



George T. Duvion

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SOLDIERING IN CANADA

Recollections and Experiences
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PREFACE

SOME years ago, my friend, Mr. James Bain, Librarian of the Toronto Public Library, urged me very strongly to write my reminiscences. We had been discussing some point in Canadian political history in reference to which I happened to have some inside information. I replied, that I could not publish reminiscences of that kind as the time had not arrived when it could be done, and I thought no more about it.

In June, 1898, however, I was retired from the command of the Governor-General's Body Guard on account of reaching the time limit, and my active connection with the Canadian militia, in which I had served since my youth, was ended. Then Mr. Bain's suggestion recurred to my mind, and I decided to write the recollections of my military career, as a contribution to the records of the defensive force of Canada.

In a review of an autobiography, which I read in a literary paper some years since, the critic said that reminiscences should be written just in the style in which a man would tell his recollections to an old friend while smoking a pipe in front of a fire. I quite agree with that view, and—although I do not smoke—I have tried to write the following pages in the spirit

described by the reviewer. I have written freely and candidly, and have put down the facts as they were, leaving them to give the information as to the inside working of the Canadian Military System in the period of transition through which it has been passing during the last forty-five years.

GEORGE T. DENISON

HEYDON VILLA, *Toronto, July, 1900*

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INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER

THE CANADIAN MILITIA

Mainstay of Imperial interests in North America—Founded by U.E. Loyalists—Lady Tennyson's remark—Militia Act of 1793—Governor Simcoe—Amendments in the Law of 1808—Flank Companies organized—Scanty equipment—War of 1812, Calling out of Militia—General Brock's testimony—Wide-spread ignorance of the Campaign—Victorious result of the War—Rebellion of 1837—Sir Francis Head—Crimean War—The Act of 1855—Organization of the Active Force—The Trent affair—Fenian raids—Red River expedition—Canadian Militia the Army of Canada.

THE Canadian militia have a history of which they may well be proud. For over 100 years they have been the mainstay of Imperial interests in North America, and in the face of tremendous odds have aided greatly in preserving half a continent to the British Empire. In spite of adverse circumstances and unfavourable conditions, in no part of the Queen's dominions have the people shown a stronger spirit of unselfish and patient loyalty.

The foundation of the Canadian militia was practically laid by the gallant band of Loyalists who, in the American Revolution of 1776, in spite of unfair legislation, and careless and supercilious indifference on the part of the Mother country, submitted to it all, and

obeying the scriptural injunction "Fear God, honour the King," took up arms for the unity of the race and the ties of kindred, and fought for their Sovereign during a long and cruel war. These gallant men were among the wealthiest, the most cultured and most law-abiding of the colonists. While fighting England's quarrel they received but little consideration from either side, their interests and rights being generally ignored.

When British regulars were captured during the Revolutionary struggle, they were treated by the rebels as prisoners of war, their lives were safe and they were sometimes paroled or exchanged. On the other hand, if the Loyalists, who were only fighting for their King and Constitution, fell into the hands of the enemy, they were often tried and executed as rebels to the rebel government, and for years this was done without reprisal or retaliation.

At the close of the war the treaty of peace made no effective provision for guarding their lives or property, and they were driven into the wilds of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Upper Canada. Deprived of all their possessions and driven from their homes, they commenced to build up anew a British dominion in the northern half of this continent. Upper Canada was an almost unbroken wilderness, but then

*"'Twas British wilderness,
Where they might sing
God save the King,
And live protected by his laws
And loyally uphold his cause."*

These men, who had fought for a United Empire, and were inspired by these sentiments, composed the first Canadian militia, and in the earliest militia laws passed by themselves, we can easily trace the remarkable spirit of loyalty and self-sacrifice, which has given them a name and a fame worthy to place them on an equality with, if not above, the founders of any nation in history.

Lady Tennyson, wife of the Poet Laureate, speaking to me about them a year or two before her death, said: "You Canadians should be proud of the founders of your country. The United Empire Loyalists were a grand type of loyal, law-abiding, God-fearing men. No country ever had such founders, no country in the world. No, not since the days of Abraham!" I was much struck with the warm appreciation of the Imperial spirit which the dear old lady displayed.

Upper Canada was established as a province in 1792. Colonel John Graves Simcoe, who had served all through the Revolutionary War, in command of a corps of Loyalists, was appointed the first Lieutenant-Governor, and many of his old soldiers had settled in the province.

The first militia law was passed in 1793. The four districts of Upper Canada were divided into twelve counties, and the militia of each county were commanded by an officer called the Lieutenant. The men were divided into regiments and companies, they were obliged to assemble once a year, and were inspected by the captains of companies at least twice a year. Every male inhabitant from sixteen to fifty years of age

was considered a militiaman, and was obliged to enlist on reaching the proper age, under a penalty of four dollars for neglecting to do so. Officers and men not attending the assembling of the militia, for which no pay was provided, were fined eight and two dollars respectively. Officers and men not promptly joining their regiments in case of an attack or insurrection, were liable to fines of fifty pounds for officers and twenty pounds for petty officers and men.

The following year the Act was amended, and in time of war the age limit was extended to sixty years. The militia were also obliged to serve on board ships or vessels, or to act as cavalry, and to extend their service beyond the province, on condition that the same men would not be bound to serve more than six months successively. The exemptions from military drill in time of peace were not numerous, and in time of active service in war there appear to have been no exemptions. The whole militia was estimated at about 9,000. Dr. Canniff, in his "History of the Settlement of Upper Canada," says: "There is no doubt that the military spirit of Simcoe (the Governor) was pleasing to the old soldier farmers, and in them he found willing and zealous abettors of his military schemes."

In 1801 there was still further legislation, and again in 1808, when there was passed a Militia Act to amend and consolidate the previous acts. This was in anticipation of the war with the United States, which broke out in 1812. The rules for enrolling and training, and the fines for neglect of duty, remained the same, and

the captain or officer commanding each company was compelled, under a penalty of five pounds, to furnish the colonel or commanding officer of the battalion, fair written rolls of his company, and the colonel or officer commanding was obliged, under a penalty of ten pounds, to forward returns to the Lieutenant-Governor within fourteen days after June 4th of each year, which, as the King's birthday, was fixed for the annual muster.

The captains were obliged to call out their companies not less than twice, nor more than four times in each year, to inspect their arms and instruct them in their duties—and all had to turn out, or were liable to be fined. Each man was compelled to provide himself, within six months after his enrollment, with a good and sufficient musket, fusil, rifle or gun, with at least six rounds of powder and ball, and had to come provided with the same every time he was called out. The penalty for neglect to come so provided, rendered him liable to a fine of five shillings in time of peace, and forty shillings in time of war.

This was a very severe measure, when it is remembered that a boy reaching sixteen years of age had to appear and enroll himself, bringing a weapon and ammunition, that he received no remuneration, and that in those days the people were exceedingly poor and money very scarce. So to this clause there was a very necessary exception. If the captain, on careful enquiry, was satisfied that it was an impossibility for the militiaman to provide himself with these articles, he could certify the same in writing, in which case the man

would not be liable to be fined. From another clause it appears that the Government issued arms to those unable to procure them, for there is a provision for their care and protection.

All fines for non-enrollment and non-attendance at parade were paid to the commanding officer of the regiment, who used the money to provide for the regiments, drums, fifes, colours, banners, regimental books, etc., and to pay other incidental expenses. If there was any surplus, it was to be used for prizes for the best shots at a target or mark upon the days of training.

It will be seen that this law was based upon the broad principle that every man of fighting age had to be enrolled, and had to muster for training at least three days per annum, but not more than five; that he had to provide his own weapon and ammunition, and that he had to do all this as a duty to the State, without any pay or remuneration whatever. It was fair, however, for as every man had to perform the duty, it saved all trouble to have no collection of taxes, or keeping of accounts for that purpose. Still this Act, passed by the people themselves, who themselves bore the burden, is a striking testimony to the loyal and patriotic spirit which animated all classes, and stands on our statute book as a monument to the national spirit of our fathers.

In February, 1812, before the war broke out, the legislature authorized the formation of two flank companies from each regiment. These men were those who were willing, out of the general body of

the militia of each regimental district, to volunteer for service and to drill six days each month. For this great sacrifice of nearly one-fourth of their time, no provision was made for paying the men. General Brock, however, asked that the Imperial authorities should issue rations to the number actually present for exercise. He explained, in urging this upon Sir George Prevost, the Commander-in-Chief, that he expected the companies would be composed of the best description of inhabitants who, in most cases, would have to go a great distance to attend parade, and unless this provision was allowed, would be liable to heavy expense, or be subjected to considerable privations. He also asked that as much clothing as could be spared from the King's stores might be forwarded to him, to clothe such companies as were the most likely to be called upon duty.

On May 16th, 1812, General Brock, writing to Sir George Prevost, says: "The flank companies, in the districts in which they have been established, were instantly completed with volunteers, and, indeed, an almost unanimous disposition to serve is daily manifested. I shall proceed to extend this system now I have ascertained that the people are so well disposed—but my means are very limited."

This willingness to volunteer was striking in view of the fact that there was no pay, and that the men had to clothe and arm themselves. They were directed to provide themselves with a jacket or short coat of some dark coloured cloth, and a round hat.

War was declared on June 18th, 1812, and it was

known in Upper Canada on June 24th. On July 3rd General Brock writes again to Prevost: "My first object has been the calling out of the flank companies of militia, which has produced a force on this line of about 800 men. They turned out very cheerfully, but already show a spirit of impatience." This was not to be wondered at, for they were furnished with scarcely any articles of use or comfort. They were without blankets, or kettles or tents. Just before the battle of Queenston Heights, three months later, their pay was in arrears, they had no camp utensils of any description, their clothing hung about them in tatters, many were barefooted, and they suffered dreadfully from cold and rain, yet their patience and cheerfulness excited General Brock's warmest admiration and praise.

These were the men who captured Detroit and its much superior garrison, and who shortly after, at Queenston Heights, bitterly avenged the death of their beloved leader in the brilliant and decisive victory won upon that field. In all the victories of this war, the Canadian militia did excellent service. The struggle took place simultaneously with the later campaigns of the Peninsular War, and communication at that time was very difficult and infrequent between Canada and England. The whole attention of the British people was concentrated on the mighty contest going on in Europe. The invasion of Russia by Napoleon, and the retreat from Moscow, took place during the first year of the war. Salamanca was fought the same year. The campaigns of Dresden, Lutzen, Bautzen,

Liepsig and Vittoria during the second year, and the campaign in 1814 in front of Paris, and the actions of Orthes and Toulouse during the last year. These important events filled the public eye and prevented the campaigns in Canada from being noticed, or receiving their proper place in the history of the wars of the Empire.

Few, even of the well-educated people in England, have ever heard the name of Brock, and if his name is mentioned, the question is generally asked,—“Who was General Brock?” I have often tried the experiment of mentioning his name to English people, and unless they had been in Canada, have always been saluted with the question as to who Brock was.

In the annals of the British Empire there are no more brilliant feats than those performed by the Canadian militia, aided by a few British regulars, in the actions of Queenston Heights, Stoney Creek, Beaver Dams, Chrysler's Farm, Ogdensburg, Lundy's Lane and Chateauguay. In this latter fight 300 Canadian voltigeurs, under Colonel DeSalaberry, reinforced by 600 militia, under Colonel George Macdonell, defeated and drove out of the country an army of about 6,000, under General Hampton, 4,000 of whom were United States regulars. Colonel Macdonell's march from Kingston to the battlefield of Chateauguay, 170 miles by water in bateaux, and twenty miles by land in sixty hours of actual travel, will rank with any of the great marches in history. He arrived just before the action with his battalion of 600, without one man absent.

The result of the three years fighting was that twelve

distinct invasions by superior forces of the enemy were defeated and driven out of the country, making it a victorious war for us.

From 1815, for twenty-two years Canada enjoyed the blessings of peace, until in 1837 the intrigues of some dissatisfied strangers brought about an insurrection. The rebels gathered a few miles north of Toronto, the capital of Upper Canada, and threatened its capture. There was not one British soldier in the province, and the Lieutenant Governor, Sir Francis Bond Head, appealed to the people. The militia, still organized under the old law, responded loyally to the call, and without uniforms or military equipment of any kind, armed with shot guns, fowling pieces and rifles owned by themselves, they gathered together and came pouring into Toronto in such numbers that the Governor had to issue a proclamation asking them to remain at their homes, as they could not be fed.

The rebels were scattered at the skirmish of Gallows Hill, about three miles north of Toronto. Then a force of militia marched to the village of Scotland, west of Dundas, and dispersed a gathering in that neighbourhood. Some 3,000 Loyalists were then massed on the Niagara frontier, and took part in the siege of Navy Island, which they soon forced the enemy to evacuate. During the following year, at Prescott and other points, filibustering expeditions were defeated and driven back, the militia turning out with the most cheerful alacrity at the first alarm of invasion.

As soon as the danger was over, the men returned to their homes and their usual avocations, feeling that they

had only done their duty to their sovereign and their country. Shortly after, in the Oregon boundary difficulty, when vehement threats of war were being made by our neighbours, the Canadian militia once more began organizing and preparing to defend their homes. The affair was arranged peacefully, and military matters fell into abeyance until the Crimean War, when the British troops being called away, the nucleus of the present active militia force was organized under the Act of 1855. This force consisted of about 7,000 men, who were drilled ten days per annum, for which they were paid, and they were properly armed and equipped. The force was soon raised, although the men had to provide their uniforms at their own expense. In 1861 the Trent affair, and the imminent danger of war, aroused once more the martial spirit of the people, and in every town and village men met together for drill and organization. The country was turned into a recruiting and training depot. The Government recognized these efforts to a certain extent, and authorized the organization of a number of new corps, which raised the strength of the active force to some 35,000 men. It has since been maintained at about this strength. The Fenian Raids of 1866 and 1870 proved the necessity for this force, and caused it, for a time, to receive a certain amount of encouragement and fair treatment from the Government.

In 1870 the Red River Expedition, and in 1885 the North-West Rebellion, again gave the militia the opportunity of being of great service to the country, but the force has always had great difficulties to contend with,

some regiments being only drilled every second year, and some every third year.

I purpose to give in the following pages my personal reminiscences and experiences in this force, which I entered before the Act of 1855, and which I left on June 14th, 1898, when I was placed on the Reserve List under the regulations fixing a time limit for command.

At the risk of appearing egotistical, I will discuss everything from my personal point of view, because I think I can in that way give a clearer idea of the practical inner working of the system than in any other. I do this because the conditions governing the Canadian militia, which has been the only Canadian army, have been peculiar, and have differed from the conditions governing the military forces of most countries. Great changes have been made since my earliest recollections, when the old system established in 1808 was still in use. Still greater changes are likely to be made in the immediate future, and it may be of some interest to record the particulars of a militia system which, in many respects, has passed or is passing away.

CHAPTER I

THE WAR OF 1812-14

Recollections of my grandfather — Extraordinary affection of Canadians for Brock—His boldness—Capture of Detroit—Death at Queenston Heights — Tablet to his memory — Loyalty of Canadian Women—Great Odds—Brock the National Hero of Canada — Other leaders — Prevost and Proctor left tarnished reputations—Unpleasant adventure of an arbitrary Colonel — Narrow escape of my grandfather—Flotilla of bateaux saved—Vessels burned—Battle of Lundy's Lane—Monument unveiled in 1895—Result of the War.

MY earliest recollections of the Canadian militia are of the numerous conversations upon the subject that I was accustomed to overhear as a child at my grandfather's, as well as at my own home. My maternal grandfather, Major Dewson, served in the Waterloo campaign, and afterwards in the rebellion of 1837-8. My paternal grandfather was an ensign in the York Flank companies during the war of 1812, and commanded his troop of cavalry in the Rebellion of 1837. My father and his brother had also served in the rebellion. Almost all the old friends of the family had been engaged in one or other of these campaigns, and when they met, events were often recalled, anecdotes

retold, and the conduct of the campaigns freely criticized and discussed.

At this time, say fifty years ago, the first telegraph lines were being put up, there were no railways, steam vessels had only recently been getting into use for crossing the Atlantic, and news came from abroad slowly and irregularly—consequently conversation was much more confined to matters of local interest than it is to-day when we read every morning in our papers the news of what has occurred all over the world the day before.

The clearest impression left on my mind from the discussions to which I delighted to listen, was the remarkable respect and esteem felt by all the old veterans of the War of 1812 for their favorite leader, General Brock. They seemed to revere his memory and were most enthusiastic in their praises of his firmness, ability and fearless courage. Although he was killed in the first battle, they attributed to him the success of the war and the freedom of Canada.

What especially endeared him to the memory of these old loyalists was the fearless and defiant way in which he maintained his confidence in the face of enormous odds, and what was worst of all, internal intrigue and treachery. The action that particularly pleased them was his bold move in proroguing the House of Assembly, and declaring martial law, in order to arrest and banish the traitors who were spreading doubt and hesitation among the people. This bold and defiant step, in the face of an invading army in the country, and others threatening at other points,

gave confidence to the militia, who, on his appeal to them to follow him in defence of the Province, responded at once with the utmost enthusiasm. Brock set off the next day, August 6th, for Sandwich, where 2,500 of the enemy under General Hull, had invaded the Province. He took with him 200 of the York (or Toronto) militia, and went to Amherstburg, where, with a force of 330 regulars, 400 militia and 600 Indians under Chief Tecumseh, in all 1,330 men, he marched upon Detroit, where the enemy had recrossed the river and had taken their stand, and succeeded in capturing General Hull with his whole force and a large quantity of arms and supplies, of which he was in great need. This surrender took place on August 16th, 1812. The capture of Detroit was electrical in its effect, it inspired the loyal, confirmed the loyalty of the wavering and completely cowed the disloyal, many of whom received short notice to leave the country.

General Brock's death at Queenston Heights on October 13th, 1812, while gallantly leading his men, appealed vividly to the sympathy and affection of his followers and the inhabitants generally. My grandmother, Esther Borden Lippincott, was the only child of Captain Richard Lippincott of the New Jersey volunteers. Captain Lippincott had fought during the American Revolution as a United Empire Loyalist, and his daughter was inspired with that patriotic semi-religious type of loyalty which distinguished all that class. "Fear God, Honour the King" was the doctrine

of their faith, for their simple piety was as marked as their loyalty.

In 1812 my grandmother was twenty-one years of age, but had been married several years, and had two young children. She was living in a lonely clearance in the forest a few miles from Toronto, and in the then unsettled condition of the country was unable to get servants. My grandfather was on the frontier with the York volunteers, and had been able, with much difficulty, to get a boy of eleven years of age to do the work and aid and assist his wife. It was a lonely life for a young well educated girl, with her infants, and alarming at times, for on one occasion in the winter the wolves gathered around the house and looked into the windows, so that she had to sit up all night to replenish the open fire to frighten them from breaking in through the glass.

It was in this place, under these circumstances, that my grandmother, to testify her respect and esteem for General Brock, worked in needlework a tablet in memory of him.

To the Memory
of
MAJOR-GENERAL BROCK
who gloriously fell
(*as he was bravely defending his country*)
at the Battle of Queenston, the
13th day of October in the year
of our Lord,
1812.
"Push on brave York Volunteers."

This little piece of needle-work, framed, is in the

possession of my uncle, Lieutenant-Colonel Robert B. Denison, an interesting memento of the loyal spirit of our Canadian women in those early days, for there must have been thousands of women all over Canada left under similar conditions while the men were fighting for their homes.

My grandfather was often employed on special service and had to ride a good deal through the country. I have heard him say that he has ridden all day long during the summer without seeing one able-bodied man, the women, children, and very old men alone being seen working in the fields. The men were all with the army. With a people animated with this spirit we can understand how a population of 70,000 in Upper Canada, with the assistance of a small British force, were able to preserve their freedom against the assaults of a nation of 8,000,000, which, during the war, called out under arms no less than 576,622 men.

While Brock's name stands out above all as the great national hero of Canada, there were some other British officers who gained the admiration and esteem of the Canadians. Sir John Harvey, the hero of Stoney Creek; Fitzgibbon, the victor of Beaver Dams; Drummond, who conquered at Lundy's Lane, and Morrison, who commanded at Chrysler's Farm, all live in the memories and affections of our people. So, also, with De Salaberry and Colonel George Macdonell.

Two Imperial officers left behind them tarnished names, which no attempts, on the part of their apologists, have had the slightest effect in vindicating. One was Sir George Prevost, the Commander-in-Chief, who

seems to have been a muddler and blunderer of the worst kind. He was an embarrassment to Brock from the beginning. He arranged an armistice after the capture of Detroit, which was a great injury to our interests and an immense advantage to the enemy. He endeavoured to fetter Col. George Macdonell, at Ogdensburg, and when the latter exceeded his instructions and captured that place with its cannon and stores, and destroyed its supplies, paralyzing thereby an invasion by the enemy, he reported the brilliant success as having been the result of his orders, when really it was in spite of them. At Sackett's Harbour he retreated after his men had practically won the day, turning a victory into a defeat. The same thing exactly occurred at Plattsburg where, with some 16,000 of Wellington's veterans, fresh from the Peninsular War, he suffered the most shameful defeat that our arms met with. He had there the largest and finest and best equipped army that has ever been concentrated in Canada, and he once more ordered a retreat when the men had virtually won a victory. He was ordered home to be tried by court-martial for this, but died before the trial came off. General Proctor was another officer who left an unsatisfactory reputation in Canada on account of his conduct at Moraviantown, where the celebrated Indian chief Tecumseh was killed.

The officers of the war, who were the old men when I was a child, all agreed in these estimates of the various generals. They could never praise Brock enough, and their eyes would flash with anger when speaking of either Prevost or Proctor. Tecumseh was always

spoken of in terms of the highest admiration by these men who had known him and had served with him.

Some Imperial officers did not have the tact or ability to handle properly the militia men who, during the war, were constantly under their command, and considerable ill-feeling was caused by the harshness of some of them. I remember well one anecdote. At the York garrison, at one time during the war, a number of militia and regulars were quartered together under an army colonel who made himself very obnoxious to the militiamen. One evening he was driving down to Government House to a dinner in full uniform, in a sleigh, during a thaw, when there were many deep puddles in the road, which, at that time, ran for a part of the way through the woods; when the colonel, with his servant driving him, arrived opposite the worst puddle, one man stepped out from the woods and seized the horse's bridle, another cut the horse loose from the sleigh, while three others seized the sleigh by the side and overturned it on top of the colonel and his servant in the mud hole. The horse received a slash with a whip or stick which sent it galloping off in one direction, while the five militiamen ran off in another. They were never discovered, and the martinet lost his dinner and had a ruined uniform to remind him of the mistake of being too disagreeable.

As a rule the two services worked well together, although there was naturally a little rivalry, as there will be even between regiments.

My grandfather often spoke of his once being sent

with a large sum of money, about \$40,000, from York around to the army headquarters in the Niagara frontier. He was approaching St. David's when a dragoon came galloping towards him at full speed. When he came near he said: "Are you the officer from York with a large sum of money?" Not knowing his object, my grandfather at first denied it, when the man said: "St. David's is captured, the enemy are coming this way and I have been sent to warn him to go back to York." Two more dragoons came in sight, chased by a party of the enemy's cavalry. My grandfather turned and galloped away, and was chased several miles, escaping with great difficulty.

On another occasion he was sent to Kingston to bring up to York a flotilla of bateaux, or open boats, filled with supplies for the army. The enemy's fleet, for the time, had control of the lake, and it was necessary to creep up along the shore to avoid capture. One morning, at daybreak, the enemy's war vessels were seen in the distance approaching; the boats were hurried to where a small stream entered the lake. A bridge crossed the stream at the mouth. This was soon cut away, and the bateaux all worked up the stream out of sight, and so they escaped. I remembered hearing this story several times. A few years ago Dr. William Chewett, grandson of Colonel Chewett, who commanded the York militia regiment in which my grandfather served, sent me some reports of court-martials in which he was mentioned, and his evidence in one of them gave the account of his having been engaged on this expedition.

When York was captured in April, 1813, my grandfather was sent with a party of men to burn the ships on the stocks, and to set fire to a frigate which lay in the harbour. He succeeded in destroying the two ships on the stocks, but when he came to the frigate, the officer of the Royal Navy in command raised some technical objection, and the discussion was so heated and prolonged that the vessel and all on board were captured, and so my grandfather was a prisoner for about six months. The naval officer was not exchanged, as his conduct was severely censured by the authorities.

The war ended with the year 1814, the last and most deadly battle being fought at Lundy's Lane on July 25th of that year, where our troops won a victory which practically put a stop to further invasions of our territory. The Canadian Parliament, in the year, 1895, erected a fine monument at Lundy's Lane in honour of this victory, and the Government did me the honour to depute me, on their behalf, to unveil it,—which I did on the anniversary of the battle that year.

When the treaty of peace was signed we had succeeded in holding every foot of our soil. The recollections of the glorious victories won by our fathers in these campaigns will continually be handed down by tradition, and in case of future trouble be an inspiration and encouragement to our people.

CHAPTER II

THE REBELLION OF 1837

Organization of Troop of Cavalry—Nucleus of the Governor-General's Body Guard—Extract from U. E. Loyalist paper—Active Service, 1837—Rebellion of 1837—Sir Francis Head's defenceless position—Loyal conduct of the people—Incident on the morning of Gallows Hill—Spirit of the Canadian Women—My Grandfather at the Old Fort—Arrival of Thomas Denison—Militia gather in West Gwillimbury—Major Dewson's March to Toronto—Expedition to Ingersoll and Village of Scotland—Siege of Navy Island—Burning of the "Caroline"—Colonel Prince's stern action in the West.

IN 1822 my grandfather raised the troop of West York cavalry, which was the nursery for the active militia force of Toronto and the nucleus of the present regiment, "The Governor-General's Body Guard." The officers and men had to provide their own uniforms, and, not being provided with arms by the Government, were obliged for years to parade and drill without them, being, from time to time, promised swords and pistols.

In the "U. E. Loyalist" paper of April 26th, 1828, appears the following paragraph :

"Wednesday, April 23rd, King's Birthday parade."

"The appearance of Captain Denison's Militia Cavalry in full dress, and well mounted, reflected the highest credit on the officers and men of the troop."

The troop went on in this way for years, uniformed at their own cost, and drilling in field movements without arms, until the rebellion of 1837 broke out. The corps was then embodied on full pay in the service of the British Government, was supplied with arms and accoutrements, and kept on active duty for six months, being relieved in June, 1838.

The Rebellion of 1837 was a remarkable instance of an insurrection being put down practically without a regular soldier, and it is a striking proof of the loyal and patriotic military instinct of the people. This affair occurred two years before I was born, and consequently when I was able to remember the conversations in my father's house the events were comparatively recent and fresh in the memories of everyone.

The regular soldiers had all been sent by Sir Francis Bond-Head, the Governor, to Lower Canada, but, on account of the mutterings of the coming storm, he had caused to be brought up to Toronto some 4,000 stand of arms with equipment and ammunition, and had stored them in the City Hall. Without one soldier, therefore, with no organization, no staff, or even enrollment, in the dead of night, the Governor was awakened and told that a rebellion had broken out, and that a large force of rebels was within four miles of the city, which was then a small place of about 12,000 population. He at once sent orders to ring all the alarm bells and church bells to arouse the inhabitants, and the people gathered in front of the City Hall. They were rapidly formed up, sworn into service, and supplied with muskets, belts and ammunition. They were divided off into

companies, men picked out then and there as officers, and in that way a force was raised, which, two or three days after, marched out and defeated and dispersed the rebels at Gallows Hill.

My father, a youth of twenty-one, at the outbreak of the rebellion, had for some time been a member of a voluntary organization of young men, formed by Colonel James Fitzgibbon, the hero of Beaver Dams, for the purpose of being trained as a company of riflemen or light infantry. They were principally young law students and gentlemen of that class, my uncle, Wm. J. Coates, who had married my father's sister, Sophia, being one of them. These young men, at the first alarm, took their rifles and went down to offer their services. When they were leaving Mr. Coates' house together, the morning of the skirmish at Gallows Hill, my aunt Sophia said to my father "Now, George, you give it to those rebels and if William (her husband) does not keep up to the mark, put your bayonet into him." This was a curious evidence of the spirit of the Canadian women of the time. Her young brother was of U. E. Loyalist stock, and it never struck her that he would not do his duty to his Sovereign to the last.

On that day my paternal grandfather, George T. Denison, of Bellevue, was placed in command of the Old Fort at the west end of Toronto. During the day a body of armed men were seen coming from the west and moving in the direction of the Fort. As they were all in plain clothes, and there were no uniforms on either side, there was considerable excitement as to

whether there was to be an attack or not. The ramparts were manned and all preparations made, and the approaching body anxiously watched. Suddenly my grandfather said, "That man in front looks like my brother Tom." And so it was. Thomas Denison, who had been an officer in the militia, and had served through the war, fighting at Queenston and other actions, was living some ten miles west of Toronto, and hearing of the outbreak had sent around to his neighbours and raised a good sized force of farmers, armed with their own rifles, shot-guns, etc., and had marched in to aid the cause of his Sovereign.

My maternal grandfather, the late Major Dewson, who had served in the Waterloo campaign in the 35th Regiment of foot under the Duke of Richmond, and who had only sold out of the army about a year before, had settled on a farm near Bond-Head, about forty miles north of Toronto. The news of the Rebellion spread through the country, and the farmers, without waiting for orders or appeals for help, immediately sent word in every direction for all the able-bodied men with any arms they could get, to gather at the village of Bradford, where, in a day or two, over six hundred loyal men mustered to uphold the constitution. They elected Major Dewson, my grandfather, to command them, and as soon as they were organized and had arranged for food, etc., they commenced the march down Yonge Street to Toronto. They had arrived within some miles of Gallows Hill, when they met a number of the fugitive rebels flying from that place. They captured some prisoners and, tying them together with plough lines,

they brought them on towards Toronto and surrendered them to Sir Francis Head, the Governor, who gave the misguided men a stern lecture and released them, and told them to go to their homes and be loyal in the future.

My father and my uncle, R. L. Denison, were with the force that went out to the villages of Scotland and Ingersoll and dispersed a body of rebels who had risen in that neighbourhood, under the lead of Dr. Duncombe. As the enemy fled on the approach of the loyal troops there was no fighting.

The next point of attack was at Navy Island in the Niagara River. The steamer *Caroline* was being used to transport stores and supplies of arms, etc., from Schlosser on the United States side, to the rebels who had taken possession of the Island and had commenced entrenching themselves. Some three thousand loyalists, in civilian clothes, were rapidly concentrated at and about Chippewa to besiege the enemy. My father was lieutenant in the company that was stationed in a house opposite the enemy's central battery. To protect the house from the enemy's cannonade they piled rails, from the rail fences, on end against the front of the house until there was a thick barricade of rails sufficient to stop the six pound shots which were fired constantly at the house. One man of the company was killed by a cannon shot going through his thighs. One day shortly after the troops arrived at Chippewa, my father, George Wells, of Davenport House, near Toronto, and another, whose name I have forgotten, went down to the Pavilion Hotel which then stood on the high ground

near the convent, between it and where the water reservoir for the late Clifton House now is. They went to the top of the hotel where there was a flat look-out. They had a very powerful telescope and they used it with great interest in examining the rear of Navy Island, which was partly commanded from their position. They saw the steamer *Caroline* going across from Fort Schlosser, on the United States side of the river to the Island, and saw distinctly the field pieces which she was carrying over to the rebels. From the Canadian shore, where Sir Allan McNab with the loyal forces was camped, Navy Island, with its dense woods, completely hid all that was going on behind it, between it and the opposite shore.

This information was immediately conveyed to the commanding officer, Sir Allan McNab, who was also informed that the *Caroline* was moored behind the Island. The result was that an expedition was ordered that night to cut her out. This was successfully accomplished by a party under the command of Captain Drew, R.N., a retired officer, assisted by Lieutenants McCormick, John Elmsley and others. The vessel had gone back to Fort Schlosser and was moored at the wharf there, where she was seized, set fire to and sent down the rapids and over the Niagara Falls. This affair very nearly brought on a war between the United States and England.

A short time after this Navy Island was evacuated by the rebels, and the rebellion was practically finished. A few raids by sympathizers from the United States caused some annoyance for the next year until Colonel

Prince defeated a body of filibusters at Windsor, Ontario. He summed up the result in his despatch in these words :

“Of the brigands and pirates, twenty-one were killed, besides four who were brought in just at the close, and immediately after the engagement, all of whom I ordered to be shot upon the spot, and which was done accordingly.”

This prompt and vigorous action prevented all further trouble, and the Rebellion of 1837-8 was at an end. Colonel Prince was known afterwards as “Shot accordingly” Prince. His action aroused intense indignation in the States, and some criticism in England, but he certainly had the support of the great body of the Canadian people.

CHAPTER III

VOLUNTEERING, 1839-1855

Earliest Recollections—Denison's cavalry—My father and uncle purchase equipment—Militia subjected to ridicule—Secluded drillings—Escorts for Lord Elgin—Troop entertained at Government House—Three additional troops authorized—Crimean War breaks out—Militia Act of 1855—Authorization of an active force—First step towards a Canadian army.

MY own earliest recollections of the Canadian militia were connected with the Governor-General's Body Guard, then known as the Queen's Light Dragoons, and afterwards as the First Toronto Independent Troop of Cavalry. This corps had been organized by my grandfather in 1822, and kept up by him till 1837, when from December of that year till June, 1838, it was on active service under the pay and orders of the Imperial Government. He was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of the West York militia that summer, and my uncle, Richard L. Denison, gazetted Captain of the troop, my father, Lieutenant, and Edwin Fisher, Cornet. The troop was again on active service from October 31st, 1838, till April 30th, 1839, when they were sent to their homes and all their arms and equipments taken into store.

My uncle, Captain Richard L. Denison, and my

father, knowing the hopelessness of obtaining arms or clothing from the Government, immediately purchased uniforms, swords, belts, pouches, etc., sufficient to supply the troop, and lent them to the men. This, I believe, was a unique experience in the Upper Canadian militia, the result being that when the Act of 1855 was passed, the Denison cavalry, as they were commonly called, were the only corps organized, uniformed, equipped, armed and drilled when they were gazetted into the active militia class "A," under that Act. After the rebellion the troop assembled from time to time for training on an entirely voluntary basis, and this occasional drilling had been going on for some years when I was first able to remember what was being done. At this time, from 1846 until the Crimean War, about 1854, there was always a force of British regular infantry stationed at the New Fort, Toronto, and as a child, I can remember hearing the bugle calls without understanding what they were. The 71st Highlanders were here during my recollection, also the Rifle Brigade and the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

The presence of a British regiment in good condition, and splendidly maintained and drilled, rendered it impossible for a militia corps self-supported to compete either in numbers, equipment or drill, and, naturally, comparisons were drawn much to the disadvantage of the latter. The men used to be laughed at and ridiculed to such an extent, that it was found much more pleasant to keep out of sight as much as possible, and carefully avoid attracting any attention. At this time Bloor Street, Toronto, was not opened westwards

through the woods and the upper part of Spadina Avenue was cleared, so that a glade or clearance, about two or three acres in extent, was situated there surrounded by woods. It was at that time, about 1848 or 1849, a very secluded spot, and it was there, on a summer's evening, I first saw a number of men of the corps with which I was to be connected nearly all my life, being drilled by my father. The men had gathered by by-paths to avoid notice.

It must have been the strong impressions of my childhood created by these secluded drillings and the evident desire to avoid the public eye, that had an influence upon me all my life. I have always retained the desire to avoid parading in public more than I could help, although, in after years, forced to yield somewhat for recruiting purposes. I avoided church parades as much as possible, and it was with great hesitation that I consented, at the request of the Mayor, to march through the streets on our return from the North-West Rebellion by the route prepared and decorated for the reception of the Toronto force, and I only consented on learning that great trouble had been taken and expense incurred in decorating the streets and in preparing a reception which would be viewed by almost all the population.

My next recollection of the corps, which at this time practically represented the militia, for there was no other corps of either cavalry, artillery, infantry or rifles at that time organized, armed, uniformed, equipped or drilled, was in connection with the escort of Lord Elgin to the opening of the Parliament in May,

1850. The feeling against the Governor-General ran very high and the Tory party were the malcontents. Threats were made of rioting, etc., when my father offered to escort His Excellency to the Parliament House and back to Elmsley Villa, which was then used as Government House. Lord Elgin asked Colonel Macdonell, the Deputy-Adjutant General, about the corps. Macdonell replied: "Nothing could be better; this will be a constitutional escort furnished by the people, not by the Government, and being a loyal corps of tories, will not excite hostility, and all trouble will be averted."

The result proved the correctness of Colonel Macdonell's prediction. There was no difficulty, and although the crowds were somewhat sullen, all passed off well. On arriving at Elmsley Villa on the return, the Governor-General, knowing it was a purely voluntary service and a somewhat unpopular one at the time, asked my father to dismount his men and bring them in and present them to him. My father introduced each trooper by name, and the Governor-General shook hands with each and thanked him personally for his service. They were then taken into the dining-room, some twenty-five men and three officers, and given a first-class lunch, the two A.D.C.'s. and Colonel Macdonell sitting down with them.

When they were leaving Government House, the Adjutant-General Macdonell insisted on the corps being taken down to the old Wellington Hotel, corner of Front and Church Streets, where he treated the men to champagne. The men dispersed to their

homes, not full colonels, but full troopers. I remember my father mentioning at the time that nineteen of the horses ridden in that escort belonged to my grandfather and his sons.

The corps escorted Lord Elgin after that when he went to open or prorogue Parliament, and on each occasion they were given a lunch on their return to Government House.

Shortly after this my father was granted permission to raise three more troops so as to form a regiment. The Button family, who had been in the cavalry in the war of 1812, and who had come to Toronto in 1837 to offer their services, with a number of men, and who had been attached to my grandfather's troop at that time, were naturally applied to to raise one troop, Lieutenant-Colonel William Button being the captain of it. The late Lieutenant-Colonel Norman Torquill McLeod raised another, and the late Lieutenant-Colonel John Stoughton Dennis agreed to raise the fourth, and was gazetted, but never took any effective steps to raise the troop. This was all authorized by general order of March 12th, 1853, and in September, 1854, I was gazetted cornet in the old troop.

The Crimean War necessitated the taking away of the Imperial regiments from most parts of Canada, and then for the first time the Canadian Parliament considered the question of having an organized force properly armed and equipped, and prepared to assist in the defence of the country. The Militia Act of 1855 retained the old militia system as the foundation, every man from eighteen to sixty being held to be a

militiaman in the sedentary or reserve militia. The military districts had over them a colonel commandant with two staff officers. The regimental districts had lieutenant-colonels, majors, captains and subaltern officers appointed, whose only duty appeared to be to make enrollment of all the men of proper age in the territorial limits of their corps, and to ballot if men should be required for the active force. They were also supposed to command the regiments in case of a *levée en masse* in time of war. These were all unpaid.

The great change was the authorization of an active force of some 7,000, to be drilled ten days in each year for which pay was given. This force was to be properly equipped with the best modern arms. It was primarily to be composed of volunteers, but if a difficulty was found in obtaining volunteers, there was power given to ballot. This principle has been in force ever since, and as sufficient volunteers have always been obtained, the power to ballot has been a dead letter.

CHAPTER IV

ORGANIZATION OF THE ACTIVE FORCE

My troop Gazetted into active force—Appointed Lieutenant—First annual drill—Arms issued—Garrison artillery organized—Appointed to command troop temporarily—Enforce unpopular order—Orlando Dunn appointed Sergeant-Major—His excellent service—Escort Governor-General—Incident with Sergeant Smith—Sergeant-Major Moorhouse—Am Gazetted Captain—The “Double Shuffle”—Escort on closing the House—Amusing incident—Monthly meetings—Get snubbed for my youth.

