of any roads or other means of access to the markets of the country. They started the first mill within a radius of four hundred miles however, and made a profitable business of exchanging flour and bacon with the Indians for furs and horses.

In Nov., 1871, Col. Houghton, without his knowledge or consent, was elected by acclamation M.P., to represent the "Yale-Kootenay" District at Ottawa. He sat in the House of Commons during the session of 1872, when he

made up his mind to give up politics, and give his whole attention to his ranch. On notifying the late Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir George E. Cartier of his intention, he was invited by them to accept the position of D.A.G. in British Columbia, then about to be created into a Military District as "No. 11." This position he accepted at their urgent solicitation, on the grounds that he was then the only person in British Columbia qualified for the position, and that it was for many reasons very desirable that the office should be held by a resident of the Province. He was appointed on the 23rd of the following month of March (1873), and, finding that the organization of the 11th Military District would not be commenced till the autumn, he joined the School of Gunnery at Quebec under Lt.-Col. (now Lt.-Gen.) Strange, and remained there, entirely at his own expense, for a period of nearly four months. He took a high 1st Class—grade A.—Certificate, and then proceeded to Victoria, B.C., and commenced the organization of a Militia force there.

Shortly after the organization of the force there, he was called upon by the Civil Authorities to suppress a serious outbreak at the Wellington Coal Mines, where about six hundred miners on strike had taken possession of the mines and machinery, and were working them on their own account.

This he put down with a hundred and twenty men of the Militia, from the forces at Victoria and New Westminster, conveyed to the disturbed region in the early morning before day-break.

Having arrested about twenty of the ring leaders, and re-instated the owners, Messrs. Dunsmuir & Sons, in the peaceable possession of their property, he returned to Victoria with his force and prisoners, but was shipwrecked at midnight by running on a reef of rocks about twelve miles from Victoria. He was obliged to land the men in boats, which, notwithstanding a heavy surf, and in almost total darkness, was accomplished without a single casualty.

In March, 1881, Col. Houghton was removed to Winnipeg, the Headquarters of the 10th Military District, including Manitoba, The North West Territory and Keewatin.

There in 1884 he organized the 60th Battalion, which did such good service in the N. W. Rebellion of 1885. He was second in command and Dep. Adit. Gen. of the N. W. Field Force under Major (now Lt.) General Sir Fred. Middleton, and was present at the engagements of Fish Creek and Battletoche.

He was transferred to Military District No. 5 with Head-

quarters at Montreal on the 1st of May, 1888, and has been in command here since that date until the 15th of July, 1897, when he was retired to the "Reserve of Infantry Officers" list. Col. Houghton was popular with the officers of the Montreal Brigade, and, as he proposes to return to British Columbia, his genial face will be greatly missed.

LIEUT.-COL. COUNT D'ORSONNENS.

This officer, who was D.O.C. of No. 6 Military District, and Commandant of No. 3 Regimental Depot, Royal Regt. Canadian Infantry, was retired on the 14th of July. He was born in Canada in 1842, and is descended from an ancient Swiss patrician family of the Canton of Fribourg, who toward the end of the fourteenth century settled in that city. A Swiss Lexicon published in 1758 mentions d'Odet d'Orsonnens with honor. At Fribourg the family became divided into two branches—one which was connected with the noble house of De Meyer became extinct about 1746. The other branch is the one from which Lt.-Col. d'Orsonnens descended, and has counted among its members distinguished priests, soldiers and statesmen, among whom we may mention Lieut. d'Avoyer Claude Jos. d'Odet d'Orsonnens, who was Swiss Ambassador, to renew the treaty of Alliance between the Helvetic body and the Crown of France in 1777; a Jesuit father, who was the confessor of Marie Joseph de Baviere, who became Empress of Germany; a Field Marshall of France, Nicolas Albert Ignace d'Odet d'Orsonnens; a Bishop, Jean Baptiste d'Odet d'Orsonnens, and Prince of the Holy Empire, who died in 1803, having passed through the revolution, and received from His Holiness Pope Pius VII the qualification of "*Optimus et diligentissimus episcopus*." In 1848-9 Louis Nicolas Simon d'Odet d'Orsonnens, Knight of the Military order of St. George de la Reunion, Capt. in the 2nd Swiss Regiment, took part in the Roman Campaign, and was decorated by the pope. This was the last member of the family in Switzerland, and he died at his Castle of Orsonnens in 1879.

The first member of the family who came to Canada was Pr. thias d'Odet d'Orsonnens, who arrived about 1810, with the famous Meuron Regt., as Captain of the Grenadier Company, having as his lieutenant his cousin deMontenach, who subsequently married Miss Grant, Baronne de Longueuil. When his Regiment was disbanded Capt. d'Orsonnens went to the Red River with a large party, composed chiefly of the old men of his Regiment, and took Fort William for Lord Selkirk, then Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company. Sub-

sequently he married in Montreal Miss Rocher, sister of the Hon. Madam de Bleury. He subsequently settled in Canada at St. Roch de L'Achigan, where he built a manor house which he styled "La Chaumière Suisse," and became a Lieut. Col. of Militia. He served in various parts of the world, and was wounded seven times. He died in 1834, leaving a family of four, among whom was Thomas E. d'Odet d'Orsonnens, who entered the Medical profession, obtained eminence therein, and died a few years ago, having for many years been the "Doyen" of the Medical Faculty of Victoria College. This gentleman was the father of the subject of the present sketch, Lieut.-Col. d'Orsonnens, who was educated for the army, and was to have joined the Swiss Regiment at Naples when the Kingdom of Naples was overthrown by the Revolution. In 1859, he joined the 1st Batt. (now the Prince of Wales Regt.) as ensign. In 1860 he exchanged into the 2nd Troop of Montreal Cavalry as Coronet; was in 1861 promoted Lieut., and for nearly a year commanded the Troop. He studied law, and subsequently resigned his command to, and embarked on the Government schooner "La Canadienne" as supernumerary under the Commander the Hon. Pierre Fortin. In 1865 he joined the 4th Batt. "Chasseurs Canadiens" as Lieut., and served on the Niagara Frontier during the Fenian troubles of 1866; he was promoted Capt. in this corps in 1867. In 1868 he entered the Permanent Militia of Canada, being appointed Brigade Major, and in 1869 received the rank of Lieut. Colonel. In 1871 he held the temporary command of the 6th Military District at the large Laprairie Camp, and was the possessor of the following certificates: Infantry 1st class 1864, Gunnery 1st class 1868, Cavalry 1st class 1869. In 1869 he went to Switzerland, and by invitation of the Swiss President joined the staff of the Army and followed it during its autumn manoeuvres. Col. d'Orsonnens married in 1870 Marie Louise Adele Desbarats, and has a family of four sons and one daughter. In 1883, on the formation of the Infantry School Corps, now the Royal Regt. of Canadian Infantry, Col. d'Orsonnens was appointed Commandant of B. Company, which was recruited in Montreal and transferred to the Barracks at St. Johns, and he has held the command continuously till retired on the 14th of July. About 1890 he was made also Asst. Adjt. General of No. 6 Military District, which position he also filled till retired. Col. d'Orsonnens was a most painstaking officer, and was thoroughly versed in everything of a Military character—up-to-date—and much of the success of the School at St. Johns and the present state of efficiency of his District is due to him. In his retirement he carries with him the best wishes of many friends.

LIEUT.-COL. DUCHESNAY.

Lt.-Col. Duchesnay, D.O.C., of No. 7 Military District, who was retired on the 15th July, belongs to one of the oldest French families in Canada, his ancestors having settled at Beauport, near Quebec, in 1634. They came from La Ferté Vidammee, in Normandy. Col. Duchesnay was born at Quebec in 1836, and was educated at Nicolet, P.Q., where he took a full classical course. When quite a youth he exhibited a taste for the Military profession, and joined the Volunteers in 1855, in which he served until 1858. In that year, having received a commission of Lieutenant in the 100th Regt., then about to be raised in Canada, he helped to organize the regiment, and left with it in June the same year for England, where he was quartered in the Camp, at Shorncliffe, until Feby., 1859, when the regiment was transferred to Aldershot. On the 17th May, 1859, the 100th embarked at Portsmouth, en route for Gibraltar. In 1860 Col. Duchesnay exchanged from the 100th Regt. to the King's Own Foresters (the 25th foot) and served in it until 1862. Intent on offering his services to the Canadian Government, he returned to Canada and was appointed shortly after arrival as Brigade Major, 7th Brigade Division, with Headquarters at Riv. du Loup *en bas*. In 1865 he received orders to form and organize a company, 65 strong, for service during the St. Alban's Raid. This Company he formed and put in a thoroughly efficient state in the space of three weeks. He merited and received the well-deserved approbation of the General Officer then commanding, for the efficient manner in which he acquitted himself of his mission. In 1876 he succeeded to the Command of the 7th Military District, on the decease of Lieut. Casault, having six years previously held temporary command of it during Col. Casault's absence on the Red River expedition.

Col. Duchesnay has served continuously in the District, and was the oldest staff officer, having been appointed on the 21st Nov. 1862.

BENEDICT ARNOLD'S MARCH TO CANADA.

VISITING one of the famous trout resorts of Maine, the route up the Kennebec and Dead rivers was shown to be identical with that of Arnold, on his expedition to Quebec in 1775. The falls and rapids of the rivers, the towering crest of Mount Bigelow, 3,800 feet above sea-level, and the handsome flagstaff erected by the people of "Flagstaff Plantation," where Arnold raised the American flag one hundred and nine years ago, causes the traveller, especially the sportsman who visits that section, to renew his interest in one of the most remarkable of military expeditions.

He reads again the story of the officers and men who in eight weeks marched six hundred miles. One hundred and eighty miles of this distance they were compelled to wade the rapid streams as they pushed their heavily laden bateaux, and for at least forty miles they carried them on their shoulders, sometimes up to their arms in water and their waists in mud, forcing their way through almost impenetrable swamps, lacerated by thorns. Many of the men were barefooted, starvation staring them in the face, and realizing that each obstacle overcome placed them nearer the enemy and made retreat more impossible.

Benedict Arnold was at army head-quarters when Washington assumed command of the Continental Army, July 3rd, 1775, to whom he did not hesitate to express in strong language his dissatisfaction with the course recently pursued by the Massachusetts legislature. Having friends in Montreal, where he had served as an enlisted man in the British army, he had ascertained the effective force under Carleton to be five hundred and fifty men scattered at different posts, and written the American Congress that Canada could be conquered with two thousand men. His plan was not approved, and a committee from Massachusetts was sent to inquire as to his "spirit, capacity and conduct," empowered, should it seem proper, to order his immediate return to Cambridge. Soon afterward Congress seriously considered the possible coercion of Canada into opposition to Great Britain, and about the middle of August determined to send a force under General Philip Schuyler to accomplish this object. Arnold proposed to Washington and several members of Congress visiting the army a plan for an expedition through Maine to co-operate with Schuyler and capture Quebec. His plan was adopted, he was commissioned colonel in the Continental Army, and designated to organize and command the expedition. In his letter of instructions Washington said: "You are intrusted with a command of the utmost conse-

quence to the liberties of America. On your conduct and that of the officers and soldiers detached on his expedition, not only the success of your present enterprise and your own honor, but the safety and welfare of the whole country may depend." He instructed him to treat the Canadians as friends under all circumstances, avoid offense, respect their religion and customs, pay promptly for supplies, and punish severely all improper acts of the soldiers.

He furnished him a printed address for distribution explaining the cause of the colonies in revolt, and urging the Canadians to join in the contest for American liberty. Arnold's command was composed of ten companies of New England infantry, selected as the best in the army, and three of riflemen. It numbered 1,100. The field officers were Lieutenant-Colonel Christopher Greene, of Rhode Island, and Roger Enos, of Connecticut, Major Return J. Meigs, of Connecticut, and Timothy Bigelow, of Massachusetts. Aaron Burr accompanied the expedition as a volunteer, wearing a knapsack and carrying a musket. One company of riflemen was from Virginia under Captain Daniel Morgan; it marched from Virginia to Cambridge in six weeks. Two were from Pennsylvania. Of the Pennsylvania companies one was from Cumberland, under Captain William Hendricks, and the other from Lancaster, under Captain Matthew Smith. The riflemen were uniformed in round hats, fringed buckskin hunting shirts, leggings and moccasins. Each carried a rifle, tomahawk, hunting-knife, and small axe. They were well-known sharpshooters, hunters, and Indian fighters—the great attraction of Washington's camp.

Advancing at quickstep they could hit a mark seven inches in diameter at a distance of two hundred and fifty yards. Many were over six feet in height. It was believed they could maintain themselves on game and fish, shelter themselves, and were in every way qualified for desperate work. Many of the infantry were men of character and independence. No man of ordinary ability could lead and control such a command. Washington knew that Arnold could. The little army marched from Prospect Hill, near Cambridge, to Medford, on the evening of the 13th September, reaching Newburyport next day. It embarked on transports* September 19th, and, two days after, was sailing up the river to Pittston, about thirty-six miles from its mouth, where carpenters had constructed two hundred bateaux—a long, flat-bottomed boat, with high, slanting sides and raised, sharp-pointed bow and stern, double-enders, considerably longer on the rail than the bottom—a boat much used at the

*Historians disagree as to the number of transports. Some say ten, and some eleven. Considering the number of men, quite a discrepancy.

present day by lumbermen on the Kennebec and Penobscot; the best boat made for falls and rapids. To these the provisions and stores were transferred, and the command moved up the river, arriving at Fort Western, opposite where Augusta, the capital of Maine, now is, on the 23rd. Arnold was about to move into an uninhabited, unexplored wilderness, of which he knew nothing more than learned from an imperfect copy of the printed journal of Colonel Montessor, a British officer, who, fifteen years before, ascended the Chaudière River from Quebec, crossed to the south-western branch of the Penobscot, down which he passed into and through Moosehead Lake to the eastern branch of the Kennebec, and down that river to its mouth, returning up the western branch, Dead River, and through Lake Megantic to the Chaudière; what he learned from some St. Francis Indians who visited Washington's camp, and from a rough, incomplete map* made by a surveyor, a resident of the country. He sent a detachment of twenty riflemen, under Lieutenant Steele, to move rapidly in birch-bark canoes, explore and mark a route to Lake Megantic. Steele, selected as one of his party John Joseph Henry, a youth of seventeen, at the close of the last century Judge Henry, of the Second Judicial District of Pennsylvania, who in after life wrote a journal of the "hardships and sufferings of that band of heroes." Leaving Fort Western, the detachment paddled up the river to Skowhegan Falls, where it "blazed" trees around the first "carry."

Three miles from these falls, the Norridgewock Indians, a half century before, had a village where lived Father Rallé, and exercised great influence. The settlers of Massachusetts, considering him an enemy, in 1724 sent an expedition which surprised, killed and scalped the priest and thirty Indians. All that was now left of the village was the ruined foundations of the church and a rude cross over the grave of the devoted priest. A handsome monument to-day marks the spot, easily seen from the cars of the Somerset railroad as they pass near.

Up the river went the detachment, passing many falls and rapids, blazing each carrying place, to "the great carry," sixty miles from Skowhegan,† and fifteen across to Dead River. On the "carry" were three ponds which could be utilized. The first day after leaving the Kennebec the detachment crossed the first pond and bivouacked, sleeping, as usual, on beds of fir, hemlock and spruce boughs.

Here Steele deemed it prudent to divide the detachment, leave the weakest and half the provisions, and press forward with the rest. The carrying place was rough, rocky, and

* To this day there is no reliable map of the northern parts of Oxford and Franklin counties.

† An Indian name, signifying "a place to water."

interspersed with bogs, morasses, creeks and ravines, so it took him two days more to reach Dead River. Finding it a deep, smooth, running stream, with few obstacles, he paddled rapidly, and, on October 4th, reached the deserted wigwam of Natanis, an Indian chief, called "the last of the Norridge-wocks," supposed to be a British spy, who afterward, with part of his warriors, accompanied Arnold to Quebec.

The route was more and more difficult, as the detachment advanced, until upon the "divide," bitter cold, snow and ice, were added to the other obstacles. They were also short of rations, as Henry says: "a half biscuit and half an inch of raw pork was our evening meal," when the detachment reached the divide. The character of the wilderness may be appreciated from the fact that in 1858 a musket, abandoned by one of Arnold's men in 1775, was found in the woods in worse condition than Rip Van Winkle found his rifle after his long sleep in the Catskills.

October 7th, on a high mountain on the divide, the little squad gathered around a tall pine—forty-feet to its first branch—up which one of them by Steele's direction climbed, and from its lofty top saw and followed the winding course of the Chaudière, away northward, from Lake Megantic about fifteen miles distant. Steele considered it best, under the circumstances, to face about, and was soon overtaken by a terrible storm of rain and sleet. Drenched, hungry, and "slept, notwithstanding the pelting storm." They hunted exhausted, they sheltered themselves under the trees, and faithfully, but found no game until the 9th, when was accomplished the difficult feat of shooting a loon. At night, around the camp-fire, debate was earnest over the momentous question of how the loon and the rest of their food should be cooked to sustain life longest. It was decided it should be boiled, and each man place in the camp-kettle his last bit of pork, run through with a sliver of wood on which should be cut his private mark.

The broth was supper, and a mouthful of pork breakfast next morning. At night the "diver" was divided into ten parts and distributed; one of the men turning his back to the rest, and Steele asking, "Whose shall this be?" The answer designated the man. Henry says: "My share was one of the thighs."

The next day they saw no game, and slept supperless. It is surprising that a party of experienced hunters should suffer for food in a country abounding in game and fish. The day after their supperless night, a canoe was run on to a partly sunken tree, which ripped the bark from stem to stern.

The accident delayed them hours, as they were compelled to hunt a suitable white birch tree, carefully strip off the necessary bark, find a gum tree for pitch, dig cedar roots for thread, and carefully apply those useful articles to their badly damaged canoe.

It greatly discouraged them, and Henry says: "The thought came that the Almighty destined us to die of hunger in the wilderness. The tears fell from my eyes, as I thought of my mother and family in their far off home." No wonder their stout hearts quailed. They had been forty-eight hours without food, and labored as only hungry men can in an interminable wilderness out of which there is but one exit. As it is always darkest just before light, this was their darkest day. A rifle-shot and loud hurrah, a short distance in advance, suddenly caused them great joy. Bending to the paddles their canoes shot ahead, and they experienced the inexpressible satisfaction of seeing a moose struggle out of the water and fall dead upon the bank. Henry says in his journal: "The tips of its horns seemed eighteen feet from the ground." The forest rang with shouts of delight and thanksgiving. Happy was the hunter who saved the detachment, possibly, from starvation. A fire was built, and the savory roast prepared, on which they feasted *sans* champagne and cranberry jelly, but with appetites appreciated by those who know it is not all of war to fight, nor all of war to die.

Their trials were now soon over, as on the 17th they met the riflemen under Morgan coming up. As only brave men welcome comrades who have toiled and faced danger for them they were welcomed. The detachment had been absent three weeks.

Arnold, after starting Steele, moved his command in four divisions, one day apart. Captain Morgan and the riflemen first, next Lieutenant-Colonel Greene and Major Bigelow with three companies, Major Meigs with four companies, and in rear three companies under Lieutenant-Colonel Enos. He personally superintended the embarkation, and, having seen the last man and last pound of supplies afloat, started himself in a light canoe, paddled by a trusty Indian guide, and overtook Morgan at Norridgewock Falls on the third day. Here the bateaux were taken out of the water, carried and hauled, with the provisions and stores, a mile and a quarter, to smooth water above, with great toil, as the banks of the river were steep and rocky and the country very rough. No mention is made of the nature of the stores and provisions Arnold took with him, nor that he had any number of beef cattle. Sparks, in his "Life and Treason of Benedict Ar-

bold," speaking of the command at "the great carrying place," says: "They had passed four portages, assisted by oxen and sleds where the nature of the ground would permit."

Lossing says: "Oxen dragged the bateaux part of the way on sleds, and the baggage and stores were carried on the shoulders of the men." Isaac N. Arnold, in his "Life of Benedict Arnold," says: "Draft animals could not be used to any considerable extent, as a large portion of this savage and desolate region was then inaccessible to any animals but those of the chase." Mention is made but once of oxen having been slaughtered, and then, but two, at "the great carrying place."

The men being unskilled in the management of bateaux, they had been jammed against rocks and leaked badly. A large amount of provisions, especially hard bread, was damaged. Seven days were consumed in getting around the falls and repairing the bateaux. When he had seen the last bateau reloaded and under way, Arnold betook himself again to his canoe, and was rapidly paddled past the rear division, made the portage at Carritunk Falls, and overtook the others in two days at "the great carrying place," twelve miles below the junction of Dead River with the Kennebec. The command was in the best of spirits, had tested its leader, and was enthusiastic in his support, loudly cheering when he passed, and as sanguine of its ability to capture the strongest fortress in America as he. Although greatly fatigued, it had been as successful as could have been expected. Steele had reported "the great carrying place" the most difficult part of the route. High and rocky hills, "and mountains in whose jaws destruction grinned," deep ravines and swamps succeeded each other.

Over and through these they carried, pushed and dragged their bateaux, sometimes up to their arms in water and mud, to the first pond, over which they floated. Arnold there mustered and inspected his command, carefully examined arms, ammunition, stores and supplies. He found rations for twenty days. One man had died and a few deserted. Finding many disabled from sickness, exposure and over-exertion, he built a "block-house," called by his men "Arnold's Hospital," where he left all unable to go forward. At the pond the men caught large quantities of trout, and occasionally hunters brought in an elk or deer. While there he wrote Washington: "Your Excellency may possibly think we have been tardy in our march, but when you consider the badness and the weight of the bateaux, the large quantity of provisions we have been obliged to force up against a very

rapid stream, where you would have taken the men for amphibious animals, as they were a great part of the time under water; add to this the great fatigue in portage, you will think I have pushed the men as fast as possibly could be done." He crossed the second pond October 13th. with 950 men, made another "carry," push and haul, to the third pond and portage to Dead River. The weather was good, and Dead River flowed so gently Arnold expected to reach Lake Megantic in ten days, and so informed Washington. He sent two Indians, one with letters to friends in Quebec and the other to General Schuyler, informing him of his progress and expectations, and asking him as to affairs with him. The Indians betrayed their trust, as the letters never reached the parties addressed, and Arneas, one of the Indians, was afterward known to be in Quebec.

Part of each division managed the bateaux, while the rest marched along the bank of the river. At night each division camped by itself. As they moved up the placid stream, passing around a bend, a high mountain towered in the distance, its top covered with snow. It was called Mount Bigelow, for the reason that the Major climbed to its top to view the surrounding country with hope of seeing Quebec. At its foot the command encamped for three days, and where it camped is the pretty little hamlet Flagstaff. From there Arnold sent Greene to the rear, with ninety men, to bring up supplies, and moved forward in a cold driving rain, which wet the men to their skins and soaked the supplies and baggage. It poured in torrents. On the night of October 22-23, a flood came roaring down the valley, and the men hardly saved their little camp-equipage and reached their bateaux before the plain was under water. Seven bateaux upset and their freight was lost. The river rose eight feet in nine hours.