IN December, 1855, my troop was brought into the active force, class A, Robert B. Denison, my uncle, being Captain, and Peter McGill McCutcheon, Lieutenant. Captain McLeod commanded the second troop, Captain J. Stoughton Dennis accepted the Lieutenancy, and Edward Foster was Cornet. Captain Dennis left soon after to take command of the Toronto Field Battery, which my father was also organizing. This gave me my Lieutenancy in March, 1856. I turned out for the first time in uniform on May 24th that year, when the Toronto active force marched through the streets and were inspected by Sir Edmund Head, the Governor-General, from the steps of the aide-de-camp's residence, which then stood on the south side of King street, a few feet west

of Simcoe. During the winter we had been having evening drills, dismounted.

On June 9th, 1856, we commenced our first annual drill under the new law, and swords and belts, and revolvers in holsters to be worn on the waist were all issued to us. We mustered in a field behind the Bathurst street barracks on the south-east corner of Queen and Bathurst Streets.

In November, 1856, Captain Robert Denison, who commanded the first troop of the squadron, left it to raise a company of garrison artillery. I was the senior subaltern, and this left me next for promotion to the captaincy. I had arrived at the mature age of seventeen years and two months, and was considered too young to be placed in command. For two months the Adjutant-General, Baron de Rottenburg, and my father were trying to get someone to accept the captaincy, from which my youth apparently debarred me. John A. Donaldson, of Weston, now Lieutenant-Colonel John A. Donaldson, was offered it, and declined it. Thomas Shortiss, Esquire, also declined it, for the prejudice against the militia was still very strong, and no one cared to undertake a difficult, expensive and unpopular duty, from which there was no possible advantage or return. Early in January, 1857, I heard a rumour that the captaincy was to be offered to Lieutenant Charles W. Robinson, now Major-General Robinson. He was first-lieutenant of the Battery, was about my rank and not more than three years my senior in age—in fact, I had been at Upper Canada College with him. As soon

as I heard of this rumour, I went down at once to the Adjutant-General's office, for Toronto was then the seat of Government, saw Baron de Rottenburg, and asked him if it was fair to put a young man of twenty over my head, because I was only seventeen and four months. I said my age was a fault I would constantly be growing out of. He was very kind to me indeed; said he could hardly gazette me as captain, but that he would gazette me to the command temporarily as lieutenant, and if I was able to recruit the troop up to full strength (for more than half had followed Captain R. B. Denison into the garrison artillery), and proved that I was able to command it, he would then give me my captaincy.

Shortly before Captain R. B. Denison was gazetted into the artillery, an order was made that all the revolvers which had been issued to the men in the previous spring should be taken into store and held together in one place for inspection. This was a most unpopular order, and the men all threatened to leave. As Captain Denison was just about going into another corps, he did not carry out the instruction, so that when I was placed in command, my first act was to enforce the order, at the risk of losing what men were left.

I immediately took in the revolvers, going to each man's house and demanding them. One or two demurred, but I told them I would go straight to a magistrate and summon them if they refused. They nearly all wanted to give up everything at the same time, and wanted to leave the corps at once. I said

"No, you must give me six months' notice in writing first." Not one man sent in his notice.

I soon filled up the troop to its full strength of fifty-five non-commissioned officers and men, Orlando Dunn, whom I appointed sergeant-major, giving me invaluable assistance. He rose, from time to time, until he retired as Major and Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel in 1897, after forty and odd years of most excellent service. We served together in the Fenian Raid and North-West Rebellion, and all my life I have found him a loyal, zealous and efficient officer, a good comrade and friend and an honest, true gentleman.

My first appearance as commanding officer of my troop was on February 26th, 1857. It was the first time that the whole duties fell upon the militia. My father's diary under that date has the following entry :

"A lovely day; roads hard in the morning, but it began to thaw from the sun. The Parliament opened this afternoon, when the active militia turned out in force. My artillery fired the salute, the cavalry furnished the escort. The foot artillery lined the steps of Parliament House, and the Toronto Volunteer Rifles gave the guard of honour—*All by the militia.*"

I was, of course, but a boy of little more than seventeen and naturally anxious as to how I would get along with some forty-five men who turned out that day, all of whom were older than I was. I was a little in awe of the senior sergeant, Charles Smith, who had been eleven years in the regular cavalry, but felt I must necessarily let him understand at once that I was in command. We had taken the Governor-General to

the Parliament House, and marched the escort away to keep them moving about, as it was cold. Sergeant Smith, so that a number of the men could hear him, said to me: "Lieutenant, you had better form up" suggesting how I should do it. I said to him, so that I could be heard by most of the men, "Sergeant Smith, I am in command of this corps; when I wish your advice I will ask you for it. Until I do ask you for it, you will please keep it to yourself."

This was the best thing that could have happened to me. Coming after my firmness about the return of the revolvers, it let the men see that I could not be trifled with. The first few years I felt the necessity of being very strict. I always drilled my men myself, and worked so hard at it that I knew the drill book almost by heart. When at the time of the Trent affair, in 1862, the militia department sent me Sergeant-Major Moorhouse, of the 16th Lancers, as drill-instructor, I told him, when he reported to me, that I would not require him to do any drilling. I said I would lose hold if I ever let my men believe that I thought any one knew how to drill them better than I could. Sergeant-Major Moorhouse acted as a troop leader during the annual drill. He was much liked by both officers and men and at the close we presented him with a handsome testimonial.

To return to this first escort. When we took the Governor-General Sir Edmund Head back to Government House, his A.D.C. called me over to the door after His Excellency had alighted from his carriage, and the Governor-General thanked me for the escort,

and told me to express his thanks and appreciation to the officers and men. Sir Edmund was commonly reported to be the most stern and gruff Governor-General we ever had, and he was somewhat dreaded by his ministers; but he was evidently amused at my youth, for he could not help laughing at me as he was talking to me.

I dined that night at the State dinner at Government House, and as it was my first big dinner I was very much impressed with the display, which was on an extensive scale. I always found Sir Edmund Head most kind and amiable to me and I retain a very affectionate memory of him.

I do not know how long Baron de Rottenburg intended to leave me in command as a lieutenant, but in the beginning of April I learned that Charles Clarke, of Yorkville, and some friends were busy organizing a troop of cavalry, and had secured the names of a number of men willing to enlist. I heard he was soon going to be gazetted captain with his lieutenant and cornet. I went to Baron de Rottenburg and said I had already been two years in the force, had put in one drill, had recruited my troop to the full strength, and had escorted the Governor-General to the opening of Parliament, and I asked him if it was quite fair to keep me back because I was young and put other men over my head who had done nothing. His reply was: "It would not be fair; you have done well and you will be gazetted in the next *Gazette*," and in the order which was dated April 23rd, 1857, and which contained the gazetting of the Yorkville cavalry, there was an item

stating that the commissions of myself and my two officers should date from April 22nd. This put me ahead of a number of officers, but as under ordinary circumstances I would have been gazetted in the previous November no injustice was done.

On May 24th, 1857, there was a Queen's birthday parade and I commanded for the first time as captain, and to commemorate the event I gave a dinner to the officers and men of my troop at the American Hotel, then one of the leading hotels, situated just where the Board of Trade building now stands, corner of Yonge and Front streets. It was my first appearance as chairman at a public dinner.

The annual drill for that year took place in June, and in the same month in the following year. In August of 1858, what is known in Canadian political history as the "Double Shuffle" took place, in which John A. Macdonald's Government was defeated, the Brown-Dorion Government sworn in, and it in turn defeated two days after. Sir Edmund Head refused a dissolution, and Mr. John A. Macdonald's Government returned to office. They were all sworn into different portfolios, and resigning those were then appointed to their original departments. This was done under a law which provided that if a member of the Government resigned his office to take another department, and was gazetted to the second within a month, he should not be required to go back to his constituents for re-election. This has always been called the "Double Shuffle." It enabled the Conservative Government to pass the estimates and wind up all the business of the session without the presence of the

ablest members of the Opposition who had taken office and had consequently vacated their seats in the House.

There was somewhat of a trick in the whole affair, and the Opposition party in the city and country were furiously exasperated and vented it particularly upon Sir Edmund Head, who, by refusing a dissolution, enabled it to be done. But Sir Edmund was not to blame, because he had distinctly warned the Hon. George Brown that he would not grant him a dissolution before Mr. Brown had accepted the duty of organizing a Government. Feeling ran so high that the Government feared there would be rioting when the Governor-General came down to prorogue the House. Dent, in his "History of Canada since the Union," says: "In some parts of Upper Canada the tone of the public mind was for some days almost revolutionary." Again he says: "The moral sense of the community was shocked. . . . The constitution had been trifled with. The assembly condoned the proceedings, but the condonation found only a feeble echo beyond the walls of Parliament. . . . There has never been any difference of opinion as to the moral turpitude of the 'Double Shuffle.'"

This clever scheme was completed on August 7th, 1858, and the House was prorogued nine days later on August 16th. I received special instructions to provide as large an escort as I could get together, and was told that trouble was expected. Consequently I went about all night myself, with my Sergt.-Major, now Lieut.-Col. Dunn, and saw the men personally, and urged them to allow nothing to prevent them being

present. Nearly all my men turned out next day. I talked to them before we went down to Government House, telling them there might be some trouble, and cautioning them to gather all around the carriage in case of any violence, but to pay no attention to mere noise or insolent expressions or groans. We got His Excellency to the Parliament Buildings without difficulty and with very few expressions of disapproval. There was a large crowd massed in front of the buildings and along the fence which bordered the south side of the carriage drive, and a row of people as close as they could sit were perched along the top of it, so as to enable them to look over the heads of those standing massed along the fence.

When we started on our return, the crowd began to hiss and hoot and groan, and we moved through them, paying no attention to it. The men all thought very highly of the Governor-General, as did all the militia, for he had always taken a great interest in the force, and it can easily be imagined that it was very galling to them to see a crowd insulting him. I had sternly cautioned the men beforehand to pay no attention to noise, but one young fellow named Cameron, from Etobicoke, was riding on the left flank of the three men forming the section immediately behind the carriage. He lost his temper, and when he saw one man, who was sitting on the fence, hooting and making most offensive gestures to the Governor-General, just as the latter got opposite to him he determined to stop him. He took his sword so as to use the flat of it, and reaching as well as he could over the heads of the people between him

and the fence, he made a vicious blow at the man. He struck so viciously and leaned over so far, that he threw his horse right over on his side, and he fell himself among the people on the road. He did not reach the man he struck at, but came so close to him that the man jerked back, lost his balance, grabbed the men on each side of him, pulled them over, and before any one knew what had happened, the whole row went over backwards into the field behind. Cameron was up and on his horse as quick as a flash. The Governor-General never knew what sent the men over backwards, but it stopped the hooting as we trotted off to Government House.

Shortly after the active force was organized, in order to encourage recruiting, general orders authorized the companies to have monthly meetings after the style of secret society lodge meetings, where all, both officers and men, were to meet together and discuss matters connected with the management of the corps. As already stated I fully appreciated the necessity for my personally holding a very tight rein. I considered such an arrangement as most unsoldierlike and contrary to all rules of discipline, so I decided I would have no such republican system in my corps. When my men heard of all the other corps having these meetings, they sent several of the sergeants to me to ask me when I was going to organize monthly meetings. I said "Never, I do not approve of them, and I think that they are unmilitary and unsoldierlike," and I went so far as to say that if I heard of any men meeting to discuss the actions of the corps, I would take in their arms

and grant them their discharges at once. I told them that kind of thing might do for the infantry, but would never do for cavalry, and that any man that wanted monthly meetings to discuss business should go into the infantry. I heard nothing more of a desire for meetings.

In the winter of 1858, early in the year, it was proposed that all the corps in the city should unite in having a public ball. Officers and men all to be present together. A meeting of the officers was held and there was considerable discussion, when the captain of one of the rifle companies, a man of thirty-five or forty years of age, with a very fine, handsome black beard, but with a bald head, got up to propose that a sergeant from each corps should be placed on the committee to represent the men. This seemed to be approved of by them all, but I got up and said I represented my officers and men, and I did not see what necessity there was for having non-commissioned officers on the committee.

The captain who had proposed it was very much annoyed at me and attacked me on the ground of my youth. I was then eighteen. He said that children should be seen and not heard, that he did not come there to be talked to by beardless boys, that I should wait till I was a man, till my beard began to grow and then give my opinion. I at once rose and said that I was not there in my personal capacity at all. I represented a corps which outranked his, that I had a commission giving me the same rank that he had, and that I spoke in my official capacity, and had as much right to be heard as any other captain, and as to his personal

remarks about my want of beard, I could only reply that my hair grew on the top of my head. This turned the laugh on him, and I do not remember any further difficulties on account of my age, for of course every few months put me in a better position.

Before leaving this question of age, I may say that I was a major at twenty-two and a lieutenant-colonel at twenty-seven so that I am under the impression that I was the youngest cornet, lieutenant, captain, major and lieutenant-colonel we have ever had in the Canadian Cavalry.

CHAPTER V

THE ACTIVE FORCE INJURED BY PARLIAMENT

The Act of 1859—Cruel blow to the Militia—Attempt to abolish the Cavalry—Efforts to prevent this—Bad effect of this Act—Visit of the Prince of Wales—Heavy expenses—Civil War in the States—Pamphlet on the Defences—Newspaper attacks—My vindication—Second Pamphlet, November, 1861—Argument fully justified—Trent affair—Raids—Inspection of my Corps in 1865—Sky-blue Sheepskin—Difficulty about Saddles—Red tape difficulty—Active Force review of 1863.

IN the session of 1859, only three years after the force had been fairly established, the Crimean War being over, the Government prepared a new militia law. It was drafted and approved of by the Ministry, but before it was introduced into the House either the Adjutant-General or one of the Ministers permitted my father to see a copy privately. This draft provided for doing away with the cavalry arm entirely. This was the first of many instances where the ignorance of our ruling authorities has caused our branch of the service to receive but scant justice or consideration. My father told me what was proposed, and I at once prepared a letter for the *Colonist*, then the Government paper. It was my first article, putting together arguments I had come across in my reading of military books. The day after

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the bill was introduced I took my letter to Mr. Samuel Thompson, the editor, and asked him to publish it. It appeared the next day in *The Colonist* with an editorial strongly endorsing it. My father at once called to see Sir Edmund Head, to get him to use his influence to save the cavalry, and enough pressure was brought to bear to secure a modification of the law and to save our branch of the service.

The law of 1859 was a very severe blow to the militia. The strength of the troops was reduced from fifty men to thirty, and the pay from ten days to six days. The drill had to be put in in six consecutive days in June, and the men were not paid till December. If the bill had been drawn up for the purpose of destroying the force, it could not have been much more effective for that purpose. I look back now on the years 1859, '60, and '61, with much dissatisfaction, as a most annoying and irritating experience. At this time the men all had to buy their own uniforms and provide their own saddles, and the officers received no pay or allowance whatever.

In 1860 the approaching visit of the Prince of Wales created quite a stir in the active force, and caused the expenditure of a great deal of money by the officers and men of the corps. We had no saddles or bridles furnished us, and each man had to provide his own. So they all had ordinary hunting saddles, and the ordinary light riding bridles. To give an appearance of uniformity we had headstalls or front pieces made with a broad white band across the front and two pieces of leather crossed with bosses, and they had loops by

which they could be put in front of any ordinary bridle. This at a little distance gave an appearance of uniformity. To cover the saddles we had sheep-skin covers made, dyed a dark blue and edged with a scalloped border of white cloth. These being fastened over the saddle with a surcingle, gave them also a uniform appearance.

My troop escorted the Prince of Wales everywhere during his visit to Toronto. On his first entry the crowd was so large and the anxiety to see him so intense that we had the greatest difficulty in forcing our way through the streets to Government House. The Prince saw the difficulty we had, and specially remarked on it to my father in thanking him for the services of the militia on the occasion. The visit of the Prince of Wales created a marked impression, and nothing else was thought of all the summer of 1860. It cost me and my officers very heavily, so much was thrown upon us in order to make a creditable appearance.

In 1861 the war between the Northern and Southern States broke out and was naturally watched with great interest by Canadians. I thought it very likely that we might be drawn into it, and therefore published a pamphlet in the spring of that year, under the title, "Canada—Is She Prepared for War? or A Few Remarks on the State of Her Defences." I published this anonymously under the name, "A Native Canadian."

This produced a violent attack from the *Toronto Globe* on the pamphlet, on its author, and on the Active

Force generally. The article appeared on March 30th, 1861, and contained the following sentences.

"At various periods in the history of Canada her youth have been visited with a military fever. In this year of grace, 1861, the ravages of the disease appear to be confined to one isolated individual, and he is suffering badly, so badly that he has broken out into print. While this martial ardour only exhibited itself on gala days, and in drawing pay for drill, he was in no worse condition than one or two of his relations who bear commissions in the active force, but now, as his disease is making headway, he had better be looked after lest he do injury to others. The fever is infectious, and has ere now cost the Province thousands of dollars to abate. If the gentleman's friends will take care of him we will take care of his pamphlet," and it went on to attack the whole force in a somewhat scurrilous style.

My reply to this appeared in the *Globe* of April 4th, drawing attention to the fact, among other points, that the officers drew no pay whatever, while they spent large sums of money in performing a useful public duty.

Within nine months the Trent affair occurred. The whole country was alarmed and everyone drilling. New corps were being organized every day, and the Force was increased in a few weeks from 7,000 to about 30,000. All the newspapers, including the *Globe*, were urgently appealing to the people to arm and organize. In the height of the excitement, I was unkind enough to walk up to the editorial rooms of the *Globe*, to the

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writer who had attacked me in the spring, and said that I was sorry to see that he had got the military fever so badly, and as I was quite convalescent, I had come in to offer my services in taking care of him. He laughed, said I had him fairly, and told me he would never have attacked the pamphlet if he had not thought it had been written by another man.

About a month before this, in November, 1861, I had written a second pamphlet entitled "The National Defences," and had it published in my own name. I gave a number of reasons why Canada should support a strong defensive force and used the following arguments:

"Canada, as a colony of Great Britain, will always be liable to be engaged in the wars of Great Britain.

"On account of the war in the neighbouring Republic there are many reasons why Canada should be in a better defensive condition than she has hitherto been. I will here briefly enumerate a few of them.

1. "When two nations or powers are at war, it is always desirable that neutral nations bordering on the territory of the belligerents, should have a powerful armed force to support and enforce the neutrality.

2. "When war continues for any length of time between two nations, neutrals on the borders are often unable to avoid engaging on one side or the other.

3. "When peace is proclaimed between the Southern and Northern States, a large body of armed and drilled men will be thrown out of employment, and may in some instances be induced to make filibustering expeditions into our territory for the sake of plunder."

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It is a curious fact that before five years had elapsed I was completely vindicated in making these predictions. Before a month had passed Commodore Wilkes of the United States war vessel, the *San Jacinto*, had taken Messrs. Mason and Slidell, the Commissioners of the Confederate Government to London and Paris, off the British Mail Steamer *Trent* on the high seas, and we were on the very brink of war. In 1864 a strong force of our militia had to be placed on our frontier in the eastern townships, and on the Niagara and Detroit rivers to support and enforce our neutrality. Eighteen months later Canada had to turn out some 30,000 of our active force to guard her frontier from filibustering raids of Fenians, who at one time threatened our borders with a force about equal to our active militia. In this latter affair fighting took place in more than one quarter, and a number of our young men were killed and wounded. After the Trent affair we were put on a better footing, and our numbers increased to about the old standard.

On October 23rd, 1865, Colonel Patrick L. Macdougall, then Adjutant-General commanding the militia, came up to Toronto to inspect my troop. We were then allowed fifty-six non-commissioned officers and men, three officers and a surgeon. Sixty in all. Every man was on parade and they were all well drilled. I was then wishing to obtain permission to raise a second troop. The Adjutant-General had said to me: "First show that the troop is full." I saw to this, and no man was absent.

I was also very anxious to be furnished with saddles,

for the sheepskins we had got in 1860 were worn out and abandoned. One of my men, a tall soldierly well set up fellow, wishing to attract attention, got a large sky blue sheepskin to put over his own saddle. It was the loudest, most conspicuous thing one could imagine. I think it could have been seen half a mile away. It attracted attention from everything else. He asked me if I would allow him to use it. I said "Yes," for he had a very fine horse and rode well and was a good swordsman.

When Colonel Macdougall was watching the corps going through a number of field movements, etc., he kept saying to my father who was Commandant of the district, "They are very handy," "They are working wonderfully well," etc., but every little while he would chafe about the sky blue sheepskin, saying it spoilt the look of the corps, and asking my father why I allowed it. When he spoke to us at the end of the inspection he asked me about it. I told him my difficulty. I said I had been repeatedly applying for proper military saddles but could never get them. That the men had to provide their own, and they could not have them in uniform pattern, and that I did not like to check a young man who had spent a lot of money to have a superior outfit. I knew nothing would go further to get us an outfit of saddlery, and I deliberately allowed it to be worn as an object lesson.

About a month later I received from the department thirty-five sets of Hussar saddles complete. As an illustration of the way the cavalry were treated and the difficulties we had to encounter, I will quote from a

letter I wrote on November 23rd, 1865, to the Deputy Adjutant-General on hearing of them being sent.

"It seems that I am only to have thirty-five sets of saddlery for my men. This will be very embarrassing to me indeed. I will explain how it will affect me, and I hope you will do what you can for me in order to get me fifty-five sets.

"In 1855 we were allowed fifty men under the Act and my troop was filled up by me to the full number, and was the only troop in the Province that paraded the full number at inspection. I had no sooner filled my troop up than the law of 1859 struck off twenty of my men. This was very discouraging, however, I kept up my troop at the prescribed number thirty, until the last militia law was passed allowing me to have fifty-five men. I saw the Adjutant-General in Quebec last August, and he told me if my troop was full and was inspected by him, and if, from what he heard, he thought I would be able to keep up another troop, he would allow me to organize a second troop. I therefore completed my troop to the full complement of fifty-five men, renewed their clothing to a great extent, put in eight days drill for this year and turned out for inspection by the Adjutant-General with fifty-five men uniformed. The Adjutant-General seemed satisfied with the inspection, and told the men he would let them have saddlery and uniforms, he hoped before the close of navigation.

"Now receiving only thirty-five sets, if these are all I am to receive, embarrasses me in this way. First, I cannot tell to which of the fifty-five men to whom he

promised saddlery, I am to give the thirty-five sets. Secondly, even if I do decide upon thirty-five men to give them to, the others will be dissatisfied and will not like turning out with common saddles along with men with proper saddles. Third, it would look very bad indeed to see a troop on parade with one-half the men in military saddles and the other half in civilian saddles." And, after explaining other difficulties, I asked if I could not get the extra twenty sets.

I received a reply from headquarters saying that :— "The Adjutant-General is unable at present to comply with his application as there are only a limited number of sets at the disposal of the Department, and those troops which are reported efficient throughout the Province must each receive their just proportion which Major Denison's troop has already had."

It will be seen that I turned out fifty-five men on parade, the other troops in the Province from thirty to thirty-five. They got saddles for all their men, while I got only enough for three-fifths of mine, and I was told that was a just proportion. This I had some difficulty in seeing.

The following letter is another illustration of the difficulties at that time thrown in the way of officers who received no pay, and men who received very little for the services they were giving to the country, these difficulties being created by officials who made their living out of the positions they held. This letter is dated August 17th, 1865, and was sent to the Adjutant-General.

"I have the honour to draw your attention to the

following statement, hoping that you will be pleased to make such arrangements as will relieve me from the difficulties I complain of.

1. "I beg to state that by General Order No. 1 of December 27th, 1855, the troop under my command was gazetted at Toronto with its headquarters at Toronto.

2. "That by General Order, No. 2, November 17th, 1862, the city of Toronto was set apart as Military District, No. 10.

3. "That shortly thereafter the Brigade Major of the 10th District received an unofficial letter stating that the troop was noted as in the 5th District of which letter I was made aware in an unofficial manner some months after.

4. "That I applied to the Commandant as to whether I was to act upon the unofficial letter or upon the general order placing the troop at Toronto, and that the Commandant informed me that he had spoken to His Excellency, the Commander-in-Chief, and that I was to consider my troop in the 10th District until transferred by order of His Excellency.

5. "That I accordingly informed the Brigade Major of the 10th District of my intention to drill in June last, that he was present every day during the drill and inspected the arms, both swords and pistols, and was perfectly satisfied with the arms and drill.

6. "That on the completion of the drill I gave him the pay lists, signed, for him to certify, when he returned them with the enclosed copy of letter, and refused to certify to them, he saying that he was not the Brigade Major for my District.

7. "That the men of my troop have been kept out of their pay for several weeks on account of this misunderstanding, and one which I and the troop under my command could not avoid, as we have only acted under the general orders and the orders of the commandant."

Shortly after, this matter was put right and my men received their pay.

The first large review of the active force at Toronto took place on October 8th, 1863. The city council gave a grant of \$1,000 to help to pay the expenses of the outside corps. A strong force turned out. There were two brigades. The first, commanded by Colonel Peacocke of the 16th Foot, consisted of his regiment, of a battery of Royal Artillery, and three battalions of active militia. The second brigade was commanded by my father and consisted of five troops of cavalry, the militia field battery, the naval brigade, and four battalions of militia infantry. Major-General Lindsay came up from Montreal to take the command. The review was quite a success.

CHAPTER VI

RECOLLECTIONS OF CONFEDERATE OFFICERS

Southern refugees in Canada—General Jubal A. Early—Colonel Jacob Thompson—Northern spies—Lieutenant S. B. Davis—His adventures—His trial—Sentenced to death—Saved by Abraham Lincoln—General Early's campaign, 1864—His obstinate loyalty to his cause—General G. T. Beauregard—General Early goes to church—Jefferson Davis' arrival in Toronto—Goes to Niagara—Visit Jefferson Davis at Beauvoir, 1882—Estimate of Joseph E. Johnston—Early's opinion—Mrs. Jefferson Davis—Anecdotes of Washington—General Scott—Mrs. Davis' dinner party—Visit to General R. E. Lee at Lexington—Lee's stately manner—His account of Mechanicsville—General Lee's intended visit to Toronto—His illness and death—Narrow escape of Captain Boyd.

DURING the years 1862-3-4-5, the war in the United States was going on, and I watched it with great interest, trying to learn as many lessons as possible from the practical working of new conditions, caused by rifled fire-arms, revolvers, telegraphs, railways, etc. In the last year of the war there were a number of escaped prisoners, and after the war a number of refugees who visited Canada, including Jefferson Davis, Generals Breckenridge, Jubal A. Early, McCausland, Richard Taylor, John B. Hood, Heth, W. S. Preston, and many other officers of lower rank, with whom I was in the habit

of frequently discussing military matters, thereby gathering a great amount of knowledge of the practical working of the military art under modern conditions. General Jubal A. Early, who was one of the ablest of the Southern leaders, lived in Toronto and at Drummondville for a couple of years. We became very close friends and he was often at my house. We used to discuss military problems for hours together and I found it a great education to have the shrewd practical experience of a very able general brought to bear on all modern theories.

Colonel Jacob Thompson, who had been secretary of the interior in Buchanan's Government, was for some time the Confederate commissioner in Canada, and lived for many months at the Queen's Hotel, Toronto. At the same time, there were a number of spies of the Federal Government sent there to watch him and all who spoke to him. I heard that at one time some twenty to thirty, both men and women, lived in the hotel. I became very friendly with Colonel Thompson, and he used to visit at my house. I was a strong friend of the Southern refugees who were exiled in our country, and I treated them with the hospitality due to unfortunate strangers driven from their homes.

Colonel Thompson had the greatest difficulty in keeping up any communication with his Government in Richmond. Any persons seen communicating with him about the hotel, and then observed leaving by train, were shadowed by the United States secret service men, and on crossing the border were arrested, tried as spies, and several were executed. Captain Beale and Captain

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Kennedy were both captured in this way and tried and hanged.

On January 4th, 1865, an officer from Richmond, Virginia, arrived safely in Toronto with papers necessary for the defence of the raiders who were on trial here for the St. Albans and Lake Erie raids. He thought when he reached Toronto that he was quite safe, and registered his own name and address in the Queen's Hotel register, "Lieutenant S. B. Davis, C. S. Army, Richmond, Virginia." He asked at once for Colonel Thompson's room, and was shown up. He announced his mission and handed out his despatches. Colonel Thompson's first words were: "Did any one see you coming in here?" He could not say. "Did you put your name in the register?" "Yes." "How?" He told him. "That is very unfortunate," said Colonel Thompson. He got Mr. Davis into the room assigned him, and told him not to move out of it till his secretary, Mr. Cleary, went for him. He then sent Mr. Cleary to see me, and to ask me if I would let Lieutenant Davis stay in hiding at my house till he left to go back to Richmond. I assented, and after it was dark he slipped out, Mr. Cleary following him, and when it was certain that they were not followed, they came out to my house. Lieutenant Davis stayed with me for four or five days, until Colonel Thompson was ready to send him back. He kept in the house and only went out for exercise after dark.

The best plan for him to carry back despatches was carefully considered. The Federal officers had learned nearly every trick of searching prisoners. Boots and

collars were cut open, and folds of cloth in the clothing everywhere examined. Buttons were taken to pieces and carefully scanned under magnifying glasses, for they had sometimes fastened up in buttons reduced photographs of writing, which were afterwards read under powerful glasses. An idea struck me which I explained to Colonel Thompson. It was to write the despatches on thin white silk in pencil, and sew them in the back of the coat or vest, and in the sleeve near the elbow. The silk could not be felt, nor would it rustle, and we found that an ordinary wetting would not wash out the pencil writing. This plan was decided on, and the despatches neatly written in pencil on five pieces of very thin silk.

Colonel Thompson wished to see Lieutenant Davis before he started, and the difficulty was to arrange this so as not to attract the attention of the spies in the hotel. It was planned that Colonel Thompson and Mr. Cleary were to go to their rooms at the usual time, pretend to go to bed, put out their lights, and then, an hour or so after, slip out of the side door and walk up some distance till they found a cab, and then drive out to my place. They arrived about 1 a.m., and from then till about 4 a.m. my wife was engaged, under Colonel Thompson's supervision, sewing in the despatches in Mr. Davis' coat and vest. I had got a friend to obtain a passport in his own name from the United States consul, and Mr. Davis, who was a fair haired man, had his hair dyed a deep black. He was about twenty years of age, a gallant officer who had been shot through the body and nearly killed at the

brilliant Southern charge upon the Federal position at Gettysburg. He had a scar on his cheek caused by another wound, but not a very conspicuous one. He had been aide-de-camp to General Winder, who commanded the celebrated prison at Andersonville in the last year of the war, and was well known to the Northern prisoners confined in that prison.

Everything was prepared at 4 a.m., and Colonel Thompson and Mr. Cleary left. About 5 a.m. Davis and I walked through the fields to my father's, and I drove him from there in a sleigh to Mimico, and left him in the dark about one hundred yards from the station, so that no one should see us together. He got off safely, escaped all the spies on the frontier and in the trains, and was rapidly approaching the border of his own country when, as ill luck would have it, he met a number of liberated prisoners who were coming north to their homes from Andersonville. No fewer than 10,000 had been liberated, and every station was swarming with them. He was recognized by the scar, in spite of his dyed hair, arrested, carefully searched, his clothes and boots cut open, his buttons examined, and nothing found but his passport. He was locked up in a room, and at once took out the despatches and burned them.

He was tried as a spy. In the course of his trial, the Judge Advocate said that he (the spy) was brave till captured, but now he asked pity and tried to work on the feelings of the court. The newspapers of the next day contained young Davis' speech, made, be it remembered, by a lad of barely twenty years of age, who had

never made a speech before in his life. It is such a gallant, manly statement, that I will give some extracts.

"Gentlemen,—You cannot make me out a spy when I am convicted simply of carrying despatches. I can prove they were despatches by the prisoners with whom I was confined at Newark, and by British subjects in Canada.

"They know they contained nothing injurious to the United States Government. There was, so far as I know, nothing in either of the despatches I took, or that I was carrying back that could in the least interfere with the United States or give benefit to the Confederate Government. What I have to say may have little weight upon the decision of this court. I hope and believe you are impartial and just men serving your country as best you may, so I have done, and if it should be my fate to die upon the gallows or by the musketry of an enemy, I can look to God with a clear conscience and look every man in the face that ever breathed, and know that I died innocent of the charge alleged against me. Yes, gentlemen, you may shoot or hang and launch me into eternity before the bar of God now or whenever it may seem fit; but gentlemen, that moment the muskets fire or the trap door falls, an innocent man is launched into eternity.

"Gentlemen, I do not ask pity. My heart fears nothing on this earth, I am no coward; I, like the rest of you, have faced bullets before to-day. Some of you have marks of them, I can show them too. I ask not for pity, I ask but for justice. If in justice you or any other court of God's globe can make me out a spy,

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hang me gentlemen, I am not afraid to die. Young as I am, scarcely verged into manhood, I would like to live ; but gentlemen I am no coward, and I deem one who would stand here before his fellowmen, before soldiers who have faced the foe and felt bullets and ask pity does not deserve the name of man.

“I fear not death and I can go to the judgment bar of God now, to-morrow, or whenever it may please the chief magistrate of this country to say go.”

The trial was over, he was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged. His manly conduct before the court and his youth created a great sympathy in his favour and his life was saved by Abraham Lincoln in spite of all the efforts of Edwin Stanton, Secretary of War, who seemed determined he should be executed. Abraham Lincoln's telegram which stopped Lieutenant Davis' execution was very ambiguous in its wording, and it was believed he did it purposely to save Davis' life, and yet be able to show Stanton that there was a misunderstanding. It read as follows :—

EXECUTIVE MANSION,

February 13th, 1865.

Major-General Hooker :—

Is it not Lieutenant S. B. Davis convicted as a rebel spy, whose sentence has been commuted ; if not let it not be done. Is there not another person connected with him also in trouble.

A. LINCOLN.

Attempts were made while he was under sentence of death to get him to give information of the substance of his despatches. This in the face of death he refused to do.

A newspaper in Virginia many years after gave an

account of the affair under the heading, "Was this another Andre case." The article began with these words:

"Lieutenant S. B. Davis of the Confederate service probably came the nearest of any officer on either side, to playing the rôle of the Andre of the rebellion."

And the ending was:

"To the end he kept the secret of his mission to the Ohio."

Talking of this matter with Mr. Jefferson Davis at Beauvoir in 1882, he spoke very highly to me of Lieutenant Davis (who was not related to him) saying that he was a gallant true officer.

I have described this incident fully as an interesting example of the danger and difficulty of secret service. I had the satisfaction some years after of meeting Lieutenant Davis in Alexandria, Virginia, and spending an evening at his house, where I made the acquaintance of his wife and children. When I last heard of him a few years ago, he was Captain of a passenger steamer plying between Washington and Fortress Monroe.

While on this subject of the Civil war I will mention a few recollections of the senior officers on the Southern side. Of them all I knew General Early most intimately. He was a very able General of great experience. He commanded a brigade in the first battle of Bull Run where he did good service, and in all the campaigns in Virginia he proved himself a brilliant and energetic officer. When General Lee moved from Fredericksburg to Chancellorsville in May, 1863 to meet General Hooker's advance on his left flank he chose General

Early to endeavour to hold General Sedgwick in check. This he had to attempt with a very inferior force. His work was so well done that when in 1864, General Lee detached a force to the Shenandoah Valley to fulfil the rôle played there by General Stonewall Jackson in 1862, he chose General Early to command it. He performed this duty boldly and skilfully and was able to drive in the Northern troops upon Washington so completely as to come within sight of the dome of the Capitol and within range of the artillery upon the fortifications. This was a bold exploit for a General who had less than 10,000 muskets in his command. During the whole summer and winter of 1864 Early kept a Northern army three times greater than his own in check.

He was very extreme in his views. When General Lee surrendered he tried to join Joseph E. Johnston, who also surrendered before he reached him. He then started for the other side of the Mississippi to join the army of General Kirby Smith, and as it also surrendered before his arrival, he rode on to Mexico and left the country, rather than submit to the rule of his enemies. He was a thorough specimen of the unreconstructed Virginian rebel, of whom the song says:—

“ I'm a real old rebel that's just what I am,
And I won't be reconstructed and I don't care a d—n.”

I corresponded with him at intervals as long as he lived. I last saw him in March, 1882, at New Orleans, where he introduced me to General George T. Beauregard, and while in New Orleans I saw them both

several times. I was not impressed with General Beau- regard. He was a pleasant, agreeable, courteous gentleman of French extraction, but not a man of anything like the military capacity of Early.

The Hon. Jas. M. Mason, formerly U. S. Senator and Confederate States representative in England, who with Mr. Slidell, had been taken off the British steamer *Trent*, lived in Toronto for a considerable time and afterwards at the town of Niagara. He was another with whom I became very intimate. He and Early and Major Helm, who had been Confederate agent at Havana, were often at my house.

When General Early escaped by way of Mexico and came around to Canada he happened to arrive in Montreal the same day that General Sherman of the U. S. army arrived. The General commanding the forces in Canada, Sir John Michel, naturally called upon General Sherman and held a review of the troops in his honour. General Early was entirely ignored. This first experience evidently irritated him, and when he came to Toronto and it became known he was in the city, a number of prominent citizens called on him and offered him hospitalities. He refused all invitations and my house was the only Canadian house he ever went to.

One morning I went to see General Early, and after we had been chatting a few minutes he looked over some papers on the table, picked out one and pointing out an item said: "Read that." It was a Southern newspaper and the item was an anecdote of General Early, told on the authority of one of his staff officers.

The story was told that in the Valley of the

Shenandoah during the winter of 1864-5 while Early was there in command, he electrified his staff one Sunday morning by announcing his intention of going to church. Several of his staff went with him. The clergyman happened to preach a sermon that day on the resurrection and drew a very vivid picture of the scene and of all the departed rising by millions in their white shrouds. "What would be your feelings my dear brethren on that day? What would be your feelings at seeing all the dear ones who have gone before rising on that dread occasion? What would be your feelings at seeing those of our brethren, those gallant ones who have given up their lives for our beloved country, rising in their thousands and marching in solemn procession? What would you think my brethren?" General Early turned to his staff officer and said: "I would conscript every d—d one of them."

I read the paragraph, looked very seriously at the General and said: "Is that story true, General?" He laughed and said: "I am afraid it is Colonel, but what right had that fellow to go and tell it to the papers, that is enough to destroy a man's reputation for piety. The preacher kept on asking how I would feel, I wanted men that last winter very badly, and it was a very natural thought."

When Jefferson Davis was released from Fortress Monroe on bail in 1867, after two years imprisonment, he came at once to Montreal and, after a day or two, on to Toronto. I heard a couple of hours before the steamer arrived that Mr. Davis was coming on her. I went around and started a number of friends to pass

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the word through the city for as many as possible to come down to the wharf and give him a reception. By the time the vessel arrived a crowd of several thousand people filled the landing place. I got on a pile of coal with a number of friends to give the signal and start the crowd to cheer. As Mr. Davis appeared on the gangway with Messrs. Mason and Helm, I was so astonished at the emaciation and weakness of Mr. Davis who looked like a dying man, that I said to a friend near me, "They have killed him," and then I called for cheers which were most enthusiastically given, and nothing could have been more cordial and kindly than the welcome he got.