Only twelve days' rations remained, and the command was thirty miles from Lake Megantic. A desperate situation, in a pathless wilderness, rations short and poor, the cold wintry wind chilling their blood. Not a man flinched, though all realized they were going to and not from the enemy. On the 17th, Arnold had sent his sick and feeble back to the block-house and written Colonel Enos from "Dead River, twenty miles above the portage,"—"I find Colonel Greene's detachment very short of provisions. I have ordered Major Bigelow, with thirty-one men out of each company, to return and meet your division, and bring up such provisions as you can spare, to be divided equally among the three. This will lighten the rear, and they will be able to make greater dis-

patch. I make no doubt you will hurry on as fast as possible." On the 24th he wrote Enos again : "I have been delayed by the extreme rains and freshets ; have provisions for twelve or fifteen days," and directs him to press forward with as many of his best men as he can furnish fifteen days' rations, and send the rest, sick and well, back to the block-house. He concludes : "I make no doubt you will join with me in this matter, as it may be the means of saving the whole detachment and executing our plan, as fifteen days will doubtless bring us to Canada. I make no doubt you will make all possible expedition."

At the same time he wrote Greene : "Send back all the sick and proceed with the best men. *Pray hurry as fast as possible.*" Enos outrageously disobeyed orders and returned to Cambridge with his entire division, where, as his commission would expire at the end of the year, he was hastily court-martialled and acquitted on the ground of a want of provisions. The provisions that served three companies to the Kennebec would have answered part of them for that purpose and another part fifteen days in marching forward. The court-martial acted without knowledge of the case, more than learned from officers and men who marched back at his command. It had no word of advice from Arnold, who would have detected the cowardice and shame of Enos' conduct. He was compelled to leave the army. In the meantime Arnold pressed forward. The rain turned to snow, the water to ice, and the hardy men broke it, as they waded and pushed the bateaux through the small ponds and marshes to the head waters of Dead River.

They "carried" around seventeen falls on Dead River, and at last, marching in snow several inches deep, reached the "divide" which separates Maine from Canada waters. Four miles more of "carry" brought them to a small stream down which they pushed their bateaux to Lake Megantic, arriving October 27th. From there Arnold wrote Washington an account of the difficulties he had experienced ; that he had sent the sick and weak to the rear, and adds : "I am determined to set out immediately to Sartigan (the first French settlement), and procure a supply of provisions and send back to the detachment." In closing, he says : "I have been deceived by every account of our route, which is longer, and has been attended by a thousand difficulties I never apprehended, but, if crowned with success, I shall think it but trifling." Unaware of Enos' conduct, he wrote him : "I hope soon to see you in Quebec." Washington had by this time become very anxious about Arnold, and, the day before

Arnold wrote him, had written Schuyler : " My anxiety extends to poor Arnold, whose fate depends upon the issue of your campaign," and again : " I am alarmed for Arnold, whose expedition is built upon yours, and who will infallibly perish if the invasion and entry into Canada is abandoned by your successor." A man by the name of Jakins, sent to ascertain the sentiment of the French settlers on the Chaudière, having returned and made a favorable report, Arnold wrote " To the field-officers and the captains, and to be sent on that all may see it," the information that the French were rejoicing at his coming, and would supply ample provisions. The men at the rear were suffering severely from exposure, fatigue and want of food. Many, after vainly struggling to march on, sank exhausted, stiffening with cold and death.

On Dead River, McLelland, the Lieutenant of Hendrick's company, contracted a cold, which greatly inflamed his lungs. The men of his company, with whom he was popular, carried him across the mountain on a litter, Hendricks assisting.

The writer knows the mountains of the "divide" are hard to climb under the most favorable circumstances, over a well-made trail and with only a sportsman's knapsack, gun and rod. The order of march by companies was abandoned, and all were urged to push forward toward the French settlements as rapidly as possible. Captain Hanchet, with fifty-five men, was ordered to march along the shore of the lake, while Arnold, with Captain Oswald and Lieutenants Steele and Church and thirteen men, embarked in five bateaux to go to the French settlements and send back provisions. He made twenty miles in two hours, so swiftly did the Chaudière run. The river was rocky and dangerous, and they were soon in trouble, the water boiling and foaming around. Lashing baggage and provisions to the bateaux, they were rushed along until they heard a fearful roar of water and were soon in the dreadful rapids. Three bateaux were dashed in pieces against the rocks and their loads lost, but no lives. Six men had a hard struggle and were rescued with difficulty. The men in the other bateaux managed to run ashore and aided those whose lives were in danger. Had this disaster not occurred, they might have gone over the large fall, toward which they were unconsciously hurrying, and been lost. Seventy miles of falls and rapids succeeded each other before Sartigan, four miles below the mouth of the Des Loupis, was reached, October 30th.

Before sunrise the next morning, Canadians and Indians were *en route* to the command, now in a state of starvation,

with provisions, flour and cattle. General Dearborn, who was a captain in the expedition, says in a letter to Rev. William Allen, President of Bowdoin College: "My dog was very large and a great favorite. I gave him up to several men of Captain Goodrich's company. They carried him to their company and killed and divided him among those who were suffering most severely from hunger. They ate every part of him, not excepting the entrails." Even the bones were pounded up to make broth.

The main command fared worse than Arnold's small detachment on the Chaudière, losing all its bateaux, provisions and stores. It was in a most deplorable condition, according to Henry, who says: "Coming to a low, sandy beach of the Chaudière, for we sometimes had such, some of our companions were observed to dart from the file, and with their nails tear out of the sands roots which they esteemed eatable, and eat them raw, even without washing. The knowing ones sprang; half a dozen followed; he who obtained the root ate it instantly." They washed their moose-hide moccasins in the river, carefully scraping away the dirt and sand, and by boiling them endeavored to make a mucilage without avail. The poor fellows chewed the hide, but it was hide still. They had not tasted food in forty-eight hours and would soon have perished of starvation. Disconsolate and weary they passed the night, having killed and eaten in a stew the last of the two dogs that accompanied the command. Old buckskin breeches were broiled, then boiled and eaten. Says Henry: "When we saw the cattle coming up the river that Arnold had sent, it was the joyfulest sight I ever beheld, and some could not refrain from tears." In a few more days the command was at Sartigan, where it was joined by about forty Norridgewock Indians under Natanis, and Sebatis, his brother. Down the valley of the Chaudière they were blessed with good things to eat and friendly people. On the 10th of November, all that was left of eleven hundred men arrived at Point Levi, opposite Quebec. For thirty-two days of the long march not a human being had been met.

Had an invasion from Hades been announced to the British commander, he could not have been more astonished than when the Indian deserter Æneas first reported a *Rebel* force coming down the Chaudière. Not many days after he received the information, the rebel flag was seen on Point Levi, and before that surprise had been recovered from, Arnold's *immense* army, as it had suddenly become, was drawn up in line of battle before the city walls. Wrote a gentleman in Quebec: "There are about 500 provincials arrived at

Point Levi, by the way of the Chaudière, across the woods. Surely a miracle must have been wrought in their favour. It is an undertaking above the common race of men, in this debauched age. They have travelled through woods and bogs, and over precipices, for the space of 120 miles, attended with every inconvenience and difficulty, to be surmounted only by men of indefatigable zeal and industry."

Washington had not been mistaken in the confidence placed in Arnold's energy, and, having heard of the capture of Montreal, was anticipating equal success in the expedition against Quebec. To Schuyler he wrote: "The merit of this gentleman is certainly great, and I heartily wish that fortune may distinguish him as one of her favorites. I am convinced that he will do everything that prudence and valor shall suggest to add to the success of our arms, and for reducing Quebec to our possession. Should he not be able to accomplish so desirable a work with the forces he has, I flatter myself that it will be effected when General Montgomery joins him, and our conquest of Canada will be complete."

While awaiting the arrival of his entire command, Arnold employed his men making scaling-ladders and collecting canoes. On the night of the 13th of November, with between thirty and forty canoes, he crossed the St. Lawrence, and before four o'clock next morning landed at Wolfe's Cove, unperceived, a mile and a half above Cape Diamond. He led his men up the rocky defile once scaled by the gallant Wolfe, and by daybreak planted his banner upon the Heights of Abraham. He would have stormed the Gate of St. John and captured the city had he not made the great mistake of stopping to advise with his officers—or calling a council of war—for, strange as it reads, it was afterward ascertained that the gate was open and undefended, notwithstanding the authorities had timely notice of his approach and had known of his presence at Point Lev. for three days.

While the council hesitated and debated, his immediate presence became known to the Lieutenant-Governor, and the opportunity passed. The cry was raised and shouted throughout the city: "The enemy are on the Heights of Abraham!" "The Gate of St. John is open!"

The city had been re-inforced by 270 men, and the crews of two ships of war and the captains and crews of a number of merchant vessels detained for its defense. Arnold, in his haste, had carelessly left his scaling-ladders at Wolfe's Cove. Thus his expedition was a failure. He drew up his force in front of the gate and sent a demand for the surrender of the city, which was not received. His men cheered and did all

they could to provoke a sortie without avail. His hope was, if he could draw the whole or any part of the forces outside the city, his friends inside would throw open the gates and give him the opportunity to march in. Bancroft says : " Wolfe had come, commanding the river with a fleet ; they, in frail bark canoes, hardly capable of holding a fourth of their number at a time : Wolfe, with a well-appointed army of thousands ; they with less than 600 effective men, or a total of about 700, and those in rags, barefooted, and worn down with fatigue ; Wolfe with artillery, they with muskets only, and those muskets so damaged that 100 were unfit for service ; Wolfe with unlimited stores of ammunition, they with spoiled cartridges and a very little damaged powder."

Arnold says : " The enemy being apprised of our coming, we found it impracticable to attack them without too great risk." He encamped near the city three days, guarding all approaches and preventing entrance of any and all stores and supplies. His only hope, the rising of his friends in the city, which he had confidently expected, was in vain. Finding, by inspection, he had not more than five rounds of ammunition per man, and not deeming it prudent to take the risk of a battle with so small a supply, on the 19th he retired to Point aux Trembles, eight leagues above Quebec, to await the arrival of Montgomery. Washington wrote him : " It is not in the power of any man to command success ; but you have done more—you have deserved it."

The final assault on Quebec by the joint forces of Montgomery and Arnold—the death of Montgomery—the "forlorn hope" led by Arnold, in which he was wounded, and many subsequent events of surpassing interest, do not come within the province of this article. It has been the aim of the writer simply to accompany Arnold on his remarkable journey through the Maine forests to Canada and Quebec—a journey conducted with great ability, perseverance, and tenacity of purpose. His men were in want of everything but stout hearts, and the expedition has been compared to that of Napoleon crossing the Alps and his retreat from Moscow.

W. M. HOWARD MILLS.

SPORT IN IRELAND.

HUNTING.

AN Irish way of doing business ! In asking the attention of the gentle reader to reminiscences of sport in Ireland, to introduce him to what is well marked in history—the time being now far distant and the place remote (time, the spring of 1865; place, the banks of the Potomac.) A young British officer, desirous of improvement in the knowledge and practice of his profession by the best of all means—experience in actual warfare—armed with letters of introduction to the chief officials at Washington, proceeded to that place in March, 1865, and applied to the War Department for authority to visit the army, then in front of Richmond and Petersburg, with headquarters at City Point.

This application was at first refused, as strict orders had been issued that no civilians should be allowed with the army at this critical moment, when business was the order of the day.

On presenting a letter of introduction, however, to Mr. Sumner, a statesman and one of nature's noblemen, he at once telegraphed to General Grant and President Lincoln, then at City Point, strongly presenting the case as one not of a civilian, but of a British soldier.

The desired authority was not only granted, but free transport was everywhere given ; and on arrival at headquarters the young officer was placed, honorarily, on the headquarters staff, and all privileges accruing to a distinguished personage were granted to him, being a guest of the President and General Grant. Such an honor was as unexpected as it was appreciated, this being the most instructive period of the gigantic campaign.