An hour or two after Mr. Mason called for me and took me up to meet Mr. Davis, and introduced me to him, and invited me to go over on the afternoon boat with them to Niagara, where Mr. Davis was to spend some time with Mr. Mason, who was then living there.

The party consisted of Mr. Davis, Mr. Mason, General Early, Captain Winder, of Baltimore, and myself. I remember as we were walking from the wharf at Niagara, up to Mr. Mason's house, Mr. Davis noticed a large United States flag on Fort Niagara just across the river and pointing it out he said to Mr. Mason, "Look there Mason, there is the gridiron we have been fried on."

Mr. Davis was serenaded by the people of Niagara, headed by the town band. He was much touched by the spontaneous mark of respect paid to him and spoke his thanks in the following words :

“Gentlemen, I thank you sincerely for the honour you have this evening shown to me; it shows that true British manhood to which misfortune is always attractive. May peace and prosperity be forever the blessing of Canada, for she has been the asylum for many of my friends, as she is now an asylum to myself. I hope that Canada may forever remain a part of the British Empire, and may God bless you all, and the British flag never cease to wave over you.”

On his return to Toronto Mr. Davis remained several days, being loudly cheered by the people on the streets whenever he appeared.

Mr. Davis visited Montreal again in June, 1881, and went home by way of Toronto in order to spend a day with me. On leaving he cordially invited me to go down to Beauvoir the following winter and pay him a visit, and in March, 1882, my wife and I went to New Orleans and on to Beauvoir, a beautiful place on the Gulf of Mexico. Here we spent a week, and on the broad veranda, looking through the orange and magnolia trees upon the sea, we sat by the hour discussing the events of the war, and the inside history of it from the Southern side.

Mr. Davis told me that he had no desire to be President of the Confederacy and wished to avoid it, as he was more anxious to take a command in the field. He was a thoroughly trained West Point graduate, and had won a great reputation by his handling of his men at the battle of Buena Vista in the Mexican war. He told me that he thought he had it arranged that Howell Cobb was to be President, but when the convention

met at Montgomery he in his absence was chosen unanimously. He told me he would much rather have been in command of an army. I made the remark that perhaps the Southern people wanted a man who would fight it out obstinately to the very last. "Well, Colonel," he replied with a smile, "if that was what they wanted, that was what they got."

One day when discussing various Southern generals, I mentioned Joseph E. Johnston, and said: "Mr. Davis, perhaps you can give me some explanation of a matter that has always been very puzzling to me. I have noticed that General Joseph E. Johnston has always had a high reputation among the people generally, and in the press as an able, clever, commanding general. This reputation he has held with the masses of the people through the war and since. I have studied all his campaigns very carefully, and I cannot find any justification for ranking him above mediocrity, and it has always been a great puzzle to me. Can you give any reason for it?"

Mr. Davis replied: "Your estimate of his capacity is quite accurate. He was thought to have done fairly well at Bull Run, and this was at the outset, and had great influence on the public mind, but the real cause of his reputation was the fact that he surrounded himself with newspaper men and writers, and he explained to them all his movements on highly scientific principles which read well in print, and when he was retreating and falling back and losing territory and morale, he had explanations so complete and scientific that the public never properly understood. You are quite right, his

campaigns do not show any great military ability. He is much overrated."

I once asked bluff old General Early his estimate of General Joseph E. Johnston. His reply was characteristic, "Lord, God! Colonel, the man would not fight. He would not fight. You can't call a man a soldier or a General who will not fight, who retreats always. He was no general."

Mr. Davis had a very high opinion of General Albert Sydney Johnston. He was under the impression that if he had lived he would have achieved the greatest reputation of all. This feeling I found universal among those who had known Albert Sydney Johnston, still the point was never proved, as Johnston was killed in his first action.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis is an exceedingly clever and accomplished lady, and I enjoyed immensely talking over incidents of the war and listening to her anecdotes of the various prominent men, which she told in a most humorous and witty manner. I have heard that when she was a young woman, when her husband was the Secretary of State for War in the Cabinet at Washington, her wit and brilliancy and lively remarks made her unpopular with some. She was Mr. Davis' second wife, and the prominent position she held as a Cabinet Minister's wife was rather trying to her, being then quite young. She evidently did not like General Winfield Scott. She told me he was a very tall, large man. I believe he stood about six feet four inches. He had not long before been commanding the United States' army in the Mexican war. He had

served in the war of 1812-14 in Canada and had been captured at the Battle of Queenston Heights. He was a man of sixty-seven or sixty-eight years of age when Mr. Davis was made Secretary of State for War. Mrs. Davis told me he was very pompous, egotistical and overbearing and somewhat rude in his manners. As wife of the Secretary of War she was necessarily thrown in contact with him and sometimes had to entertain him at dinner. She had noticed that at table if any dish dissatisfied him he would mutter "tut! tut!" and show unmistakably his displeasure without the slightest regard for the feelings of his hostess.

She told me that when she first invited him to dine, she was in great trepidation knowing what an epicure he was. So, thinking if the soup was right it would please him, she went to his house the morning of her dinner and saw the General's cook who had a great reputation in Washington as a chef, and telling him that the General was coming to dine with her and would not be at home to dinner, said she would give him five dollars if he would only come and prepare the soup of a special kind which the General particularly liked. This was done.

When the hour of dinner arrived the Commander-in-Chief took the hostess in to dinner and sat on her right. The soup was passed around. General Scott took his spoon, tasted it, put the spoon down with an air of disgust, said "tut! tut! tut! tut!" and let everyone near see that he was dissatisfied. Mrs. Davis turned to him sweetly and said, "Is there anything wrong with the soup, General?" "It is not good," he replied. "It is

useless for anyone to attempt to make that soup. I only know of one cook who can make it." Mrs. Davis said most amiably, "I am so sorry, General, that the soup is not good. I was so anxious to have your favourite soup, and so anxious that it should be just right, that I went and asked your own cook, as a great favour to me, and to make things pleasant for you, to come and make the soup for the dinner. I am very sorry indeed that my efforts have been a failure."

General Scott made no more complaints, but relations between him and Mrs. Davis were strained, and evidently from the mischievous way she told me the story, it must have been a well-known joke on the General in Washington society.

In her memoirs of her husband, Mrs. Davis recalls a remark, made about the year 1845, by General Gaines, who was asked what he thought of General Scott's plan of retaining the French words of command in his "System of Tactics." He responded in his hesitating way: "I a—— think sir, that—— the English language is—— a—— sufficiently copious—— to express—— a—— all the ideas that—— a—— General Scott will ever have."

I was also fortunate enough to meet another of the great leaders of the war—General Robert E. Lee. Of all the men who have lived during my time, there were three whom, of all others, I should have liked to have met and spoken to. General Lee was one, the others Bismarck and Garibaldi; the latter two I never saw, but if I had I doubt if my opinion of them would have risen immensely as was my experience in meeting General Lee.

In 1868 I took the liberty of sending him a copy of my work on "Modern Cavalry" published that year. As it referred largely to campaigns in which he was engaged I thought he might be interested in it. I received a polite note thanking me for it, and saying he would read it, and that he had no doubt he would receive valuable information from it. I naturally concluded he was having a little quiet fun out of me for sending him, the greatest soldier of the age, my views as to how cavalry should be organized, armed and employed in war, and more particularly as I knew he had been a colonel of cavalry.

Two years after, in March, 1870, I was in Virginia and spent a day with General Fitzhugh Lee at Alexandria. I had been introduced to him by General Early, and had had some correspondence with him. I was going on to Richmond and General Fitzhugh Lee said I should go to Lexington to see General Robert E. Lee. He said he would write to his uncle, which he did, and it was arranged for me to go. I went down and spent part of two days with the great soldier. I had met Major Jed. Hotchkiss, topographical engineer to Stonewall Jackson and Early, as well as to General Lee, and told him I was going to see the General. I also mentioned the General's letter to me and my impression that he had been giving me a little gibe in saying that he expected to gain some information from my book.

Major Hotchkiss at once said: "Colonel, you are absolutely wrong. You have no idea of the General's character if you think that. When you have seen him you will know better. He is a singularly modest man,

and what he said was in perfect good faith and fully meant."

General Lee impressed all who approached him. I have seen some men whom the world esteems great men, but no man ever impressed me as he did. In stature he was about five feet ten inches, but from his splendid figure and magnificent carriage, as well as from the massive appearance of his head, he seemed much taller. He looked the very personification of high and pure intelligence. No one could fail to be at once impressed, nay awed, by the calm majesty of his intellect, while there was an almost childlike simplicity and kindness of manner that won upon you at once. You could not conceive of him having any ordinary human weakness. He was one of those men that made the ancients believe in demi-gods.

General John B. Gordon who served under him and in close association, who was with him at Appomatox, spoke of him in these words at a memorial meeting at Richmond in 1870:—

"Of no man whom it has ever been my fortune to meet can it be so truthfully said, that, grand as might be your conception of the man before, he arose in incomparable majesty on more familiar acquaintance. This can be affirmed of few men who have ever lived or died, and of no other man whom it has been my fortune to approach. Like Niagara, the more you gazed the more its grandeur grew upon you, the more its majesty expanded, and filled your spirit with a full satisfaction, that left a perfect delight without the slightest feeling of oppression. Grandly majestic and dignified in all

his deportment he was as genial as the sunlight of May, and not a ray of that cordial social intercourse but brought warmth to the heart, as it did light to the understanding."

General Lee's manner was of the old fashioned stately type of a hundred years ago. He always spoke of his wife as "Mistress" Lee, not Mrs. As an illustration of his courtesy and deference to his invalid wife, as well as of thoughtful kindness and consideration to me, a stranger, I may mention that, before leaving Richmond, I had bought a photograph of the General, and when chatting with the family in the evening I brought out the photograph, and asked the General if he would kindly give me his autograph upon it. He said in a humorous way, "That is a matter that will have to be left to Mistress Lee" (who was sitting in her invalid chair near us knitting), "for she must always approve of my photographs before I sign them." He took the photograph and showed it to her. She examined it carefully and said, "That is a very good one, but I think, Robert, that those you had taken last are better." "Very well then," said the General, "Will you not give Colonel Denison one of them?" "Certainly," she replied, and the General wheeled her in her chair out of the room. They returned in a few minutes when to my surprise he gave me one of the later ones with the words, "Lieut.-Colonel Denison with the compliments of R. E. Lee," written on it, saying "That is for you;" then he handed me another like it, similarly inscribed, for my wife. He also gave me another, with his autograph, taken when he was a

young man, saying. "Perhaps Mrs. Denison would like to see what I looked like when I was young" and finally he gave me the one I had brought with his autograph on it, saying in a joking way. "Mistress Lee permitted me to sign that also." I shall never forget the kindly way in which the whole thing was done. He saw that I was shy about asking for his autograph and would prize it, so he let me have four.

After I came home my wife gave one to a lady friend, who was anxious to have one. I gave one to an old friend, Viscount Dillon, of Dytchley, the head of the Lee family in England. And many years after General Lee's death, hearing Lord Wolseley speaking in warm terms of General Lee, and wishing that he had an autograph of his I sent one to him, so that I have only retained the one especially given to me.

General Lee gave me a very interesting account of his reasons for bringing on the battle of Mechanicsville on June 26th, 1862. He told me of Stonewall Jackson's secret visit to him near Richmond, and of their concerted plan for Jackson's troops to fall upon the right flank and rear of the Federal lines, while he with a large part of his army attacked them at Mechanicsville. This combined attack was to take place on June 26th.

Having arranged between them this plan, General Jackson left with the same secrecy and rejoined his troops. On the morning of the 26th General Lee's main army was massed on his extreme left, ready to attack Mechanicsville. Huger and Magruder were ordered to hold their positions south of the Chickahominy in the lines before

Richmond. General Lee told me that he waited in that position all the earlier part of the day, expecting that every moment Jackson would open upon the enemy in their rear. As the hours passed on he became anxious, particularly as the position and numbers of his troops could be seen by the Federals from their lines. He said that his great fear was that McClellan seeing the mass of his (Lee's) troops on the extreme left and that comparatively few men were between him and Richmond, might take the initiative, and by vigorous attack probably break through the thinly-manned lines of Huger and Magruder, who were guarding the direct road to the Confederate Capitol.

General Lee, therefore, decided that it was absolutely necessary to commence an attack on McClellan's right at Mechanicsville, in order to occupy his attention and make him uneasy as to his communications, so as to prevent him taking the initiative. "I did not think it safe to wait another night," said the General, "and" (raising his left hand open and moving it forward) "I knew by pressing vigorously on his right it would keep him occupied, and prevent him making an attack on my own right where I was but ill-prepared to meet it. I therefore ordered the attack and kept it up till nightfall, driving the Federals back from Mechanicsville to Beaver Dams. The next morning I had to renew the attack for the same reasons that induced me to begin it, and as soon as Jackson's troops came up in the rear, it relieved the pressure upon my men, and that afternoon we won the battle of Gaines Mill." I asked him how it was that General Jackson did not arrive in time. He replied that it

was not his fault and spoke in the highest terms of him. He said that Jackson thought that other men could press on and annihilate space as he could himself, which was more than could be expected. Trains getting off the track and difficulties caused by the roads had also delayed him as well as time lost while he was coming to Richmond and returning.

I shall never forget the grand old soldier explaining his position, and his views about the matter, gesticulating quietly with his right hand and his left while he illustrated the movements of the two wings of his army. I could easily see how thoroughly he was master of the situation, calculating everything, divining almost by inspiration the thoughts of his opponent.

The General took me to morning service with him on Sunday. There were historic names in that little church. Besides the great hero himself, in the next pew sat his oldest son, General Custis Lee, a gallant soldier and true gentleman, while a near pew belonged to the celebrated Commodore Maury, the author. I was much struck with the appearance of the clergyman, a fine manly-looking old gentleman with grey hair and beard, about fifty-five or sixty years of age. Having returned to the house after service I was walking across the hall where General Lee and the minister happened to be standing talking together. As I was passing the General said, "Allow me, Colonel, to introduce you to our minister, General Pendleton." I shook hands with him, and then knew for the first time that the clergyman who had officiated in the pulpit was the celebrated general, who had been chief of artillery to Lee during a great portion of the

war, and whose name so often appeared in the reports at the time.

I asked General Lee to come up to Canada and pay us a visit in Toronto, and strongly urged him, saying that he would be well received and that the change would do him good. His reply was very gratifying to me. He said, "I am sure I would be kindly received in Toronto. I met Mr. Jefferson Davis when he came down to Richmond to stand his trial. It was a few months after his warm reception in Toronto. He told me he had been hooted at in the stations throughout the Northern States on his way up to Canada, that he had arrived in Montreal without notice, but that when he reached Toronto he was received with the greatest enthusiasm, and for the first time since his capture two years before, he drew a full breath, and felt that he was once more breathing free air. He said he instantly felt better, and told me earnestly that he believed it saved his life."

General Lee did not say positively that he would not come, but spoke of difficulties. When I came home I told Mrs. John Hillyard Cameron, of Toronto, of the conversation and asked her as an old friend of General Lee's in her childhood to write and urge him to come. She did so and he agreed to come up in October. One of his daughters came ahead of him as far as Detroit, to visit some friends for a week or two. He was to follow to Toronto, where she was to meet him. I was looking forward to his coming when we heard of his sudden illness, followed by his death, which occurred on the very day we had hoped to see him in Toronto.

The late Captain Boyd of the Maryland troops, another

Confederate friend of mine, gave me a very interesting account of his escape from capture by the enemy. During the advance of General Lee into Pennsylvania he obtained leave of absence that he might go into the enemy's lines to the town of Frederick, where his mother lived. He went disguised in civilian's clothes, but had not been there long when some Union woman in the town recognized him and informed the Federal troops. The officer commanding sent a party to his mother's house to arrest him. They went to the next door first, so he knew they were coming after him. He arranged his plan and when they knocked at the door, he opened it promptly and asked what they wanted. He was told they had been sent to arrest a rebel officer, who they had been informed, was concealed in the house. He told them it was quite a mistake, that they were loyal people and requested the officer to search the house carefully. They went over the whole place, Captain Boyd assisting them, and after convincing them there was no one concealed, he gave them something to drink, and requesting them not to believe any more stories reflecting on his loyalty, he politely bowed them out and then immediately went to the rear of the house, mounted a horse and rode off about ten minutes before the party returned to arrest him, having in the meantime discovered their error.

CHAPTER VII

THE FENIAN RAID, 1866

Fenian organization—Raid threatened—Manual of outpost duties—10,000 militia ordered out—Want of organization—Title of Governor-General's Body Guard—Fenians cross at Fort Erie—Queen's Own ordered out—General Napier—Body Guard ordered out—Chippewa bridges—Rapid march to join Peacocke—Advanced guard—Fenian pickets—Want of equipment—Colonel Dennis arrives in camp—Sent on to reconnoitre—On board the "Michigan"—Enter Fort Erie—Dr. Donnelly and Father McMahon—Colonel Wolseley rides in—Colonel Peacocke and the private—Food arrives from Toronto—Capture of three Fenians—Useless revolvers.

I HAVE already mentioned that in the pamphlet I published in November, 1861, I expressed the fear that at the close of the civil war a large body of drilled men would be thrown out of employment and might be induced to make filibustering expeditions. At that time the Fenian organization was not publicly known. At the close of the war, however, the movement began to attract a good deal of attention. We heard of men drilling all over the States and of Fenian circles being formed, while open threats were made of attacking Canada. All during the autumn of 1865, and winter of 1865-6 they were very active, and went so far as to form

an Irish Republic in the United States. It was a republic without a territory. A large mansion was rented in New York, the Irish flag hoisted over it, a President elected with all the officers of state, bonds issued to raise money, and I have heard that armed sentries in Irish uniforms mounted guard in front of the offices.

In spite of all these known preparations, in the face of all these threats, with the want of foresight in military matters which generally characterizes political rulers, while the Fenians went on preparing, we did nothing.

I was so convinced that we should have some campaigning in the spring, and so anxious that my corps should be prepared to do outpost duty properly, that I thought it advisable to prepare a manual of outpost duties for the use of the men, giving in a compact form the recognized principles which governed such work. I commenced it about the middle of February and had it all written before March 1st, 1866, and in the printer's hands during the first week of that month. It was published and in the shops for sale on the 21st. I had an edition of five hundred printed so that besides the sixty I wanted for my own corps, there should be sufficient to supply the wants of those who wished to purchase them. The whole edition was soon exhausted. This work was favourably reviewed in some of the English and in many of the Canadian papers, and I received complimentary letters from a number of distinguished officers, including Generals Early and Breckenridge.

In March, 1866, the Government suddenly became alarmed, and ordered out 10,000 men. Colonel Patrick L. Macdougall, then Adjutant-General in command of the

militia, ordered out enough corps to fill this quota. The next day the returns were sent in and it was found that about 14,000 men were under arms. The surplus was caused by the regiments turning out over strength, through discharged men coming back to the colours on the call to arms.

My corps was out for about three weeks drilling every day, the men being billeted about the city in hotels for their meals, their horses stabled at the show grounds near the asylum. After about three weeks we were relieved of further duty, and for a couple of months we were allowed to drill two half days each week, for which we received an allowance. During all this time no preparation of any kind for campaigning was made, no organizing done, no staff officers appointed, no stores or equipments prepared and practically everything neglected. The rifle companies all over the country were scattered and had no connection with each other. They were not told off into battalions, nor officers carefully picked out to command the battalions; and during all March, April and May in the face of constant and alarming indications of danger, nothing was done.

I had foreseen the danger and had for two or three years been trying to get permission to increase my troop to a squadron, but without success. That April a new troop recently organized in Montreal under the name of "The Royal Guides," received the title of "Governor-General's Body Guard" and was given precedence over all the corps of cavalry in the Dominion. I had in 1861 sent in a memorial asking for the same honour on the

ground of the long services and absolute seniority of my troop, and it was pigeonholed. I was naturally indignant at the injustice, and went at once to Ottawa, saw Sir John A. Macdonald, Sir A. T. Galt, Thomas D'Arcy McGee, and other friends in the Cabinet, showed the unfairness of the treatment, and the matter was settled by my corps also getting the rank and title for Ontario. "The Royal Guides" was one of those meteoric or comet-like corps, which flash across the firmament with great brilliancy and then disappear. It vanished two or three years after, and some time after my corps was gazetted as the "Body Guard" for the Dominion.

This difficulty was hardly arranged before I became still more anxious about the prospect of a Fenian attack, and about May 10th or 12th, I knew the raid was coming. An old friend of mine, a Canadian, had gone to the States some years before and was engaged on various newspapers until it was either forgotten, or not known that he was a Canadian. In May, 1866, he was on the staff of one of the most important New York dailies, and the editor of this paper was well informed of the designs of the Fenians. He knew that a raid was going to take place at Fort Erie at the end of May, and he sent my friend as a correspondent to Toronto, to be prepared to furnish him with the fullest news at the first moment operations commenced. Naturally the correspondent, as an old friend, came to see me and was often at my house. He soon saw that nothing was being done and that we should be taken completely by surprise. His loyalty as a Canadian overcame him and he divulged the whole information to me in confidence that I would

not betray him, in order that I should convey the information to Sir John A. Macdonald and the military authorities. I wrote to Sir John and I also wrote to Colonel Macdougall, giving them the information, and I earnestly requested that I might have Spenser carbines for my men, and suggested that my corps should be sent over to picket the frontier near Fort Erie.

Colonel Macdougall, Adjt.-General, wrote me under date May 15th, 1866:—

“The Spenser rifles question generally has been discussed. I have sent a report on the subject to the Minister of Militia, but I think it improbable that the Government will supply any of the volunteer force with these arms. I have noted your offer to picket the frontier, but I hope I shall have no occasion to remind you of it.”

About a fortnight after I received this letter my information was verified. The raid took place at the time stated and my corps was sent to the very spot I had said, only too late to be of any real service. Nothing could show more clearly the utter want of appreciation of the real situation than the tone of that letter from Colonel Macdougall. Matters drifted on in this way until about May 29th, when the telegraphic news showed that bodies of men, apparently workmen, were moving northward from Tennessee. I counted up how long it would take for them to reach Buffalo, and calculated the attack would take place Thursday night, the 31st. The next day there was still further news of men moving northward from various points. Still the Government made no move. On Thursday morning there

could be no mistake for anyone who understood military matters ; still nothing was done. I wondered I received no orders to turn out my corps. I went to bed Thursday evening feeling positive I should get but a few hours sleep, and awoke about 6 a.m. without having been disturbed. I was dressing, when my brother, the late Lieut.-Colonel Fred C. Denison, then about nineteen years of age, who was cornet of the troop, came in and called up to me and said: "1,500 Fenians have landed at Fort Erie. The Queen's Own left for Port Colborne about an hour ago. You had better get to town at once and see if there are no orders for us to go."

I had foreseen almost everything accurately, but on one point I had absolutely failed. The idea never entered my head that the authorities would send infantry without any cavalry whatever. I should have known that infantry officers would probably forget all about the cavalry, but I must confess I never thought of such a thing. I do not blame myself for not foreseeing this, for I was still a young man, only twenty-six, and I had not then that confidence in the average stupidity of officials which, through long experience, I have since acquired. I went to town as quickly as possible, still no orders for the cavalry. although everyone else seemed to be ordered out. I had made up my mind to go over as a volunteer on my own account when, late in the afternoon, I received my orders.

The Queen's Own had been ordered out on the evening of the 31st. Lieut.-Colonel Durie, Deputy

Adjutant-General received an order to send a provisional battalion of four hundred men at once to Port Colborne. The way in which this was done is another proof of the absolute want of preparation on the part of the Militia Department. Instead of having everything thought out and arranged, and officers told off for various duties with careful consideration of their capabilities, nothing had been done. Colonel Macdougall simply ordered a provisional battalion to be sent, that is to say a battalion of four hundred men picked from different corps and thrown together for the first time in the face of the enemy. Colonel Durie very wisely ordered his old regiment, the Queen's Own *en bloc* with its officers and staff and men accustomed to each other.

Lieut.-Colonel J. Stoughton Dennis, Brigade-Major of the 5th District, was a very good office man in time of peace, the exact type of man to be dear to the official heart, a good red tape courtier, but useless as a soldier. He was an ambitious man, carefully anxious not to let any opportunities pass him, and hearing of the battalion being ordered out, he telegraphed straight to Colonel Macdougall asking to be sent in command of it. Colonel Macdougall telegraphed to Lieut.-Colonel Durie, Deputy Adjutant-General at Toronto, to send Lieut.-Colonel Dennis in command. He did not know that the Queen's Own had been ordered out under their own officer, Major Gillmor, who had been drilling them during all the March service, and the two days a week drill in April and May, and who had the confidence of the officers and men. The result was that the

Queen's Own Rifles went off the next morning under the command of a brigade-major from another district, with whom they had never before been associated. Another remarkable feature was that Dennis had never been in the infantry in his life, and had only been about two years in command of a volunteer field battery of artillery. He was a surveyor by profession. His appointment created an unpleasant feeling, which had an indirect but evil influence on the campaign.

About mid-day of this Friday, June 1st, a messenger came to my office on Jordan street, where I was carrying on the work of my profession as a barrister, and told me that Major-General Napier, who then commanded the Imperial forces of the Upper Canada district, wished to see me at the brigade office. I went up at once, and General Napier said he had heard that I knew the country on the Niagara frontier pretty well. I told him that I did know it around the Falls and up the river above Chippewa, as I had, for some years, spent my summer holidays in that neighbourhood. He asked me a great many questions, and apparently had very little information as to the locality, and had no map, except a large general map of the Province of Upper Canada, which hung upon the wall of the office.

I knew Colonel Dennis and the Queen's Own had been sent that morning to Port Colborne, and saw, from the General's questions, that he intended to send Colonel Peacocke with a force then gathered at Hamilton in the same direction. I am afraid it was somewhat impudent of me, but I was so anxious that I thought I would speak freely, so I said to the General: "I hope you will

excuse me saying so, sir, but I think you are taking the wrong line of operations." He looked at me very sharply, waited a minute to get his breath, for I think my remark had a tendency to take it away, and then said in a very stern tone: "Might I ask you, Major Denison, what justification you have for making such an extraordinary remark." I snapped at the opening and said: "Certainly sir," and I walked over to the map and pointed out that the Fenians were at Fort Erie, the Queen's Own at Port Colborne; that if the Fenians moved rapidly to Chippewa, destroyed the two bridges over the Chippewa creek, marched along the south side of the creek to Port Robinson, destroyed the Montrose bridge on the way, they would, at Port Robinson and Welland, have the most vulnerable portion of the canal at their mercy; that the Chippewa creek would cover one flank and Lake Erie the other, and they would have the Humberstone marsh also to help to protect them from an attack from the Port Colborne direction. I also pointed out that by holding Chippewa with its bridges, and the Montrose bridge, and by operating from Chippewa our line of operations would be upon the Fenian flank, and would threaten their communications and check their advance, while our communications would be covered.

I think he must have been somewhat impressed by my remarks, or felt that he did not understand the country sufficiently to answer them. He thanked me very politely and expressed his regret that he had no permission to order me out with my corps, and I then left him. He immediately telegraphed to Colonel Peacocke to go to St. Catharines, and proceed from

there either to Port Colborne or Chippewa, as he saw fit. Colonel Peacocke had thought over the matter before and knew something of the country, and he pushed on for Chippewa at once and took possession of the bridges.

To be fair to General Napier, I will finish about this question of the Chippewa bridges. The next day my uncle, Lieut.-Colonel Robert B. Denison, was sent in command of a provisional battalion of thirteen companies of volunteer militia to Clifton to guard the Suspension bridge over the Niagara river, and prevent a crossing there. He was at that point about four and one-half miles from Chippewa, and knowing the importance of the post and the bridges, he, on his own authority, sent two or three companies to Chippewa to hold it. In a day or two General Napier came over to look after matters, and reached Clifton first. He inspected Lieut.-Colonel Denison's command and was told that the remainder of the battalion were at Chippewa guarding the bridges over the Chippewa creek. He spoke very sharply to my uncle and said: "Who ordered that?" "No one," said my uncle. "I wanted to guard my flank and preserve the bridges." The General grumbled somewhat and went on to Fort Erie, crossing the Chippewa creek on the train. When he came back to Clifton in the evening, he sent for Colonel Denison and said: "You were quite right; those bridges at Chippewa must be guarded at all hazards. What a country this is where they call a river larger than the Thames at Richmond a creek."

The Chippewa creek, or Welland river, is about 300

to 400 feet wide, and navigable to large vessels drawing ten feet, as far as Port Robinson, nine miles up from the mouth.

About two or three hours after I left the General I received orders to turn out at once to leave for the frontier early the next morning. My brother Fred, my cornet, was a law student in my office, and between us we did all the work in a prosperous and flourishing law business which I had worked up since I had been called to the bar about four and a-half years before. I had been married in January, 1863, had two children, and was doing well at my profession, making more than I was spending, and the work increasing every year. I handed over all my business to another lawyer, a friend of mine, and putting a notice up telling my clients where to go to enquire about their affairs, I locked the door, and my brother and I started off to send out the sergeants and corporals to bring in the men, who lived within a radius of about a dozen miles of the city. They were riding all night and coming into the rendezvous at the Exhibition grounds at all hours, so that by day-break we were ready to start. We were kept back for the steamer to be loaded with stores, so that we did not leave for Port Dalhousie until about 8 a.m. of June 2nd. When we reached Port Dalhousie I had to get a train made up, and load the men and horses on it, and then we went to Port Robinson in obedience to orders we had received. There we detrained and fed the men and horses, and then marched down to Chippewa. Lieut.-Colonel John Hillyard Cameron, who was a volunteer on Colonel Peacocke's staff, was looking after

matters at Chippewa, and advised me to wait till the cool of the evening and then join Colonel Peacocke at New Germany, where he understood he had halted for the night. My horses required their shoes to be looked over, so I waited to get that done, and in two hours thirty horses had their shoes fastened on and attended to. We then pushed on to New Germany, marching very rapidly, as we heard Colonel Peacocke was thinking of moving on.

When we reached New Germany the force under Colonel Peacocke, about 1,700 strong, was just moving off. I was ordered by the Colonel to push on to the front and form the advance guard. We marched some two or three hours, the pace of my corps being regulated by the rate at which the infantry of the main body could march. This was the regular rule for the guidance of an advance guard, and I can remember how I began to chafe almost at once at not being able to push on. I felt that there was no reason why I should not go on until I struck the enemy's pickets, for I knew I could easily fall back if overmatched. This impressed me so that afterwards, in my "Modern Cavalry," I laid down fully my views of advanced guard work.

After marching about nine miles it began to get dusk, just as our advanced files had arrived at a point on the road where the woods (after skirting it on both sides for nearly a mile at the distance of about 600 or 700 yards), came close up on both sides, leaving only the road allowance clear through.

The cavalry advanced files, on arriving within about 200 yards of where the woods came up to the road,

noticed a body of men standing in the opening. They immediately halted and signalled back that men were in sight. I galloped on to the front, and enquiring from my men heard that a force was in front and continually dropping into the woods on the right, and on looking myself, saw that it was so. Colonel Peacocke soon after also galloped up, and on learning the cause of the halt, requested me to send two men on to reconnoitre more closely. By this time nearly all had gone into the woods on the right. I rode on with Cornet Denison and three men, and detaching him with Sergeants Williams and James to go down a side road to the right, I rode on with Trooper Conron to where we saw, in the dusk, a sentry standing where the others had been. He also moved into the woods while we were yet some distance from him. We rode on about 150 yards through the woods but by this time it was so late that I could see absolutely nothing under the trees, for it was, of course, much darker there than in the open road. They did not fire upon us, consequently I could form no opinion of their position or probable numbers. I thereupon returned to Colonel Peacocke and reported to him that I could see nothing, suggesting to him that as their outposts should properly have fired upon us to alarm their camp, their not having done so was a sign their force was on the alert and the place being so suitable it seemed to point to an ambuscade, and that I thought the woods should be searched.

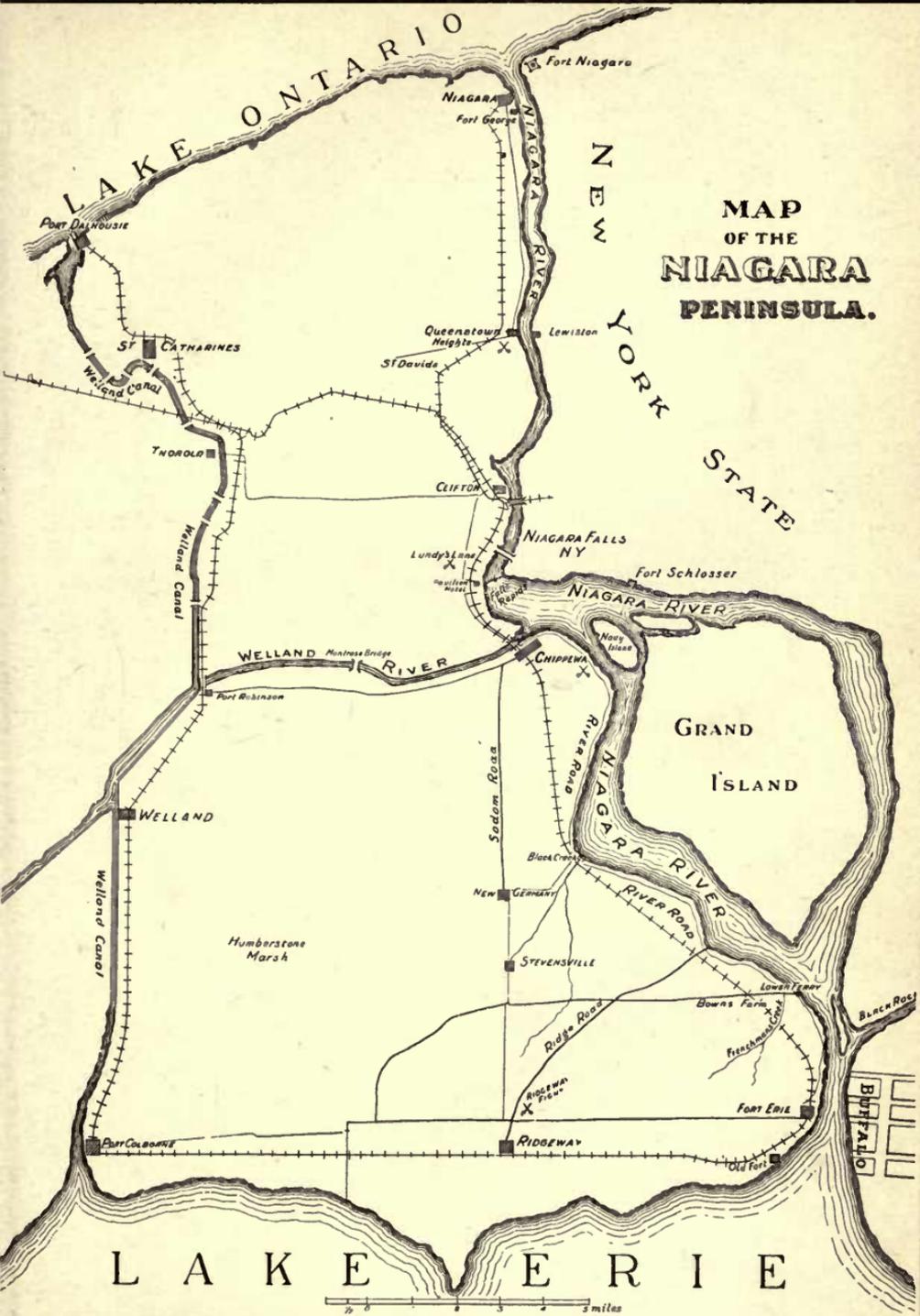
Colonel Peacocke seemed to have had a somewhat similar opinion as, in my absence, he had sent for two companies of the 16th to come up to search the bush

the main force being some distance to the rear. While we were speaking the two companies came up, and I went on with Colonel Peacocke, who moved with them to direct their movements. They opened out to the right of the road to skirmishing distance and moved on to the front. It was so dark by this time that the men could not, in the woods, see from one to the other, and there being a good deal of tangled brush and logs, and it being very marshy and wet the men could make no headway. At this time, while I was sitting close beside Colonel Peacocke, a voice in the dark said: "You can't go down that way, sir." The man who spoke was near to me, and looking carefully, I saw that he was a farmer living about a quarter of a mile back who had given us some information as we passed. Colonel Peacocke asked him "Why not?" He answered, "The bridge is broken." The Colonel questioned him closely and he insisted that we could not get through. This information, together with the inability of the skirmishers to make their way through the woods, decided Colonel Peacocke to wait until daybreak.

He went back a few hundred yards and formed his men up in two lines with skirmishers thrown out all around. The cavalry and artillery remained on the road in the centre and the whole force slept in their ranks all night. I have mentioned particularly these circumstances to explain why Colonel Peacocke could not push on and make a night attack upon a force of whose position he was ignorant.

The small Fenian picket which we had seen fell back at once before us through the woods and made their way

MAP OF THE NIAGARA PENINSULA.



into Fort Erie, about three miles distant, reporting that they had been driven in by a detachment of the British cavalry. This statement was published in the Buffalo papers, and reached the knowledge of the British Consul in Buffalo who at once telegraphed the information to General Napier in Toronto, with whom he was keeping in constant communication. The telegram reached the General about ten or eleven that same night, and my father, who was Commandant of the militia district, was with him at the time. General Napier read it, passed it to my father and said: "That is not true, for Peacocke has no cavalry with him." My father said: "That may be my son's corps." The General said, "Why that is impossible, he only left here this morning." My father simply said: "My son George is the devil to go when he gets started." The General smiled incredulously. After I arrived in Fort Erie I wrote home to my father telling him a little of what we had been doing and when he replied to me he told me of this conversation with the General and how pleased he was that he was right.

I had taken my corps about forty miles across the lake on a steamer to Port Dalhousie, disembarked there, got a train made up and entrained the men and horses and went to Port Robinson, some twenty miles, detrained there, fed men and horses, marched nine miles to Chippewa, then six to New Germany, then nine miles to Bown's Farm where we struck the Fenian pickets within twelve hours from the time we left the wharf in Toronto.

While crossing the lake in the steamer in the morning

I found a great quantity of commissariat stores going over to Port Colborne. I took a barrel of hard tack from the officer in charge and gave a receipt for it, and distributed one large biscuit to each man, and told him I would expect him to produce his biscuit for inspection that night. Some carried them in their holsters or wallets, some in their rolled great coats, and some wags bored holes in them, hung them around their necks and wore them as medals. But when we bivouacked at dark at Bown's farm that night these biscuits were all the men had, and I believe the other corps did not have anything.

The want of organization or preparation in view of the long threatenings seems almost incredible. I had to take my corps on a campaign without the carbines I had asked for, but with revolvers for which we had only some four or five ten-year-old paper cartridges for each. We did not know whether they would go off or not. We had no haversacks, no water bottles, no nose bags. Some of us had small tin cups fastened on our saddles. We had no canteens or knives or forks, or cooking utensils of any kind, or valises. We had no clothes except those on our backs (I had an extra flannel shirt and one pair of socks in the small wallets in front of my saddle). We had no tents and no blankets.