Commencing with the assault on Fort Steadman, March 25, 1865, until the surrender of General Lee, April 9, there was a continuous roar of artillery fire. Then the great rebellion was ended, and Lee's army of splendid men scattered to the winds.

The writer of these notes is the fortunate, then young, man referred to ; and I could fill many pages with accounts of courtesies received on all sides, from all sorts and conditions of men, from President Lincoln downward, as I could tell of valuable lessons learned and experiences gained such as fall to the lot of but few men.

How intensely interesting the morning visit to General Grant, the study of his calm face, as unmoved he received

telegrams from different parts of the long line of front ; some containing accounts of success, others of failure. His instructions, in reply to each telegram, were sent in the same cool manner, President Lincoln carefully watching every move, as if engaged in a game of chess.

Here, side by side, were the ideal and practical statesman and the ideal and practical soldier, working together at a most important stage of the world's history ; such men as Generals Sherman, Sheridan and Meade with other lesser lights forming the background of the picture.

It is, however, of a still lesser light—though not so in her own eyes—that I must now speak.

I have already said that no civilian was allowed with the army. There was, I believe, but one exception to this rule in the person of the female cook of the headquarter mess. Having a moment to spare, amid the "pomp and circumstance of war," I paid a visit to this lady. Yes, there she was, amid the pots and pans of this troublesome world, the only civilian with the army ; and she had only to open her mouth to inform her listeners that she came from "the sod." She had the most delicious Irish brogue. I soon found that she had been one of the large peasant family of bare-footed children then living near my old home, that delighted to put "one stone more" on the wall over which I practised my gray pony in boyhood days before the hunting morning "preliminary canter : " and as she now took delight in being in the thick of the fight with the Army of the Potomac, so she then, in girlhood days, took chief delight in running with the hounds and watching the pony jump.

Yes, on that pony I had my first lesson across country with the hounds ; and now at this distance of time I can find no greater pleasure than to follow harriers or fox-hounds over a sporting country.

Oh, for the easy flowing pen of Charles Kingsley to describe the music of the hounds ! Or that of Whyte-Melville to point out the pleasures of the chase.

What music ! " If you must have four parts, then there they are. Deep-mouthed bass, rolling along the ground ; rich, joyful tenor ; wild, wistful alto ; and leaping up here and there above the throng of sounds, delicate treble shrieks and trills of trembling joy. I know not whether you can fit it into your laws of music any more than you can the song of that Ariel sprite who dwells in the Æolian harp, or the roar of the waves on the rock, or

' Myriads of rivulets hurrying through the lawn
And murmur of innumerable bees.'

"Ay, with all the fictitious excitement produced by the emulation of hunting, and the insatiable desire to be nearer and nearer still to that fleeting vision which, like happiness, is always just another stride beyond our reach, though the hounds are streaming silently away a field in front of us, though the good horse between our legs is fresh, ardent and experienced, though we have already disposed of our dearest friend on his best hunter at that last 'double,' and are sanguine in our hopes of getting well over yonder strong rail, for which we are even now 'hardening our heart' and shortening our stride, though we hope and trust we shall go triumphantly on from fence to fence rejoicing, and at last see the good fox run into the middle of a 50-acre grass field—yet for all this we cannot but feel that when we have traversed two or three miles of this style of country, without prostration or mislay, we have effected no contemptible feat of equestration; we have earned for the nonce a consciousness of thorough self-satisfaction intensely gratifying to the vanity of the human heart." And, if you are a student of human nature, a lover of the picturesque, where can your aspirations and desires better be satisfied than at "the meet?"

Then come with me to the meet.

That old gentleman of ninety years, sitting bolt upright in his saddle, is my father's nearest and dearest friend. That giant on the weight-carrier spread terror into the Russian ranks as he jumped into the Redan, armed only with a black-thorn stick, and received the Legion of Honor. That heavy-weight in frieze coat on the game-looking cob will lead the field to-day, for he knows every inch of country, and he knows what his cob can do. Yes, that semi-clerical looking man with iron gray hair is the parson. Stick to his coat tails in the fastest run, and you'll not be "out of it;" an efficient pilot, for he can preach a good sermon on Sunday and show the way with hounds on Monday.

Here I come on my gray pony. The huntsman takes off his hat with a "Good morning, Master—;" the whip gives me a friendly nod; the master asks whether pony is fit after that long run on Tuesday; I ride in and out among the throng of hunting men—and hunting women not a few—with a friendly greeting from each and all.

Time's up! We move on at that peculiar "jog trot to covert." It's a typical hunting morning. "A southerly wind and cloudy sky," with just a dash of rain to keep the record of "moist weather."

Old Jack, the huntsman, well knows the point of wind and where to "throw" the hounds into the gorse covert.

Hardly time to tighten the girths before there's a "view—halloo," followed by a madrigal of music. An old dog-fox slips out of the cover at the side opposite to that we have thrown in the hounds. There he goes, beside that bank, and across that field; there go the hounds after him. There's Jack, the huntsman, well over that first bank, and now he leads the hounds with horn and hand. And for us, it's "every man for himself." Even the women and children—am I among the latter?—are lost sight of at this critical moment. The banks and ditches are high and wide, but "funk" is an unknown quantity, and we're soon out of "this hole."

The hounds settle down to their work; there is no looking out for "gaps;" you must "ride straight" if you mean to be "in it." There goes the parson, I'll keep his coat tails in view and follow him. Those tactics won't work; I find my eyes bunged with mud from his horse. I take my own line. We are now in a stone wall bit of country, having left banks and ditches behind. Over one of these I go, and into a drain at the landing goes pony; we have a roll, but no greater harm is done than a broken stirrup-leather and a muddy coat. I have learned to fall and not to quit hold of the reins; now I have to put in practice another bit of training, viz., to balance the body and grip with both knees.

On we go again; happily there's a check. A friendly farmer supplies a stirrup-leather, and pony has time to breathe. A cast with the hounds is made, and we're off again.

Another change of country. Now we're in low meadow land, and the boy on the pony has a pull over the heavy-weights; they sink in the deep land, while I gallop on as if on land with good footing. But here's more than a mere ditch—a chasm wide enough for a brook, deep enough for a ravine. The advice of my friendly instructor, the parish horse-trainer, "Go hard at it, Master—," is in my mind, and so I do. Pony drops his hindlegs at the further bank; I there jump off and lead him up, with joy at finding that one well-mounted man at least is floundering in the brook, with mud enough to "improve the color" of his new scarlet coat.

Again we're on the move; we're having "the run of the season;" we've gone ten Irish miles, and now we're climbing the hillside to a well-known cover; some dismount and urge the tired nags up-hill as quickly as possible. The hounds are well on the fox, and as we reach the hill-top he is run into in the open before he can gain the friendly cover.

There is a series of "who—whoops!" The whole scene is of such peculiar picturesqueness that no landscape painter has yet been able to do justice to it.

The field, large at the meet, is reduced to six or seven good and true men at the death, besides one plucky girl (who gets the brush) and the boy on the pony, who has won fresh laurels on this red-letter day. Among those in at the death are our pilot, the parson, the man in gray, and the master of hounds; the pace was too good for the giant.

My chief instructor, at this time, in the noble art of "throwing a lep" on horseback, over stone wall, bank or water jump, was the parish horse-trainer. His instructions were brief: "Clinch the reins, bend the back, grip with the kness;" no reference to hands or balance.

My bosom friend, in the hour of need, when pony or horse suffered from "the ills that horseflesh is heir to," was the village blacksmith. It is needless to say that he had no certificate of qualification in *veterinaria medicina*. His advice, on consultation as to what was best to be done, given with the most serious face, was: "Treat him as you would a Christian."

I have ridden many horses in many lands, from the buck-jumping bronco of the West to the wild Irish flyer of the East, from the yowl-necked barb of southern Spain to the well-trained hunter of "the Shires," and from none did I derive so much pleasure as from the gray pony, with my county hounds in Ireland.

The gray pony's utility, however, was short-lived; he was hardly up to my weight; my purse, too, was slender. Happily an exchange ("swap") was arranged with a great admirer of the gray, by which I became possessed of a rough, uncared-for, uneducated plow-horse, and he the owner of the well-trained pony.

I made many enemies by this exchange; my next of kin would scarcely speak to me: the blacksmith and horse-trainer would never more give me kindly instruction; all were loth to lose the gray pony.

The newly acquired horse proved a marvel in leaping powers: the clipping scissors did wonders in the improvement of his appearance, so that when I appeared in the hunting field even the horse-trainer wished me "good luck."

On one memorable day he "beat the record" in a long jump. It came about as follows: The foxhounds met in a part of the country but little known to the members of the hunt. The Land Improvement Act had been in force in this locality with the result: wide drains and new stiff banks. These we looked at in despair. Inwardly we hoped that the fox would not take us through that bit of country. We "found" in a small gorse covert, and straight through this

country went the fox. It was a question, "Take this big bank or go home." Uncertain at the time of the prowess of my unknown treasure, with fear and trembling (that peculiar trembling at the knee-joint), I tried to carry out the instructions, "Grip with your knees and go at it." At it I went, and, oh joy! on and off went my trained hunter, as if "to the manner born;" and henceforth he went by the name "Banker." After that on we sailed pleasantly, he with perfect confidence in his rider, I in perfect bliss at my "safe conveyance."

There were many empty saddles in that run; I was well to the front. The few forward men were in line, going at an apparently safe bank—all were going fast. I took the bank in my direct front, when, oh horror! there was a newly opened quarry at the opposite side of the bank. No time for reflection; but one course open—besides the open-mouthed quarry—with spur and voice not idle to "go." Could I but so nearly reach the edge of the quarry that I could escape without a broken collar bone?

Poor "Banker's" newly developed life of usefulness must be suddenly cut short; when, joy of joys! voice and spur had done their work; "Banker's" jumping powers did the rest. He cleared the quarry with half an inch to spare, with space enough to change his feet and not drop in his hindlegs. My record in the country as a quarry jumper has not since been beat.

My education in the knowledge of "the horse and his rider" had at that time to be replaced by the training for my military profession. "Banker" went to the hammer; my pocket was filled with pound notes; but his services can never be forgotten.

The "Great Duke" has well pointed out how battles are lost and won in the hunting-field, the best field of training for the soldier; I, therefore, soon found myself again in the saddle, as a young soldier, with a trained hunter. A sudden call to active service, however, required the speedy parting company with the trained hunter. I was at home on short leave of absence from my regiment, and during my walks abroad I met the village postmaster, an oddity of oddities, in his little ill-kept office. "The hounds are to meet to-morrow, and again this week, and you without a horse," said he, "this is a terrible catastrophe." After deep thought he brings forth the suggestion: "There's a herd of gypsies in a lane close by, they have a likely looking cob; give me £5, and I will buy him for you; you mind the shop." To all this I agreed, giving the postmaster's well-known answer to all inquiries for letters: "Not a word to-day," or, if to a pretty girl: "He has not written to-day."

The postmaster returned, leading a wretched specimen of the cob tribe ; I had made my bed, I must lie on it. I led the animal home—not in triumph. Again I had “lost caste” among my kinsfolk and friends for dealing in horse flesh of the worst kind. Again the clippers were applied, and on the following morning I appeared at the meet, mounted, as of old, on “not a bad thing.” Suffice it to say, that I had two good days’ hunting on my £5 worth, and a day to spare for “one more jump” before my ship sailed. It was not a case of “my ship coming home” on that day; my gypsy cob landed on a rock at the off side of the fence; he was lame for life, and I sailed next day with my arm in a sling, having learned the lesson—avoid that “one more jump.”

Let us land for a while at Gibraltar, that I may introduce you to “Johnny,” the huntsman of the Calpe hounds, who had hunted a pack of harriers for a relative of men in the county of Cork, and in consequence takes pleasure and pride in being my pilot through the Cork woods and over the “rocks” at Algeiras.