The militia infantry were almost as badly off as we were, and they slept that night in their ranks in the high green crops, wet with dew, without blankets or great coats, and no fires or lights were allowed. The commanding officer was unprovided with a proper map. He had been given, just as he was leaving Toronto, a

piece cut out of Dewey's post office map of Upper Canada, which showed the Niagara peninsula on a scale of about ten miles to the inch, which showed the post offices and the way in which the mails were sent, but without showing the roads or the natural features of the country at all. Colonel Peacocke showed me this map and I asked him if that was the only map he had. He said it was. I knew he had put up in Chippewa at the house of Mr. John C. Kirkpatrick, the Reeve, and I asked him why he did not use his county map. He said he did not know of it and had not seen it. This county map was on the scale of one inch to the mile, with all the roads, streams, villages, etc., carefully shown and with every man's name on the farm he owned. It would have been a good substitute for a military map. The post office map helped to lead Colonel Peacocke into taking the river road through Black Creek to New Germany, a distance of nearly eleven miles. When I arrived in Chippewa and heard I had to march to New Germany I examined Mr. Kirkpatrick's map and took the Sodom road which enabled me to reach the same point in six miles.

The first time I saw Mr. Kirkpatrick after the raid, I asked him why he did not lend his big map to Colonel Peacocke. His reply was: "He had a military map of his own and I did not like to offer him mine." This mistake I think had a great influence on the campaign, for it gave our column five miles unnecessary marching on a very hot day, and the delay thereby caused probably enabled the Fenians to escape.

During the day news had come in to Colonel Peacocke

of the defeat of the Queen's Own and 13th Battalion in the morning under Lieut.-Colonel Booker, at Ridgeway, and in the evening wild rumours came in that the Welland Canal Field Battery, then armed simply as a rifle company, and the Dunnville Naval company, had been attacked by the Fenians at Fort Erie, and all but four killed or wounded and that Captain King had been shot and thrown into the river. We heard also that 2,000 re-inforcements had crossed to the assistance of the Fenians. The news of the defeat of Colonel Booker's column was true. Captain King lost his leg and his party were defeated, most of them captured and many wounded, although none were killed. Large reinforcements had started to cross to the aid of the Fenians but had been turned back by the United States war vessel the *Michigan*. This news, it can be imagined, was not very encouraging to our force of about 1,700 men, who were within four miles of Fort Erie. A line of skirmishers were out all around our position, small pickets beyond that, and our men lying in their ranks all night were ready to get up into line in an instant.

About an hour before day, Colonel Peacocke asked me to go to the front and see that the advance sentries were on the alert, and to warn them to be very watchful. After doing this I was walking back to the bivouac, the eastern sky beginning to show signs of coming day, when I heard some one walking behind me, and a voice said: "Is that you, George?" I stopped, and a man came up whom I could not recognize. He was dressed in the common clothes of a labouring man, and had a close

fitting old cloth cap pulled down over his head, a red woollen scarf around his neck, a large pair of heavy moustaches and a wild, hunted look about the eyes. He shook hands with me and said: "Do you not know me?" I knew there was something familiar, but I could not place him. He repeated his question and then I recognized his voice and knew it was Lieut.-Colonel Dennis. I shall never forget how it startled me; I knew he had gone away in command of the Queen's Own. I knew they had been defeated with heavy loss, but we had only heard wild rumours, and seeing the commanding officer coming into camp disguised, with his whiskers shaved off and looking altogether most wretched, the thought flashed through my mind as to what had become of all my comrades and friends who had been under his command. My first remark was: "What has happened to the Queen's Own? What news have you?" "Oh?" he replied, "I was not with the Queen's Own, I was with the Welland Canal Field Battery and the Dunnville Naval company down in Fort Erie. I heard the Fenians were coming and I formed up to meet them. Suddenly a large force of Fenians appeared on our flank on the hill and fired upon us. The volunteers behaved badly; they fired one volley and then broke and ran. I ran down the river and into a house and back into a stable and hid in the hay in the loft for some hours. I was not discovered, and when I got an opportunity I disguised myself as you see and came across through the woods till I came upon the pickets of your force." I told him what we had heard of the fate of his command. He seemed

very much distressed at the news, but could not give me any information whatever as to what had happened to his men. He was quite ignorant of the very gallant and stubborn resistance they had made after he had left them, or of the losses they had inflicted upon the enemy, for the Fenians, it seems, lost just about as heavily in that skirmish as they did at Ridgeway.

I found out afterwards, when writing my account of the Fenian raid, that Lieut.-Colonel Dennis knew that the Queen's Own resented his appointment. When Lieut.-Colonel Booker was moved with his battalion and the York and Caledonia companies of volunteers, from Dunnville to Port Colborne, being the senior officer he assumed the command and Dennis dropped into a subordinate position. This did not suit him, and he took the first opportunity to suggest a new plan of campaign, by which he was to take the tug *Robb*, with the Welland Field Battery (which I have already mentioned had shortly before been deprived of their field pieces and been armed with rifles), and the Naval company from Dunnville, and go down to Fort Erie and patrol the river and prevent the escape of the Fenians. Captain Akers, of the Royal Engineers, who had been sent by Colonel Peacocke to explain and carry out the plan ordered by him, was led away by Colonel Dennis and went with him to Fort Erie. This left Colonel Booker to do his part of the work, which had been ordered by Colonel Peacocke, without the benefit of the advice and assistance of Captain Akers, who alone thoroughly understood what was required. This led to the failure of all Colonel Peacocke's plans,

to the defeat of Booker's column, and the defeat and capture of most of Dennis' command. Akers escaped in the opposite direction from Dennis and reached Port Colborne safely.

Lieut.-Colonel Dennis was an excellent office man. He was the pet of the department, the kind of man officials would consider an excellent officer. Four years afterwards, at the time of Riel's first rebellion in 1870, Lieut.-Governor McDougall sent him into Fort Garry with full powers, and he once more had an opportunity of retrieving his reputation as a soldier. He refused to take the advice of Dr. Schultz, Dr. Lynch, Mair and other loyal leaders and attack Fort Garry the night that he arrived, which was the soldierlike thing to do and would probably have settled the whole matter. Instead of that he issued a proclamation calling the loyal people to muster together to support the Queen's authority. When a large number had joined him at the Stone Fort he suddenly lost heart, slipped off in the night for the frontier, leaving an order behind him telling his followers to disband and go to their homes. He escaped safely; Schultz, Lynch, Mair and a number of others were taken prisoners and confined in Fort Garry for a considerable time. One of them, Thomas Scott, was executed.

Dennis must, however, have been a good departmental officer, and there must be a great value in courtierlike manners, for when he left the Department of the Interior, about a dozen years later, he was rewarded with the companionship of St. Michael and St. George, although his only important services to the country were those I have described.

Just before daybreak on my return to the bivouac, the wagons came up from the rear with some beef and hard tack. The beef was given to us in small chunks. We made fires of the rail fences, and sticking the small pieces of meat on slivers of wood we cooked them over the fire by toasting them. When they were cooked and browned on the outside we had to take them in our fingers and eat them, tearing them to pieces with our teeth with the juice running over our hands. We went to the brook near by to get a drink.

That was one of the most primitive attempts at a breakfast I ever had. As soon as the men had eaten this so-called meal I was ordered to push on towards Fort Erie to reconnoitre, as a rumour had reached the camp that the Fenians had gone back to Buffalo. As my men were falling in, I went to Colonel Peacocke to take his final orders. He had made his headquarters in the yard of a farm house and had managed to get a kettle of hot coffee, and he gave me a cup of it which, in the cool dawn, I thoroughly appreciated. As I mounted my horse to move out I turned jocularly to the Colonel and said: "Colonel, I am going to take that fort." I did not think I would so soon be in possession of the place.

I moved at once down the road leading to the Lower Ferry and enquired from all the farmers I met as to the position and numbers of the Fenians. It was about 5 a.m. and not many people were about, but they all agreed in stating that a large force of Fenians were in the woods on our right, where we had heard they were the night before. These stories were so confirmed by

everyone I saw, that, by the time I reached the river, I felt that my retreat to Colonel Peacocke's column was cut off. On coming in sight of the river we saw a scow black with men crowded upon it, who had just been emptying their rifles into the water. Wishing to obtain accurate information before sending back to Colonel Peacocke, I went to a gentleman who lived almost opposite to where the scow was lying and was told by him that the men on it were a reinforcement which had been prevented from crossing and that it had been taken possession of by the United States Revenue Cutter, the *Michigan*, behind which it was moored. He told me the main body of the Fenians were still on our side. This mistake was caused by the fact that the scow was captured up the river nearer Buffalo, and was brought down the river close to the American side, and then brought over to the middle of the stream and fastened to the *Michigan*, which was anchored there. As it came from the far side the conclusion was that it was a reinforcement.

Fearing that Colonel Peacocke might be under the impression that the enemy had gone, I sent an orderly to him at full speed with the substance of the information I had received, sending back at the same time a small patrol to give notice of any force that might attempt to close around our rear. I also detached a number of scouts into the interior to the right and up the river road towards Fort Erie to search the woods and give notice of the approach of the enemy, whilst I proceeded up the bank in search of a boat in order to go on board the *Michigan*. On reaching the steamer

I was informed by Captain Bryson, in command of her, that the men he had captured were the main force that had been in Canada, and that he did not believe there were many left. On reaching the shore I sent a despatch to Colonel Peacocke stating these facts, and saying that the first information I had sent him was incorrect. This despatch was about fifteen minutes after the first.

Recalling the scouts, we then moved on the gallop up the river road towards Fort Erie, being warned by the people we passed that a number of Fenians were still there. On coming in sight of the village we saw men dodging in every direction, but when we got up nearly all were hidden or gone. Muskets, bayonets and belts were scattered along the road, a few prisoners were taken by us and the wounded were put in charge of a guard. After placing guards over the prisoners and over the arms which were lying on the dock, the men and horses were billeted in the taverns, being pretty well used up by about forty hours almost continuous exertion. We reached Fort Erie about 6 a.m.

Shortly after I arrived Dr. Kempson, the reeve of the village came to me and introduced himself, and later on he brought a man up and introduced him to me as Dr. Donelly, a physician from Buffalo who had come over to assist him in attending to the wounded; for there were a number about the place. As the reeve introduced him to me he winked at me with his off eye, and I knew at once that Donelly was the Fenian doctor. I knew it would not be fair to arrest a surgeon and we could not recognize the Fenians as having any rights, so I took

the cue and thanked Dr. Donnelly very politely for his humanity and kindness, and as soon as possible Dr. Kempson put him in a skiff and sent him over to Buffalo. He addressed a large public meeting in that city a night or two after and gave a graphic and dramatic account of how he had hoodwinked the British authorities and escaped arrest.

Father McMahan, the Fenian priest, also came to me and asked permission to bury the dead and attend to the wounded. I told him the officer commanding the whole force would be in Fort Erie within two hours and he would have to apply to him, and I took it for granted that he would get over the river at once. He was captured by the troops when they came in and sent to Toronto with the other prisoners, tried and sent to the Penitentiary for some years. After the affair was over I told Sir John A. Macdonald what I had done in reference to Donnelly and Father McMahan, and that I hoped I had not done wrong. His reply was: "You did exactly right, I wish the other officers had only shown your sense. Father McMahan will be a source of trouble and annoyance as long as he is in prison." He was pardoned long before his sentence was finished.

I was busy looking after some of the wounded, when Colonel (now Lord) Wolseley came riding up the road into the village. It was my first introduction to him. He had been described to me so often by men who had been under him in the training camp which he commanded at La Prairie the previous year, that I recognized him at once. He asked me my name and corps and I told him. I asked him if he was not Colonel

Wolseley, and so we became acquainted with each other.

We were at Fort Erie for about three weeks. I remember walking along the street in Fort Erie with Colonel Peacocke, the evening after we got in, and I asked him what had gone wrong, and how the Fenians got away, etc. He told me exactly how his orders had been disobeyed by Dennis and Akers, and all his plans upset. I said at once: "Have you placed them under arrest?" He said, "No." I said: "You certainly should do so. Such disobedience of orders and such stupidity should be punished." His reply was, "Dennis is not a soldier and did not know any better, and he is a volunteer officer and it would look as if I was trying to make a scape-goat of him to save myself." He did not know that the upshot would be that all the blame would be thrown upon himself. The papers almost all attacked Peacocke and blamed him for the failure to capture the Fenians, a failure solely caused by the direct disobedience of orders by Dennis and Akers.

I wrote an account of the raid and published a large edition. Colonel Dennis, whom I had known from my childhood, hearing I was engaged on it, asked me to call at his office and see him, and we talked over his action and his reasons for it at great length, and he urged me very strongly to defend him, as we were old friends and brother volunteer officers, and should stand by one another. I said I must write an honest, true book or not write one at all, and I refused to be unfair to Peacocke. One of Dennis' intimate friends also used every effort to get me to take his side and throw the blame on

Peacocke. I refused him also. The result was that Dennis and I never spoke afterwards.

I have gone into all this fully, out of justice to the memory of Colonel Peacocke, who rested all his life under most unfair and untruthful misrepresentations of his conduct in that affair. He was very friendly to the volunteers. On this occasion that I have been speaking of, when we were walking along the road in Fort Erie, we met a young volunteer in private's uniform, who formally saluted the Colonel. The latter returned the salute, looked closely at the young man, put out his hand and said, "Why," (calling him by name) "How are you?" and shook hands with him warmly, asked after his father and mother and what corps he was in, and then parted with him and walked on. I said: "Colonel, you do not observe the regular rule that officers are not supposed to shake hands on the street with privates." He said: "Why should I? When I am in Hamilton I am often at that young man's home. I dine often with his father and family, and meet him there. He is a young man of good social position, and because he puts on a uniform and shoulders his musket to defend his Queen and country, should that degrade him? I think I should shake hands with him all the more on that account."

I have already said that at first we had no tents. We were camped on the hills above the village on the extreme northern flank of the line close to the house of Dr. Kempson, then the Reeve of the village. Next to us to the south were encamped Lieut.-Colonel Hoste's Field Battery of the Royal Artillery. Colonel Hoste treated

us very kindly and sent us two tents to help to shelter us for we were building ourselves shelters with rails from the rail fences. We had no picket ropes, so we drove stakes into the ground and fastened each horse separately with the halter chains on our thirty-five sets of military bridles and with ropes and reins in the case of the twenty horses that had the ordinary hunting saddle and bridle. For we had never received the extra twenty saddles required to complete our establishment. In a few days tents were issued to us and we were able to return those lent us by the battery.

On the Monday morning a train load of supplies of food arrived, sent by the inhabitants of Toronto for the Toronto volunteers. A rumour had reached the mayor of Toronto on Sunday morning that the volunteers were starving. He sent messengers to the church doors to meet the congregations coming out of the churches to ask all who were willing to help to meet together, and very soon the warehouses were opened and loads of bacon, pork, biscuits, corned beef and all kinds of food and luxuries were poured out by the people, and a train loaded and sent to Fort Erie. Alderman John Baxter, who was one of my colleagues from St. Patrick's ward in the city council, was one of a small committee sent with the food. I was up early on Monday morning, and riding down the street by the river saw Alderman Baxter, who was an exceedingly fat, heavy man, seated on a log. I called out to him: "Hello, St. Patrick, what are you doing here?" He said: "We have brought a train load of food, and I am the light troops sent on in front." This food was most acceptable

and necessary, and tided over the two or three days while the commissariat was being organized and getting into shape.

We divided up our share with Colonel Hoste who, the night before, had divided up tents with us, and a very warm friendship sprang up between the two corps. Either that night or the next I got a note from Captain Brown, of the Battery, saying: "Dear Denison,—We are in luck. We have got an Irish stew for dinner; come over and have some with us now."

I went over and we had our meal in the open on a gate or door taken from a fence, and laid upon stakes driven in the ground. We sat on benches made of boards the same way. The servants had gone about the village and had bought what utensils they could get. The Irish stew was in a brown earthenware milk pan or dish. Some beer was in a tea kettle, and we had some mugs and cups, and glasses and preserve pots to drink out of. There were about six or seven of us, and we had a most jolly dinner. I mention this to show how thoroughly unprepared we all were for service. In fact, we all had left on but a few hours' notice.

On my way down to join Colonel Peacocke at New Germany, I had been ordered to leave six of my men at Chippewa in order that they might be used for carrying despatches if needed. A day or two after we had arrived in Fort Erie I asked permission to leave camp for a few hours to ride down some sixteen miles to Chippewa to inspect this party and to see that matters were all right as to their billeting, etc.

I took with me Sergeant John James, who was afterwards an alderman for several terms in Toronto. He died some years ago. He was then a young man about twenty-one years of age, a strong, active, cool young fellow. We rode down to Chippewa, attended to my business, fed our horses and had lunch, and then started up the river road for Fort Erie. We had our swords and revolvers. I had four cartridges in my pistol, and James four or five in his. My pistol had been loaded since March, and I had no more cartridges and was not sure whether what I had would go off, for the percussion caps had been on for three months.

I do not know why the Department did not get us ammunition, but believe the cavalry were never thought of, and that there was no intention whatever to call us out until they got frightened and ordered out everyone. I think some of the infantry officials at headquarters must have read some newspaper or magazine article in which it was stated that the day of cavalry charges was over, and that in the future it would be impossible for cavalry to charge against infantry armed with the new long-range rifle. This, perhaps, led them to ignore the cavalry altogether.

At this time there were a number of fugitive Fenians hiding about in the woods, watching for a chance to escape. Just as James and I were riding into the little village or hamlet of Black Creek, a small place with five or six houses, a resident told me that a man with a small row-boat was on the shore of the river about half a mile up, evidently trying to carry off some Fenians. When we came up within a quarter of a mile of the

place we saw the boat with a man sitting in it, drawn up on the beach where the road ran close to the water. We immediately rode very rapidly towards it; we got within a couple of hundred yards of it before the man noticed us, when he quietly shoved the boat from the shore and put his oars in the rowlocks and was just going to row off when we got up. We had our revolvers out, cocked, and immediately ordered him to come ashore or we would fire. He hesitated a moment but as I took deliberate aim at him and ordered him, with some strong language, to come ashore, he came. I told James to dismount and I held his horse with my bridle hand while I kept my revolver pointed at the man with the other.

When he touched the shore he got out of the boat and I told James to search him for arms. I noticed he had a revolver in his breast pocket and he raised his hand to reach it. I told him to take his hand down or I would blow the top of his head off, and told James to seize the pistol. Just at this instant I noticed a pile of stuff move in the boat and I called to James that there was someone in the boat. James had taken the pistol out of the first man's pocket and seeing that it was a fine new pistol with every chamber loaded, he coolly put his own revolver into his holster on his belt, cocked the one he had taken, and went to the boat where, at the same instant, a man who had been hidden under some clothes at the stern of the boat, got up. James picked up another revolver on the bottom of the boat, put that in his belt, searched the second man, disarmed him, and put him alongside the first, whom I was

covering with my revolver. We were so intently engaged with these two men that we did not notice a third man who came up behind us just at this time and made some remark that showed he was one of the party. We put him under arrest too. In the boat, under the clothes, we found two Fenian rifles with bayonets and equipments. We marched the men to the nearest farm house, impressed a waggon and a pair of horses, and took our three prisoners, with the rifles, bayonets, etc., up to Fort Erie, where we handed them over to the civil authorities, who had taken charge of all the prisoners. It was not very pleasant for us to feel, in this affair, that we had no confidence in our pistols. I could not help being struck with James' coolness as he took the revolver from the man, stepped back a pace or two, looked at it, and then deliberately cocked it to go and disarm the other man.

I had every confidence in my men; they were generally of good position, many of them sons of well-to-do farmers; some were business men. They were actuated by the same spirit that animated the officers, and made great sacrifices of time and money in the interests of their country. All my brother officers who served with me in this affair are now dead, many of the men are also dead, and when the medals for the Fenian Raid were presented, a few months ago, I was the only officer, and there was only a remnant of the non-commissioned officers and men who had served so loyally with me thirty-four years before.

I think it was on the second day after we got

into Fort Erie that Colonel (now Lieut.-General) R. W. Lowry, who was then in command, sent for me and asked me to go all over the outposts and report to him my opinion as to how they were placed. It will be remembered that I had only published my "Manual of Outpost Duties" about two months before. I rode all along the line of sentries and visited all the pickets and found a number of most faulty arrangements, which I reported to Colonel Lowry. He said he would depend mainly upon his telegraphic news from the British Consul in Buffalo, who could notify him of any movement of the enemy. At this time we had about 2,000 or 2,500 men, while 5,000 or 6,000 Fenians were swarming about the streets of Buffalo, just across the river.

I had so little confidence in the efficiency of the outposts that for two or three nights I made my men sleep fully equipped, ready to jump up in a moment. The night after I had gone around the advance posts I was fast asleep, when I suddenly heard the alarm sounded, and then I heard one or two rifle shots followed by more, then quite a fusilade. Of course we were all out in an instant and very rapidly formed up. We could hear the Battery, which was next us, harnessing up in the dark, which was intense, and the murmur of the whole force falling in, as we sat on our horses waiting orders. We waited and waited, the firing ceased, the noise ceased and an hour or so passed, and then I sent down to the brigade office to know whether there were any orders. The reply was that we were to turn in, that the rest of the force had their orders nearly an

hour before, and they were very sorry that we had been forgotten. It was said that the alarm had been caused by a calf that approached a sentry and naturally would not answer the challenge. The sentry got alarmed and fired, and, as it turned out afterwards, killed the calf. This was the story that was accepted in the camp, but it is possible the alarm was given under orders so as to train the men to turn out quickly.

For three weeks we were at Fort Erie doing outpost and patrol duties. We had a camp fire in the middle of our camp every evening and the men not on duty gathered around it, singing songs and telling anecdotes and enjoying themselves. The men got the nickname of "Denison's Guerillas," partly, I think, from the fact that I had got them all supplied with jack-boots into which their trousers were tucked, and we all, both officers and men, wore them. As no mounted officers or men wore these in the army at that time, and those we had were the common lumberman's boots, they looked very rough and ready and gave the men an irregular appearance, but they were very serviceable and useful; and when I published my "Modern Cavalry" in 1868 the Duke of Cambridge took up the suggestion I made in that book in favour of the jack-boot, and now, I believe, every mounted officer and man in the British service wears the long boots instead of the booted overalls in use in 1866.

We were ordered to Toronto on June 21st and sent to our homes. My friend who had warned me that the raid was coming in the end of May, told me, at the same time, that if I got through all right I should make

arrangements to write an account of it, and advised me to leave orders to have files of all the papers kept for reference. So I had the idea in my mind all the time I was out, and was continually gathering information. During July I was writing it and getting it published. An edition of 2,000 was rapidly sold, and that pamphlet of about 100 pages is now so scarce that any stray copy coming on the market will bring a large price. I took great pains to arrive at the truth, and conversed with a great many people, with all the leading officers on our side, and with a number of the leading Fenians who had been engaged. The striking feature to me was the falsification of history that was taking place all around me. Fictitious stories were repeated till they were believed. Blame was placed where it was not deserved, and faults of the most serious kind escaped censure. Colonel Peacocke was held up most unfairly to ridicule and abuse. The late Lieut.-Colonel Booker was also censured most cruelly without justification. He asked for a court of inquiry, which showed clearly that he had behaved coolly and with presence of mind, and with an anxious forethought in caring for his men on the retreat.

An account of the raid, pretending to be a history of the campaign, was published by one Alexander Somerville, which was manifestly written to put the worst light on all that Lieut.-Colonel Booker did. Some years after, Somerville, in a fit of remorse, not long before he died, wrote a letter to Lieut.-Colonel Booker expressing his regret, and confessing that he had been hired by a clique of Booker's enemies to write it, but

that many of the most spiteful paragraphs were inserted by his employers without his consent and without justification. Lieut.-Colonel Booker let me have a copy of this letter, which I still have.

CHAPTER VIII

OUTPOST DUTY ON THE NIAGARA RIVER

Ordered to frontier again—Employed on outpost duty—Anxiety about false alarms—Fenian picnic to Grand Island—Presence at landing at Lower Ferry—Attempt to alarm frontier frustrated—Accident to Lieutenant Denison—Extraordinary effect of change of air—New method of enforcing discipline—Peculiar condition of Fort Erie in August, 1866—Night ride with Colonel Wolseley—Question of stimulants—Red River expedition experience—Advocacy of marriage—Anecdote of Lieutenant (now General Sir) W. F. Butler—Colonel Wolseley—High opinion of him—Report of Black Creek district—Colonel Wolseley's careful examination of that section—Order to secure contract for scows—Colonel Wolseley asks to retain Body Guard—13th Hussars come to Canada—Ordered home October 5th, 1866—Field-Marshal Sir John Michel—Anecdotes of him.

I HAD barely got my book out when my corps was ordered out again to Thorold, where a camp of observation was being formed under the command of Colonel Wolseley. The 16th Regiment of the Imperial Infantry, Lieut.-Colonel Hoste's Battery of Artillery, and four or five active militia battalions at a time, were kept there till October—the militia battalions being kept there for ten days each, and then relieved by other battalions for the same length

of time. As soon as we arrived at Thorold, before we had reached the camping ground, I received orders to march straight on to Chippewa and place pickets along the River Niagara as far as Fort Erie and around to Ridgeway. Leaving a small party at Thorold, we marched to Chippewa that night, and leaving a post there, moved on the next morning to Black Creek, where we placed a party, and then on to Fort Erie where we placed another, as well as one at Ridgeway. I left my brother Fred in charge at Thorold, and Lieutenant Edwin P. Denison in command at Fort Erie. We patrolled the river every night and kept a careful watch to cover the camp at Thorold. An attack was expected, and on one or two occasions the Fenians gathered in large numbers, but they never attempted to cross.

We had only fifty-five men and three officers to patrol a frontier of about twenty-five miles, and to keep up communications with Colonel Wolseley's camp at Thorold, ten miles in our rear. My headquarters were at Chippewa, but I was always moving about between there and Fort Erie, and for some time, when an attack seemed imminent, I was on the river with my patrols every night. I had made one rule that I would never recognize the slightest difference between night and day if there was anything to be done, and this spirit soon spread through the corps. My great anxiety was that we should not be caught napping. I always felt more comfortable when I was out with my men at night, and I soon learned to sleep anywhere at any time. If I came to a cross road where

a patrol was to meet another patrol, and it had not arrived, I used to dismount, throw up the collar of my great coat and lie down and fall asleep at once. I would often get a quarter of an hour or half an hour's sleep in this way, which was so much gained. The habit of snatching sleep at any time, which I then learned, has been of great use to me ever since.

I was as much afraid of false alarms being sent in as I was of an attack being made without prompt notice being given. False alarms from outposts are very common indeed, and it is a reflection on the officers and men employed on that duty, if they are made. During the two months there were no false alarms sent in. Fortunately I was able to prevent one that might have been made, and, as it is a good illustration of how easily they may occur, I will describe the circumstances.

We had received information that there was to be a great gathering of Fenians at Buffalo and an immense picnic at a pleasure ground on Grand Island about eight miles down the Niagara river, not far from where a small post of my men were stationed at Black Creek. I had given orders for every man to be on duty that night on the River Road, and I rode up myself from Chippewa to a point just opposite to where the picnic was going on, where I had some eight or ten men placed. It was believed the picnic was only a blind and that the vessels would land the men on our side during the night. My men were hidden under some trees between the road and the water and, just as I came up, had captured three or four men who had come across from Grand

Island from the picnic. I had them searched for arms, but as they had none, I had no reason for holding them, so I released them and sent them back. I have no doubt they took the news of our presence to the main party.

About midnight the Fenians started on their return to Buffalo. There was a large river steamer loaded with swarms of people towing an enormous barge that held probably a thousand more. The weight and the current prevented them going fast, so that by riding very hard we were able to follow and keep up with them. The river is from three quarters of a mile to a mile wide. As we had to follow all the windings of the shore, we had a great deal further to go than they had, but we were able to keep up. When we got close to the lower ferry wharf, the most convenient landing place for them, I halted my men under the shade of some trees, just at the corner of the road leading back towards Bown's farm, by which we had come down to the river on the previous June 2nd. We had barely got there when we noticed the two vessels turn in towards the wharf. One of my men said, "They are going to land, we had better get away." I said: "No, keep very quiet," and I rapidly gave instructions as to what was to be done if they landed. Two men were to ride up to Fort Erie and tell my party there to fall back to Ridgeway, and then with the men from there move down to Stevensville and meet me. I told two others they were to go back to Black Creek, and send word on to Chippewa and Thorold, and told the remainder to fall back with me towards Bown's farm. It did not take me a minute to

give these instructions and then we all waited, hidden, to see if they would land. The end of the wharf was not more than fifty or sixty yards from where we sat on our horses, but it was a very dark night and we were under the trees. The steamer came close up to the wharf, within ten or fifteen feet of it, slowed up and then having passed it, turned outwards and went across the river and entered Black Rock harbour. Had they really intended landing we ran a great risk, as they would have been very close to us and even random firing might have been very destructive, but I was determined there should not be a false alarm, and there was not. The Fenians had come across and pretended they were going to land, for the sole purpose of alarming the whole district and turning out the main force at Thorold. There would have been numerous newspaper paragraphs ridiculing us all over the States, and our corps would have had the blame. I never was so thankful for happening to be at the right place at the right time.

One night a patrol consisting of Charles Abbott and another trooper were coming up the river from the direction of Black Creek, after having exchanged reports about midway with a patrol from Black Creek. They had not long parted with the others when they came to an orchard and thought they would get some apples. By some mischance, perhaps a trick of Abbott's, for he was an irrepressible wag, the two horses got away and galloped full speed three or four miles into Fort Erie, and arrived covered with foam at the stable of the tavern, where the party, some twenty strong, were

billeted. The sentry at once gave the alarm. My cousin, the late Lieutenant Edwin P. Denison, who was in command of the post, ordered out the whole force, for the natural conclusion was that the men had been shot and he immediately went down the road at the gallop. In the excitement and haste Lieutenant Denison's horse got his hoof into a hole in the road, tripped and fell, throwing the rider off and breaking his collar bone. In a few minutes the two lost troopers were met, quietly trudging to Fort Erie.

Our surgeon, Dr. De la Hooke, happened to be stationed at Fort Erie, as our largest post was there, and he soon set the bone. A lady friend who with her family had been very hospitable and kind to us lived about a mile down the river road from Fort Erie, and she insisted on having the wounded officer taken to her house to be cared for. Then she thought it was lonely for him sitting on a couch or easy chair all day long unable to do anything, so she sent over to Buffalo, and invited three very pretty young ladies to come over and help look after him.

The next time I came to Fort Erie, I found, not only the Lieutenant away, but the doctor as well, and I was told that the injury must be serious, as the doctor was making very frequent visits, several times a day, and very prolonged ones. I, of course, had to visit my officer, which I naturally did very frequently. It must have been a very bad break, for, although the injured man looked the very picture of health and good spirits, he apparently could not move. I asked the doctor, after a week or two, when he would be able to get to

work again. His report was that nothing would cure him but change of air. I ordered him to Thorold. When he left Fort Erie he was apparently very unfit. The next day I was at Thorold, and he was acting as galloper for Colonel Wolseley, riding straight as the crow flies over fences and ditches and everything in his way as if he had never been hurt in his life. It was the most wonderful instance of the benefit of a change of air.

One cannot always, on active service, follow the prescribed routine which may work admirably in a garrison town. The usual method of punishment in the regular service is by confinement to barracks and stoppage of pay. I had a post at Chippewa of about a dozen men under the charge of Sergeant-Major Dunn. I had had occasion to order a man, for some trifling offence, to be confined to his quarters for a few days. Shortly after this I found that one very good-looking smart trooper, a young farmer from near Toronto, had been negligent in going out with his patrol, delaying so, that some other patrol had been kept waiting a long time. I sent for him and reprimanded him sharply and told him if it happened again I would punish him in a way he would not like.

I had heard a remark that he had become very attentive to one of the two pretty daughters of the keeper of the hotel where the party were billeted, and that he was a good musician, as also was the young girl to whom he was paying so much attention. He expected to be confined to his quarters as a punishment, and from his point of view he was not in the least

alarmed, as most of his time would be spent at the piano. Of course only a night or two elapsed before he was again late going out on patrol. I heard of it and simply sent an order to Sergeant-Major Dunn to send trooper Thompson at once to Black Creek in order to learn punctuality under Sergeant Ide, and directed that another trooper was to be sent from Black Creek to Chippewa to take his place.

I found this most effective. The story went all through the different posts and Thompson came to me one day when I was passing through Black Creek and made the most humble apologies for being late and promised faithfully, if I would let him go back to Chippewa, I would never have further trouble with him, that he had all his chums there and did not get on with the men at Black Creek. After two or three weeks I arranged for him to return. He was the most punctual man in the corps after that.

On one occasion Colonel MacDougall, Adj.-General of Militia (and in command of it), Colonel Peacocke, in command in Upper Canada in the absence on leave of General Napier, and Commodore de Horsey, now an Admiral, who then commanded the gun boats on the lakes, came over to visit and inspect the camp at Thorold and to look over the Frontier. These three officers, with Colonel Wolseley, went down to Port Colborne, and then to Fort Erie, and as I was in command of the outposts, I was with them there to give information.

When we had been in Fort Erie in June, over 3,000 troops were there for a time, and afterwards 2,000

remained for three weeks. Besides that, for some weeks after the raid the place was swarming with sight-seers. Fort Erie was practically one long street with the river on one side and the houses and shops along the other. So many visitors came in June, in addition to the large force of soldiers, that it led to almost every house, shop, shed or lean-to being turned into a refreshment booth, principally for the sale of liquor, and every place you looked into had the appearance of a bar-room. For a while a most flourishing business was done. When the troops left business was very dull, and while we had our small party there, the place was almost empty, except for these bar-room proprietors.

Colonel Macdougall and I were walking in front when Colonel Macdougall said to me: "What kind of place is this village of Fort Erie? It is a most peculiar looking place." "Well," said I, "Colonel, it is a most extraordinary place, the population consists entirely of tavern keepers, and they make a living by going around drinking in each other's bars." It was quite true, for the occupants were just waiting to sell out, and in a week or so they were nearly all gone.

That evening Colonel Wolseley rode back to Thorold. I rode with him as far as Chippewa, where he had supper with me and I furnished him with a fresh horse to ride on to Thorold. During the long ride we talked on many subjects of which I only remember two. We got on the subject of officers marrying, and Colonel Wolseley remarked that an officer unmarried had fewer ties, and that it was an advantage for him to be single. He was then a bachelor, and although I was six years

younger I had been married three and a half years. I remember saying that it was all right when a man was young for him to be a bachelor, but that when he got old it was then a lonely and unsatisfactory condition, and I spoke very strongly indeed in favour of marriage.

Another point we talked about was that of giving stimulants to soldiers on service. I was very much averse to the use of stimulants on service, not that I was a professed temperance man or teetotaller, but simply because I believed men could do more and better work without them. Colonel Wolseley's idea seemed to accord with mine, but he thought that perhaps where men were exposed to cold and wet it might be advisable to issue a little occasionally. I did not think it necessary even under those circumstances. He instanced the service in the trenches before Sebastopol, as a case where it might, perhaps, be necessary. I referred to the custom in our lumber camps, where the men were often wet and exposed to cold, and I mentioned the use of hot tea, and suggested that any time he was out shooting near lumber camps he might make enquiries. I am under the impression that he must have looked into the matter for himself, for when he took command of the Red River Expedition, four years after, he forbade the use of spirits in the force, and supplied them with tea instead. I was glad to find that the experience in that campaign proved that it was a most satisfactory experiment.

My advocacy of marriage was known to several of my friends in the army, among others Major Butler, now Lieut.-General Sir W. F. Butler. I had known him

well as Lieutenant Butler at the time of the Red River expedition, where he very pluckily performed some special service for Colonel Wolseley. He used to come and see me afterwards when passing through Toronto. On one occasion he had with him that magnificent Esquimaux dog, "Cerf Volant," whose picture adorned the cover of his "Wild North Land." We went to get lunch together, the dog with us, everybody turning to look at him, when, before we knew it, the dog disappeared. Butler was at once anxious. He said there must be a butcher shop near, and there happened to be one across the street. He was afraid the butcher might strike him, and we both ran across to find the butcher busily engaged in cutting off pieces of meat to feed the dog. The greatest compliment to his splendid appearance that could be paid.

Some years after this I was in London and met Major Butler several times. One day I chanced to meet him on Pall Mall, and of course we stopped to speak. I asked him what news there was. He said: "Oh, nothing," and after speaking a few minutes he said: "Well, I will tell you a piece of news quite new. I know your views in favour of marriage, so I will tell you that I am just engaged to be married." I congratulated him warmly, wished him every happiness, and then he told me he was engaged to be married to Miss Elizabeth Thompson, the painter of the "Roll Call," etc. I said: "Oh, that is the result of all this trouble you have had in getting out samples of the uniforms for Miss Thompson's new picture." Major Butler was then in the clothing department at the War Office and had

mentioned to me a week or two before that he was getting together the uniforms as models for the new picture "Inkerman" on which Miss Thompson was then engaged. Some time after I saw the announcement of the marriage.

During the months I was commanding the outposts for Colonel Wolseley I was thrown a good deal in contact with him, and formed an exceedingly high opinion of his capacity as a general or officer. He expected those under him to do their very best, and those who did not were not held in much estimation by him. I saw it was necessary to be very prompt in everything. One night, about 1 a.m., I received a note at Fort Erie asking me to make a careful examination of the Black Creek country, and particularly to examine and report fully on all the points at which the creek could be crossed and on the condition of the bridges. He had given the letter to the orderly at Thorold about 10 p.m., and it had reached me, some twenty-eight miles off, in about three hours. I was at the first bridge at daylight, and rapidly made sketches of all the bridges, took measurements, etc., and found that his sketch, traced from the ordnance map, was erroneous, and I changed it so as to make it correct. I was at work at this from about 5 a.m. till nearly noon, for I had to ride a number of miles and examine eleven bridges. I then galloped to Black Creek, took a fresh horse to Chippewa, and, after getting lunch, sat down to draw my map and plans of the bridges and prepare my report. I had completed them about 8 p.m. and rode across to Thorold, arriving about nine o'clock. Colonel



FIELD MARSHAL VISCOUNT WOLSELEY, K P.

(From photograph taken in 1870 by F. R. Window, London.)

Wolseley, when he saw me, said: "I wrote to you last night, and I would like you to let me have your report as soon as possible." I said: "Here it is, sir," and I handed it to him. He did not say anything, and I am afraid he thought I could not have done it properly in the time.

Two days after he came over to Chippewa, breakfasted there with me and took a fresh horse to go and see the Black Creek country. My father happened to be in Chippewa at the time, so I furnished him a horse also, and we all three rode out to Black Creek. As soon as we got to the first bridge Colonel Wolseley dismounted, took my map and plans out of his pocket and paced everything, and compared his pacing with my figures, tried the depth of the stream, compared that, and went from bridge to bridge nearly all day till he had tested every figure. My father and I both noticed that he seemed to be annoyed about something, and I was afraid he might have found some accidental mistake. He hardly spoke all the time he was busy, but devoted his whole thought to the work. When he had examined the last bridge he put the papers in his pocket and said: "Now we will go back." He did not make any remark about my plans, so I said to him: "Now, Colonel, you have given my plans a very thorough test; are they right or wrong?" "Perfectly right, Denison; in fact, that map of yours is the best map of that piece of ground that there is, but I am very much annoyed. I have been relying on the accuracy of the ordnance map, and there are gross mistakes in it. A campaign might be

lost through depending on a map like that. I have gone over it all very carefully, for I intend to have a copy made out to be sent to England to be printed to replace that sheet, which will have to be cancelled."

One night about 10 o'clock, at Chippewa, I received a letter from Colonel Wolseley. He had given it to the orderly about 9 p.m. and my directions were that a man on a fresh horse was to be sent instantly to me with any order issued. As I was at Chippewa I received it in an hour. I was requested to see if I could hire a scow to sink in the Montrose swing bridge, in the channel, to block the passage in case of vessels of the enemy pushing up to Port Robinson. The idea was to have a scow loaded so that it could be scuttled and sunk in the channel in case of need. I was to find out where I could get one, what I could have it for, loaded, by the week or month, and to fix a price for it if scuttled. He finished his letter by saying: "When you have found out on this point, please come here with the information, which I should like to have as soon as possible."