Johnny’s boast is that his stentorian voice can be heard, as he cheers on the hounds, from the Cork woods to the Rock—a matter of 12 miles ! And this was before the days of telephone. In and out, among the palmettoes, the prickly pears and aloes, he leads, while I, an unbeliever in this sport, follow.

Certainly there is “the music of the hounds,” but there’s too much of Mr. Jorrocks’ sort of hard riding.

“Are you a hard rider ?” asked an inquiring lady of Mr. Jorrocks.

“The hardest in England !” answered that facetious worthy, adding to himself, “I may say that, for I never goes off the hard road, if I can help it !”

About this time there was a sad downfall of pride on the part of Johnny. I was in command of one of the many Gibraltar guards, and when inspecting the prisoners in the guard room, there was poor Johnny a prisoner for being “drunk in the streets on the previous evening.” How great the fall ! From the exalted position of huntsman of the Calpe hounds to being a prisoner in the guard room.

The whirligig of time again brought me to old Ireland. Now I had a gunner brother at my elbow to share my joys and sorrows. I cannot easily forget a sad downfall to his pride. We had been in full gallop in a certain park ; he on a battery horse, I on a wild thoroughbred. He came to a sudden stop, to try and open a strong wooden gate, when his horse tried to clear it and stuck on the gate, beautifully bal-

anced on the top, both hind and forelegs being well off the ground. How to extricate him we failed to perceive. Unhappily, my brother's commanding officer appeared on the scene, and his words of censure at a Government horse being thus treated were strong and to the point. It was not until we had acted on the advice of a country farmer—"Take the gate off its hinges"—that we were able to remove the horse from his pedestal and continue the chase, wiser but sadder men.

We had another memorable mishap; being out with harriers, we had several long runs and continued hunting until late in the evening. We were far from a road, the banks were new and high, the horses tired. We dismounted to lead over a bank, particularly high and with deep ditches. My brother was the first to lead to the top of the bank, when his horse swerved, knocked my brother into the ditch and fell on him. The man lay so completely under the horse that he could not be seen or heard; some time elapsed before neighboring farmers could be assembled to pull the horse out of the ditch. When this was accomplished, to our complete surprise and joy, we found that the brother was unhurt, being untouched by the horse, who lay against the clearly cut sides of the new and dry ditch, instead of resting upon the man beneath him.

Another lesson was here taught, "Never lead your horse if you can ride him."

This lesson is life long: "Stick to the ship while it remains afloat."

Beaver

FREDERICTON, July, 1897.

BLIGHTED LOVE.

BY GEO. DEXTER.

CHAPTER II.

IT was a bright winter's day in June. The approaches to the Parliament Buildings were crowded with spectators, while within the Assembly Chamber were all the chivalry and beauty of the Province including two Militia second Lieutenants from the neighboring Town of Woodstock, and the Captain of the local Fire Brigade. The occasion was the annual opening of the Provincial House of Assembly by His Honor the Lieut.-Governor. Think of it, and gasp. The Lieut.-Governor, the Hon. Abner Reed Muldoon, had been but lately appointed, and was a thoroughly popular gent. He was an unpretending, unassuming man, and had amassed a large fortune of several hundred dollars by farming and sitting as a member of Parliament. His antecedents were lost in the mists of antiquity, that is to say, no one knew where he came from. He was one of the Pioneer settlers of New Brunswick; malicious said that he settled the country instead of settling his bills, but that don't affect this tale. His daughter, Miss Mariar Ann Muldoon, mentioned in our preceding chapter, was a lovely damsel, and all the young men in the Province were at her feet, metaphorically speaking of course. It would have been rummy for her to walk along the street over a crowd of men. Her presence in the Assembly Chamber was equivalent to a ray of sunshine in a chicken-coop, and her location was evident from the large circle of admirers clustered round her like flies round a barrel of molasses. Outside the House a roar of applause greeted the arrival of His Honor. First in the procession came a Maxim Gun and egg-cooking apparatus combined, then a sleigh in which were seated two gentlemen, one known as the Sheriff, who carried a long stick like a barber's pole, resembling an old time beadle. The next sleigh contained His Honor, a tall military-looking gent, wrapped in furs and dignity, both imitation. The Band played, His Honor lifted his hat, displaying to the delighted spectators a bald head, and finally proceeded to the Chamber, where the members were fighting for seats and arguing about the price of wheat and the best feed for sick pigs. After the opening ceremonies the élite of the Company adjourned for refreshments, amongst them being Capt. Boileau and Lieut. Marsh, who had been in command of the Guard of Honour. It was as hostess that Miss Muldoon was seen at her best.

Her graceful manner and personal charms endeared her to everyone with whom she came in contact. At intervals her pale face flushed, but whether that flush was caused by the various compliments paid her, or by the perspiration trickling down and forming rivulets in the art shade on her dial-plate, is difficult to determine. All these endearing qualities being so manifest, it is easy to imagine the conflicting emotions surging through the hearts of the two rival officers. After the last guest had taken his departure, and the best hat and umbrella he could find, the Governor drew up his chair to the table, on which he placed his feet, and with a mouth amply filled with a chew of the choicest spruce gum, said :-- "Wal," Mariar Ann, I guess the whole caboodle was fixed all right.

"Yas, Pop, that there speechifyin' from the Thrown was fine." "Oh," said His Honor, "Gaul darn the spoutin, but did you hear old Deacon Tucker argyin' about them pigs? That man don't know enoug' to last him through the week. The old fule. But, Mariar Ann, which do you like best of them two officer chaps, the Captin' or the Lutenant"? "Wal, Pop, raly I ain't quite sure."

"Now let me give you a hint Mariar Ann, when your poor sainted mother breathed her last gashp, she wanted you to be fixed up well, so you just go right ahead and hitch on to the man with most dollors in his wallet. I may be a hayseed, but I ain't as green as I am cabbage-looking. After this speech His Honor shifted the gum in his mouth, spat on the wall, and with an affectionate embrace bade his daughter good-night."

This should have been a most exciting chapter, but it was necessary to describe the affairs of the Governor so as to be able to understand the more exciting situations that are a coming on. In the next chapter the fun will commence.

To be continued.

DEPOT NEWS.

WINNIPEG, MAN.

Major Evans, Sergt. Ins. Young, Sergt. MacMillan and Pte. MacAlpine arrived safely home from the Jubilee trip on the 18th July, and were met at the Station by the Band and Squadron and an immense crowd of citizens. The Jubileers, who were all looking particularly well after their ocean voyage, speak enthusiastically of the sights they saw and took a part in and the splendid hospitality they received while in England.

The Squadron has lost a Sterling N. C. O. in Quartermaster Sergt. Garbutt, who after eleven years' service became infected with the Yukon gold fever, and purchased his discharge.

He bears with him the good wishes of all ranks and the hope that he will return a millionaire.

The route march to Portage La Prairie, although attended by bad weather, was a success from a campaigning point of view.

CRICKET.

This has been a Jubilee year for the Squadron in the Cricket World, as it has captured the District Championship and has a strong lead in the City Series. In the first round for the Provincial Championship, the team was drawn against Portage La Prairie; the match resulted in a tie after the most exciting finish on record here. The Dragoons had to make 90 runs in 45 minutes to save the match, and secured their last and tying run with two seconds to spare. The match will be played over again at Portage La Prairie, and the winners will play the finals with the Winnipegs.

OUTPOST CAMP.

On the 12th August the Squadron will march to Lower Fort Garry to put in its Annual Course of Outpost and Reconnaissance work, and all ranks are looking forward to the outing.

The Manitoba Rifle Matches were held on the last three days of August, and the Royal Canadian Dragoons secured a very liberal slice of the Prize list.

The Cavalry Cup presented by the Hudson's Bay Company was won for the second time by the Squadron, and has thus become its permanent property.

The crowning victory was the capture of the Sir Donald Smith Cup in the skirmishing and volley-firing by the large majority on 30 points, the 70th team composed of several well known at the D. R. A. matches being second; the second team of the Squadron captured 4th place leading the Manitoba Dragoons.

Third place in the Association Cup match also fell to the Squadron, and the many individual prizes won, included 1st in the Nursery, 1st in the Nursery Aggregate and two representatives. Sergt. Jno. Page and Corp. Inglis won places on the Team of ten which will represent the Province at the D.R.A. Matches at Ottawa. The Victory in the Cavalry and Skirmishing Matches was duly celebrated in Barracks, the cups being filled with champagne in the Officers' Mess, and the team being marched around the Barrack Square to the tune of "See the Conquering Hero Comes."

LONDON, ONT.

NO. 1 REGIMENTAL DEPOT, R.R.C.I.

We read in ancient history that the Egyptians were afflicted with plagues of peculiar and various descriptions in return for keeping the children of Israel on fatigue against their wish; but we are under the impression that if a certain brand of plague that is inflicted nowadays on us poor mortals had been utilized, Pharaoh's heart would have undergone a softening process, and the Hebrews would have obtained their marching orders in double quick time. (It is written "The Lord hardened Pharaoh's heart," but we are inclined to believe that he was of the hen-pecked variety, and it was his amiable spouse Queen Meriamun who made working parties of the Sheenies.) We refer to the distinctly modern plagues to wit, the bicycle fiend and the golf fiend, compared to whom the lice, flies, frogs, boils, etc., would be trifling inconveniences. Now that the weather is warm these demons are more than usually aggressive. It is impossible to go into the Canteen and sit down to a quiet pot of "ginger" beer without being assailed with remarks re-

garding the merits of the several kinds of sprockets, tires, pedals and saddles, and, should a stranger appear within our gates on a wheel, he is immediately surrounded, and has to turnish details as to weight, gearing and bearings. Should he disappear into any of the passages to transact his business, when he returns his bike is in the hands of the Philistines who are turning, revolving and trying every conceivable portion of his steed.

Plague No. 2 appears to us still more unaccountable, as we cannot see the use of or ornament of it. In the heavens above, the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth, we have all read about "imminent pearls in the deadly breach," but the breach was not a "thing" compared to our commons on a summer evening. It is impossible to meander around and contemplate the beauties of nature and the C.P.R. tracks and yard without coming upon various maniacs attired in scarlet sweaters, knickerbockers and stockings of a pattern that can be heard at 2,000 yards, armed with clubs like an elongated Knobkerry. These lunatics are generally attended by a juvenile specimen of the male genus in picturesque costume of long hair, rags and filth, and more especially filth, who carries a quiver of spare weapons, and issues out different varieties of these clubs for the different kinds of hits. As far as we can see the chief object of these gentry is to hit a small ball (covered with wrinkles like the faces of the members of the W. C. T. U.) with a club, and then follow the yelling boy until it is found and then, as Captain Cuttle says, when found, "stand by" and "make a note of it," after which take another club, make seven or eight attempts to smite the ball without doing so, eventually knocking up a few inches of sand and grass, and repeat the dose at stated intervals until about half an hour after dusk or until all the balls are lost. This modern game is not confined to the male sex, but we notice creatures in red waists, abbreviated skirts, gaiters, and tan shoes also pursuing the same idiotic pastime with the only difference that they prefer to knock more of the virgin soil heavenwards before smiting the ball, and, if possible, they also prefer still dirtier kids to carry their paraphernalia. These charmers speak in a dialect of which the only words we could catch are the following: drivers, bulgers, putters, niblies, cleeks, lofters, mashies and spoons, of long, short, and mid descriptions. Apropos of mashies and spoons, it strikes us very forcibly that it is an ideal game for the purpose of indulging in the time-honored, but remarkably foolish custom of spooning and mashing, to which long and short players have been addicted since Adam and Eve played with

cup'd as their caddie. And, also, we would mention that the sequestered portions of our commons are suitable environment (as the parson said last Sunday) for the game of spoons, being inhabited by nothing but the pastoral ground hog and gentle field mouse who might think a lot, but would not split.