I went to see the Reeve of Chippewa, Mr. John C. Kirkpatrick, that night, and found I could not get a scow in Chippewa, and that Port Robinson would be the best place to make enquiries. I wanted to know the depth of the river in the swing channel. I knew the general depth of the river was from ten to twelve feet. I got a piece of string in Mr. Kirkpatrick's shop and measured it off into yards on the yard measure on the counter, and marked each yard with a knot. I then rode out to the Montrose bridge and fastening a

stone to the end of my string, found that the river was eighteen feet deep, and that sinking one scow would be useless. I then rode on to Port Robinson and got there about 4 a.m., woke up Mr. Abbey, the Reeve, went out with him, he being engaged in the shipping business, and picked out two large scows, made an agreement with him for their hire and for their value, and wrote out a formal contract which, as a barrister, it was easy for me to do, and he signed it in duplicate in my presence as witness. I then mounted my horse and rode to Thorold, for Colonel Wolseley said he wanted the matter attended to at once. I got to Thorold about 7 a.m., and Colonel Wolseley was just dressing. He heard me speaking to the sentry in front of his tent and said: "Denison, I wrote you a note last night. I want to speak to you about it. I would like you to attend to it as soon as you can." "I have it done, sir," said I. "That is right," said he, "go over to the mess tent and order your breakfast. I will join you in a few minutes."

He seemed satisfied with what I had done. I think he was pleased with the energetic way in which I looked after matters, for shortly afterwards that splendid regiment, the 13th Hussars, arrived in Toronto under command of Colonel Jenyns, and Colonel Wolseley was told that a squadron of that regiment would be sent over to relieve me and my sixty "guerillas." Colonel Wolseley at once wrote and asked that I should be left with him, as our men and officers were doing excellent service, and he would rather have us than the squadron of hussars. We therefore remained on duty

until the camp was broken up. This gave the greatest satisfaction to our corps, for we were all very proud to have so clear a proof of Colonel Wolseley's appreciation of our work. We heard, however, that the 13th Hussars did not like it at all, although after we went home, there was always the closest friendship between our corps and the 13th.

On October 5th, 1866, we were ordered home and relieved from service. We were never called out again on account of the Fenians.

Lieut.-General, afterwards Field-Marshal, Sir John Michel then commanded the British troops in Canada. He was a fine old soldier, handsome and energetic and had had considerable experience. I sent him a complimentary bound copy of my account of the raid, for which he wrote me a note thanking me. About the middle of October I was introduced to him, happening to see him by chance at the Hamilton station. He spoke very kindly to me, thanked me again for my little book, with which he said he was very much pleased. "In fact," said he, "to prove how satisfied I was with it, I may tell you that I received, not long since, a letter from the Duke of Cambridge asking me for some details of the operations, and I sent him your book and told him I endorsed it, and that he would get the best idea of the affair from it." I was naturally much pleased to get this recognition of my desire to be fair and truthful.

I have one or two recollections of Sir John Michel. I met him once at a railway junction between his country seat and London, where we had some fifteen

minutes to wait. He at once commenced talking over Canadian affairs, was very kind and friendly, and urged me to go down to his place, Dewlish Park, and pay him a visit. I was, unfortunately, too much engaged to accept his hospitality. The next time, and the last time, I saw him, was after he had been for some years in command of the forces in Ireland. I was in London, and Lord Wolseley had caused me to be made a visiting member of the United Service Club (The Senior). I used it quite frequently, and one day was writing a letter in the writing room, where conversation was forbidden. There was no club, I believe, in London at that time where discipline was more strictly observed. Sir John came into the room, saw me, and at once shook hands with me and began asking me questions about Canada. There was only one gentleman in the room at the time, in the far corner with his back to us, and we were speaking very quietly. I hinted to the General about the rule that we should not talk there. He said somewhat louder, "There is only one gentleman here and I do not suppose he will mind." The gentleman overheard the remark and at once turned around and in a very loud voice said: "No, do not mind me. Go on and talk all you like. I have been accustomed to do my work for years on the staff of a fussy old commanding officer, who was always coming in interrupting me, and I had to work constantly under those conditions. Don't mind me. Keep on talking, I can get on easily. I am well used to it." I saw at once there was something behind it. Sir John laughed and whispered to me: "I did not see who it was. He is a very queer

fellow. He used to be on my staff." It is needless to say we discontinued our conversation.

I may say that before we were sent over to the frontier the second time we were supplied with the new Spencer carbines, and plenty of ammunition. It often happens that departmental officials, after a long period of peace, forget to ensure proper preparation. In the Crimean war our army suffered terribly from want of organization. The French in the same way, in 1870. Spain and the United States both felt the same difficulty in the late war. I doubt, however, if the troops of any civilized country were ever much worse equipped than we were at Fort Erie in June, 1866, or with less reason, for we had three months' warning.

CHAPTER IX

RETURN HOME — RECOLLECTIONS OF SIR HENRY HAVELOCK-ALLAN

*Arrive at home with family—Resume practice of my profession—
Business ruined—March, 1867—Rumours of raids—
Offered position on the staff of General Stisted—Recon-
noissance of Niagara district—Meet Sir Henry Havelock
—We take a trip to the frontier—Anecdotes—Tour of
Eastern Townships frontier—Jack Doty—"You're in ile"
—Are arrested as Fenian spies—Are released—Havelock
Rifle company—Fine physique of the men—Sir Henry
Havelock's peculiar character—His eccentricities—His
extraordinary energy—His absolute fearlessness—His
account of the pursuit after Tel-el-Kebir—Anecdotes of
him—His mounted visit to an editor—His last remark to
me—Is killed in the Khyber Pass.*

I RETURNED to my home with my wife and children on November 24th, 1866. I had left suddenly on the afternoon of June 1st, and in the unsettled state of affairs my father did not like the idea of my wife and her two children being left in our house, which was then in a very lonely locality, so he brought them over to his place, Rusholme, and my place was locked up and left. After the Fenians were driven out of the country my wife went to Chippewa and spent the summer months at her mother's.

When I left my home the lawn was in perfect order, the flower beds looking very pretty, the garden flourishing, and everything looking well in the glorious first flush of summer. When I came back on a cold, gloomy November day, the place looked dismal—high dead grass all over the lawn, the flower beds with tall, rank weeds gone to seed, the garden grown up both in paths and beds with dense weeds, the path up to the front door in the same condition, and, by some chance, a number of sunflowers had grown up and were standing dead and withered in front of the front door.

I soon had the place tidied up and put in order and started to gather up the threads of my practice, which I had left in excellent condition. I went back to my office, my brother Fred, who was then putting in his time as a law student, with me, and soon found that the people had got out of the way of coming to me. They had taken their business to law firms who had not cared to defend their country or to interfere with the designs of the Fenians. As we were protecting the lives and property of the inhabitants, including our clients, one would have thought they would not have shown their favours to those who stayed at home. They never came back to me, however, fearing, I suppose, that I might turn out again in case of danger, and so under great trials and hardships, I had to build up a new practice. Of all my militia experiences, this was the hardest.

My father, at that particular period, was also embarrassed pecuniarily. He had an extensive landed property which, some years after, produced quite a large fortune to be divided among his children, but the collapse of

the "boom" which had inflated values in 1857, was followed by about fifteen years of very great depression. Property was unsaleable, rents were very low, taxes very high, so that he had hard work to get along and save his property, and was quite unable to aid me. All my relatives were more or less affected by this great fall in the value of all kinds of property. During 1867 and the beginning of 1868 I knew what it was to be ground down by poverty, finding it most difficult to support my family even in the most frugal way.

I am afraid my experience must have been that of many volunteers, who never complained, but submitted patiently to great hardships, feeling that it was a duty due to their country. Unfortunately these were sacrifices that were never appreciated either by the public or by the departmental officials.

About March 15th, 1867, rumours of other attacks by the Fenians were heard, and the military authorities began to make preparations; several brigades were told off and officers named to command them. General Stisted, who had taken command in place of General Napier, offered to give me a position on his staff. The offer was made in the kindest manner, but I regretted I could not accept it, because, as I explained to the General, my men had all joined my corps believing I should command them, and they all knew me and seemed to have confidence in me, and would have felt put out if I left them to others at the commencement of trouble. Colonel Jenyns was anxious that I should be placed on his brigade and wanted me to ask the General to put me with him. I said I would go where I was ordered.

The next day I saw Colonel Wolseley who had come up from Montreal to take command of a brigade, and he told me he wanted me with him. I said I would like best of all to be put under him. The alarm passed away and Colonel Wolseley went to England, and I was told by Colonel Jenyns I would be in his brigade if we went out. I was much pleased to find that they were all willing to have me, for Colonel Peacocke also asked to have me in his brigade.

A week or two later General Stisted saw me and told me that a Board of Officers was going to make a careful military reconnoissance and report upon the Niagara district, and that Sir John Michel had told him to ask me if I would go with them as he was anxious that I should help in it. He could not order me out, or pay me, as there was no provision for it, but all the expenses would be paid.

On March 29th, 1867, Colonel Jenyns drove me to the General's and we talked the whole matter over and received his final orders, and the next day Colonel Jenyns, Captain Innes and Lieutenant Starkey of the 13th Hussars, and I started for Chippewa. We were away about a week and went all over the district between Port Colborne, Chippewa, Port Robinson and Fort Erie, and made up a full report upon it. Although we were very busy we had a great deal of amusement over it, and enjoyed the trip very much.

On April 17th, 1867, my father and I were invited to General Stisted's to dinner to meet Colonel, Sir Henry Havelock, V.C., Deputy-Quarter-Master General, succeeding Colonel Wolseley. He was the eldest son of



SIR HENRY HAVELOCK, BART., V.C. (1867).

General Havelock of the Indian Mutiny. Sir Henry wanted my assistance in looking for quarters for additional British troops, which were coming to Toronto. This was my first meeting with Sir Henry Havelock, with whom I maintained an intimate friendship as long as he lived. I was busy the next day or two with him and he suggested that he wished very much to examine carefully the Niagara District and would like me to go with him. We arranged to make the trip together. We were away for ten days making our headquarters at Chippewa. We walked and drove about the country, examined it thoroughly and a very warm friendship sprang up between us. I was very fond of him, though he was a man most men were afraid of. He was somewhat eccentric and would do, from sheer fearlessness, things that other men would not attempt.

I was accustomed to chaff him and poke fun at him constantly and I think it was rather new to him, for he always seemed to delight in any mischief I did. One day we were walking from near Drummondville back to Chippewa when we passed a vacant house with some grounds about it marked "to let." He wanted to look around it, so we went in. When we came out he went out of the gate first and, unconsciously, turned away from Chippewa, instead of towards it. I joined him and walked on a couple of hundred yards or so and then I said, "How far, Sir Henry, do you think it is to Chippewa?" "I should think," said he, "about three miles." I replied, "A good deal depends on how you go." "Why so?" said he. "Well if you persist in going this way, it would take us,

roughly speaking, about 25,000 miles, but if you would not mind turning around and going this other way, it would only be about two and three-quarter miles." He laughed, called me a scamp, and turned back. There was not much in the joke but he never forgot it, and whenever we met after a long absence, he used to ask me at once whether I had been trying to take anyone else around the world since.

We were accustomed to talk military matters constantly in our trips, and I would give him my views of changes which I thought should be made. He urged me to write a book and to advocate my ideas, which he said were right. It was owing to his advice and encouragement that I wrote my work entitled "Modern Cavalry," and if it had not been for him I should probably never have written any more military books.

On this excursion we hired one of the ordinary buggies of the country at a livery stable in Clifton near Niagara Falls, kept by a man named Christopher Flannagan. A day or two afterwards we were driving through the village of Welland, about fifteen miles away from Clifton, when we saw a young man exercising or longeing a very fine-looking horse. Sir Henry was looking out for a good horse to purchase, so he called out to the man. "What will you take for that horse?" This was rather a slang phrase, sometimes used to indicate that the man did not own the horse in his charge. The man's reply was: "What will Chris. Flannagan take for that horse you are driving?" From the young man's point of view the repartee was excellent, but Sir Henry did not understand it until I explained

that he thought Sir Henry was simply chaffing him.

The following spring I was in Montreal for a few days, staying with Sir Henry, when he prevailed on me to go with him on a trip he wanted to make along the frontier on the eastern townships, for the purpose of verifying the ordnance map. A good deal of it would have to be done on foot, and he knew what a good walker I was from our experience in the Niagara district. I was then a very rapid walker. On one occasion my father made a bet with my uncle Richard that I could walk six miles in an hour in a perfectly fair heel and toe walk. I knew I could pass anyone I ever met, but had never timed myself. When the day fixed for the test came my uncle and one or two others rode along beside me to watch me, and I walked backwards and forwards on a single mile between two mile-stones on the main road. I did the first three miles in twenty-nine and one-half minutes, and then said I would step out, and I did my best, and completed the other three miles in twenty-seven minutes, or six miles in fifty-six and a-half minutes, and this was not done in the professional shuffle or run, which is called walking, but was a fair heel and toe walk.

I made arrangements to remain away from home a week or ten days longer, and we went on our trip. We were walking about all day pacing distances and taking notes, and as there were again some vague rumours of another threatened Fenian invasion, we were very particular to conceal our names and our business, etc. One night at the hotel or tavern in the village of Fort

Covington, a farmer living near, who told us his name was Jack Doty, got into conversation with Sir Henry and set himself to discover his business. He began with, "I say mister, are ye buying cattle for the Montreal market?" Sir Henry replied, "Not exactly, but I am ready to go into anything that will pay," and immediately began catechising Mr. Doty about the cattle, the quality, quantity, prices, etc., in that neighbourhood. Then Doty would try another tack. He would say: "Mebbe you are picking up butter for Montreal?" Sir Henry would go off in the same way, asking every possible information about butter, as if he was seriously considering the question of becoming a butter merchant. Doty went on to horses and eggs and everything he could think of, Sir Henry treating every question in the same way. I was sitting listening earnestly, saying nothing, being too busily engaged in keeping a serious face. Mr. Jack Doty knew Sir Henry was fencing all the time. Suddenly a bright idea struck him, he turned sharply to Sir Henry and holding up his finger said with a very strong nasal accent, for we were across the border at the time, "Now, Mister, I guess I've fixed you! You're in ile." There was a good deal of excitement then about the discovery of coal oil. We did not deny it, so he was perfectly satisfied and asked no further questions.

The next day we got into the village of Huntingdon on our side of the border, near where a Fenian attack came two years later. We got into the village tavern about dark, and after getting something to eat went into the room allotted to us, which had two beds, one on

each side of the room. We sat up until about 10 p.m. completing our notes of the day's work, when we went to bed. There was no lock on the door, but as the head of my bed was close to the door, by jamming a chair in between the head of the bed and the door, it was so securely fastened that it could not be opened.

Evidently our movements looked very suspicious to the people, and our reticence and exclusiveness must have created a great deal of curiosity. We had almost fallen asleep when I heard some one try to open the door just at my head. It would not open, and then I heard a rap on the door. I called out: "Who is there?" a voice replied, "Stranger, let me in, I want to speak to you." I replied: "Go away, I am asleep; if you go on that way you will waken me." The man kept on knocking and asking to be let in. Sir Henry from his bed on the opposite side of the room said: "Let him in and see what he wants." I said: "Have you got a light?" In a minute he said he had. I put my hand over the head of the bed, as I lay in it, moved the chair, and said, "Come in." A man came in with a lighted match in his hand and looking at me, over my head with the half-burned match, said: "You are two very suspicious-looking characters and I want to know what is your business." The joke of the man saying we were both suspicious-looking from the hasty glance he got at me by the light of a burning match, struck me as so ludicrous, that I simply burst out laughing and did not reply and the match went out. I then said: "Go and get a light—come away from that table. Do you want to steal something?" He went away and got a candle and

then stood in the middle of the room and began asking questions. I said: "Who are you that you ask me questions? Are you a look-out man?" "No," said he, "I am not." "Are you a constable?" "No." "Are you a magistrate?" "No," said he, "I am not." "What are you then?" said I, "that you come here to question us." Then with a very important air he said, "I am a Captain of Militia." "Oh, pshaw!" I said, "I am a Colonel myself." "So am I," said Havelock from his bed. "Now, look here," said he, with great emphasis, "that kind of nonsense will not do. You must tell me your business." Sir Henry got annoyed, jumped up, put on some of his clothes and went to the landlord and told him to put the man out, and the man left and we slept peaceably till morning. When we went down to breakfast the Captain was there with a party of his men, and he was armed with a revolver, and he arrested us both. We paid no attention to him but went in to breakfast. He watched us eating our breakfast and was subjected to a good deal of chaff. He then told us we had better go quietly with him to the County jail at Beauharnois. As this would have been twenty-eight miles in cold weather over very bad roads, we objected. So I went into the bar-room to ask where I could find a magistrate. The officer had the magistrate there, and half the population had gathered. I went straight to the magistrate and said: "Are you the magistrate?" He said, "Yes." I said: "This man has presumed to arrest me. Is there any warrant or any information, or any charge against me?" The magistrate said he did not know. I said: "Then how can I

be detained?" The Captain then said: "I lay an information that these are very suspicious-looking characters and I ask a warrant." The magistrate scanned us very closely over his spectacles and said in a doubtful sort of way, "I do not think they are very suspicious-looking characters," with a strong emphasis on the "very." I then asked him if I could have a few words in private with him and I took him up to my room, told him who I was, and said my friend was an officer of the Montreal garrison, told him what we were doing, and that we did not want our business known. I was able by papers and letters to satisfy the magistrate, who ordered the Captain to leave us alone. So we went on our way. It was the only time I was ever arrested.

That day we walked over thirty miles. We stopped to get a meal at a village which we found was called Havelock. There were a number of volunteers in uniform about the village, as they had been drilling that day, and about a dozen were in the public room of the tavern. The company was called the Havelock company. Sir Henry asked where they got that name. They told him it had been called that about ten years before in honour of a General Havelock who had fought in India. Perhaps he might have heard the name. He said he had. He asked the average height of the men in the company, as he was somewhat struck with their physique. They said about five feet ten inches. We took the height of the group there, and the average would have been nearer five feet eleven inches. They were a good specimen of the Canadian country militiamen. Sir Henry could not let himself be

known, and if he had, they would not have believed him.

Sir Henry Havelock, or Havelock-Allan, as he was latterly known, was a peculiar man, and one much misunderstood. Many in the army were accustomed to say he was mad—a great many believed it. I knew him very intimately and I often heard this said, and I watched him and studied him closely. I have had as much experience in cases of insanity as most men. For twenty-two years I have been on the bench where, every week, I have had people charged with insanity brought before me. I have seen every type by hundreds, and have heard the evidence of a great many doctors, and I ought to know something of the subject.

Sir Henry Havelock was very eccentric in some ways but his striking peculiarity was his utter fearlessness. He positively feared nothing, and his energy and impetuosity were extraordinary. I remember once, many years ago, Lord Wolseley telling me (with the caution that I was not to tell Sir Henry) that it was his energy, ability and military instinct that were mainly responsible for the great victories won by his father in India. He was the steam power that drove everything.

Many years after Lord Wolseley, speaking to me of Sir Henry, whom he had once, in public, described as the "bravest Englishman alive," put his thumb and finger together and held them up, measuring off between them about a sixteenth of an inch, and said: "Havelock missed by about that much of being the greatest soldier our army ever produced."

I am satisfied that the cause of all these reports of his unsoundness of mind was his absolute fearlessness, which led him to do what no other man would do. He was as fearless of conventional restrictions as he was of physical dangers or difficulties. He was perfectly indifferent to what people would think or say of him, and delighted to do what no one else would do. There may have been times when he showed signs of insanity, but I never saw him on such occasions.

In 1894 I was in London and saw Sir Henry a number of times. One day we happened to be in the Senior at lunch together, when I asked him what truth there was in the story I had heard about his action in connection with the prompt pursuit of the enemy after Tel-el-Kebir. His reply was: "I will tell you, Denison, exactly what occurred. We followed the retreating army all day, and about two in the morning halted to give the horses rest and food. General Drury Lowe sat on the piazza of a house and the question was discussed as to what course should be taken. The artillery had not come up, and General Lowe was in favour of waiting till they caught up with the cavalry. General Herbert Stewart, who was afterwards killed in the Soudan and was second in command, expressed an anxiety to proceed at once, and kept urging that view. At last General Lowe turned to me and said: 'What do you think, Havelock?' My reply was: 'If you don't let them go on at once, you are not fit to ride in a saddle.' That is what I said to him, Denison, and remember it is now history. General Lowe

immediately turned to General Stewart and said: 'Well, we will go on.'

One morning that same year, 1894, my wife and I had strolled into Hyde Park to see the people riding. We took chairs and watched them. We had not been long seated when we noticed Sir Henry Havelock. We saw him, after passing three young gentlemen, also mounted, suddenly turn back, speak to them a minute and ride on. Before very long we saw him coming back, riding alongside of a lady. He was looking about and saw me sitting among many others. He took off his hat to the lady, left her and came to the bar along the edge of the drive and beckoned to me to go over to him. I went over and spoke to him a minute or so when he said: "Did you see me speak to three young men just now?" I said, "Yes." "Well," said he, "just as I was passing one said something, evidently about me, another turned and looked at me and grinned, showing all his teeth. I went back to him and said: 'If God Almighty made you an infernal idiot, that is no reason you should go around with your mouth open. The next time you pass Havelock-Allan you keep your mouth shut or I will knock all your front teeth down your throat.'" I have no doubt that man believed the stories that he was mad, but it was no sign of insanity. I fancy he was often pointed out as a well-known man, for while we were talking, not three minutes later, I was conscious of two gentlemen passing behind me, walking slowly, and when they got about ten or twelve feet past me they turned towards the bar I was leaning on, and it was quite clear that the gentleman with his back

towards us, was pointing out Havelock to the other, who was wishing to have a good look at Havelock without it being noticed. Havelock saw it like a flash, and said: "Denison, look at that man there with the black frock coat," etc., describing his dress and pointing his finger right at the man who had been pointing him out. "Look at him, Denison, that is Lord——, the Marquis of ——; look at him, take a good look at him." Lord —— and his friend did not delay, they went off as quickly as they could, and yet Havelock did openly and boldly what Lord —— was doing quietly. But I have no doubt Lord —— also thought he was mad.

My wife walked over to speak to Sir Henry, when he asked her how she liked his horse. She said very much, and I gave my opinion that it was about the finest horse I had seen on the Row that day. He then told us an anecdote about the horse. He said he had ridden into Darlington, Yorkshire, which was close to his country seat, and sent a boy up to the editor of the newspaper asking him to come down to the street to speak to him for a few minutes, as he could not leave his horse. The boy came back with a message that the editor was busy and could not come down. Sir Henry said he would not leave his horse, and therefore rode him up two flights of stairs into the editor's room, spoke to him from the horse's back, expressed his regret at having to bring his horse up, and, having finished the interview, he rode around the editor's table and back again out into the street. He said the horse tumbled things about a good deal in the room and the editor

had to dance about out of his way, but he concluded by saying, "Now the editor comes down if I go to see him mounted."

We saw Sir Henry several times during the Jubilee celebration in London in 1897. He seemed much quieter and more sedate than I ever knew him. I think he was depressed about something, but he was as kindly and friendly as ever. The last time I ever saw him was at the ball given by the British Empire League to the Colonial Contingent at the Hotel Cecil. Sir Henry was one of the Council of the League and an ardent Imperialist. When we were leaving he gave my wife his arm and went down with us to the door to see us off. We called a hansom, and after we got in he said "Good-bye" to Mrs. Denison and to me, and his last words were: "I would do anything for you, Mrs. Denison, but I would not do anything for that scamp of a husband of yours." Poor fellow, that was the last remark he ever made to me. I knew he meant that he would do anything for me. Six months afterwards he was killed in the Khyber Pass, through recklessly and carelessly riding ahead of his escort in a country infested with Afridi snipers. He had gone all the way to India, I understood, to look into reports that had been circulating about his old regiment.

CHAPTER X

PUBLICATION OF "MODERN CAVALRY"

Write "Modern Cavalry"—Thomas Bosworth, of London, agrees to publish it—Visit to England—My brother and I visit France—Pedestrian tour—Camp of Chalons—Interview with Cavalry Staff Officer—Self-sufficiency of French in 1868—Battlefield of Waterloo—Letters to Lord George Paget and Colonel Valentine Baker—Aldershot and 10th Hussars—Krieg Spiel Game at War Office—Visit to Cavalry headquarters—Interview with staff officer—"Modern Cavalry" favourably reviewed—Translated into German—Changes advocated—Tardy adoption of them—Duke of Manchester—Return to Canada—Interview with Fenian at Greencastle.

IN the beginning of 1868 the idea of writing a book on the changes I thought desirable in the organization, armament, and method of employing cavalry under modern conditions, became impressed on my mind, for during the summer and autumn I had been thinking a good deal over Sir Henry Havelock's suggestion. I decided to undertake it, and during January, February and March, I was busily engaged in writing the book which I published under the title, "Modern Cavalry." I had the draft finished about March 20th, and on the 26th I went to Montreal to spend a week with Sir Henry and Lady Alice Havelock. While there I read

it all over to Sir Henry, who seemed much pleased with it. Colonel Wolseley said he would like to see it also, so I lent it to him for some days. He spoke very kindly about it, but said I must expect severe criticism, as I was combatting many fixed ideas. This turned out to be correct, but I was not so vigorously criticized as I expected.

I was afraid I should have great difficulty in getting a publisher. I wrote a letter to an intimate friend of my father's (whom I personally had never met, for I had never been in Europe), Joseph Stansbury, and in a letter written on one sheet of ordinary notepaper, the last page of which contained simply the list of contents and the first three the style of my book and the method in which I was treating the subject, I asked him if he would kindly see some publishers and find out if he could get sufficient encouragement to make it worth while to send over the manuscript to submit it to them. I said I wanted the book published somewhat after the type of Nolan's work on Cavalry, which had been published by Thomas Bosworth of 215 Regent Street, London. This led Mr. Stansbury to go to Mr. Bosworth first.

My experience in publishing must, I think, have been rather uncommon, for Mr. Stansbury wrote to me that Mr. Bosworth read my letter and said he liked the tone of it, said I evidently knew what I was talking about and that he would publish it at his own risk and give me half the profits, and that he would agree to do this without seeing the manuscript, and after he saw it he might perhaps do better. He sat down and wrote an

offer to publish it on those terms. Mr. Stansbury went back to his office and wrote me the result, enclosing Mr. Bosworth's letter, and told me he had concluded the whole matter within an hour after the receipt of my letter. I at once accepted the terms with great satisfaction, for I had anticipated a great deal of difficulty in getting a publisher in London.

On April 30th, I sent off my first fifty pages of manuscript, clearly copied out. I sent the final batch over on June 6th. On June 27th, my brother Fred and I left Quebec, and on July 8th arrived at Glasgow, and after a short trip in Scotland went on to London. We remained there for two or three weeks, during which time I was busily engaged in correcting proofs and getting my book out.

I liked Mr. Bosworth very much, and he treated me better than he had first agreed, and without any hint or suggestion from me gave me a check for £15, which he said would be counted as part of his expenses. He also gave me a number of copies handsomely bound in calf for presentation to any friends to whom I wished to send them. One day he asked me if I could keep the following Saturday free, and he would take me for an outing. I agreed and we left about 11 a.m. by train for Hampton Court Palace, which I had never seen. We went over it, then lunched at the hotel there, and during the afternoon we rowed down the river Thames to Richmond, where we dined at the Star and Garter, and then returned to London by train.

He told me an amusing incident in connection with the late Duke of Northumberland, who had inherited

the title a year or two before. It appeared that the Duke wished to have his library brought up to date by adding the new books on different subjects, so he wrote to Bosworth, who was a fashionable bookseller on Regent street, and asked him to come up to Alnwick Castle for a day or two to take his orders. Bosworth went to Alnwick, and for a couple or three hours in the morning, for two or three days, the Duke and he were engaged in the library together. During the remainder of the time Bosworth was taken about driving and shooting, and treated with every consideration. When the list of books was all made out and Bosworth's instructions completed, he wished to start for London by the next train, but the Duke kept him till the following day, when he himself was going down, so that they could both go together. When they reached London the Duke's brougham was waiting for him, and Bosworth was about to take a hansom when the Duke asked him if he was going to his shop. He said he was, and the Duke said: "I will pass that way and drop you." Bosworth's good-sized gladstone bag was put on the front seat of the carriage. Bosworth went on to tell me with much humour of his anxious consideration all the way to Regent street in reference to what he should do about the bag when he came to his shop. He was afraid the Duke would not like to see him get out of his carriage and carry his luggage across the sidewalk in what was then the most fashionable part of a very fashionable street, and about 4 p.m., when it would be thronged with people. He weighed it all carefully and came to the conclusion that he should

hurriedly cross to his door and send one of his young men out for the bag. He said he got to the door, called one of his shopmen and turned to go back to the carriage, when he met in the doorway the Duke himself, carrying his heavy bag, saying: "You forgot this." Bosworth apologized and rushed to take it from him at once. He told me he had got a lesson he would never forget, and that he would never be too proud to carry his bag across the sidewalk again.

When my work was done in connection with my book, my brother and I went over for a few days to see Paris. We spent two or three days there and then decided to walk to Chalons and thence to Brussels, in order to see more of the country and to get a better idea of the people and their ways. We put a few things in packs on our backs and started off, going over the district where Napoleon won some of his most brilliant actions in that wonderful campaign of 1814. We reached La Ferte sous Jouarre the first night, which was a good long march. We started early next morning and reached Montmirail about 2 p.m., where we halted for dinner. We had been seen by a gendarme going into the town, and when we went out on the other side two gendarmes were waiting for us.

We were walking along with a good swinging pace, which carried us a little over six kilometres each hour, when the principal gendarme stopped us, saying: "*Pardon, monsieur. Voulez-vous montrer votre passeport s'il vous plait.*" I straightened myself up, looked down on the two gendarmes, and said: "*Je suis Anglais. Un passeport; il n'est pas nécessaire pour les*

Anglais. " *Oui, monsieur,*" he replied, "*Je comprends parfaitement, mais vous avez des papiers.*" Before leaving home, thinking I might want some papers as proof of identity, being a perfect stranger in Europe, I had put my diploma of LL.B. from Toronto University, my diploma as a barrister and my commission as Lieutenant-Colonel, in a linen envelope, and carried them with me. This was the only time I had to open them. I handed the barrister's diploma to one, the Lieutenant-Colonel's commission to the other. They tackled the diploma first, but neither of them could read a word of it, or understand what it meant. Then they looked at the commission and could read lieutenant-colonel at once. We were both dressed in plain tweed travelling suits with cloth caps and with packs on our backs, and were both young; I was under twenty-nine, my brother twenty-one. The gendarme looked up with astonishment and said: *Êtes-vous Lieutenant-Colonel?* " *Oui, monsieur,*" I answered. "*Vous êtes très jeune,*" said he with great emphasis. The two men walked on with us for a mile or so chatting away, giving us a great deal of information, and they left us, having learned all they wanted to know and in the most polite manner, making us feel we were very glad to have met them. We could not help saying to each other how very differently that duty would have been done on our side of the Atlantic.

We arrived at Chalons sur Marne the third evening about 6 p.m., having marched about 105 miles in the three days. The next morning we went to Mourmelon, where the great camp was established, and found some

30,000 men there, about 3,000 being cavalry. I had an advance copy of my book with me, and I thought I would call on the cavalry staff, and thought of giving the copy to the cavalry general. I saw a staff officer and presented my card, and talked to him a few minutes. He treated me very cavalierly, asked me why I was not in uniform, and acted as if the French knew everything there was in military knowledge, and that it savoured somewhat of impertinence for the officers of any other country to have any ideas at all which they had not taken from the French. I did not leave the copy of my book, and went away feeling that it would have been more pleasant if the staff officer had been as well bred as the country gendarmes we had met two days before. From what little I could see or hear in the camp, and it was only two years before the war of 1870, I gathered that the French had the most supreme confidence in themselves and their ability, etc., and a contempt for all other nations.

Shortly after this my work came out in England. It was extensively reviewed by the German military papers and seemed to attract a good deal of attention. I soon had an application for permission to translate it, from Captain, now General, Emil von Xylander of the German cavalry. It was published in Germany, in Munich, early in 1870, and was reviewed in the press all over Germany. My views about throwing cavalry two or three days ahead of the army, which I advocated and which the Germans did not use in 1866, were adopted and used with great effect in 1870, and the French

suffered immensely from acting upon the old system and believing the Germans were doing the same. The German Uhlans appeared everywhere far in advance of their main army and spread consternation among the French troops who, when they saw cavalry outposts, concluded that the enemy were in force not far in rear of them. That war of 1870 taught the French that they did not know everything. As I watched the progress of the war, I often thought of the men I had seen at Mourmelon two years before, and of the self-satisfied cavalry officer I chanced to meet. Of course I could not blame him for keeping me at a distance, as he knew nothing of me, but what impressed me most was the magnificent assumption of superiority that troubled him.

The next afternoon, after seeing some manœuvres on a large scale, we left for Rheims. We had got some little distance out of the town when, chancing to look back, we saw two gendarmes walking as fast as ever they could after us and evidently anxious to overtake us. We decided to lead them a chase, we increased the length of our pace gradually, and without apparently going very fast, we slowly kept gaining on them. The faster they tried to go the faster we went, and kept about a quarter of a mile between us. After coming a mile or so they lost heart, stopped and turned back, sauntering slowly. From Rheims I went north through the Ardennes to Le Pron, Rocroi and Couvin, to Wavre. In one day we covered forty-five and a-half miles and without any inconvenience. From Wavre we walked to Waterloo. I had studied the maps

with such care and had read so much about the battle that when I approached Waterloo the scene seemed quite familiar, and appeared to me as if I had seen it only a few years before.

We approached the battle-field by the road from Ohain. I had read Victor Hugo's *Les Miserables* and the account of the cavalry charges over the sunken road, without placing any very great amount of credence on the story, but as we walked along and I began examining the position of the troops, I found that this road, if in the same condition at the time of the battle, must have been a most serious difficulty in the way of a charge. We examined the ground carefully from a cavalry point of view, and I can readily understand how the French cavalry could not make very effective attacks on that part of Wellington's line. A day or two after we were back in London.

I had received from Colonel Jenyns of the 13th Hussars, two letters of introduction, one to Lord George Paget and the other to Colonel Valentine Baker. I sent to Colonel Valentine Baker, then commanding the 10th Hussars at Aldershot, the one addressed to him, and received an invitation to go to Aldershot and see a cavalry field day. I went down, was provided by the Colonel with a capital horse, and saw the manœuvring with a great interest. When the field day was over Colonel Baker took me with him, and keeping his regiment out for an extra half hour, put them through a number of movements in the non-pivot drill, then not introduced into the British cavalry. I was very much interested in seeing the practical working of the system

of which in theory I was strongly in favour. My only anxiety was the fact that I was the means of giving the regiment an extra half-hour's hard work after a long morning's parade. I spoke to the Colonel once or twice, saying I did not like to see the men and officers kept out, but Valentine Baker was a man of great energy and enthusiasm and did not get tired himself or see why others should. He had a splendid regiment at that time, and was considered one of the smartest officers in the army. I did not place him above Jenyns, who was one of the finest men I have ever met, handsome and vigorous, with a magnificent figure. Colonel Baker showed his great military talent afterwards in the Turkish war as Baker Pasha, and again in Egypt. I met him once again in 1872, while he was still in the Imperial service, at a Kriegspiel at the war office, where I was taken one evening by Lord Wolseley to see the game. Colonel Baker was also looking on and we at once got together and discussed cavalry matters a good part of the evening. Poor fellow, he destroyed his career by a momentary indiscretion, but I always had a kindly feeling for him and an interest in his welfare, for I never forgot his courteous and hospitable treatment of me.

I had also a letter from Colonel Jenyns to Lord George Paget, then Inspector-General of Cavalry. I had spoken of him to some friends, and I gathered that he was a man who would not have been very pleasant for a young officer to meet, and I was averse to disturbing a man of his rank, so I refrained from presenting the letter. Shortly before leaving for home I was looking

over my papers and then noticed that Colonel Jenyns had fastened the letter, so I felt I had to leave it.

I went to Lord George's office one day about noon, and saw an orderly-room clerk, or official of that kind, and asked if Lord George was in, as I wished to see him. I was told he was not in the office, and that it was not known when he would be in. While he was speaking a tall good-looking officer walked in, a man about forty to forty-five years of age, I suppose the chief of staff, and said in a somewhat haughty manner: "Anything for Lord George to-day?" The clerk, who stood up at his entrance, handed him a letter and said: "There is this, sir, and this gentleman wished to see Lord George." The officer, who had taken the letter, had turned to go into an inner room. He stopped, looked around at me in the most insolent and supercilious way, and after coolly looking me over up and down in the most offensive manner, said: "He cannot see Lord George to-day," and went into the room and shut the door behind him.

There was something in the man's manner that was so absolutely insolent and offensive that it put me into a furious temper in an instant. I have only been so savagely angry three or four times in my life. I stood a minute, took out Colonel Jenyns' letter and one of my cards, opened the door the officer had shut, slammed it wide open, walked over to where he had just sat down at his desk, and said: "I want you to understand that it is a matter of the utmost indifference to me whether I see Lord George to-day, or to-morrow, or next week, or never. I have a letter

of introduction for him. It is a closed one, or under the circumstances I would never deliver it. You see that he gets that letter," and I flipped it defiantly in front of him on his desk, "and there is my card," and I flipped that on top of it.

I was angry enough to have struck him. He must have seen that I was in a furious temper, for he much more civilly said: "If you called to-morrow, you might see him." I replied, as flippantly as possible, "I would like you to understand that I do not want Lord George to do anything for me, and I cannot think, at present, of anything I can do for him. If I am passing this way and have plenty of time, and nothing in the world to do, I may call in, otherwise I won't. Good morning," and I walked out. As I left for Canada a day or two afterwards, I had no opportunity of finding out who the officer was. In fact I was too angry to talk about it.

When I got back to Canada I stayed for a day in Montreal with Sir Henry Havelock, and he was asking me all about my trip. Among other things I told him this whole story. I shall never forget the way he received it. He laughed, lay down on the rug in front of the fire, and clapped his hands and kicked his heels together in exuberance of spirits and jumped up and said: "Denison, he took you for some young cavalry subaltern coming for an extension of leave, and, of course, wanted to snub you. I hope your action will do him good," and he laughed and said, jokingly, "Denison, I would pay all your expenses if you would go back to England and go through all the departments at the Horse Guards and treat them all the same way."

I may say that this was almost the only instance in which I received anything but the most courteous treatment from everyone with whom I was thrown in contact in England. My book was, with a few exceptions, very favourably reviewed, and was afterwards translated into German, Russian and Hungarian. I then advocated a number of changes, the attaching of the sword to the saddle, the pistol to the man, the jack boots, the non-pivot drill, the squadron organization, the mounted rifle principle of tactics, and the pushing on of cavalry outposts into contact with the enemy, as was adopted two years later by the Germans against France.