Drill Sergeant P. E. Davis and Sergt. E. H. Price have been to Halifax for the purpose of taking a course in Maxim Gun drill.

The vacant post of Hospital Sergeant has been filled by Sergt. E. R. Copeman, vice Sergt. McCulloch, retired.

In this Depot the most trying work that the assistant Aesculapius is called upon to perform is the sampling of the Medical comforts at which we rather think Mac's successor will shine and do credit to the counties of England, which have had the honor of his birth and upbringing.

An unusually large number of men have taken their discharge from this depot during the summer. The whole contingent enlisted in Hamilton three years ago with one exception, having cut the service and gone in search of pastures new. In addition to these Pte. Charles J. Donohue purchased his ticket and removed to his former home in Toronto. We were all sorry to lose him after his long term of service, and as the rural papers say in their obituary notices "a prominent landmark has been removed from our midst."

For six weeks in the earlier part of the summer we were favored with the genial presence of Sergt. Instructor Widgery of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, who was instructing the attached Squadron of Hussars. In addition to his duties with the Cavalry, he had a far pleasanter task in teaching a large class of fair equestriennes how to ride gracefully around our newly constructed manege. To hear him gently admonishing them would fully convince a bystander that it is not impossible for the leopard to change his spots and the Ethiopian his skin.

The Militia camp this year was a double header, and everyone here was remarkably glad when it was over, as between instructing, marking, and cleaning rifles for our "Sister Corps," we were pretty well on the go the whole time, effectually curing us of a bad attack of ennui from which a large number were suffering. Hereafter it cannot be said that we are not strictly fulfilling our mission in life as hewers of wood and drawers of water for the Militia.

In the rural Battalions, the trust the "boys" reposed in their "caps" was very touching, and the blind confidence they had in his judgment was only equalled by their conviction that he could extricate them from any mess, and countermand any order with which they did not fully agree. We also noticed most startling systems of relieving sentries, and some of the words of command were both unique and disconcerting to an outsider, for instance "Mark time—not a move." Ptes. Moore, Edson and Kennedy were detailed as Instructors from here, and report that fearful and wonderful ranks were conferred on them pro tem by the men under their command. However, we were rather pleased to see a few strange faces, which is something of a phenomenon around here.

The Jubilee contingent from here comprised Col.-Sergt. Cooper, Sgt. Cranston, and Lance Corp. Horner, all of whom returned home, highly pleased with their reception and visit to the "Ould Countree." Corporal Horner was about the only one of the three who returned home and found himself betier off than when he left.—another shaft having been left in his quiver.

For some unaccountable reason, we have not entered into sports this summer as enthusiastically as usual. In Ptes. Hall and Cox, our Football eleven have lost two valuable men, and they will not easily be replaced.

The late Surgeon Lt.-Col. Matthew Joseph Hanavan, R.R.C.I., died in the Hospital of Wolseley Barracks, on Tuesday, 1st of June, 1897, after a remarkably brief illness, suffering for a few days only from a most painful disease.

He was gazetted Surgeon to No. 1 Company, R.R.C.I., on the 30th of September, 1888, and Surgeon Lt.-Colonel on the 1st September, 1893. Previous to his appointment as Surgeon to the Royal Canadian Regiment he filled the position of Surgeon to the 28th Battalion, Headquarters at the Town of Stratford, Ont., where he resided for about twenty years, and where he acquired a lucrative practice.

On the 22nd of April, 1875, he married Miss Mary Agnes Kidd, of Toronto, who, with five sons and two daughters, survive him.

The funeral of the deceased Officer took place from his family residence on Burwell Street, London, on the 4th of June, 1897, and was attended by the Permanent Staff of No. 1 Regimental Depot, No. 1 Company, R.R.C.I., a number of the Officers of the local Corps, as well as the Officers and

non-commissioned Officers and men attached to No. 1 Regimental Depot; the gun carriage being furnished by the London Field Artillery, and the Band by the 7th Battalion.

R.I.P.

TORONTO, ONT.

No. 2 REGIMENTAL DEPOT, R.R.C.I.

Major Young arrived here from St. Johns, Que. (No. 3 Regimental Depot), the end of July, and took over command of the Company, vacant by the transference of Lieut.-Col. Buchan, to St. Johns, Que. Capt. J. C. MacDougall is expected to arrive here the first week in September, when he will be taken on the strength of the Infantry Company—he having been transferred from St. Johns.

Major Lessard, Royal Canadian Dragoons, has gone to Montreal with a detachment of his troop, to take part in the great Exposition which opens the middle of September.

Lieut.-Col. Otter, Commandant and Inspector of Infantry, was absent a good deal during the summer, doing inspection work at various Camps. He is once more at home, and after his extensive travelling in the East feels that "there is no place like home."

This Depot has met with a serious loss in the death of Surgeon Lieut.-Col. Strange, Deputy Surgeon General, which melancholy event took place suddenly on the 5th of June. Surgeon Strange, on the morning of that day, rose to make some preparations for his departure to Niagara Camp, of which he had been appointed Principal Medical Officer. He was heard to fall in his room. Assistance was quickly given, and he was helped into bed, and medical aid summoned, but before it arrived the vital spark had fled. A post mortem revealed the cause of death to have been rupture of an artery in the brain. Dr. Strange was gazetted to the Royal Regiment of Canadian Infantry as Surgeon on the 21st of December, 1883. He served with the detachment from it, which took part in the North West Rebellion, and had the North West Medal with clasp. He was the Senior Surgeon of the Regiment, which position is now held by Surgeon Lieut.-Col. Campbell. Surgeon Lieut.-Col. Strange was a man with a most lovable disposition, and was a universal favorite, entering into all sports with the keen relish of a sportsman. In everything which benefited the individual soldier, or his Regiment, he took the warmest interest. The Government owed him much for valuable advice given as a member of

the Medical Committee of Permanent Officers, which met during two years, and recommended the present first class Medical and Surgical equipment possessed by the Canadian Militia. As a Surgeon, Dr. Strange occupied a first class position in the profession of Toronto. He was a bold and successful operator. He represented North York in the Dominion House during one Parliament. After being out of politics for some years was induced at the election in June, 1896, to come forward for his old constituency in the Conservative interest, and was defeated. He was an Englishman by birth. His funeral was most largely attended.

Surgeon Major Natrass of the Queen's Own has been appointed a Surgeon Major in the R.R.C.I. in the place of Surgeon Lieut.-Col. Strange, deceased.

KINGSTON, ONT.

"A" FIELD BATTERY, R.C.A.

The C.O. has been spending a great deal of his time at Deseronto, with the A.A.G., for Artillery, inspecting the proposed new range. He is of opinion that the right place has been found at last.

We all regret the loss of Major Hudon who has been transferred to the command of "B" Battery, Quebec. However, in the words of the orthodox epitaph "Our loss is his gain," and we wish him the best of good luck.

Capt. Burstall and Lt. Marsh have been away on fishing expeditions, and now stories of their respective "catches" infect our usually peaceful mess. Would that some of their victims were endowed with the powers of Balaam's historic ass, for then indeed would "truth restore itself within our troubled breasts."

Capt. Cooke is spending a few weeks in his native town.

We have with us a rather successful steeple-chase rider in the person of Capt. Cran of the 9th Field Battery. This officer is the lucky owner of the celebrated "Prince Charlie," a horse which has won more prizes in his own particular line than any other horse in the Dominion.

The other afternoon saw the last of the Aquatic sports, which are to be held annually in connection with the Battery. The events were well contested before a crowd of enthusiastic comrades and civilians. A summary of the events will not be out of place :—

½ mile swimming race.—1st. Gunner Rogers. 2nd. Driver Miller. 3rd. Wheeler Cummings.

Boys' race, 100 yards.—1st. Victor Drury. 2nd. Johnny Worth.

Long dive.—1st. Trumpeter Beckett. 2nd. Driver Summers

Officers' swimming race.—1st. Capt. Cran, 9th Field Battery. 2nd. Lieut. King, 7th Field Battery. 3rd. Capt. Cooke, R.C.A.

Greasy pole.—Trumpeter Beckett.

Tub race.—1st. Driver Somers. 2nd. Trumpeter Beckett.

Water polo.—Won by No. 3 Sub.-Division.

100 yards swimming race.—1st. Dr. Staley. 2nd. Gr. Hugall. 3rd. Dr. Brown.

Gig race, 8 oars.—Won by the Left Section crew, Corpl. McCully, coxwain, Br. Kelly, stroke, Dr. Boughton, bow, Drs. Foden, Callaghan, Boucher, Miller and Grs. Rider and Emley.

Capt. Burstall acted as starter, Capt. Ogilvie as judge and Col. Drury as referee. Sports Committee, Rdg. Inst. Gamblett, Sergt. Inst. McIntyre, Sergt. Wanless, Corpl. Simons, Br. Stamp and Shoring-Smith Espry.

The boat-race excited the keenest interest, and too much credit cannot be given to the contesting crews for the manner in which they steadily practised for some weeks before the race. Lt. Marsh coached the Left Section crew and Sergt. Inst. Long the Right Section crew; the course was a mile long with a turn half way; both boats got away fairly well together, the right section fellows having a slight lead; the left section crew, however, pulled up on their comrades before the half mile buoy was reached, and both boats rounded their respective buoys together, the struggle then commenced in earnest for supremacy; the left section oarsmen proved themselves rather the better, however, and came home winning by about a length and a half.

Disinterested spectators say they have seldom seen a prettier or better contested race on these waters.

The winning crew carried a beautiful silk pennant, with the letter "L" in the centre, made by the skillful fingers of one of the ladies of the Battery, the Right section a flag with the regimental colors. The Left Section wore white knickers and vest, the Right Section blue knickers and white vest.

The Lone Star Club presented the winning crew with a couple of flags which now decorate their mess room.

The average weight of the L. S. Crew being 164½ lbs.

The Lone Star Club give a grand open air entertainment, in the near future. It promises to exceed even all their previous successful affairs. Corpl. Simons will endeavor to frighten the natives in his new role of "Mephisto," not a difficult task for this versatile non-com. to undertake.

The ever popular organist of St. George's Cathedral, Mr. Robert Harvey, was the happy recipient of a beautiful organ score of Hymns A. & M., presented to him by the members of the Lone Star Club for invaluable and gratuitous services rendered in connection with the club's entertainments during the past season. The book is 20 in. x 12 in., bound in Russian morocco, with a handsome silver star in the centre on which is engraved "Battery Bob," a token of affectionate regard from "his friends, the Lone Stars," and in the right hand corner a silver cross; there is also a handsomely illuminated address on the fly-leaf with the V.R.I. large and names of the members of the club below.

"Battery Bob" is the pet-name the gunners have christened their friend. Who shall say now that the gunners do not appreciate any little attention shown them by their civilian friends?

MONTREAL.

The promotion of Lieut.-Col. Roy, late D. S. O. of the 5 Military District, to the position of D.O.C. of Military District, No. 6, with Headquarters at the Barracks, St. Johns, is rejoiced in by his Military friends in Montreal, and that includes all the officers of the Montreal Brigade. Col. Roy has been singularly fortunate in his intercourse with them and, while they hail his promotion with pleasure, regret his necessary removal. We wish him every possible success in his command.

Lieut.-Col. Gordon, of No. 4 Co. of the Royal Regiment of Canadian Infantry, whose Company is at present attached to the Royal Berkshire Regiment at Halifax, has arrived in Montreal to assume the duties of D.O.C. of No. 5 Military District, vacant by the retirement of Lieut.-Col. Houghton. Col. Gordon is in the prime of life and is an excellent up-to-date soldier. He was in England last year for a six months' training with the Imperial Troops, and passed all the examinations necessary for command. He has already made a most favorable impression.