I have lived to see every one of these ideas, then thought somewhat revolutionary, adopted in the cavalry of most armies. Of course, as the *London Review's* criticism puts it, the regular cavalry would never adopt the suggestions of a "provincial writer" and would want some better authority than a "colonial commander of horse" before they would act, and with the exception of the jack boot they did not adopt anything. The Russian Government did, however, and the ideas were adopted by the Continental armies, and from them copied into England. Canada followed England's example, and twenty-nine years after I had urged the fastening of the sword on the saddle, my regiment was furnished by the Government with saddles with swords attached to them, just as I had advocated. I think our Canadian cavalry were about the last in the world to get them.

While I am writing, the war in South Africa has been

raging for three months. Lord Roberts arrived in Cape Town yesterday and a number of battles have been fought, and a demand has been made over the Empire for mounted men to fight as mounted riflemen. Mr. Balfour has said that was our weak point, and yeomanry are being organized in England to be sent out. I have lived, unfortunately, to see the principles which I advocated thirty years ago being applied with wonderful skill against my own Motherland to her great loss of men, money and prestige. The rapid change of front in army circles, and the vindication of the correctness of my views cannot lessen my sad reflections on the hardships and losses my comrades have been suffering.

I sent copies of "Modern Cavalry," with the author's compliments, to three officers commanding the three volunteer cavalry corps in England, thinking they might be interested in reading it. They were, the Duke of Manchester, commanding the "Huntingdonshire Volunteer Light Horse," Sir Thomas Dyke Acland, M.P., of the Devonshire corps, and Lieut.-Colonel Bower of the Hampshire corps. I was unknown to any of these gentlemen. I received from Sir Thomas Acland a polite letter of thanks and also a small military book he had published. Colonel Bower also acknowledged his, and spoke highly of my book. I received no acknowledgment whatever from the Duke of Manchester. I felt snubbed, of course, but concluded that I had no business to send him a copy, as he did not know me, and that I had only myself to blame.

Four years after I was sent by the Ontario Government as a special commissioner to London to attend to

some business for them. My appointment was cabled to the *Times*, and shortly after I arrived in London the late C. W. Eddy, secretary of the Royal Colonial Institute, called upon me and invited me to the annual dinner of the Institute, which was to take place about a week later. I attended the dinner and then discovered that the Duke of Manchester was the president of the Institute. During the evening Mr. Eddy came with the Duke over to where I was standing, and introduced him to me. The Duke almost immediately began to speak of my book, and how much pleased he had been to read it. I said: "I am glad to hear you received it, for as I never received an acknowledgment of it, I concluded it had miscarried." He said: "Did not my secretary write to thank you for it?" I replied: "If he did, it miscarried." He then went on to ask me some information about the Canadian militia, which I promised to send him. When he received it a few days later he wrote and thanked me, and asked me one or two more questions, and I wrote again answering them. When he replied he asked me to go down to Kimbolton and see the old year out and the new year in, which I did.

I asked him to come out and see Canada. He came the following summer of 1873, and spent about ten days with me seeing Toronto and its neighbourhood. He visited me again in 1882, and as long as he lived, we kept up our friendship and correspondence. He was a kindly, loyal English gentleman who did great service to the cause of Imperial unity. He was one who would never be discourteous to anyone.

We left England in September, 1868, just as my book was ready to be issued. Our steamer stopped at Moville for some hours to take up the mail for Canada, and my brother Fred and I took a jaunting car and went down to see the old ruins of Greencastle and the small fort and battery near it. The Fenian excitement was still very keen in Ireland, and the authorities were anxious lest Fenian agents from the United States should create trouble. I then wore a mustache and imperial, and happened to be wearing a broad-rimmed felt hat of the "cow-boy" or "wide-awake" variety when I went over the little fort, which was manned by a small force of Royal Artillery. A soldier was told off to show a party of us, probably eight or ten, over the place. I happened to make some remarks to my brother about the batteries and the guns without thinking of any one overhearing me. The soldier, however, overheard me, and he was evidently a Fenian, for he managed to get me a little aside and then, in a rich brogue, whispered to me: "Ye come from the other side?" I said: "What do you mean?" and he replied: "Ye come from across the Atlantic?" "I do," said I. "Ye know more about soldiering than ye pretend. Ye were out wid Meagher." (General Meagher commanded the Irish brigade in the army of the Potomac). "I was not," said I most emphatically. "That's right, sir," he whispered, "stick to that." "But I was not, I was on the other side," said I. "That's right, sir," said he with great emphasis, "Stick to that. It would not be safe for ye to let on; stick to that. God bless ye, I wish ye well, anyway. A safe

voyage home, God bless ye." And he shook hands with me warmly, and I left for Canada with the blessings of a Fenian hovering over me.

CHAPTER XI

MY RESIGNATION FROM THE MILITIA

Apply for staff appointment—Recommendations from Colonel Wolseley, General Napier, Colonel Lowry and Colonel Jenyns—Sir George Cartier's rudeness—I resign—Resignation accepted—Red River rebellion, 1870—Expedition sent—Colonel Wolseley in command—Incident in his office—Lieutenant Fred. C. Denison appointed orderly officer—I refuse to go as correspondent—Intrigue to withdraw the expedition—Steps to prevent it—Public meeting in Toronto—Fort Garry occupied—Union Jack raised.

IN the beginning of 1868 there was some talk of appointing an Assistant Adjutant-General of Cavalry, and being much embarrassed at the time by the destruction of my business, I was foolish enough to apply for the appointment.

I sent with my application some recommendations from those army officers under whom I had served. Colonel Wolseley's letter was as follows :—

JANUARY 9th, 1868.

DEAR COLONEL DENISON :—

In answer to your note of the 6th inst., it gives me very great pleasure to be able to state, in writing, that I consider you a most valuable officer. You carried on the outpost duties for the camp which I commanded at Thorold last year, and with a very small num-

ber of troopers, kept up a system of patrols along the Niagara frontier in the most efficient manner.

It may sound like flattery, but it is nevertheless true, that I have rarely met with an officer in any army more zealous to learn the theory of his profession than you are, and judging from the zeal you have always displayed when any opportunity offered, I feel confident that you would turn the knowledge you have acquired to good advantage were you actually in the field.

I know a large number of cavalry officers, but I know of no one that I should prefer having with me to do outpost duty were I on active service myself. In conclusion, I can only add that it is greatly to be regretted that you do not belong to H. M. Regular Army, for she has missed having an admirable soldier in you.

Sincerely yours,

(Sd.) G. J. WOLSELEY, D.Q.-M.G.

General Napier wrote a favourable letter, saying that he knew of no volunteer officer better qualified to hold the appointment, and he went on to say: "I consider you to be one of the best cavalry officers in the volunteers and if I was again called up to take the field in Canada I should make a point of taking you and your troop with me."

Colonel (now Lieut.-General) R. W. Lowry, under whom I served at Fort Erie, said: "I have pleasure in recording my sense of that officer's ability and indefatigable activity. . . . I cannot commend too strongly the zeal and ability he evinced, and I consider the employment of Lieut.-Colonel Denison at the head of a very much larger force of volunteer cavalry would, in the event of an attack in any force on the western frontier, be of great public service."

Colonel Jenyns, among other things said: "If cavalry were required in the field I know of no one I would

sooner depend on than yourself, as I consider you most efficient, both as a regimental or staff officer, having so thoroughly studied every branch of your profession. . . . I can also add that I have personally reported my high opinion of you to all the General Officers under whom I have served in Canada."

I mention these recommendations from the distinguished officers under whom I have served on the frontier, because they show that they, at least, who had good opportunities to estimate my qualifications, were well satisfied with me as a subordinate officer. In later years the officers who commanded the militia treated me, as will be described in subsequent pages. I hope the recommendations quoted will tend to show that the fault was not likely to have been altogether on my side.

Having sent in my application, I must say, very much against my natural inclinations, and only through pressure of circumstances, I called on the Minister of Militia, Mr. Cartier, who treated me very politely and told me to come and see him again as soon as the Militia Bill was passed. I promised to do so.

Some months afterwards I was engaged in Ottawa for several weeks on business while the Bill was going through the House. After the Militia Act had been passed and when I had almost completed my business in Ottawa I remembered that Mr. Cartier (who in the meantime had been made a Baronet) had told me to see him. I therefore wrote a short note to him asking if he would let me know when he could see me at any time in the next two or three days. I sent this in to him in

the House of Commons, which is a thing constantly done. He came out in the lobby, walked up to me in a very offensive manner and spoke to me so sharply and in such an overbearing and insolent manner that I very nearly struck him. It was one of the other occasions when I got into a bad temper. I told him curtly I did not want to see him, and turned away from him. His conduct must have been very marked, for a doorkeeper, immediately afterwards, said to me: "Sir George spoke very sharply to you, Colonel, just now."

I at once sent in my resignation of my commission in the militia to the Adjutant-General, and wrote a short note to Sir George Cartier, saying: "that his conduct and bearing to me had been so uncalled for and unprovoked that I had sent in my resignation of my commission to prevent the possibility of its recurrence."

Colonel Macdougall, the Adjutant-General, tried to get me to withdraw my letter and resignation. I refused unless Sir George apologized, and said I could not remain in the force unless I was treated properly, and would not remain in a position where I could be insulted without being able to resent it. In the fall my resignation was accepted. A raid was expected, so the acceptance was delayed. Just before I returned from England that year I received the official information of my resignation having been accepted and that I was gazetted out, and consequently I held no rank whatever in the militia of the country. My military career for the time was finished and I had lapsed into the position of a private in the second class of the sedentary militia.

I set to work vigorously at my law business, and in a year or two began to work up a fair practice, being entirely cut apart from all military affairs. A rebellion broke out at Fort Garry in the Red River settlement in 1869, and as one of the most active of the leaders of the "Canada First" movement, I took a deep interest in the affair, more particularly as two of our prominent comrades in that movement, the late Sir John Schultz and Charles Mair, were captured by Riel and held in prison for a couple of months until they effected their escape. Our "Canada First" organization agitated for sending at once an expedition to put down the rebellion, and we worked very energetically to stir up public opinion in favour of Colonel Wolseley being sent in command. Captain Huyshe, in his history of The Red River Rebellion, refers to the "Vox Populi" fixing on Colonel Wolseley as leader. I was busy during the winter hunting up information that would be useful for him if he was chosen, and from the 8th until the 14th of February, 1870, I was staying with him at his house in Montreal, talking over details a good deal. Some time early in April, 1870, Colonel Wolseley knew that he was to be in command of the expedition. On the 21st of that month I happened to be in Ottawa, when I received the following telegram from Colonel Wolseley:

"I go to Ottawa to-morrow by boat. I want to see you."

I remained in Ottawa, consequently, for another week, and I was a good deal in Colonel Wolseley's office, where he was organizing his command. We were standing by the window one day talking over

something when a knock came to the door and Sir George Cartier, the Minister of Militia, with whom I had quarrelled two years before, came in. I at once picked up my hat to go, but Colonel Wolseley would not let me. He said: "No, I want to speak to you." I tried to get away but could not. The Colonel went over to the door and spoke to Sir George. He did not ask him even to sit down, while I stood at the far end of the room looking out of the window. In a few minutes Sir George left. The moment he had gone I said: "Colonel, you should not have done that, you should have let me go out. Sir George is a spiteful little devil and he will never forgive you." Colonel Wolseley said: "I don't care, I would never let him turn you out of my room." He knew of the feud between us. I think it was a pity, for Cartier never forgot it and did everything in his power to embarrass Wolseley and bring about the failure of his expedition. Cartier, of course, did not sympathize with it anyway, but this incident added spite to his feelings.

My brother Fred wanted to go on the expedition, but he and I knew that by no possibility could he get an opportunity through the Militia Department at Ottawa. I spoke to Colonel Wolseley about it and he said: "I will manage it. I will try and get him as my orderly officer or aide-de-camp." He therefore applied for permission to choose one from the militia. The Department telegraphed to Toronto, to Lieut.-Colonel Scoble, offering the position to him, before consulting Colonel Wolseley. When Colonel Wolseley was told they would give him Colonel Scoble, he said: "No,

that will not do. I must be allowed to choose my own A.D.C., as he will be one of my family." He was asked whom he recommended. He replied: "I will recommend no one until it is settled that I am to have one." They thought he wanted to take me, so they said it must be an officer of the Canadian militia. He said: "Certainly." It was then decided he was to have a militia orderly officer, and he appointed my brother Fred. I was much gratified to find out afterwards how well satisfied he was with my brother.

The expedition was mobilized at Toronto, and Colonel Wolseley and his staff were here for some three weeks before it started. The Honourable George Brown, proprietor of the *Globe*, made me a very liberal offer to go up as correspondent for his paper, a large salary and a very liberal allowance for expenses. I happened to mention it to Colonel Wolseley. He tried his best to get me to go, offered me a seat in his boat, a place at his table for meals, and said he would take me to Fort Garry and back, and send me up to my house in a cab, and that I need not put a five-cent piece in my pocket, and the whole salary and travelling allowances would be a clear gain. I would have been delighted to have had the experience, but I knew the difficulties in Colonel Wolseley's way, and I refused to go. I told him all his troubles would be in the rear, and that some bold man would be required in Ontario to fight the battle there.

They started from Toronto on May 20th, and made their base at Prince Arthur's Landing in Thunder Bay, now Port Arthur. The first difficulty was the Dawson

road. Colonel Wolseley had to use the Kaministiquia river to get his stores on the way to Shebandowan. There was a good deal of delay and, as I anticipated Sir George Cartier, in charge of the Government at the time, began to intrigue to prevent the expedition going on. A plot was formed to send the new Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West, Mr. Archibald, and Archbishop Taché, to Fort Garry by way of the United States, and Riel was to hand over the government to Governor Archibald, and the expedition was to be withdrawn.

In the middle of July, 1870, I received a message from Dr. Schultz (afterwards Sir John Schultz, K.C. M.G., Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba), telling me of this plot. He had received the information from our comrade, Robert Grant Haliburton, who was a member of our "Canada First" organization. (Besides Haliburton, the other founders of this organization were William A. Foster, Henry J. Morgan, Charles Mair and myself). I learned many years afterwards how the information had leaked out. Haliburton, by mere accident, happened to call on Lord Lisgar, the Governor-General, at Niagara Falls, where the latter was having a holiday. They had a long conversation and, whether by accident or design or carelessness, Lord Lisgar let slip enough to enable Haliburton to divine what was on foot, and he telegraphed to Schultz.

I immediately laid the information before our committee, and we at once arranged all our plans so that we could act the instant we had the slightest public

hint of the movement. The Government organ, the *Leader*, had a despatch from Ottawa on July 19th, 1870, outlining the plan, and saying that on the arrival of Archibald and Archbishop Taché, "Riel is to deliver up the government to them, and the expeditionary troops will be withdrawn." This was followed by an editorial urging the withdrawal of the expedition. We had everything ready, and at once a public meeting was called by the mayor, the walls of the city were covered with inflammatory placards arousing the popular indignation against the withdrawal, and such threats were made against Cartier and Taché, who were coming to Toronto on their way to the Falls to see the Governor-General, that they were telegraphed by their friends not to come through Toronto, so they left the train at Kingston and took a different route.

A day was thus gained, and the public meeting was held. The St. Lawrence hall was crammed to its utmost limits, the crowd being most enthusiastic and unanimous. I moved the following resolution after a vehement speech :

"Resolved, in view of the proposed amnesty to Riel and withdrawal of the expedition, this meeting declares that the Dominion must and shall have the North-West Territory in fact, as well as in name, and if our Government, through weakness or treachery, can not or will not protect our citizens in it, and recalls our volunteers, it will then become the duty of the people of Ontario to organize a scheme of armed emigration, in order that those Canadians who have been driven from their homes may be reinstated, and that, with the many

who desire to settle in new fields, they may have a sure guarantee against the repetition of such outrages as have disgraced our country in the past, that the majesty of the law may be vindicated against all criminals, no matter by whom instigated or by whom protected, and that we may never again see the flag of our ancestors trampled in the dust, or a foreign emblem flaunting itself in any part of our broad Dominion."

This was carried amid great applause and excitement and the popular feeling as displayed caused Sir George Cartier to pause and Lord Lisgar to object to the plan. The threat of organizing a scheme of armed emigration must have opened the eyes of them both, for a similar scheme had been successfully worked in Texas and Kansas and had been shown to be practicable. I was then, and have been ever since, very thankful that I refused the tempting offers of both Colonel Wolseley and the Hon. George Brown, and remained at home to help to guard the rear, where I expected the real attack would come.

When approaching Fort Garry Colonel Wolseley sent my brother on to reconnoitre. He rode on to the Fort, and around it to the rear gate, out of which Riel's followers were running. He rode into the gate, glanced hurriedly around and rode out and back to carry the information that there would be no resistance. As he was the first man in Fort Garry, Colonel Wolseley ordered him with Sir John McNeil to raise once more the Union Jack to the top of the flagpole from which an alien emblem had been flying for some eight or nine months.

Colonel Wolseley went through Toronto without stopping on his way home to England from Fort Garry. He telegraphed to me to meet him at the station, but the telegram was not delivered in time for me to see him. He wrote me from the steamer off Father Point as he was leaving Canada, and I was much pleased with the way in which he spoke of my brother Fred. "A better or nicer fellow in every respect I never knew. He was the best of aide-de-camps, and a most zealous, hard-working soldier."

CHAPTER XII

NIAGARA CAMP, 1872

Large camp formed—Sham fight—Colonel Robertson Ross—His curious remark—Plan of attack—Success of attacking party—Election of 1872—Colonel Dyde—Defeat of Sir George Cartier—Colonel Dyde and the Subaltern—Election in Algoma—Officer commanding militia to be a Major-General—Foundation of Royal Military College.

IN June, 1872, the militia camp at Niagara was the largest training camp that has yet been gathered together. The force consisted of about seven thousand men, including two corps of cavalry, three field batteries and about fifteen battalions of infantry. Colonel Robertson Ross was then Adjutant-General of Militia. He was a warm friend and protégé of Sir George Cartier. I was out of the force and had been criticising the Department somewhat freely, so that there was no friendly feeling between us, and on account of this my uncle, Lieut.-Colonel R. B. Denison, then Brigade-Major at Toronto, and my brother Fred, who commanded the Body Guard, were not favourites of the headquarter's staff.

A sham fight on a large scale was arranged to come off, and I chanced to be over at the camp for a couple of days looking on. Colonel Robertson Ross chose my

uncle to command the attacking force, in which he included the Body Guard and the Toronto Field Battery, so that every member of my family was on that side. He gave my uncle two batteries of artillery, two brigades of infantry and two troops of cavalry. To Colonel Gillmor, who commanded the defence, he gave some six troops of cavalry, one battery and five regiments of rifles. The attacking force was consequently nearly double the strength of the defence, and the public would naturally conclude that the superior numbers would win. Then came the laying out of the ground. The camp was to form an impassable morass covering Colonel Gillmor's whole front; on one side three narrow defiles alone gave approach to his position; his left was covered by a supposed unfordable river with one bridge, while the Niagara river protected his rear. Beyond the unfordable river about three-quarters of a mile away was another narrow defile, through which the attacking force had to march in column for over half a mile before they could deploy.

With good handling, leaving out morale, which cannot influence sham fights, the defending force had an absolute certainty, for they only had to fight the heads of columns coming out of the narrow defiles. My uncle said to Colonel Ross that he had neutralized so much ground and given so many advantages to the defence, that he did not have a fair chance, and asked that he might be relieved from the command. Colonel Ross' reply was: "No, I will not relieve you. You Denisons have got such a reputation as soldiers, that it would be no credit for you to win unless the odds were very great

against you." My uncle told me what he said, and we both agreed that he was going to hit me over the shoulders of my relatives. I said: "Never mind, we will just have to lick them." This was on a Saturday afternoon. I went over to Chippewa that night with my brother Fred and made a tracing of a good map I knew was there, and on the Sunday we rode back to Niagara, examining the ground carefully. Then Fred and I went to my uncle's room about nine at night, and taking out my map, I marked out all the morasses, etc., and then examined the position carefully. I saw at once that the unfordable river to the left was the only possible chance to get in, as the enemy might rely somewhat upon it and allow us to get through the defile beyond it. We were not long in making our arrangements, and when finished, I urged my uncle strongly to let no one know his plans. I particularly advised that the umpire staff should be kept ignorant of the real point of attack.

It was agreed that the main attack from the left was to be carried out by Lieut.-Colonel Skinner, under my directions. Skinner and I being good friends, we knew he would agree to this. It was arranged that my uncle was to march out by the north or right flank early with seven battalions and one troop of cavalry and six guns, being a battery and a half. Colonel Skinner, having less distance to go, marched out by the south or left flank with the two smaller battalions and one troop of cavalry and two guns. This was seen, of course, by every one, and the idea at once was given that the main attack would come from the north, where there

were three broader defiles and open ground in front, and no unfordable river.

The column under Lieut.-Colonel R. B. Denison marched around to the west and took up the line behind which they were obliged to remain until the gun fired at ten o'clock. Then they halted until the three largest battalions, and a battery of artillery would just have time to march across about two miles to join Colonel Skinner on the south flank. Colonel Skinner had no idea of the arrangements for the day till we were riding out. I was in plain clothes, and, riding between Colonel Skinner and Lieut.-Colonel Moore, his Brigade-Major, I explained fully and clearly what the plans were. They entered into them with spirit, and when the five battalions were concentrated the five Colonels were brought together and made to understand the plan. The whole point was to get through the defile and get deployed before the enemy could cross the bridge and attack us.

To get through the defile rapidly we put the regiments two abreast in columns of fours and when the gun fired the whole force went ahead on a good run, not doubling exactly, but faster. We had stopped any one going to the front for about twenty minutes, as information could have been carried, so the road was empty. It was a very pretty sight looking back to see 2,000 red coats, running on like a stream without a sound but the rumble of their footsteps.

The troop of cavalry had started almost at charging pace in front and got out of the mouth of the defile about 200 yards when they met a body of the opposing

cavalry, followed by some infantry. Our cavalry deployed at once and began firing their carbines at the enemy who halted, then fell back as two or three companies of infantry came up skirmishing and opened fire. This caused a few minutes' delay and the 13th Battalion of Hamilton, who had got out of the defile, deployed at once on the double, and running through between the cavalry skirmishers, opened fire upon the enemy who, being much outnumbered, fell back.

In a few minutes the men were across the bridge, deployed on the other side, covered by a heavy fire from the south bank of the unfordable stream. Regiment after regiment was hurried over, followed by the six guns. A regiment of the enemy was captured in quarter column before it could deploy. A gun was taken, the defiles to the north uncovered and hands joined with the force under Lieut.-Colonel R. B. Denison, and the affair was over. My brother Fred with the Body Guard had also captured a company of the enemy's infantry in the streets of the town.

The umpire staff had all gone off to the north expecting the attack from there, and when they heard the heavy firing from the south came back in time to order the regiment and one of the enemy's guns out of action. The attacking force gained great credit in the accounts in the newspapers, but no one knew the great difficulties under which they succeeded. There was no reason why they should not have been defeated. I was, naturally, much pleased with the result, as I knew I was the one aimed at. The public never knew of the inside history.

although the sham fight was very much discussed in military circles all over Canada.

The department found out I had had a hand in it, and afterwards there were orders issued that suggestions from outsiders were not to be received in these sham fights.

Shortly after this I went down to Montreal in anticipation of the general elections, and I visited the camps at Kingston, La Prairie and Levis. Colonel Dyde and I spent several days quietly organizing opposition to Sir George Cartier's re-election to Parliament. The election came off a month or so later and Sir George was overwhelmingly defeated. This concluded my contest with him. He died in London the following year. He was a man of many fine qualities. I heard he regretted very much having annoyed me. He had been so long dealing with office hunters that he mistook me for one of the class and thought I would put up with cavalier treatment, and probably he did not mean to be offensive. Perhaps I was over-sensitive, as I had asked for an office very much against my instincts, being driven somewhat by the destruction of my business and the hardships my family had to suffer on account of it.

I have referred to Colonel Dyde. He was one of the most striking figures of his time in the Canadian Militia. He had served as a boy in the war of 1812. He had also done excellent service in the rebellion of 1837-8. He had organized a regiment ready for embodiment at the time of the Oregon difficulty, and was for many years the commandant of the active militia of the Montreal district, having over three thousand men

under his command. He had the rank of full Colonel and held a good place in society, he and Colonel Sewell, of Quebec, and my father, being the only three of that rank or command in Canada. Colonel Dyde was a very fine-looking man, about six feet three inches in height, was afterwards appointed an A.D.C. to the Queen, and received the C.M.G. He lived to be over ninety years of age. We were warm friends in spite of the great disparity in our ages.

He once told me an anecdote which he looked upon as a joke, because chance had given him such an inside view of the circumstances. I shall repeat it as an illustration of the estimation in which Colonial militia were then held. Colonel Dyde had occasion to visit Quebec sometime about the year 1862. It was then the seat of Government, Lord Monck being the Governor-General. On the train going down he chanced to be seated next to a young gentleman of twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, and they chatted together and at last exchanged cards, the young man being an ensign in a regular regiment of infantry then stationed in Ontario. When they arrived at the station, they drove to the same hotel, had breakfast together, and then went out together. Colonel Dyde said that before he went to attend to some business, he wished as a matter of politeness to put his name in His Excellency's book, and he advised the young man to do the same. Their names were put down, together with their rank and residences. In the afternoon the young officer met Colonel Dyde in the hotel, and he at once said: "I suppose I shall meet you this evening?" "Where?"

said the Colonel. "At Government house, are you not going to dine there?" "I have not been invited," he replied. The young officer said he had been invited. Colonel Dyde thought that probably some of the staff knew him, but the officer said he had never heard of any of them before, and all they had ever known of him was seeing his name in the book.

In the general election of 1872 I contested Algoma in the Reform interest at the request of the Hon. George Brown and the Hon. Alex. McKenzie. I was defeated by the Hon. J. B. Robinson by eighty votes. As I was a perfect stranger in the county it was what I expected. I did a good deal of service for the Reform party, in helping them into power, and after they got possession of the Government I asked Mr. McKenzie, the Premier, to do two things for me. One was to provide that the command of the Canadian militia should not be given to an officer under the rank of full Colonel, and that when appointed he should be made a Major-General. The next thing was the establishment of a Military College, such as the Kingston Royal Military College. Mr. McKenzie said he would see what he could do and, after some considerable delay, he told me he would do both, and he kept his word.

CHAPTER XIII

THE "HISTORY OF CAVALRY"

Czar's offer for prizes for best history of cavalry—Terms of competition—Open to all armies—Delay in getting programme—Difficulty of obtaining books—Secrecy—J. J. Vance—Goldwin Smith—B. Homer Dixon, K.N.L.—Decide to visit St. Petersburg—Lord Dufferin—Major-General Selby Smyth—His curious action—Lord Derby—His kindness—Difficulties of a colonist—Visit Hatfield—Assistance by Lord Salisbury—General Gorloff—His thoughtful kindness and courtesy—A "list de courier."

SOME time about August 1st, 1874, my brother Henry sent me a little cutting from a newspaper containing the following words:

"The Grand Duke Nicholas, of Russia, offers prizes of \$4,000, \$2,400 and \$1,600 for the best work on cavalry and military operations on horseback in all ages and countries."

This announcement had been made in St. Petersburg on July 1st, 1874. I thought I would compete, but being out of the force, I was not eligible, so I asked Mr. McKenzie, the Premier, if he would have the order accepting my resignation cancelled, and let me raise a second troop and give me the command of a squadron. This was done, and I was placed in the same position as if I had never retired.

I began to make enquiry about this competition at once, and wrote to Sir Garnet Wolseley, then on the staff at the War Office, asking him the particulars, thinking he would easily be able to get the information. He wrote me on August 12th, saying: "As soon as I received your note I wrote about the prize essay, but no one could give me any information. I spoke to our military attache at St. Petersburg, but he had never heard of it. I put our Intelligence Department to work on the scent, but to no good purpose."

On November 10th, 1874, Sir Garnet wrote me: "Just a line to say that you will find in the *Times* of last month an account of the prize to be given for the cavalry essay, which must be in the Russian language."

In the *Army and Navy Gazette* of November 7th, 1874, the following letter appeared:

THE HISTORY OF CAVALRY.

To the Editor of the Army and Navy Gazette:

SIR,—I shall feel much obliged by your giving publicity to the following communication which I have received from the Imperial Government of Russia. His Imperial Highness, the Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholaievitch, Inspector-General of Russian cavalry, recognising the incompleteness of any existing treatise on cavalry history, and considering that so important a service merits the closest study, has determined, with the sanction of his Imperial Majesty, the Emperor of Russia, to offer three prizes of 5,000, 3,000 and 2,000 roubles, respectively, for the three best essays on the above subject. In order to encourage international scientific intercourse, His Imperial Highness has decided to throw the competition open to all foreign armies, but non-Russian competitors will have their productions translated into that language. All competing essays must be handed in at St. Petersburg on or before January 1st

(13th), 1877, when they will be carefully examined by a committee nominated by His Imperial Highness, and the prizes adjudged. The instructions accompanying the above are too lengthy to be reproduced, but I shall be most happy to impart them to any intending competitor who will put himself in communication with me. I feel, however, bound to indicate that the essay in question will have to be of the completest character, going back to the earliest times, gradually descending to our own day and elaborately reviewing the present employment of mounted troops in all the functions of war.

I am, etc.,

A. GORLOFF.

Major-General of the suite of His Majesty, the Emperor, and Military attaché to the Imperial Russian Embassy.

I had already been very busy reading up the early history of cavalry, but it was a great loss to me that I was so long in getting any information about the terms of competition.

On November 23rd, as soon as I saw this letter, I wrote to General Gorloff and asked for the full particulars. On January 2nd, 1875, I received a reply from General Gorloff, saying that the programme and other particulars relating to the competition would appear in the Journal of the Royal United Service Institute for January, 1875.

It was February, 1875, before I was able to obtain the full programme, with the particulars of the competition and the outline sketch of the scope of the book. I had of course been working very diligently during the six months in which I was trying to get these papers. The delay is a good illustration of the procrastinating spirit of the Russian people. It was seven months after the announcement in St. Petersburg

before I got it in Toronto, which was a large deduction from the two and one-half years given to prepare such an extensive work.

I endeavoured to get permission for officers on this continent to put in their works in French or English on account of the difficulty in getting translators in this country, but the request was refused, so that I had to get a translator in New York. The translator was not a soldier, and the translation consequently was very defective, by which I nearly lost the benefit of all my work.

I had great difficulty in getting the books I required, and being able to read only French and English, I could not study many works in other languages, as I should have liked to do. Most of the best works, however, could be got in either French or English, except quite modern ones. I was writing constantly to an agent in London sending lists of books to procure for me, and almost every week brought me by post one or more volumes. Many of them rare books, difficult to obtain.

I was very anxious to keep it private that I was writing at all. I felt that the odds were against me, and I knew that no matter how gallant a struggle I made against what seemed insurmountable difficulties, I would be laughed at and ridiculed, if I failed to secure at least one of the prizes, for I knew it looked absurd for a militia officer, a lawyer, one who had never attended a military school of any kind, one removed from the centres of military thought and away from the great military libraries, to attempt to compete in a

competition open to all the trained officers of the regular armies of the world.

This troubled me more than any other consideration, for I knew how I should be laughed at, and particularly in Canada. I was consequently very secretive; a very few intimate friends alone knew in confidence of my work. I was afraid also of injuring my practice if I was much away from my office. My brother Fred, aided by our clerk, undertook to relieve me of the bulk of the responsibility of our law business, in which he was then my partner. I arranged to be always in the office between 2 and 5 p.m., after which we walked home together. I was accustomed to get up all through the springs and summers of 1875 and 1876 before daybreak, and was at work by daylight. Often I have heard the town bells ringing at 6 a.m. after having put in two hours' good work. I used to take a cup of coffee when I first got up and had breakfast at seven. Commenced work again at eight and worked till noon, when I had lunch and walked a little over three miles to my office. I generally managed to get in two hours work again in the evening. I averaged eight hours work a day for over two years, and during two months in St. Petersburg, at the end, it was nearer twelve and fifteen hours.

I had to go hurriedly through over 700 volumes, picking out what I wanted, classifying it all. I worked at that for about a year, making notes, before I began to write at all. Then I had to write chapter after chapter, go over them carefully, and then make a clean copy to send instalments,

from time to time, to New York to be translated. It can be readily imagined how hard I had to work, and at what high pressure. The pressure of the amount of work to be done made many competitors fall by the wayside. Out of twenty-three competitors who sent in their mottoes and addresses some six months before the books were to be put in, only three sent in completed books.

One of my intimate friends who knew what I was doing was James J. Vance, a barrister of Toronto, who some time before had been an alderman with me in the City Council for a year or two. He was a man of very high literary tastes and good judgment. He had been educated partly in Germany, and spoke German fluently. He took a deep interest in my work, and was accustomed to come out to my house frequently, and I would read him my draft and be guided a good deal by his advice and criticism. As the work went on the difficulties seemed to increase much faster than they were overcome. I was often much discouraged, and Vance's confident friendship was a great support to me. I had a feeling that no English cavalry officer could beat me. I thought that the surroundings in a cavalry barracks and the military life itself would make it difficult for any English cavalry officer to write such a book, and none of them had ever written anything that would lead me to fear them. I knew all the French cavalry literature and I was not afraid of their officers, but I knew the thoroughness of the Germans and their fine military system, and, as I could not read their books, I was very much afraid of them.

Often I would say this to Vance. He never lost confidence. As the months passed on and the book kept developing, and he began to see the way I handled the subject, and particularly the speed with which I worked, he would say: "Don't be uneasy, Denison, I know the Germans well. There is not a German in all Germany who could work at half the speed you work at. If they had ten years to write it in you might be alarmed. I will guarantee your book will get the first prize."

He may have said all this out of friendship, just to encourage me, but whether he did or not it certainly encouraged me very much, and it turned out he was right. He was another of my old friends who passed away comparatively young. He died in 1888.

Professor Goldwin Smith very kindly gave me the use of his library, lending me any books that were useful, and giving me most valuable advice in reference to the portions relating to the history of Greece and Rome. The late B. Homer Dixon, Esq., Consul-General of the King of the Netherlands, at that time had one of the finest collections of ancient arms and armour on the continent, and a special library on chivalry and arms and such subjects. He kindly gave me every facility to study his collection, and lent me such books as I required from his library.

I worked very hard all the year 1875, and in the spring of 1876 I saw that I could not complete the Russian sections without going to St. Petersburg to consult the libraries, with the assistance of interpreters who could aid me in reading the Russian authorities. I

did not think I could safely put in my completed work without doing it myself. I decided, therefore, to go to London in October and consult a few books in the British Museum, and then go on to St. Petersburg, so as to leave me two months to finish it up there.

I knew it would be necessary for me to appear in Russia properly vouched for by my Government. I knew that no country in the world was more subject to officialdom, and that unless properly introduced by my Government, I should be looked upon as a socialist or anarchist, and my manuscript thrown into the waste paper basket. Consequently I thought out all the questions that might arise, and planned to guard against all eventualities.

To do this I found it necessary, shortly before I left Canada, to take into my confidence three or four more people. One was Lord Dufferin, the Governor-General, another was Major-General Sir Selby Smyth, commanding the militia, and the other the Hon. Alexander McKenzie, the Prime Minister. I asked Lord Dufferin's advice, and he took the greatest interest in my work, and gave me two letters of introduction, one to Lord Derby, Foreign Secretary, and the other to Lord Carnarvon, Secretary of State for the Colonies. Lord Derby was asked to give me a letter to the Ambassador, Lord Augustus Loftus, which he did. I wished to see Lord Carnarvon, who officially should present colonists at Court, to give me such an authorization as would enable Lord Augustus Loftus to present me at St. Petersburg, if by any chance the Russian Court wished him to do so. At that time I had never been presented at St.

James', and there is a rule that the Ambassador will not present at a foreign court anyone not already presented at home. This was my greatest anxiety, for it would have been ruinous if, in response to an invitation, Lord Loftus should say that he could not present me. Lord Carnarvon was the member of the Government who could arrange this for me.

I received a letter from the Hon. Alexander McKenzie to Mr., now Sir Robert Herbert, Under-Secretary of the Colonies, who treated me with every kindness and arranged to have all my letters sent by the Queen's messenger to the Embassy with their mail.

The next important point was to have a letter from the Major-General Commanding to the Horse Guards, saying I was an officer of the Canadian forces, so that I could be officially passed on by them to the military attache at St. Petersburg, as an officer in good standing and therefore qualified to compete under the regulations. I explained all this to Sir Selby Smyth and asked him for an official letter of introduction to the Horse Guards, saying I was an officer of the Canadian forces wishing to compete, so that I might have a letter authorizing me as one of the officers of Canada to put in my book. Sir Selby Smyth promised to send me the letter, but did not do so. He was in Toronto on October 12th, 1876, the day I left for England. I tried to find him but could not. I left a note at the Queen's Hotel, saying I would call to see him at 7 p.m. My train left at 7.30. I called a few minutes before seven and was told the General had just gone out. I asked if he had received my note, was told he had. I asked

if there was a note or message for me. There was not.

I waited till the last minute, and then went down to the station, where my brothers were waiting to see me off, and found out from my two younger brothers that they had seen the General and his aide standing together up a quiet street for some time, and that they were still standing there, when they lost sight of them in the distance. My brother Fred went at my request to see the General the next morning to remind him again of his promise. He once more promised to send me the letter to England and took my London address. On November 7th, 1876, I received the letter in the following words:—

OTTAWA, October 25th, 1876.

DEAR COLONEL DENISON :—

I am sorry I had not the pleasure of meeting you, when I passed through Toronto last week.

On my return you had gone, but your brother called upon me, and has since sent me your address in London. He said you wished me to write to introduce you at the Horse Guards, and I should gladly do so of course, but I think it almost superfluous, as you are so well known there to so many of the staff who have served in Canada. You have General Macdougall, Sir Garnet Wolseley, Major Butler, Colonel Hawley, Major Buller, upon any of whom you need only call to be remembered and attended to.

If you think it would serve you, you are perfectly welcome to use this note.

I only hope you will meet with every success in the object of your mission, and return here fully satisfied with the result.

I need only repeat that I am only too glad to endeavour to promote your wishes at all times.

Pray believe me,

Yours very truly,

E. SELBY SMYTH, Major-General.

It will be seen that this letter, while politely

expressed, was practically a refusal to comply with my request. Several of the officers named by him I had never met, and the others knew I had resigned, and did not know whether I then held a commission or not. This annoyed me very much; I saw at once the meaning of it. Sir Selby Smyth, I have no doubt, looked upon my competition as a wild and ridiculous piece of conceit and ignorance. He did not wish it to be thought in London that he would encourage a militia officer in undertaking such a work and going upon a fool's errand. He was afraid he would be laughed at in the military clubs if it became known that he was helping a colonist from the woods of Canada in such a wide competition. Still this did not aid me or help me very much. The result of it all was that I got no letter from the Horse Guards.

I presented Lord Dufferin's letter to Lord Derby. He received me with great courtesy, and gave me a simple letter of introduction to Lord Augustus Loftus, the English ambassador at St. Petersburg. Sir Garnet Wolseley gave me a private letter of introduction to Colonel Fred Wellesley, the military attaché, and they both treated me very kindly.

My main desire was to see Lord Carnarvon, and have matters arranged so that if an intimation for a presentation at court came, there should be no obstacle. I went to the Colonial Office, saw Lord Carnarvon's private secretary, left Lord Dufferin's letter of introduction and a request for an interview. I waited for about ten days and received no acknowledgment or notice of any sort. I made a second attempt, which was also abortive.

I thought then the game was up. I had been evaded by Sir Selby Smyth, and my request for an interview with Lord Carnarvon ignored. I shall never forget my disappointment and anxiety, for I thought of all my labour for two and one-half years, and the expense, which I could ill afford in those days, all wasted.