Major Frenette, Pay Master of the 5 and 6 Districts has been retired. In future the duties of Pay Master will be

performed by the D.O.C. of Districts. Major Frenette served several years with No. 3 Co. of the Royal Regt. of Canadian Infantry, at St. Johns, as Quarter Master. He has been an invalid for the past five months, suffering from rheumatism, from which he is slowly recovering.

Lt.-Col. Starke, commanding the Victoria Rifles of Canada, has sent in his resignation, having held the command for five years. His case is one where exceptional circumstances might be cited as a reason of extension of time, and in all probability would have been accepted by Head Quarters. Col. Starke was asked by his officers to withdraw his resignation, but refused on the ground that he would not block promotion. He has been an exceptionally able commanding officer, and leaves his Battalion in first-class condition. Last year he commanded the Bisley team. Major Busted succeeds him.

The 1st Prince of Wales Rifles and the 6th Fusiliers have both passed most satisfactorily their annual inspection before the Inspector of Infantry.

The death of the Capt. Goddard, late of the 62nd Fatt., St. John, N.B., and secretary of the Montreal Military Institute, took place on the 28th of June, under very sad circumstances. In an unaccountable way he contracted small-pox, and the disease followed a most unusual course in its development. Where he took the infection is mysterious, as his was the first case of the disease which Montreal has had in twelve years. A few other cases have developed since, but it is believed that the disease has been stamped out. Capt. Goddard was a quiet, unobtrusive man—but was a general favorite, and though on the retired list took a lively interest in Militia matters. The members of the Military Institute propose erecting a monument over his grave in Mount Royal Cemetery.

Mr. Major Freeman, Lieut. in the 11th Battalion, has been named secretary of the Montreal Military Institute in succession to Capt. Goddard, deceased.

The Province of Quebec Rifle meeting opened at the Cote St. Luke Ranges on the 11th August. The entries were not as numerous as last year, but the shooting was excellent, and on the whole the meeting was successful.

There will not be any Fall Camps in the 5th Military District. The 85th Batt. is the only one that expressed a desire to go into Camp in September.

The Montreal Hussars have been detached from the 5th Regt. of Cavalry, and made an independent unit under Major Whitley. Montreal is now able to turn out a complete Brigade of Cavalry, Artillery and Infantry. The troop has been increased to a strength of 6 officers, 81 non-commissioned officers and men and 81 horses. Major Whitley is an enthusiastic officer, and has done wonders for the Montreal Cavalry since he joined it not more than two years ago. A new troop is to be raised in Huntingdon to replace the Montreal troop in the 6th Regiment.

All the Montreal Militia Corps, with the exception of the "Royal Scots," have passed their annual inspection. That corps will be inspected in the Autumn.

Lt.-Col. Mattice' has completely recovered from his illness, and is again at work, much to the satisfaction of his many friends.

The Hon. Dr. Borden has been in Montreal several times of late, and was looking, as he says he is, completely restored to health. He goes into Camp at Aldershot, Nova Scotia, on the 31st of August, with the Regiment of which he is Surgeon.

ST. JOHNS, P.Q.

NO. 3 REGIMENTAL DEPOT, R.R.C.I.

Hospital Sergt. Cotton and Private Wesley, who went to London on the Jubilee Contingent, returned on the 13th July, both looking the better of the trip. Both are very proud of their Jubilee Medal, and especially of being able to wear it on the left breast, and at all times, *i. e.* constantly. They have no end of stories to tell of the sights they saw in London, and of the great review at Aldershot. The trip was the event and ever will be of their lives.

The retirement of Col. d'Orsonnens from the Militia, by orders from the Militia Department, was announced here on the 12th July. On the evening of the 20th July, he was entertained at a farewell Dinner in the mess by the officers of the Depot and a few honorary members. The health of Col. d'Orsonnens was proposed by Lieut.-Col. Roy, who succeeds him in the command of Military District No. 6. He called upon Deputy Surgeon General Campbell as the Senior Regimental Officer at the Depot to supplement his remarks—which was done in a few well-chosen words. Col. d'Orsonnens will not vacate his quarters till about the end of August.

Lieut.-Col. Roy, who succeeds Lt.-Col. d'Orsonnens as D. O. C. of No. 6 Military District, took over the command on the 12th of July. Lt.-Col. Roy vacates the Brigade Majorship of No. 5 Military District. He will not remove his family to this Depot till September—when he will occupy quarters in the Barracks then to be vacated by Col. d'Orsonnens. Lt.-Col. Roy is a popular officer, and carries into the duties of his new command the best wishes of hosts of friends. His numerous Montreal friends will miss him at their Military Institute, of which he was an active member.

Major Young has been "temporarily" removed to the command of No. 2 Co., R.R.C.I., at Stanley Barracks, Toronto; and Lieut.-Col. Buchan, who commanded that Co., has been removed "temporarily" to St. Johns, to command No. 3 Co., R.R.C.I., and also to assume command of the Depot, which position was held by Col. d'Orsonnens in addition to being D.O.C. of the District. The command of the Depot is now separated from that of the District. Lt.-Col. Buchan arrived on the 20th of July, and the following day assumed command. He saw active service in the North West Rebellion—had his horse at Cut-Knife, and was present at Batoche—medal and clasp.

Lieut. and Capt. Fages has gone on leave till the 31st of August. He will, with his family, pass the time at Little Metis.

The Camp of this District, formed by the 54th, 58th and 79th Batts., opened at this Depot on the 22nd of June. The Camp Staff was Col. d'Orsonnens, commandant; Deputy Surgeon General Campbell, R.R.C.I., Principal Medical Officer; Lt.-Col. Amrauld, Shefford, Field Battery, Supply Officer; Capt. Chinie, Musketry Instructor, and Capt. d'Orsonnens, Camp Quartermaster. The new order regarding Medical inspection was rigidly enforced by the Principal Medical Officer, and 58 men were returned home, as "unfit." Under a new order—or memo issued—he lectured daily for one hour to the Regimental Medical Officers. The weather was upon the whole, excellent, and this enabled the work of the Camp to go on uninterruptedly. The result was all that could be accomplished in the allotted time was accomplished—and the appearance of the Battalions on marching out of Camp was in very marked contrast to what it was when they marched in. This was undoubtedly due in a great measure to the constant care and watchfulness of the Camp Commandant.

At last we have got a new flag pole, and the glorious old "Union Jack" once more floats from its head, where it can be seen from a long distance. The footpath of which we complained in our last has been repaired. It is hoped that the next thing alluded to will be the road to the town. In wet weather it is simply awful, and—as wet weather is far from being infrequent—it is most of the time in an "awful" condition.

Capt. Chinie has received his certificate of long course—Class A.

Private Jones—one of the detachment from this Depot to augment the strength of No. 4 Co. in its exchange—with the Royal Berkshire, was returned from Halifax the end of May as medically unfit. A couple of weeks in the Hospital here made him quite right, and he is doing full duty again. I think the sea air was too strong for him—s range—for he comes from the "tight little Island."

Capt. J. C. Macdougall, Adjutant, is on leave till the end of August. His hard work with the Jubilee Contingent, deserves recognition. We hear he is among the lovely scenery of Muskoka.

Lieut. Bell, 22nd Latt., Oxford Rifles, is attached for a short course.

Private Lincoln was acting Hospital Sergeant during the absence of Hospital Sergeant Cotton with the Jubilee Contingent, and right well he did his work. Surgeon Lieut.-Col. Campbell expressed his entire satisfaction with his management of the Hospital and attention to duty.

The weekly Guest nights have been resumed in Barracks. It is hoped that the Officers of the Montreal Brigade, all of whom are honorary members, will pay us a visit occasionally.

Bicycles have made their appearance on the Barrack Square in considerable numbers, and afford no end of pleasure to their owners. Col. Buchan is an enthusiastic "wheeler," and takes a warm interest in the "Bike Club." On Saturday, the 7th August, he used them in carrying a dispatch to Chambly, eleven miles distant. This was done by relays stationed along the road, and the dispatch was received at Chambly in one hour and thirty minutes after it left St. Johns. This is fair time, when it is considered that the riders have only had about a month's experience in riding.

We have lately had a visit from Mr. Wetherbie, the new Chief Architect of the Militia Dept. If we only get a fair share of what we have asked for—we will be satisfied. The Electric Light, however, is one of the things which should be included. It is time the old coal oil lamps were superseded.

Col. Buchan visited Plattsburgh on the 3rd of August, by invitation, and subsequently lunched with the President of the United States. He returned to St. Johns in Mr. MacDonald's yacht.

Several officers of the 21st U. S. Infantry, stationed at Plattsburgh, visited this Depot the end of July, and were entertained in the Mess Room.

Deputy Surgeon General F. W. Campbell went as usual early in June to his salmon fishing on the Resigouche. He reports the sport to have been the poorest he ever experienced, and as a consequence all those at the Depot, who generally receive evidence of his skill, were this Season left unsupplied.

The 52nd and 70th Batts. go into Camp here on the 14th Sept. under Lt.-Col. Roy, D.O.C., and Deputy Surgeon General F. W. Campbell as Princiual Medical Officer.

QUEBEC.

ROYAL CANADIAN ARTILLERY.

The R.C.A., Quebec, entered three teams for the League Matches. Owing to the ranges at Levis not being in good condition, these matches were fired on dates sanctioned by the management, as follows :

Date.	1st Team.	2nd Team.	3rd Team.
7, 7, '97	870	624	539
10, 7, '97	850	680	475
15, 7, '97	851	718	590
17, 7, '97	897	758	663
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	3468	2780	2267

Average 86.7.

The following men obtain League Prizes and Certificates.

	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	Total	Ave.	Certificate
Sergt. T. Pugh . .	95	92	92	88	367	91 $\frac{3}{4}$	1st & Badge

Corp. H. Hudson	85	94	89	96	364	91	1st & Badge
Bomb. W. Pugh.	92	95	80	88	355	88 $\frac{1}{2}$	1st
Serj. Inst. J. Bridgeford	93	77	93	89	352	88	1st
Bomb. E. Hoult.	83	84	83	91	341	85 $\frac{1}{2}$	2nd
" P. Morgan..	87	72	89	90	338	84 $\frac{1}{2}$	2nd
Mr. Gr. C. Lavie.	93	73	82	83	331	82 $\frac{1}{2}$	2nd
Serjt. W. Agins.	86	74	78	93	331	82 $\frac{1}{2}$	2nd
Gr. S. Weatherbie	52	84	82	87	315	78 $\frac{1}{2}$	2nd
Segt. F. Sellwood	78	71	79	78	306	76 $\frac{1}{2}$	2nd

Great credit is due to Capt. H. Panet, R.C.A., and Serjt. Inst. Bridgeford, Manager and Secy., respectively, of the R.C.A. League Teams.

Major Rivers and Serjt.-Inst. Bridgeford, R.C.A., were absent from 18th June to 5th July attending the instructional camp Garrison Artillery, at Charlottetown, P.E.I. They report cold weather, but good work and a warm welcome.

Bomb. Bissette was sent to Chicoutimi as instructor to the College Corps there this spring.

Serjt.-Inst. Slade acted in place of Serjt.-Major O'Grady, B. Fd. By., while the latter was with the contingent in England. He complains that he can never get away from the "long faces" even now that he has become a garrison gunner. Never mind Jim, "their long face haunts me still."

Serjt. A. Lyndon and Corp. L. Power, R.C.A., attended a special course of Inst. at Halifax, N.S., in the handling of the Maxim Gun from the 14th May. to 6th June, and have returned with 1st Class Cert. They are employed in imparting instruction to classes in the R.C.A. with the latest pattern guns just issued to this school.

The Jubilee Contingent was quartered in the Citadel for 10 days previous to their sailing for England on the 6th June, 1897. They made things lively during their stay, and there were many unexpected meetings of old friends from all parts of the Dominion. It was rather close packing and meals had to be suddenly improvised, but good fellowship and good temper prevailed, with the result that all hands were mutually pleased with each other. The O.C., the Contingent, thanked the O.C., R.C.A. on leaving, for the assistance willingly given on all occasions by the men of the R.C.A.

The Jubilee quota from the R.C.A. consisted of :

Sergt.-Maj. J. O'Grady, B. Fd. By. (Sergt.-Maj. Fd. Artillery detachment), Sergt. W. Simpson, B. Fd. By.; Bomb. A. Withey, B. Fd. By.; Gunner J. Russell, No. 1 Coy. R.C.A.

They returned on the 14th July, much pleased with the pleasant trip and the magnificent reception in England. They report having had plenty of drill and hard work, but are delighted with the kindness shown them everywhere in England. The Contingent seems altogether to have been a grand success. The small boys of Quebec have gone Indian mad, and are full of Fenimore Cooper, cowboys, and lassoes, scalps and warwhoops since the arrival of the detachment of the N.W.M.P. Our friend Sergt.-Inst. Bagley paraded for the Gov.-Gen. Insp. in "prairie uniform" arms, accoutrements, lasso, mexican saddle, horn, and stirrups, with the smart and serviceable grey suit and sombrero. He most certainly "took the bun" out of the whole Contingent.

Lt.-Col. J. F. Wilson, R.C.A., was detailed to command the Artillery Battalion at the Camp of Inst., Niagara. Surg. Lt.-Col. Sewell, R.C.A., was also detailed for that camp.

"B," Fd. By., was in camp from the 19th June to the 3rd July, at the Engineer Huts, Pt. Levis, with the 1st Quebec Fd. By. A detachment of 50 men from the R.C.A. was also detailed for this Camp to do guard duty and Military Police work under Capt. Duplessis.

Capt. H. Panet, R.C.A., was Inst. of Musketry, assisted by Sergt. Hebert and Br. Bisette. Surg. Lt.-Col. Sewell, Hosp. Sergt. O'Hagan and Trumpeter Paquet, R.C.A., were also on the Brigade Staff.

This has been a quarter of change for the R.C. Artillery.

On the 1st July, 1897, Lt.-Col. D. T. Irwin, A.A.G.A. and Commanding the Regiment, issued his farewell order on retirement. Col. Irwin has been in command of the Regiment since 1883.

On the 12th July, orders were issued that Capt. O. Pelletier, R.C.A., was to take over command of No. 7 M.D., vice Lt.-Col. T. Duchesnay retired. Capt. Pelletier was in action with the Regiment at "Cut Knife Hill," N. W., 1885, and was severely wounded.

On the 15th July, Lt.-Col. C. E. Montizambert handed over the command of the R.C.A., Quebec, to Lt.-Col. J. F. Wilson. Col. Montizambert has been connected with the Regiment since the formation of the School of Gunnery in 1871.

He will carry with him wherever he goes the liking and good wishes of every member of his command. He takes over the command of M. D. Nos. 3 and 4, and continues Inspector of Artillery, No. 1, 2, 3 and 4 Districts.

Lt.-Col. J. F. Wilson, who assumes command of the R.C.A. and R.S.A., is also one of those connected with the Regiment from the first foundation. He has been "thro' the mill" from bottom to top. He has also obtained the necessary certificate for command in England, and has seen active service with the Imperial Troops, having served in the Soudan Campaign, 1884-85, attached to 11 Southern, R.A. He was present at the action of Abu Klea, and is in possession of the medal and clasp and the Khedive's Star. Under his command, therefore, the Regiment of Canadian Artillery is in good hands.

Major J. Hudon has been transferred from Kingston to take over the command of "B" Fd. By., vacated by the promotion of Lt.-Col. Wilson.

Major R. W. Rutherford was ordered to Ottawa on the 19th May to assist at Head Quarters during the absence of the Adjutant General with the Jubilee Contingent in England.

Death has also been busy in our midst.

On the 28th May, 1897, Corporal E. Rutherford, No. 1 Co., shot himself. The coroner's inquest returned a verdict of temporary insanity, and he was buried with Military honours on the 31st May. He was a good comrade, and much liked by all who knew him.

On the 10th July, Gunner J. Larkin, R.C.A., died in Hospital, after a short illness, from heat. He had long been a member of the R.C.A., and popular with all his comrades. He was buried on the 12th July.

Pte. Richards, of the 8th R. Rifles, Quebec, an old member of the R.C.A., was buried on the 8th June, with band and gun team of his old Regiment, and many followers. The firing party of course was furnished by his own Corps.

The usual salutes were fired from the King's Bastion Citadel, Quebec, on the Queen's Birthday and Dominion Day, and a special salute, by order, on the Royal Jubilee, 22nd June. The Regt. was turned out to march in the procession to open the new Park, but were turned in again on account of the heavy rain.

A Regimental Bicycle Club Uniform has been sanctioned.

The Regimental Artificers, under Mr. Barrington, have been employed much this spring in repairing damages to the splendid newly imported Batteries of 12 Pr. B. L. Field Guns, injured during the voyage.

M. G.

HALIFAX.

No. 4 Co., R.R.C.I., SERVING WITH THE ROYAL BERKSHIRE.

No. 4 Company is once more back at Wellington Barracks at duty. They came back from McNab's Island, on Wednesday, the 22nd of July, after finishing their Musketry Course. McNab's Island is a very nice place, thickly inhabited by mosquitoes of very vicious dispositions. As far as everything else is concerned, the island is about the worst place in the world, and all the men are exceedingly glad to be back at Wellington again. They will be still more pleased when they get back to Fredericton, for Halifax is not a desirable place. The city is a route march from Wellington, and then there are so many streets and places out of bounds that you never know where you are. As far as the Berkshire Regiment is concerned, it would not have been possible to quarter No. 4 Co. with a better set of men, and there has been no friction whatever. No. 4 is getting its full share of duty, for, in addition to Garrison fatigues, it often happens that they furnish two guards a day, Gun-Wharf and Magazine. For various reasons Guard Mounting Parade is a pleasure in Wellington. The morning at Reveille is foggy of course, and you say to yourself, "Hooray, another fine hot day." You, therefore, put an extra swell fold on your coat, and give your valise a few finishing touches. About 8.30 a.m., the weather suddenly decides to turn wet, and the order comes out for cloaks for guard, which likewise includes capes and leggings. You breathe a silent prayer, take your coat from the straps, unpack the valise, extract the cape, and there you are, a flour-sack tied up in the middle, and a valise like a three-cornered hat. There you are, in a bad temper for the day. The Government ought to provide a more modern equipment, and give us something better than black pouches. If those black pouches were called into store, the *morale* of the Canadian Permanent Force would increase about 100 per cent.

There's any amount of news more, but I can't stop to

write it now, because the time now is 8.45, and I have instruction in the Maxim Gun at 9, and I ain't a'going to run my nose into a mud bank for any one. Oh yes, one thing, Berringer was appointed Lance Corporal the other day. Good old Deutsch'nd once more to the front.

PLAINTIVE CRY FROM McNAB'S ISLAND.

What makes my body and head to swell,
 And brings on such great irritation?
 It's tho'e beastly mosquitoes that bite like—(anything),
 And cause all the itching sensation.

PLAINIVE CRY FORM HALIFAX.

What makes my lachrymal glands to extend
 In such an uncomfortable fashion?
 What causes my adipose tissue to spend
 More than its lawful, ration?

II.

Is it because my bodily health,
 Is not what it ought to be?
 No, it's because of these beastly field-days
 And Halifax dust, do you see?

VALE.

Good old Lance Corporal Potter
 Has gone on the Staff at Otta—
 Wat, and his loss
 To the Permanent Force
 Will be felt, if it isn't, it oughter.

REGULATIONS FOR THE PERMANENT
 CORPS, 1889.

PAY.

Paragraph 35. Regulations for the Permanent Corps, 1889, is cancelled, and the following substituted in lieu thereof: "1. An increase of pay will be granted at the rate of 50 cents per diem to all Officers, with the exception of the Commandant, after four years' substantive service. 2. A further increase of pay, at the rate of 50 cents per diem will be paid to such Officers after eight years' substantive service, provided

that they have not received a step of substantive rank during the interval. 3. Officers performing the duties of Adjutant will be allowed 50 cents extra per diem."

Paragraph 37 of the Regulations for the Permanent Corps, 1889, is cancelled.

HEADQUARTERS, 8th July, 1897.

ACTIVE MILITIA
APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS AND RETIREMENTS.

HEADQUARTERS' STAFF.

His Excellency the Governor General has been pleased to permit Lieutenant-Colonel de la Cherois T. Irwin to resign his appointment of Assistant Adjutant-General for Artillery at Headquarters.

The General Officer Commanding cannot permit Lieutenant-Colonel Irwin to retire from the staff of the Militia without placing on record his high appreciation of that Officer's devotion to duty during the 25 years that he has served in the Permanent Corps and on the Headquarters' Staff. The General Officer Commanding believes that the present high state of efficiency of the Artillery arm in Canada is due to a large extent to the services of Lieutenant-Colonel Irwin.

Lieutenant-Colonel Irwin is transferred to the Canadian Artillery Reserve of Officers.

Lieutenant-Colonel William Henry Cotton, District Officer Commanding Military Districts Nos. 3 and 4, has been detailed to perform the duties of Adjutant-General until further orders, vice Irwin, retired. 5th July, 1897.

INFANTRY AND RIFLES.

The Royal Regiment of Canadian Infantry.—To be Surgeon-Major: Surgeon-Major William Nattress, from the "Queen's Own Rifles of Canada," vice Strange, deceased; and Cassius Wilkinson Belton, Esquire, M.D., vice Hanavan, deceased. 17th June, 1897.

ANECDOTES.

A COMFORTING COMPANION.

THE LATE DUKE OF KENT was a most determined enemy to drunkenness, and whenever he found a sober man he was his sincere friend. In Nova Scotia, rum in those days was very cheap, and mixed with water was the common

beverage among the troops. One morning His Royal Highness was entering the north barrack gate. The sentry of course presented arms to him. He stopped suddenly and said to the sentry, "You have been drinking rum, sir; I smell it." "I have not," said the soldier. The sergeant of the guard was called and ordered to smell the sentry's breath. He did so, but could not say he smelt rum. H. R. H. insisted that the man had rum somewhere about him, and ordered the sergeant to search him. He took off his cap, examined his cartridge box and every part of the man's dress, but could find no rum. "It does not signify," said H. R. H., "but I am satisfied he has got rum about him." "Now, my man," said H. R. H., "tell me where the rum is, and I give you my word I will take no further notice of it." The poor fellow, knowing the Royal Duke's word was everything, opened the pan of his musket, and pointing to a little plug in the touch-hole, said, "It is in the barrel of my fire-lock, and when I want a drop I take out the plug and suck a little from the touch-hole." H. R. H. smiled and told him to empty it out on the ground, and bade him take care he did not catch him at this trick again.

OBEYING ORDERS.

A SENTRY was placed at the door of a picture gallery with orders "to allow no one to enter without first depositing their stick or umbrella in the place appointed for the purpose." Very soon a man came along without any stick or umbrella, but the sentry would not allow him to pass. "Why not," said the man, "is not this a free country, and may I not go in if I like?" "No," said the sentry, "these are my orders, and you cannot enter until you deposit your stick or umbrella over there." And, seeing further argument was useless, the man went out and bought a walking-stick, and having deposited it with the stick taker was then allowed to go in and look at the pictures.

ONE ADVANTAGE OF THE ARMY.

"YOU lost two legs in the army, you say. What did you gain by it?" asked a gentleman of a Chelsea pensioner. "Single blessedness, sir," he replied; "for after that no woman would marry me."