Fortunately I was acquainted with the Marquis of Salisbury, and I had left a card on him, and just about this time I received a note from him inviting me to go to Hatfield to spend two or three days. I went down, and on the evening I arrived, after dinner, Lord Salisbury asked me something about my visit to England, and I said I would like to ask his advice on one point. As we walked out of the dining-room, he allowed all the others to go into the library, and said to me: "We will walk up and down here." This was in the magnificent long gallery, about 130 feet long, one of the finest rooms or galleries in England, and we walked up and down for about fifteen minutes, and talked the matter over. I told him I was afraid the question might be raised about my being presented to the Emperor, and that I had never been presented at St. James', which would lead to a difficulty. The Marquis said: "I can arrange that. The question very likely will not arise; if it does, tell Lord Loftus not to refuse, but that I say I would like him to telegraph to me, and whatever is necessary will be done."

This relieved my mind on this point. I received a note from the Colonial Office the day I left London, telling me to apply to the Assistant Adjutant-General

at the Horse Guards for the letter of introduction to St. Petersburg. This was through the kindness of Sir Robert Herbert. But it was too late then, and in the meantime I had arranged with the Marquis of Salisbury on the only point I was anxious about, and General Gorloff, the Russian military attaché, did so much for me and took so much trouble to smooth my way, that I was made independent of our militia department.

General Gorloff gave me a letter to the chief of the staff, Count Heyden, who commanded the Russian army, and actually gave me a *list de courier* or passport, usually given to Imperial messengers on special service, which placed everything necessary at my disposal in Russia. This was in order that my papers and manuscript should not be taken from me in the custom-house on the frontier, as is customary. My manuscripts were all carefully wrapped up in two large bundles and sealed with the seal of the Russian Embassy in London and addressed to Count Heyden, to whom I was to deliver them in St. Petersburg, and my *list de courier* was my authority to carry them.

CHAPTER XIV

VISIT TO ST. PETERSBURG

*Arrive at frontier—"List de Courier"—Arrival at St. Peters-
burg—Interview with door keeper at General Staff Offices
—Interview with Count Heyden—Captain Schenchine—
Mrs. Tangate—Interview with General Miloutin—Grand
Duke Nicholas — Court Etiquette — Princess Louise—
—Madame de N———Cabmen—No tariff—Sharp bar-
gaining—Procrastinating character of the Russians—Illness
while in St. Petersburg.*

My brother Henry travelled with me on this trip. We left London on November 18th, and when we reached the frontier of Russia at Wirballen, the change from Germany was at once strongly apparent. We were all marched into a large room for the examination of passports. An official in uniform came and asked me for my passport. The air of official importance with which he approached us was very marked. I brought out my *list de courier*. It worked like magic; before I had it fairly opened he saw the big seal with the Russian eagle and he stepped back, took off his hat and bowed almost to the ground. He then went away and brought a more prominent official who spoke English. He looked at the paper and asked me if I would point out my luggage, gave instructions to have it put on the train at once without question, and then

showed me to a compartment on the train. An English banker and one or two other fellow-travellers told me their experience afterwards and said I ought to be very thankful to have had my *list de courier*.

We arrived at St. Petersburg the next day, and put up at the Hotel D'Angleterre, a very comfortable, large hotel opposite the great cathedral of St. Isaac. General Gorloff, who had spared no pains to be kind to me, had told me, among a great many useful hints which he gave me, and which were of much service, that when I went to call upon any of the officers of high rank to be sure to wear my full uniform. He said: "I know you English never wear your uniforms when on leave or when not on duty, but you will understand what I mean when I say that it would be looked upon, in St. Petersburg, if you went in plain clothes, as if an officer were to call at the English War Office in his shirt sleeves or if he kept his hat on in the room of the gentleman on whom he was calling."

I thought I would go and ask the porter at the door of the official residence of Count Heyden in the General Staff building at what hour the Count was most likely to receive visitors. I was as well dressed as a Bond street tailor could arrange it for me, yet that porter, or door-keeper, or footman, or whatever he was in his showy livery, made me understand, in the plainest way, the extraordinary contempt he held for an ordinary civilian, who did not have even a ribbon or rosette in his button-hole. He let me understand that Count Heyden would not see a man of my class at all. We had our conversation in French so that I did not

appreciate the fine points of his contempt as well as if it had been in English, but there was no mistaking his air, manner and tone. By persistence and unruffled amiability I at last extracted from him, very reluctantly, that Count Heyden saw the persons whom he did see at his audience or levee at 10.30 a.m.

The next morning, therefore, I left the hotel at 10.15 in a fine carriage which I had ordered the night before. I was in full uniform and had with me the two bundles of MSS. addressed to Count Heyden. We drove up to the door. I jumped out, walked in the doorway, threw off my cloak and handed it to my friend of the day before, who received me with a most deferential bow. He hung up my cloak and then went up-stairs almost backwards, bowing to me most deferentially every second step. I assumed to have never seen him before. He showed me into the large audience chamber and left me. About ten or fifteen officers in uniform were standing about talking. An aide-de-camp entered the room and came up and addressed me in Russian. I handed him General Gorloff's letter of introduction and he went into an inner room with it.

Shortly after Count Heyden came out with a secretary behind him on one side and an aide on the other. All the officers turned towards him in a semi-circular row, evidently according to rank, and everyone bowed, and the Count bowed very formally to us all. He spoke a few minutes to each one in turn, each one stepping a few paces forward so as to have private conversation with him. The Count would turn and give directions to one or other of his staff, who would make

notes about each matter of business. When he came to my turn, the aide evidently told him who I was. He shook hands with me very cordially and said: "*Entrez dans mon cabinet, s'il vous plait.*" The aide took me into his private room, or office and giving me a seat in front of the bright fire went back to the Count.

In about ten or fifteen minutes, after getting through with his visitors, he rejoined me, and as he could not speak English and I spoke French indifferently, I asked for someone who could speak English, and Captain Shenchine of the General Staff was sent for. I brought in my documents and the Count opened them and glanced at them. On looking at the Russian translation he read some of it here and there, evidently curious to see what it was like. I asked him if the translation was any good, for I was anxious about that. He said, not very encouragingly, "*Assez bien.*" He then said that I was in a strange place and would want advice and assistance, and would probably have to make enquiries, and he gave orders to Captain Shenchine to do everything he could for me, and told me that I could always apply to him if I wanted anything in the way of information. Captain Shenchine treated me with kindly courtesy and arranged that I should have the use of the magnificent library of the General Staff; and what was a great advantage, I was to be allowed to take five books at a time to my rooms, changing them as often as I wished.

I secured rooms at the residence of an English lady, Mrs. Tangate, who had been governess in the family of the Emperor Nicholas for ten years, and had special

charge of the Princess Olga, afterwards the Queen of Wirttemberg. I employed a Mr. Clark of the Russian civil service, a Russian by birth, but who spoke English fluently, as an interpreter or assistant, and all his time out of office hours was devoted to me. He read Russian books to me in English while I made notes. He read the contents of the books to me and I would pick out the parts I wanted to read. It was a very awkward method but the only one practicable, and it enabled me, in seven or eight weeks of very hard work, to fill in the Russian portions of my history fairly well.

In the meantime I had another gentleman employed to go all over the translation and remedy any little defects, and then for three or four weeks I had a staff of copying clerks from one of the public departments engaged in copying the revised translation in neat writing so that it would be handed in in proper shape. I began with five or six copyists, but soon found that Russians knew nothing about hurrying. They were paid by the folio, so that it was their interest to work as fast as possible, but nothing would make a Russian hurry. Their quickest word when they wished to indicate speed was "Se chasse." Where we Anglo-Saxons would say "immediately," "at once," "this instant," "this minute," "in a second," "right off," etc., I found the Russians had only one phrase, "se chasse," "se chasse." I used to be so annoyed by their procrastination that I said to Mrs. Tangate one day: "What does 'se chasse' mean?" She said: "Immediately." I said: "Is that the original meaning? What does se mean? What does chasse mean?" Her reply

was: "Oh, this hour." I asked if there was not some quicker word that I could use. She said: "No, that is the speediest expression they have."

Every day I added to the copyists till, in a few days, I had fourteen employed, who wrote in the several rooms I had secured till one and two in the morning. By this means I got the work finished just before the last day, and with great difficulty I was able to get a bookbinder to bind the manuscript up in two large volumes. He worked all night to complete them, and on Saturday morning, December 30th, 1876, old style, January 11th new style, I put on my uniform and went to the Chancellerie of the cavalry and handed my book in to General Djounskovski. He wrote me a note to General A. Leontieff, commandant of the staff college, and asked me to drive on there and hand my book and the note to him.

I will now refer to some of the events of my visit. General Gorloff had evidently written to Count Heyden a very friendly letter about me, for Count Heyden wrote me that the Grand Duke Nicholas, the commander of the Russian cavalry, and General Miloutin, the Minister of War, would like to see me if I would call at certain hours mentioned.

I donned my uniform once more and called on General Miloutin on a Sunday afternoon, but as we had to rely on my imperfect French, we did not have a very long conversation. He was, however, exceedingly kind and courteous. He was a very quiet, mild-looking man and, I fancy, a man of some ability.

I went to see the Grand Duke Nicholas at the Nicolai

Palace on Monday morning, November 27th. He had been appointed to the command of the army then mobilizing at Kischeneff, which shortly afterwards was employed in the war with Turkey, and which battered itself so badly against the Heights of Plevna. I was shown into a large audience-chamber perfectly void of furniture. In it were some twenty or thirty Russian generals in full uniform, covered with decorations, many of them wearing the grand cordons of the military orders of knighthood. General Todleben, the celebrated officer who defended Sebastopol, a tall, fair, sturdy, good-looking soldier, with a capable air about him, General Boronzoff, the chief of all the artillery, and other distinguished men were there. I knew the amount of work there would be at the headquarters of the commander-in-chief of an immense army on the verge of war, and who was leaving to join his forces on the following Friday, and I thought it quite likely there would be no time to waste on me.

An aide-de-camp came up to me shortly after I entered the room and took my card, and after the whole party had waited about half an hour, an officer came out from an inner room and beckoned to me to go in. I went in and found another room with several staff officers in it, apparently busily engaged at their desks. I was led through it and was told to enter the next room. I did so and found a very large, gorgeously furnished room, and all alone in it was the Grand Duke Nicholas, the brother of the Czar. He came towards me in the most friendly way and shook hands, saying: "Good morning, Colonel; you must excuse my bad

English." He spoke with the slightest foreign accent. I was not experienced in courts and had not associated with kings or emperors or grand dukes, and was as innocent as one of Mark Twain's pilgrims. So with the frank freedom of our western continent, I replied: "Your Imperial Highness speaks excellent English. I was afraid we should have to depend on my bad French, and then we *should* have had a time of it," and I laughed at the idea of our struggling with my French.

Mrs. Tangate, who had ten years' experience with that class of people, told me, when I described my interview, that I had made a frightful breach of etiquette—that no one presumed to joke with the Imperial family. I did not see why they should not appreciate a joke just as much as anyone. The Grand Duke looked astonished, stared at me a moment and saw that I was utterly unconscious of having made any mistake. The idea seemed to amuse him. He laughed and said: "Ah, Colonel, you flatter me." I said: "No, your Highness speaks excellent English." Then he began telling me about the competition; what an extraordinary thing it was that there was never a history of the cavalry service published in any country at any time, and that he had asked the Emperor to offer the prizes so as to secure a good history. He told me the commission had been appointed to decide on the works, and said that it looked as if there would only be three or four competitors. He then asked me about my corps and about Canada, and I began to think of his urgent business, and of the room full of generals waiting. We had been talking some fifteen minutes, and in my "freshness" I

referred to it, telling him that I knew he was very busy and that the ante-chamber was filled with people, and that as I knew he was leaving for the army on Friday I felt I must not take up his time. He looked at me again in astonishment, for I had made another frightful breach of etiquette. Mrs. Tangate was ready to faint when I told her. She said I should have stood there talking till it was dark if his Imperial Highness wanted to talk to me, and that it was terrible for me to suggest that the interview should close, or that I should think that the Grand Duke would speak to me one minute longer than he pleased. He laughed out this time as if exceedingly amused, and said: "You need not worry, Colonel, about those old fellows. It will do them good to kick their heels about a while; they are a lazy lot—let them wait." And he went on talking about Canada, and about our horses and dogs and our customs, etc. When he had talked as long as he wanted to, he said: "I am afraid, Colonel, you are thinking again of those lazy old fellows out there. Well, I am glad to see you, Colonel. You must come and see me again, and if there is anything you want, come straight to me, I shall always be glad to see you." He shook hands with me again and said good-bye; I never saw him again.

The Grand Duke Nicholas was a tall man, about six feet two, I should judge; somewhat stout, not corpulent, carrying himself in an upright, soldierly way. He had a very frank, blunt, outspoken manner. I took to him at once. The moment we began to talk about the cavalry arm of the service, I saw that he was an

enthusiastic cavalry man, and there we met on common ground with common sympathies. He easily forgave me my unconscious breaches of etiquette.

A few years later I was dining one night at Government House in Toronto, and sat next to the Princess Louise, then in Canada with her husband, who was Governor-General. She asked me about my visit to St. Petersburg. I told her of my interview with the Grand Duke, and of the way in which I had broken all the rules of etiquette. Her Royal Highness was highly amused at the story, and told me some interesting instances of the etiquette at Vienna and Berlin, which she said was infinitely more strict than in our court.

Before I left London I was introduced to a gentleman who had lived a good deal in Russia. He gave me many valuable hints and said he would introduce me to a Russian lady in London who could give me letters to friends in St. Petersburg. My brother and I went with him to the lady's hotel on Brooke street, and we were introduced to her. She received us with great kindness and promised me a letter to her brother, who was a Colonel in the Guard of the Emperor. She also asked me to take a small parcel of photographs to him. There were one or two others calling, and I for some reason thought there was something peculiar about them. She was a tall, handsome woman with most fascinating manners and evidently very clever. When we left we walked a short distance, when at the corner of a street our friend parted from us. As soon as we were alone I said to my brother: "What do you make

of that lady?" He said he thought her a charming person. I said: "Yes, but there is something more than appears. That lady is one of two things, a Russian diplomatic agent or a Nihilist conspirator." I was convinced of this and I was determined I would not be entrapped into carrying documents into Russia if she was intriguing against the Government.

Consequently the next time I saw General Gorloff I told him I had been fortunate enough to get the introduction, and that I was going to get a letter from her and had promised to carry a package of photographs to St. Petersburg for her. I asked if he knew anything of her. He thought for some time and then said: "I think there is a lady here of that name. I know nothing of her." I knew if she was a Nihilist I should be asked for the package at the frontier, and when I was not asked I said to my brother. "Madame de N—— is a diplomatic agent of the Russian Government." After I came back to London this was well-known. She was said to have been the originator of the whole agitation about the Bulgarian atrocities, which had such an influence on the policy of the English Government during the Russo-Turkish war, which broke out about that time. It was publicly stated that it was Madame de N—— who had enlisted Mr. Gladstone's interest in the movement, and a good deal of discussion took place in the press on the subject of their friendship.

I have a word more to say with reference to the magnificent porter who attended the front door of Count Heyden's official residence, and who had been so pompous, and I might say insolent, when I called first

to make enquiries. I have said that Count Heyden took me into his private room, and that I was there for fifteen minutes or so after the levee was over, and all the others had gone. The knowledge of this got down to the door where the porter had returned after showing me up. The private interview in the inner room was a very uncommon occurrence, only granted to important personages. When I went down stairs the porter and his assistant had my cloak ready for me, put it on and escorted me out to my carriage with the greatest deference. I was often obliged to pass that street afterwards in going to the staff library for books, and although I sometimes walked, sometimes went in a cab, sleigh or samkey, and always in plain clothes, that porter, if he saw me across the Admiralty Place, would stand at attention and salute me with the greatest respect. I am sure he was afraid that I should complain of the way he treated me the first day, and I fancy he was relieved when I left. It is astonishing to us the extraordinary influence of the official classes in that country. They are looked up to with as much respect as political bosses are in the United States.

I experienced a difficulty in getting about St. Petersburg through not understanding the language. I found that there was no cab tariff, and that everyone was expected to make his bargain before taking his seat in the little sleigh or samkey, which in winter is the hansom of St. Petersburg. I learned the Russian names of four or five points where I sometimes wished to go, and I would say to a driver: "*Isvostchik, Isaacovski Sobor, skolko?*" ("Driver, St. Isaac's Cathedral. How much?") He

would reply: "*Piatdesiat*," or generally "*Sorok kopeck*" (fifty or forty copecks). I would say: "*Neit! tritsat kopeck*." I had asked what would be a fair, liberal price to pay for an ordinary journey and was told "*tritsat kopeck*" (thirty copecks) would be liberal. I found that they always accepted that.

I was, however, once going to my lodging in the Vassili Ostrof, and just alongside of the statue of Peter the Great I called an *Isvostchik*, and gave him my address, and asked him how much. He replied: "*Dvatsat piat*." I had never heard that before, so I said very firmly: "*Niet tritsat kopeck*." "*Oh da da isvolti pajaliute*. (Yes, yes, very well, come in). He flicked his horse and seemed highly amused as he drove me home. I paid him thirty copecks and went upstairs, and asked Mrs. Tangate what "*dvatsat piat*" meant. She said: "twenty-five copecks." I said I thought so. She laughed heartily when I told her I had refused to pay a cabman twenty-five copecks and insisted on paying thirty. The man thought, no doubt, that I was an eccentric Englishman having a joke over it.

I was very ill during the time I was in St. Petersburg. The water or something upset me. I fancy the heavy work I was doing, and the mental strain and anxiety to get my work completed, must have affected my health. The pressure was intensified by having to depend on others for assistance, men who could not conceive why any mortal should ever hurry about anything. I never put in two such months, for I was never worked so hard, and I was ill all the time. I consulted the doctor of the English Embassy several times, but still was con-

stantly suffering. I used to rest absolutely from Saturday night at midnight until Monday morning after breakfast, and generally slept the greater part of Sunday. I was not well enough to go to church.

CHAPTER XV

A RECEPTION AT THE WINTER PALACE

Invited to reception—Hermitage Palace—Take part in diplomatic circle—Crowds of officers—Variety of uniforms—Profusion of decorations—The Imperial Court—The Empress—Her costume—The train bearers—The Grand Duke, the Czaro-vitch—Translation of “Modern Cavalry” into Russian—Copy given to me—Prince Gortchakoff—New Year’s greetings—Russian patriotism.

AFTER I had been in St. Petersburg about six weeks, I received a note one day from Colonel, the Hon. Fred Wellesley, our Military Attache, saying that he would like me to go down to the Embassy as soon as convenient, as he wished to see me. I went down at once, and he told me that Prince Gortchakoff had told the Ambassador that the Emperor would receive me if he presented me. I was the only officer who went to St. Petersburg in response to the Czar’s offer of prizes, and as I came from such a far-off country, and one so little known to Russia as Canada, I suppose my visit attracted a little more attention than, under other circumstances, it would have done. I think also that General Gorloff did everything he could to show me civility, for he seemed very much impressed with my energy and determination.

Colonel Wellesley at once asked me if I had been presented at St. James'. I said I had been unable to do so, as I had never been in London at the right time. He remarked that it was very unfortunate, and told me of the rule already referred to. Then I told him of my conversation with Lord Salisbury and asked him to request Lord Augustus Loftus to telegraph to Lord Salisbury. I do not know if he did so or not, but a few days after I got notice that he had put in an application to present me, and that I should be presented at the New Year's reception.

I received from the Grand Master of ceremonies, on December 30th, 1876 (January 11th, 1877), a letter informing me that I was invited to the Winter Palace on New Year's day at noon to join the diplomatic circle which would be held there "*pour offrir les félicitations à leurs Majestés l'Empereur et l'Impératrice*, on which occasion I should have the honour of being presented to their Majesties, and I was directed to alight at the Hermitage Palace, at the stairway of the Council of the Empire.

At about 11.45 a.m. on January 1st (13th), 1877, I drove up to the Hermitage Palace, where I was shown into a large room, where the Ambassadors and their suites were assembling. In a few minutes masters of ceremonies or ushers in splendid uniforms came in and led us through about an eighth of a mile of rooms and galleries, through the Hermitage Palace and a good portion of the Winter Palace, until we entered an enormous hall in which a great crowd of the foremost people of the Empire were gathering. We were

marshalled through this room into the next, where the different Ambassadors and their suites were placed according to their precedence. They formed a semi-circle from the door by which we entered in one corner, around the three sides to the door in the opposite corner. On the side where the windows were, no one stood. I was placed with the Hon. Philip Stanhope, who was also to be presented, next to the Roumanian Ambassador, who was the last on the line of Ambassadors. Mr. Stanhope and I were the only outsiders.

We were barely placed when the great crowd that had gathered in the large room, was marshalled through our room two abreast. They came in by the same door as we had, walked across our room, past the windows and through the other door close to where Mr. Stanhope and I stood. As they slowly trooped by, probably one thousand or perhaps fifteen hundred, all in gorgeous uniforms and covered with decorations, the sight was very imposing; but as I stood and watched them passing, there was something so strange and foreign in it all that I felt I was far away from home. There was an endless variety of uniforms. There were Guards and Infantry officers, Cossacks and Circassians, and other strange types, all in their quaint uniforms. When the last had trooped through, the great hall was empty, and from where I stood, close to one door, I looked through the other straight down the centre of the spacious apartment, and I noticed the Guard of Honour of two lines of soldiers, whom I had not seen before, as they were standing along the two walls, move towards each other so as to form a passage between them about fifteen

or twenty feet wide. Then looking to the far end I saw the doors thrown open and a procession of court officials marshalling the Emperor and Empress and the Grand Dukes and Grand Duchesses, and the ladies of the Court towards us.

When the Emperor and Empress entered the door of our room the semi-circle all bowed towards the Emperor. He turned to his right and addressed the senior Ambassador, and spoke a few words to him, then addressed the next in turn, speaking two or three minutes or so to each. If any Ambassador had a new attaché in his suite who had not been presented it was then done. I noticed Mr. Boker, the United States representative, introduce the gentleman with him. They were the only people in the Palace that day who were not in uniform. They were in ordinary evening dress, and looked more remarkable and attracted more attention than any of the others.

I was much interested in watching the Empress, who was magnificently dressed, and with splendid jewels. She wore a crimson or wine-colored velvet dress, with an enormous train covered with gold embroidery, so large and so heavy that I think it would have been difficult for her to have walked about in it without assistance. She had two good-looking young officers of about twenty or twenty-one years of age, as pages or train-bearers. They carried it when she walked. The instant she stood they spread it like a fan or a peacock's tail. They watched her every movement, and if she turned to the right to speak to any one the train was swung round to the left, and vice versa. I was much

struck with the wonderful quickness and skill of these two young fellows. As for the Empress she seemed unconscious that she had any train on at all.

The Czarovitch, the late Emperor Alexander III., was there, and his wife the Princess Dagmar, sister of our own Princess of Wales. She was, in my judgment, the finest-looking of all the ladies. She had on a blue silk velvet, of an exquisite shade, with a much more moderate train, and she had no train-bearers. Her dress was also embroidered in gold with great taste, and was the most effective costume of many very beautiful ones. I saw the Czarovitch then for the first and only time. I was much interested in him from one circumstance.

When I arrived in St. Petersburg I was at the General staff offices several times to see Captain Schenchine, and he introduced me from time to time to a number of cavalry generals and colonels, who seemed interested in meeting me and who immediately began discussing my "Modern Cavalry," which had appeared in English eight years before, and in German six years before. I was astonished to find them so well up in it. I saw that they must have read it, and naturally thought to myself what close attention these people must be paying to military matters, if they are reading foreign books so carefully. Day after day I was astonished at this.

One day I saw a regiment of Cossacks lining the street, as the Emperor was to pass at a funeral of a field-marshal. I examined the men and their equipment, naturally with deep interest, and was surprised and pleased to see that they were equipped more as I wished to see cavalry equipped than any cavalry I had ever

seen. After I had been three weeks or so in St. Petersburg I got a new Russian book on cavalry raids out of the staff library, and on looking over the contents and title page I noticed a list of books consulted. I found some titles of Russian books, which, of course, I could not read, and a number of French and German books and some English. I did not see my "Modern Cavalry," but did not think much of that.

When Mr. Clark began to look over it to translate parts of it to me he said: "Colonel, this author is constantly referring to your book." I said: "That cannot be, for it is not mentioned in the list of authors." He turned to the list and said: "Why, yes, there it is," pointing out a Russian title and name, which I could not read, and he said: "That is it, that is your name." I said: "How strange he did not put that in English like the others." He said: "He has evidently used the Russian translation." I said: "It has never been translated into Russian." "Yes, it has," said Mr. Clark, "by order of the Grand Duke, the Inheritor." I went next day to see Captain Schenchine and I asked him if he had ever heard that my "Modern Cavalry" had been translated into Russian. "Certainly it has," he replied. "Surely you knew that." "I never did," said I. Then he told me the circumstances.

He said the Grand Duke, the Inheritor, happening to see the German translation, had read it and was so pleased with it, that he caused it to be translated into Russian, and some tens of thousands to be printed. Further, he had presented a copy to every cavalry officer in Russia. I was so surprised that I simply

blurted out: "Well, that was cool." Captain Schenchine looked astonished and said: "There is no copyright here, and there can be no objection. The Inheritor can do as he wishes." The next day the authorities sent me a copy of the book, which I have now. It had been published four years before. I might easily have come home without even hearing of it.

A lady of the household of the Czarovitch was calling upon Mrs. Tangate one day, and hearing that a Colonel Denison was staying in the house, said she remembered the fact of the Czarovitch being so much interested in my book "Modern Cavalry" and of his ordering it to be translated, and she enquired of Mrs. Tangate whether I was the author of it or not. Mrs. Tangate got the information from me. These facts caused me to look at the Inheritor with greater interest than at any other members of the Court. He was not as tall as his father, the Emperor, nor so good-looking as the Emperor must have been when he was young. He was much more heavily built—in fact, he was a most powerfully built man with a broad, strong face, brutal almost in its force and sternness—a most determined, dogged-looking man. I thought of the story of Charles II. saying: "No one would kill me, because it would put my brother James on the throne"; and I made the remark to Mrs. Tangate that, looking at the father and son, I did not believe the Nihilists would kill the Emperor to make way for the Czarovitch. This did occur, however, a few years later.

While the Emperor and Empress were slowly making the circuit of the ambassadors, I happened to look

behind me and noticed that I was standing exactly in front of Prince Gortchakoff, who had been pointed out to me, and numbers of whose photographs I had seen. I naturally said: "I beg your pardon, Prince," and stepped aside to allow him to get in front of me. He took me playfully by my shoulders from behind with both hands, turned me around so as to directly face the Emperor, who had his back turned to me, and said in a good natured whisper: "Never mind me, there is the Emperor." I knew what he meant: that where the Emperor was, no one else was to be seen. Gortchakoff was then about eighty, with clear blue eyes and fresh, rosy cheeks, bright, cheerful and clever-looking. Bismarck, in his autobiography, often refers to Gortchakoff's vanity and conceit. He certainly did seem happy and contented, and satisfied with his surroundings.

Soon the Emperor got through with the ambassadors and then I was presented, first to the Emperor and then to the Empress. I bowed low to them and they bowed to me. Mr. Stanhope was presented last. Prince Gortchakoff then wished the Emperor a Happy New Year in French, and then the same to the Empress. He kissed the Empress' hand and she kissed him lightly on the temple. Mr. Stanhope, Prince Gortchakoff and I had been crowded round past the door and into the window recess next to it. The Emperor then gave the Empress his arm. The ushers led the way into the next room, and Prince Gortchakoff, standing close in front of us, chatted away, and laughed and joked with the ladies of the Court as they filed slowly

past, about fifty of them two abreast. He kissed the hands of some of them. Where he did, they all kissed his temple. Some he kissed. Evidently he was a great favourite with them all, and I do not wonder, for he had such a genial, kindly, I might almost say jolly, manner.

One very pretty, clever-looking young girl, evidently a niece of the Prince's, kissed him and in French wished him "A Happy New Year, my uncle," and with emphasis and feeling, "A Happy New Year for Russia." (The army had just left for Turkey). The old Prince seemed touched at once. He patted her on the shoulder and with feeling said: "Ah, my child, that is better." As soon as the Court had passed, I did not wait to see the other rooms. I was not at all well, and I went back the way I came and went to my lodgings.

CHAPTER XVI

INCIDENTS IN ST. PETERSBURG AND RETURN TO ENGLAND

Leave St. Petersburg—"The blessing of the Neva"—Integrity of the Commission—Curious testimony by a Russian officer—My translation defective—Gift to patriotic fund—Count Heyden writes me—Mrs. Tangate's kindness—Anecdote of Emperor Nicholas—Magnanimity of the Emperor—Night drive to Cronstadt—Clever escape of a young officer—Corruption of officials—Death of Nicholas I—Flour contractor is sent to Siberia—Arrive in Warsaw—Helplessness—Still very ill—Decide to go to Cannes—Health improves—Arrive in London—Lord Chamberlain's office—Presented at Court.

MY manuscripts had been handed in on the Saturday; the reception was on the Monday and I at once applied for permission to leave Russia, for no one can leave without a permit or order, and it takes two or three days to get one. I left as soon as I got it, on Thursday, January 4th (16th), 1877.

About an hour after I left, a messenger from the palace brought an invitation for me to go to the palace on the Saturday in order to accompany the Imperial

family to the ceremony of the "Blessing of the Waters" on the Neva. This is a great function. A handsome pavilion is erected on the ice, and the highest church dignitaries, in the presence of the Emperor, perform a short religious service. I was most thankful, when I heard of it afterwards, that I was safely away. I was very ill and it would have been ungracious and impolite not to have gone, and to have taken off my helmet for a religious service on the ice, with the thermometer perhaps fifteen or twenty below zero, as might have had to be done, was not an inviting prospect.

I was very anxious while in Russia about the honesty of the Commission making the award. I heard so many stories of speculation and corruption that it was somewhat depressing. I find that writing home on December 10th, 1876, after I had been about three weeks in St. Petersburg, I say:—

"I have no fear of failing to get a prize if I get fair play. But I have heard so much from every quarter of the bribery and favouritism that rules everything that I have very little hope of getting any. If I had known or had heard as much before I left England as I have heard here of the unfair way in which everything is decided, I would have published my book in London, and have let the prize go. I will go through with it now, however, on the chance that things may be done right. What makes me doubt most is that the Russians themselves, to whom I speak, seem to doubt the uprightness of the commission more even than the foreigners. Of course this is all based on conjecture, for no one knows who the commissioners are, and they

may be first-rate men. Everyone tells me that the Grand Duke Nicholas will do all he can to have the affair properly done, but of course he will have to rely upon others."

Among other letters of introduction I took to Russia was one to a Russian officer of good status, who, when I delivered my letter, asked me what I was doing and I told him I was competing for one of the Emperor's prizes. He heard me with interest and did not say very much about it. I did not see or hear anything of him for some weeks, when one evening he came into my room, sat down and began to tell me that he had been trying to get me one of the prizes. I did not interrupt, but let him go on. I think I was struck dumb with astonishment. He went on to tell me how he had made every enquiry to see if he could not use some influence so that I would get a prize. He interlarded his description of his efforts with profuse regrets and apologies for not having succeeded, and fancy! this was all before my book was finished or put in. And he explained to me his difficulty. "You see, Colonel," he said, "the Grand Duke Nicholas is really desirous of getting a good history of cavalry. He wants the best that can be got, and to secure this he has appointed a commission of no less than (I think it was) fifteen members, men of the highest position, men whom it is impossible to approach. I am so sorry, Colonel, that I cannot get you a prize. You will just have to finish your book and put it in, and it will have to stand its chances. I am sorry, but it cannot be helped."

This was all said in the coolest, most matter-of-fact way, as if it was the most natural thing possible for a prize to be given by favouritism without the formality of competing. The gentleman was perfectly unconscious of my astonishment. I told him that I was delighted with his information, that all I wanted was a fair field and no favour, and that I was much pleased to hear that the commission would act honestly.

Just before I left St. Petersburg I was asked to go to General Leontieff's, the chief of the commission, to meet a committee of the principal members. They had an interpreter, and they explained to me that General Leontieff had hurriedly glanced at the four books that had been put in, and I was told that mine was beyond all doubts the most complete and the best, but that my translation was very badly done, with many manifest inaccuracies in translation, and therefore that it was not up to the terms of the competition, which required the book to be put in Russian. The other books, or some of them, were in good Russian. I said: "It is hardly fair for me to be ruled out for a poor translation." General Leontieff said: "If we give you the first prize under the terms, you would be entitled to publish it in Russian, and would be entitled to a royalty on the sale, which would be very great, as we should expect our cavalry officers to procure it." I told them I would publish my book in England anyway, and also in Germany, and that whichever book got the prize in Russia, would also be translated and read by military men, and if mine was much the best it would attract attention if I did not get the prize. I

went on to say that I did not want the royalty, that if I got the first prize, any Russian officer of ability could translate it and he could have the royalty. This was considered reasonable. The decision was not given until the following September, and a special finding was made that I could not get the prize on account of the bad translation, but that as the book was the best and had incontestable merits, the commission recommended to the Emperor that I be granted the first prize of 5,000 roubles. The other prizes were not awarded, the books not being considered of sufficient merit. The Emperor approved of this finding, and I was notified to send authority to some one to call at the General Staff to receive the 5,000 roubles. I sent authority to the banking house of Thompson, Bonar & Company to receive it.

I felt all along while in St. Petersburg that I was in a sense representing my Canadian comrades, even if our General had not endorsed me. The Russian officers and officials had treated me with such unvarying courtesy, consideration and fairness, that I was very anxious to show my appreciation of it. The Russo-Turkish war was still going on, and a patriotic fund had been started by the Empress to provide comforts and care for the Russian wounded. I gave instructions to Thompson, Bonar & Company to pay over 1,000 roubles for me as a subscription to this fund in proof of my strong appreciation of, and gratitude for, the many kindnesses received by me from the Russian officers. I received the following letter from Count F. Heyden, chief of the staff :

No. 109.

MINISTÈRE DE LA GUERRE,
Etat Major.

ST. PETERSBURG,
November 30, 1877.

MONSIEUR :

Sa Majesté l'Imperatrice m'a chargé de vous exprimer sa vive reconnaissance pour le don de 1,000 roubles que vous avez fait au profit des blessés de notre armée.

Recevez, Monsieur, l'expression de ma haute considération.

CTE. F. HEYDEN.

MONSIEUR LE LIEUT.-COLONEL DENISON.

This personal acknowledgment from the Commander-in-Chief of the Army showed, in my opinion, marked politeness.

On the whole transaction my expenses were about \$1,500 more than the amount I received from the prize. I came in for a considerable sum of money while I was away from home, however, which with additional accessions in various ways and at different times, have placed me in comfortable circumstances ever since.

I found St. Petersburg a most interesting city. I was there during the winter, and I was told that it was an exceptionally cold winter. The thermometer was nearly all the time below zero, although we did have one thaw with a day's rain. I was fortunate as to my quarters. Mrs. Tangate, a kind-hearted old lady of about seventy years of age, could not have treated me better if I had been her own son. Her husband had been unfortunate in business and had died leaving her in somewhat straitened circumstances, with one daughter. She received a small pension from the Imperial family on account of her service for many years as English governess. She took

in two or three boarders to eke out her means. She was full of recollections of the life in the palace in the reign of the Czar Nicholas, during the ten years before and during the Crimean war, and she told me many anecdotes of the Court. I have forgotten most of them, but I recall a few.

The Emperor Nicholas was a most industrious ruler, and consequently endeavoured to discover abuses by his own exertions. He would suddenly appear in public institutions at the most extraordinary hours, and without the slightest warning. Mrs. Tangate told me that on one occasion, rather late at night, she was walking along a corridor in the Winter Palace, when she suddenly met the Emperor, muffled in a large cloak, going out by one of the side doors of the Palace. He turned towards her, put his finger on his lip as a warning that nothing was to be said and went on out. The next day she heard that he had gone through some public institution, and had discovered a number of grave abuses.

On another occasion Mrs. Tangate, then of course a young woman, was walking in the gardens of the summer palace at Tsarkoe Seloe, with the Grand Duchess Olga, then a child under her special care as governess, when the Emperor came up behind her quietly, and took his cap off and put it on Mrs. Tangate's head. She, without looking, instantly threw it off on the ground, and then saw it was the Emperor's. He said: "Well, young lady, are you not going to pick it up?" "Indeed I am not," said she, "you had no business to put your cap on my head." He laughed, picked it up himself and made some remark to the effect that she was a pert

young minx, and walked on. She said he was not in the least annoyed and seemed rather pleased that there was some one not afraid of him.

It will be remembered, that during the whole Crimean war with England, he made arrangements to pay the dividends on the Russian loans in London to the English holders of Russian bonds. I was told that the Governor-General of Moscow, during the war, ordered the chapel of the English colony to be closed, because the chaplain was praying every Sunday for Queen Victoria, praying the Almighty to "strengthen her that she may vanquish and overcome all her enemies." When the Czar Nicholas heard of the order he rescinded it at once, saying that it was natural for people to pray for their Sovereign and the success of their arms, and that he hoped Russians all over the world were praying for Russia. He also asked the English residents of St. Petersburg to take houses in the town of Tzarskoe Seloe, near where he lived, that he might see that they were not rudely treated on account of the ill-feeling engendered by the war. I gathered from all Mrs. Tangate's stories of Nicholas I. that he was a chivalrous gentleman.

One anecdote struck me forcibly. A young officer stationed at Cronstadt, about sixteen miles from St. Petersburg, was very anxious to attend a ball at the Winter Palace, and was refused leave to go. He went, however, without leave, and took good care to keep out of sight of the Emperor. Some one was supposed to have betrayed him to the Emperor. The Emperor ordered privately his sleigh with his fastest horses,

and jumping into it said: "Cronstadt, at full speed." The coachman drove at a tremendous rate. The Emperor entered the barracks where the officer's regiment were all asleep, and instantly ordered a trumpeter to sound the assembly. In a few minutes the regiment was drawn up, the Czar walked slowly along the line, found everything in order, and to his utter astonishment saw the young officer in his proper place. He dismissed the parade and sent for the officer, and told him he had come to Cronstadt to catch him away from his post, for he had heard he was at the Winter Palace that night, and was satisfied he had seen him in the distance. Then he went on to say: "You are pardoned for being away, and I will not blame anyone, but I am very curious to know how you got here." The young man then told him that a friend came to him hurriedly and said that the Emperor had ordered his sleigh, and that it was suspected he was going to Cronstadt. He went instantly to the stables, told the coachman the Emperor was going to Cronstadt, and asked him to give him a lift by letting him get under his (the coachman's) legs, where he would be hidden by the big fur robe. This was done, and as the Emperor got out of the sleigh and entered the door of the barracks, the officer rolled out on the snow on the far side, and was able to fall in with his regiment.

I also heard that the finishing blow that ended the Czar Nicholas' life, in addition to all the worry and distress and vexation caused by the ill success of his armies in the Crimea, was in reference to a hospital he was building in South Russia for his wounded

soldiers. He had taken a great interest in it, had approved of the plans, had ordered the payment of immense sums on reports of progress made by officials, and was constantly expecting the buildings to be ready for use. At last he sent an absolutely trustworthy aide-de-camp down to investigate and report, with the result that he discovered that right through the whole chain of officials, who were supposed to be guarding the honest expenditure of the money, each one had his share of the plunder, that the work was not half finished, and that not more than about one-third of the enormous sums paid out had been really expended on the building. The Czar never recovered from this. There were rumours of suicide, but whether from suicide or not, this was said to have been the last straw.

I was shown by an Englishman, a banker in St. Petersburg, the ruins of a large flour mill which had been burned a few years before. It stood on the outskirts of St. Petersburg, close to the railway track by which we entered the city. He told me the story of it. A contractor got a contract with the Government for the supply of all the troops in St. Petersburg with flour, which was to be ground in the mill which I was shown. As flour could be brought in from outside cheaper than it could be ground in St. Petersburg, the Government gave a considerably higher price, as they wished the work to be done in the city. There was a clause in the contract that if the mill was burned the contractor would be allowed to bring in flour from outside until his mill was rebuilt.

The mill was soon burned and cheap flour brought in

and sold at the high rates to the commissariat department. This went on for a long time, and no steps were taken to rebuild. At last the matter got to the Czar's ears, and suddenly the police visited the offices of the contractor and seized all his books and papers. An examination disclosed the fact that for a considerable time all the officials in the commissariat department who, in any way, had come in contact with this contractor (with the exception of the head of the whole branch of the service), had been receiving monthly, from the contractor, exactly the same salaries as they were receiving from the Government. The contractor and several others were sent to Siberia. The incident throws a flood of light on some Russian methods.

I left St. Petersburg on January 16th, 1877, and travelled to Warsaw without leaving the train. Here I had to change across the city to a different station to take another line to Vienna. I walked up and down the station asking everyone I met whether they could speak French or English. I had taken the precaution to get Mrs. Tangate to write in Russian the directions as to where I wanted to go. After asking any number of people who did not understand a word I said, one man had compassion on me and took me to an office, and pointed to a clerk sitting at a table. I asked him if he could speak English. He did not understand a word I said. I then said: "*Parlez-vous francais?*" He replied: "*Oui, monsieur, un peu.*" I got him to send for a man he knew, whom I agreed to pay liberally, to procure me a cab, get my luggage and

go with me to the other station, and see me safely off on the right train. I never before felt so thoroughly the utter helplessness of not being able to talk even to the extent of a few words. It was like being deaf and dumb.

During all this journey to Vienna I was very ill and suffered exceedingly. I rested a day or two at Vienna and consulted a doctor there, who advised me to get down to a warmer climate. I went from there to Munich, where I rested a couple of days, still very ill, and again saw a physician. He also advised me to go farther south, so I went to Venice, where I was in bed a day or two. My brother was very much alarmed about me, and I was afraid that I should not rally. The reaction from my years of hard labour, with the two months' illness in St. Petersburg, had left me in a wretched state. My brother got me down as far as Florence, where I sat one bright sunny morning in the Boboli gardens for several hours. This, I am sure, was most beneficial to me. I then decided to go to Cannes, where I should find English doctors, and made up my mind to stay there till I got better or fell through. At Genoa I first began to feel better, and from that time I rapidly mended. After a few days at Mentone and Cannes I quite regained my health and spirits. I think the constant brain-work and worry and anxiety had upset my whole nervous system. I often thought what a fool I had been to undertake such a job.

I arrived again in London early in February, and having experienced the difficulty of never having been presented at Court, I thought it would be well to take

advantage of an opportunity that occurred a short time after. Hearing that the Prince of Wales was about to hold a levee on behalf of her Majesty, I called at the Lord Chamberlain's office and said that I wished to be presented. I was shown into the office of the gentleman who had charge of that branch of the business, and he asked me my name, residence, rank, etc., and then said: "You will have to ask the Earl of Carnarvon to present you." I asked if the Marquis of Salisbury could not do it. He said: "You come from a colony, the Earl of Carnarvon should present you." I repeated: "Will not the Marquis of Salisbury do?" He then explained to me that Lord Salisbury was Secretary of State for India, and it was his place to present people from India; that Lord Carnarvon was Secretary of State for the colonies, and that, as I came from a colony, I must get him to present me.

I then said: "I shall not ask Lord Carnarvon to present me. If I cannot be presented to my Sovereign without asking him, I will never be presented if I live to be as old as Methusaleh," and I told him about the failure of my attempts to get an interview, and said if he would not accept a presentation from Lord Salisbury, that ended the matter. He immediately replied: "I did not know that there was any reason why the usual course should not be followed; of course there can be no objection if Lord Salisbury presents you."

I wrote to Lord Salisbury asking him if he would present me, which he at once agreed to do and I received my notification to attend the levee at the St.

James' Palace. There was a marked difference between the display at the Winter Palace and at our Court. The Winter Palace is many times the size of St. James', the number present three times as great, so also with the variety of uniforms and the profusion of decorations. The men in the St. James' Palace that day, however, were a splendid body of cultivated, distinguished capable-looking men. One naval officer presented just in front of me was Lieutenant Lovat Cameron, who had lately come home from crossing the African continent, the first, I believe, who ever accomplished that feat.

CHAPTER XVII

PUBLICATION OF THE "HISTORY OF CAVALRY"

Arrange with Macmillan & Company—General Smyth refuses to order copies—Emperor of Russia accepts dedication—General Gorloff's friendship—General Selby Smyth's annual report—Reference to my book—Mutual congratulations—Treatment by headquarters—Colonel Walker Powell's friendship.

By the time I got back to London, I had had about a month's rest, and was able to arrange for the publication of the English edition of my book. After consulting two or three publishers who seemed willing to undertake it, I arranged with Macmillan & Company for its issue. They undertook all the expense of getting out the book, and I was to have half the profits. In addition they agreed to keep the type set for five weeks, and then to allow me to buy one or two hundred copies or more, at the cost of the paper and presswork only, which would have been trifling.

To explain this I must go back and mention that I had wished, before I left home, to get an order from our Government for about 200 copies to distribute among the militia, in order to help me somewhat in an international competition in which I was representing my country. This was not an unusual request, because

the Department had ordered copies of books from the few officers who before had published military books in Canada. Mr. Mackenzie, our prime minister, promised to give me an order for about 200 copies. Just before I left I asked him for the order, and he consulted, I suppose, General Sir Selby Smyth, and wrote me that he did not like to give me an order for a book before it was even printed, but as soon as it was, he would attend to it. Counting on this, I based my arrangements with Macmillan & Company upon it. The moment I could get proofs of the work, before the index was made, I had two copies bound and sent to Sir Selby Smyth and Mr. Mackenzie, the premier, and asked for the order once more. It was in the closing days of a busy session, and I have no doubt Mr. Mackenzie just sent word to Sir Selby Smyth to attend to it.

By return mail I got a very polite letter from Sir Selby Smyth saying he could not give me an order, and if he did buy any, he thought it better to buy those required through the bookseller in Ottawa in the usual way. I was delayed some weeks by this, and lost advantages I otherwise could have had. I wrote to Sir Selby Smyth acknowledging his letter and telling him I did not want him to buy any copies, and that I hoped he would not; that I would have the satisfaction of feeling that, under difficulties of all kinds, I had represented my country in an international competition, and with some degree of credit, and that I had done it unaided and alone, and I gave the most positive instructions to the publishers that no copies were to be sent for sale in Canada, and that no efforts were to be made

to sell them in this country. This was carried out, and Canadians wishing to buy the book had to send to England for it.

I sent a copy of the proofs also, through General Gorloff, to Russia, with the request that I might have permission to dedicate the English edition to the Czar, and General Gorloff asked Count Heyden to send a reply as soon as convenient. I received the following letter from General Gorloff, which shows the prompt and courteous manner in which the Russian Emperor had acceded to my request :

LONDON, April 7th, 1877.

MY DEAR COLONEL DENISON :

I have the honour to inform you that to-day I have received a telegram from Count Heyden (in answer to my letter to him), informing me that His Majesty the Emperor of Russia has graciously accepted the dedication of your work on the "History of Cavalry," so that you are, by the present, authorized to dedicate this to the august name of His Majesty. . . .

You will see, dear Colonel, that I have not delayed one day, and did all that was in my power to promote your desires and procure what you have asked. This time, as from the very beginning, as well as in the middle of your task, I was sustaining you as well as I could.

Yours truly,

A. GORLOFF.

This last paragraph was fully justified. From the beginning, as in the middle and in the end of my associations with General Gorloff, I found him a courteous gentleman, and a kindly and sympathetic friend. My intercourse with him is one of the bright passages of this episode of my military career.

I was much pleased with the way in which Macmillan & Co. treated me. My dealings were all with Alex. Macmillan; the head of the firm. I always used to call and see him when I went subsequently to England. I dined with him one evening at Balham, and had the pleasure of meeting J. R. Green, then just becoming famous for his "Short History of the English People." He was a quiet-looking man, rather short, and so delicate that I was not surprised to hear of his death at an early age.

When I returned to Canada some months elapsed before I got official information that the prize had been awarded to me. The newspapers received the news of my success with satisfaction, and my brother officers in Toronto gave me a complimentary banquet in the National Club, the late Lieut.-Colonel, Fred W. Cumberland, being the originator and moving spirit in the matter. This action of his pleased me very much, for we had fought an election against each other in Algoma, in 1872, he retiring, on account of my opposition, in favour of the Hon. J. B. Robinson.

In the annual report of Major-General Sir Selby Smyth for 1877, he referred to my History of Cavalry in the following terms :

"Among many excellent cavalry officers I must take the opportunity of specially referring to Lieut.-Colonel George T. Denison, the author of the treatise on 'Modern Cavalry,' and who, this year, was fortunate enough to bring himself, and through him the militia of Canada, into enviable notice, by gaining the first prize of 5,000 roubles offered by the Government of Russia for the

best history of Cavalry from the earliest times. It cannot but be a source of much satisfaction that the prize for this history, compiled after much laborious research, should, though open to all nations, have been carried off by an officer of the Canadian Cavalry against all competitors, even though at the last the number of competing officers was reduced to three, two of whom were foreigners."

I heard afterwards that Sir Selby had been speaking slightly of my book, saying that it was only a compilation, which was an absolutely inaccurate statement.

The first time I saw Sir Selby Smyth, I congratulated him on his knighthood, which he had obtained since I last saw him, and also on his being promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-General. He thanked me, and then, in a hesitating way, said: "I ought to congratulate you on winning the Czar's prize." I said, "Thank you." He then went on: "I understand that no English cavalry officers competed." I saw at once the inuendo. I thought I had stood enough from him and I answered him in the most amiable way, taking him into my confidence as if he had been my bosom friend. "Certainly not, there is no English cavalry officer who could have done anything in that competition. I was afraid somewhat of one Frenchman, De la Barre Duparcq, who had written some good works, and I was very much afraid of the Germans, for I cannot read their books and could not gauge the value of them, but I knew what the English cavalry officers had written, and that I could easily beat them, and if I got any of the prizes, that end would be gained. One object I had was to

show that a Canadian militiaman, a barrister, could compete creditably on their own ground with the regular officers of Europe. I was not afraid to face the odds and the difficulties, and I succeeded in my object."

He muttered something about it being "very creditable," and we did not pursue the subject. I think he was somewhat angry, but I had stood enough to make me feel irritated at the way in which I had been treated.

If these experiences had ended the matter I should have been well content, but from the time I won that prize I noticed a difference in my treatment by the headquarters staff. My recommendations were often ignored, my requisitions generally pigeon-holed. I found a difficulty in getting things for my corps, and if any opportunity arose I was usually snubbed. I sometimes thought that I had jarred their views by writing books in which I advocated new ideas. This surmise was, perhaps, erroneous, and after all I alone may have been to blame. It is possible that I am too combative and energetic, and am perhaps constitutionally incapable of acquiring that spirit of obsequious servility, which military officials seem to rank as the highest proof of soldierly capacity.

One officer always treated me well, that was Colonel Walker Powell, for many years the Adjutant-General. He was a Canadian by birth, and an officer of the militia in his younger days. When there was anything I particularly wanted for my corps I would wait for months, if not for a year or so, till the General commanding was away on leave, or during the interval between the

retirement of one General and the appointment of a new one, and by making application while Colonel Powell was in command, I could sometimes get something done. He understood our service and the difficulties militia officers had to meet, and his sympathies were with us. I think he was always popular with the whole force.

CHAPTER XVIII

VISIT TO EUROPE IN 1883

General Luard—Lieut.-Colonel Campbell—Captain Ridout—Lieut.-Colonel Arthur Williams, M.P.—Leave for Europe—Visit Berlin—Colonel Brix—Review on Templehof Plain—At Munich—Visit General Von Xylander at Freising—3rd Bavarian Cavalry—Colonel Von Nagel—Lunch—Count Holnstein—Visit 23rd Dragoons at Meaux—Colonel Baron Faverot de Kirbreck—Curious railway incident—Return to Toronto Newspaper interview—General Luard's memo—My reply—Second memo—Final reply.

I NEVER came in contact with our second General (Luard) but once, and that was by correspondence. My experience with Sir Selby Smyth caused me to desire to do my duties in the most unobtrusive and quiet manner possible. Our regiment always drilled so as to avoid attracting attention, my desire for seclusion, learned in childhood, being much increased by the treatment I received from headquarters. The result was that General Luard was here for about four years without our having met.

He had aroused considerable ill-feeling in the force by his treatment of Colonel Campbell, of the Lambton battalion of the Active Militia, on the occasion of his first visit to the annual camp at London. Lambton

was a somewhat newly-settled county with no large towns, and very few villages, with a struggling rural population of sturdy farmers with strong thews and stout hearts, though with but little money—men willing to fight manfully for their country. There were hardly any men of means in the county, no class from which educated wealthy officers could be obtained. Colonel Campbell was an elderly man, had been warden of his county, and was one of the most influential inhabitants, and although of moderate means may have been wealthy compared with his neighbours. He had obtained his uniform, it was said, from Sarnia, the most important place in his county, and I have no doubt that the gold-embroidered figures on his cap were not as highly finished or artistic as those bought in Piccadilly or Pall Mall. When General Luard arrived at the camp it was given out that there would be no formal inspection or field day, but that the regiments would go on with their ordinary drilling as regiments, and the General would go about and watch them.

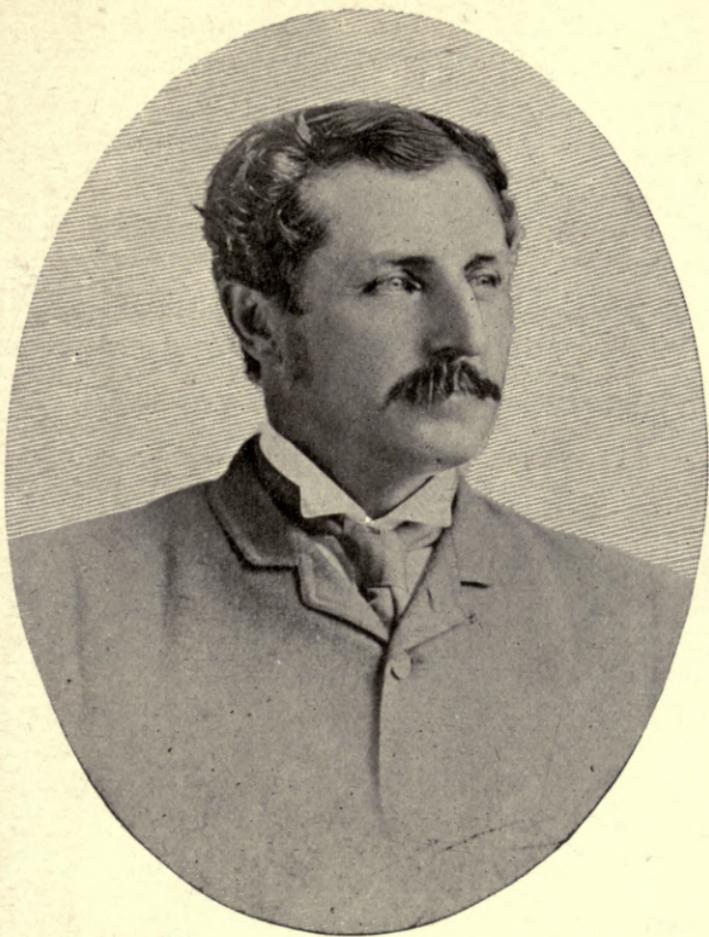
Lieut.-Colonel Campbell obeyed these orders and was drilling his regiment and facing them, as is customary in drilling, when the General rode up. Campbell went on, as he understood was intended. The General began to scold him at once, found fault with him for not turning his horse round, and when he did, abused him before his whole regiment about his uniform and the figures on his cap and the want of style about them. Colonel Campbell sat on his horse and said nothing, but as the General continued his scolding, he rode off to the Brigade office, leaving the General talking, and told the

Deputy-Adjutant General that he would not be abused before his men, that he resigned his commission and wished to be relieved from further duty. This action of General Luard, caused simply from ignorance of the condition of affairs, and from bringing the customs of one system into an entirely different one, raised a perfect uproar all over Canada. The press, everywhere, defended Colonel Campbell, and with much persuasion he was induced to withdraw his resignation.

General Luard got into difficulty again over the dismissal of Captain Joseph Ridout from the Royal Military College, which was another extreme and tyrannical use of military power and a great injustice to that officer. General Luard afterwards got into a difficulty with Colonel Arthur Williams, M.P., who succeeded in getting him sent home before his term was up.

In 1883 I took my wife and two eldest daughters to Europe for a trip, my daughters having just left school. We went to the Hague first and then on to Berlin, where we spent two or three days. Colonel Brix, of the Prussian staff, who had translated my "History of Cavalry" into German, treated us with great kindness, and drove us to a field day on the Templehof plain, where we saw a large number of German troops. He introduced me to the Commandant of the Body Guard of the Emperor, who could speak English. I was much pleased with the corps, which was composed of picked men splendidly mounted.

One custom I noticed that day which interested and amused me. We were driving in a carriage with a coachman and servant on the box. The servant had



LIEUT.-COL. ARTHUR WILLIAMS, M.P.

a helmet case with him. When we were driving out, Colonel Brix wore a cap with a peak. Sometimes, when we would be approaching a regiment or officers, the Colonel would ask his servant for his helmet and would put it on and hand the servant his cap. When we drove on he would exchange again. Sometimes he would come in the neighbourhood of regiments or officers, and would not change his head-dress, but he was changing backwards and forwards all morning. I watched and tried to make out the reason of it, and at last I asked him what it meant. He said whenever he approached an officer of superior rank he had to put on his helmet; if of inferior rank, he retained his cap. This seemed a very inconvenient regulation. The German officers struck me as being a very capable set of men.

While at Munich I went out to Freysing to see my old friend, General Emil Von Xylander, commanding the 1st Cavalry Brigade of Bavaria. When he was a captain he had translated my "Modern Cavalry" into German. He was at Freysing inspecting the 3rd Regiment of Cavalry, commanded by Colonel Von Nagel, and he and the officers treated me most courteously. I arrived early in the morning. About 11 a.m. a message came to the Colonel from Count Holnstein, Master of Horse of the King of Bavaria, whose country castle was not far away, saying he was coming to lunch with the regiment and was bringing a friend with him, and he sent a cask of a very famous kind of beer, made at his castle, as a present to the officers. Preparations were immediately made to receive him, and a special lunch prepared of *boiled* sausages, a new idea to me,

which I was told were considered the correct food to eat with that kind of beer.

The mess room did not have one long table, but a number of small round tables at each of which six or seven could be seated. General Von Xylander, Baron Von Nagel, Baron Von Falkenburg (Major of the Regiment), Count Holnstein, his friend, and I were at one table, and as they could all speak English pretty well they spoke it a great deal as a matter of politeness to me. I was much interested in meeting Count Holnstein, as he was one of the most influential men in Bavaria. Prince Bismarck, in his memoirs, gives him more credit than any one for helping to bring Bavaria into the German Empire. The lunch was a very jolly affair. Some capital songs were sung, and some of them, evidently drinking songs, were joined in by all, as they walked around the room, clinking the glasses of beer in each other's hands. The beer was certainly excellent, and very different from any I had ever tasted.

The officers spoke to me in great admiration of Lord Wolseley's tactics at Tel-el-Kebir the year before, saying that he showed a remarkable amount of ingenuity and boldness. I was delighted with the high compliments they paid to his soldierly ability.

A few years after I saw that the Government of Bavaria had deposed the king on account of insanity, and that Count Holnstein had been deputed to go to the king's country-seat to announce the decision. The king put him under arrest, closed the gates of his castle, and for some days there was considerable anxiety about the fate of Count Holnstein.

Shortly after, the king drowned himself and settled matters.

When in Paris I was invited to go to Meaux, to visit the 23rd Dragoons, by the Colonel, Baron Faverot de Kirbreck, and was treated with as much courtesy by the officers of that regiment as if I had been an inspecting officer.

A curious incident occurred during this trip. We were travelling in a railway carriage in the northern part of Germany, when at a station two young officers came into the carriage where my wife and daughters were with me. After a little while I wished to make some casual enquiry about where we stopped for meals or something of that sort, so I asked the young gentlemen if they could speak English. One said he could a little. I received the information he was able to give me and the conversation closed. After a while the gentleman said, "I see you are an Englishman, sir. When did you leave England?" I replied, "On Thursday last," and then said, "Although I am of pure English descent, I am, properly speaking, a Canadian. I was born at Toronto, in Canada." He sat quietly for some time, and then said, "Have you read Denison's 'History of Cavalry'?" I was so astonished I could hardly believe my ears. I said, "What?" He repeated, "Have you read the 'History of Cavalry' by Colonel Denison, a Canadian officer?" My daughters began to laugh, and I said, "Yes, I have read it," and then I added, "To tell the truth, I wrote it." He evidently doubted me, and took out his card-case and handed me his card, and it showed he was

a cavalry officer named Wittsen Elias. I handed him mine, and he saw I was right. I said to him, "How do you know of my book?" "You see," he said, "I am an officer of cavalry." I replied, "But how do you know of my book?" "I am only two years from the Academy, and it was one of our text books," he said. I asked what edition, and he replied, "Colonel Brix's translation." He then went on to say, "It is the foundation of our present system of cavalry tactics." I was much pleased to hear this in a great military nation such as Germany.

On the day I arrived in Toronto on my return I was attacked by the irrepressible reporter for my impressions of my trip. I told him of my seeing the German troops at Berlin, and of my visits to Freysing and Meaux, and I showed him a silver coronation medal, one of four given to Lord Wolseley at the coronation of the Czar, Alexander III., at Moscow, and which he had kindly given to me. I would a great deal rather have been left alone and I said as little as I could, but the reporter made a column of it in the *Globe* next day, August 7th, 1883.

On August 15th, 1883, my uncle, Lieut.-Colonel Robert B. Denison, sent me an order requesting me to state when it would be convenient for my corps to muster for the Major-General's inspection. This was sent me in obedience to the following memo, sent to Colonel R. B. Denison, Deputy Adjutant-General, by General Luard.

"I see by the papers that your relative, the cavalry swell, has come back.

"I have never had the honour to inspect his corps.

“ Please arrange with him for me to do this, at his convenience and that of his corps, and let me know when it is to be.”

Under the Militia Act we could only be ordered to perform our annual drill each year, to furnish an escort to the Governor-General for public functions, and to turn out on active service in case of war, invasion, insurrection, or imminent danger of any of them. My corps had put in their drill and had been inspected, and it was no light matter to notify all the men, issue all the saddles, bridles, etc., and parade for one day, and then return them all into store, and have all the expense of cleaning them up again, oiling them, etc. It meant a couple of days' work and a considerable expense to us, for which there could be no pay, and all to enable the General to sit upon a militiaman and a colonist who had the impudence to be looked upon as a “cavalry swell.”

I replied as follows :

TORONTO, August 17th, 1883.

SIR,—I have the honour to acknowledge receipt of your letter of the 15th inst., asking me “when it will be convenient for the Governor-General's Body Guard to muster for inspection by the Major-General commanding.”

In reply I have to state that the corps under my command has already performed its annual drill, and had its inspection, and that it will not be convenient for us to have a second inspection this year.

I have the honour to be, sir,

Your obedient servant,

GEORGE T. DENISON,

Brevet Lieut.-Colonel and Major Commanding G.G.B.G.

The D. A.-General, 2nd Military District.

On August 27th, 1883, Lieut.-Colonel R. B. Denison enclosed a copy of the following memo. to me and asked me "if it would not be convenient for the Major-General to see my corps as suggested."

(COPY OF MEMO.)

I am given to understand the Governor-General will be shortly visiting Toronto, and if the Governor-General's Body Guard be then in attendance, would not that be a convenient occasion for me to see them?

(Signed) R. G. A. LUARD, M.G.

August 24th, 1883.

I immediately sent the following reply:

TORONTO, August 28th, 1883.

SIR,—In reply to your letter of the 27th inst. I have the honour to state that in case the Governor-General's Body Guard are ordered to furnish an escort for His Excellency on his visit here next month, there can be no reason why the Major-General commanding should not inspect the escort, if he thinks it worth while to inspect a fraction of the corps.

I have the honour to be, sir,

Your obedient servant,

GEORGE T. DENISON,

Brevet Lieut.-Colonel and Major Commanding G.G.B.G.
The D.A.G., 2nd Military District.

The Major-General did not care to inspect the escort. He left the country before the next year, so I never met him.

CHAPTER XIX

SOUDAN EXPEDITION AND THE CANADIAN VOYAGEURS

My brother Fred offered the command of the voyageurs—Telegrams—My brother Egerton turned off the steamer—His rapid journey to Alexandria—Is appointed to the contingent—Their mutual promise—Fred elected to the House of Commons—His death—Kind letter from Lord Wolseley.

ON August 27th, 1884, I left Toronto by the evening train for Montreal, to attend the meeting of the British Association. I was at the Parkdale station to take the train when, just a few moments before it left, my brother Septimus came down in great haste, and showed me a telegram from Lord Lansdowne, the Governor-General, to my brother Fred, asking if he would go to the Soudan with a body of Canadian voyageurs. The telegram was vague as to whether he was offered the command or a subordinate position. My brother was with his family at his summer residence at Chippewa, an out-of-the-way place, where a telegram would not reach him that night, as it was after eight o'clock. I told my brother Septimus to telegraph as soon as possible to Chippewa. I arrived at Montreal in the morning and put up at the Windsor. I expected a telegram from one or other of my brothers,

but none came. About one o'clock p.m. I met Mr. (now Sir Adolphe) Caron, then Minister of Militia, and as we were talking together I spoke of the proposed sending of a corps of voyageurs, and that my brother had been telegraphed. He seemed surprised that I knew anything about it, and, ignoring the possibility of my brother going, said, "I am to meet His Excellency at 1.30, and I will arrange what officers are to go."

I was afraid there might be some delay about my brother's reply to the telegram, so I left Sir Adolphe Caron and went straight to Lord Mountstephen's house, where the Governor-General was visiting, and saw Lord Lansdowne, and told him my brother's telegram would not come for two or three hours, and I discovered that it was the command my brother was offered, that Lord Wolseley wanted him, and that he (Lord Wolseley) was also personally to command in the campaign. I left the Governor-General and went straight to the nearest telegraph office and telegraphed my brother that Lord Wolseley was going in command of the army, that he had asked for him, and that it was the command of the voyageurs that was offered him. I heard afterwards that Lord Wolseley had said in his cablegram, "Send a Red River officer in command. Denison preferred."

My brother received the first telegram in the morning as he was getting on the train for Niagara to take the steamer for Toronto, and he decided not to telegraph till he reached Toronto, so as to take time to consider the matter. It was at the time very inconvenient for him to leave home. He was Chairman of the Execu-

tive Committee of the City Council, was almost certain to have been Mayor the following year, and had the business of his law firm, which was extensive, to attend to. He thought it over and had written a telegram on the steamer declining it. When the steamer reached the wharf Septimus was waiting with my telegram. As soon as my brother read it he tore up his refusal that he had written, said "Lord Wolseley wants me with him and I must go," and telegraphed at once accepting it.

Had it not been for my chance meeting with Mr. Caron at the Windsor, Fred would never have gone to Egypt. On such slight chances do events turn. My brother joined me at Montreal next morning and arrangements were soon made for commencing the organization of the expedition. Mr. Caron took the appointment of the officers into his own hands. I have heard it stated, but I cannot vouch for it, that Mr. Caron, before seeing the Governor-General, had offered the appointment of the command to another officer. If so, history repeated itself, and my brother got this appointment, as well as the one to the Red River expedition, against the will of the Militia Department.

When the contingent was organized and was leaving Quebec, my brother felt that he was going away a very long distance with a large body of lumbermen and voyageurs totally without discipline, and that in the whole force he had hardly one man he had ever known or could rely upon. He consequently asked our youngest brother, Egerton, to go with him as a clerk or private secretary, or anything, intending to pay all

his expenses himself. When the vessel was leaving Quebec, and just before starting, some of the departmental staff drew Lord Melgund's attention to Egerton's presence on the steamer. Lord Melgund asked my brother if Egerton was going with him. My brother said, "Yes." Objection was raised. My brother offered to pay for his passage and food, that he could go nominally as his secretary, or even as his servant, but no! nothing would do, and Egerton was turned off the steamer.

Fred, however, gave Egerton money and told him to take the first train to New York, the fastest steamer to London, buy an outfit, and go by Marseilles or Trieste the quickest way to Alexandria, and find him somewhere. Egerton did this, was detained in quarantine one day in Corfu, and so reached Alexandria twenty-four hours after the contingent. He chased it on and caught up with it before they reached the first base.

When they reached the army Lord Wolseley came down some three miles to see the voyageurs, and my brother introduced Egerton to him, told him he was a captain in the English South Staffordshire Militia, and said he would like to have him allowed to go with him. Lord Wolseley gave orders at once for him to be appointed as a captain on the staff attached to the contingent, and he served all through the campaign. After they came back Egerton told me that Fred had only given him one instruction, and that was, "If I die or am shot, you are to see that my body is taken back to Canada, no matter what the cost may be, and I am to be buried with my people in the family burying ground

on the banks of the Humber (near Toronto),” and he promised to do the same by him.

A year later, Egerton, who had obtained a position on the Gold Coast, was invalided home, and died on the *S.S. Vancouver* in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The mail officer, James O'Hara, an old and esteemed friend of our family, insisted on bringing his remains on, and the two brothers are buried now where they desired, within a few yards of each other.

My brother Fred was in the battle of Kirbekan, and received the war medal and clasp, the Khedive's star and the cross of St. Michael and St. George. The Soudan expedition is one of the cherished recollections of our regiment. In moving the vote of thanks in the House of Commons to the army in the Soudan, the Marquis of Hartington, Secretary of State for War, mentioned my brother by name in complimentary terms.

In 1887, my brother was elected member of the House of Commons for West Toronto, and again in 1891, with the largest majority gained by any candidate in Ontario. He died in 1896 from cancer, after an illness borne with remarkable fortitude. His death was cabled to England, and the day the news appeared in the English papers Lord Wolseley wrote me :

“The newspapers here have announced to-day the death of your poor brother Fred. I do sincerely feel this loss of an old friend and old comrade, of one for whose family I have always had a real affection and admiration. The word ‘Canada’ is with me indissolubly connected with you and your brother Fred. I

never hear it, I never think of Canada, without thinking of you both. And now one is gone, and my small group of friends is now one man, and that a good man, the less. Please convey to your sister-in-law my heartfelt sympathy with her in this moment. I feel deeply for her in her distress. Indeed, I feel for you all as a family."

This was only one of the many tributes I received, showing the high esteem and respect in which my brother was held by all who knew him.

CHAPTER XX

THE OUTBREAK OF THE NORTH-WEST REBELLION, 1885

Major-General Middleton—Succeeds General Luard—North-West Rebellion unnecessary—Extraordinary obstinacy of Department of Interior—Charles Mair's repeated warnings—Moves his family from Prince Albert—He commences to write Tecumseh—Fight at Duck Lake—Infantry ordered out—Body Guard ordered out also.

IN July, 1884, Major-General Middleton had been appointed to the command of the Canadian Militia. General Luard had left in the spring of that year, some fifteen months before his term had expired, owing to a difficulty with Lieut.-Col. Arthur Williams, M.P., who commanded the 46th Battalion of our Militia.

The following spring saw the outbreak of the North-West Rebellion. This was caused by a remarkable instance of departmental inefficiency and obstinacy. The department of the Interior was in the charge of Senator Sir David Macpherson, a fine old gentleman, loyal and honourable, but accustomed to being obeyed. A few hundred half-breeds had settled on the south branch of the Saskatchewan River, about twenty-five miles south of Prince Albert, near a point called Batoche's crossing. Some had been in the neighbourhood for many years and others had moved there from

the neighbourhood of Fort Garry during the years following the Red River Rebellion. Their farms were laid out and fenced, their houses built and all going on comfortably and prosperously when the Government surveyor came along, insisting on surveying the land on the uniform plan adopted in the unsettled prairies. By this the farms and buildings would have been all mixed up, and great expense and inconvenience caused to the settlers, who had for some years been settled at that point.

Complaints began to be heard and representations were made to the Department at Ottawa, urging them to make special arrangements to leave these poor people undisturbed in their homes. One can easily understand the horror of the officials of the Department of the Interior at the suggestion that their uniform system of survey should be varied in the slightest degree. Such a breach of red tape regulations could not even be considered, so the complaints became more numerous and the department more obstinate. The months went on, nothing was done, and muttering threats were heard.

I happened to be in a position to know something more of what was going on than most people. My friend, Charles Mair, the poet, one of the five originators of the "Canada First" party, had been living for some years in Prince Albert. He had been in prison in Fort Garry in the 1870 insurrection and understood the country thoroughly. He had large interests in Prince Albert, where his wife and family were living with him. For two years or more before the outbreak he had come

all the way from Prince Albert to Ottawa, about 2,000 miles (of which 250 miles were travelled by wagon trail), to impress upon the Government the danger. He came about every six months, and was in the habit of staying a day or two with me on his way to Ottawa and on his way back. He told me each time he went down that there would be trouble; each succeeding visit he became more and more alarmed. He begged of the Government to make some concessions, and warned them there would be bloodshed. On one occasion he was one of a deputation of Prince Albert residents who went down and interviewed Sir John Macdonald and Sir David Macpherson. Sir John asked them to put all their points into writing and he would see what could be done.

Mair went back on that occasion more hopeful. Six months passed, and in April, 1884, he came down once more to appeal to the Government to settle the difficulty. When he returned to Toronto from Ottawa he told me most positively that there would be a rebellion, that the officials were absolutely indifferent and immovable, and I could not help laughing at the picture he gave me of Sir David Macpherson, a very large, handsome, erect man of six feet four inches, getting up, leaving his room and walking away down the corridor, while Mair, a short, stout man, had almost to run alongside of him as he made his final appeal to preserve the peace and to prevent bloodshed.

Mair then told me that a rising was inevitable, and that he was determined to remove his family to a place of safety. He left me and went to Windsor, Ontario,

bought a house, furnished it, went straight to Prince Albert, and as soon as possible brought his wife and children down to Windsor, installed them there, returned to Prince Albert, wound up his business, fastened up his house and left in September, 1884, to come down to Windsor to await the rebellion, which he, at least, clearly foresaw. So imminent was the danger, even then, that on his way down he would not stop in the Batoche settlement, but drove on ten miles beyond before he would halt for the night.

In order to occupy his time he commenced to work at once on his splendid drama "Tecumseh" and continued hard at it all the winter of 1884-5. In December, 1884, he went to Ottawa once more, to impress upon the Government the danger. As he had no interest in the matter in dispute, and was anxious simply that there should be no disturbance, his representations should have received some attention, but I suppose it would have been unconstitutional for a Government to act upon the verbal report of an outsider. There would be nothing to tie up neatly with red tape, and docket and file away in a pigeon hole.

The storm burst on March 26th, 1885. A party of police from Fort Carlton went to Duck Lake to remove some Government stores. With them were a volunteer company from Prince Albert, consisting of forty men. They were met by a largely superior force of half-breeds, an altercation took place, firing began, and in a few minutes eleven of Mair's fellow-villagers and friends were killed, and three wounded, out of forty engaged. The police had to retreat, the news

was flashed to Ottawa, and the Government found an expensive and troublesome campaign on their hands. The whole dispute was over some 40,000 or 50,000 acres of land, in a wilderness of tens of millions of acres, for which the Government were crying for settlers. It cost Canada the lives of two hundred of her people, the wounding of many others, the expenditure of about \$6,000,000 in cash, and the losses of time and business that cannot be estimated. When it was all over the Government offered, free, to the volunteers 1,800,000 acres of the land if they wanted it to settle on, and yet the whole dispute was mainly about some red tape regulations as to surveying some forty or fifty thousand acres of land on which people were already settled. It is not often a country suffers so severely and so unnecessarily.

On March 28th, 1885, the Toronto Regiments, the Queen's Own and Royal Grenadiers, were ordered to furnish two hundred and fifty men each, to form a force to be sent to Winnipeg. They left on the 30th by the C. P. R. I saw them start, my brother Lieut.-Colonel Clarence Denison being with me. There must have been many thousands of people before the station to see them off; the whole street was packed. I remember making the remark to my brother that if I was going I would like to get off quietly.

The Volunteer corps all over the country were volunteering their services, and using every effort to be sent up to the North-West. Several of my officers came to me and asked me if I had volunteered the services of the corps. I said, "No, I had not." They asked me if

I would not do so. I refused for two reasons, partly because a large force was being sent to crush a few people who had been wronged and practically goaded into rebellion, but my main reason was that if they thought I wanted to go they would certainly not send me. I also said that an officer should wait for his orders.

On April 1st, in the afternoon, I received orders to turn out my corps for immediate active service, and about an hour later Mr. Mair arrived from Windsor. He said he was determined to go to the North-West with some of the corps, to help relieve his friends about Prince Albert. I saw that he was determined to go, and finding that my Quartermaster, from personal reasons, could not go with us, I arranged that Mair was to take his place temporarily as Quartermaster.

On Saturday the 4th, we were ready to start, but the authorities would not give us our orders. On Sunday we had our train made up and loaded with some stores, but were still detained, as we were all day Monday. On Monday night I got my orders and started in the night in a heavy rain, in marked contrast to the departure of the infantry, for one man, whose son was a trooper, and another an ex-officer of the corps, were the only ones at the railway to see us off.

I knew from the telegraphic reports and letters from the infantry who were ahead of us, that we would necessarily suffer a good many hardships on the North Shore trip. I had noticed large numbers of grumbling letters that had been sent back and had found their way into the papers, and I was very anxious to prevent any grumbling among my men. I went through the cars

talking to the non-commissioned officers and men, and urging them not to be writing complaining letters home. I said that might do for infantry, but would never do for cavalry, and that if they found any man grumbling to let me know, and I would send him home to his mother. Very soon there was such an *esprit de corps* that they would have stood anything without a word.

My men who served in this affair were of a very superior class—many of them well educated and of good social status, most of them in comfortable circumstances. There were doctors, bank clerks, business men, farmers, one Oxford graduate, one ex-army officer, etc. They behaved splendidly, keen to obey every order, always willing, and preserving perfect discipline. Not the stolid discipline, the result of years of routine, but the discipline of zeal and enthusiasm, based upon the common desire of us all to do the very best we could for our country, and for the credit of our corps.

The *esprit de corps*, which I always sedulously cultivated, sometimes exhibited itself in a peculiar manner. On one occasion when the corps was ordered out on active service I had to make out lists of the men according to the churches to which they belonged. The men were drawn up on parade, and I called each man's name and asked to what church he belonged. One would be Church of England, another Methodist, another Roman Catholic, and so on, till a dozen or so were marked down. Then I asked one smart young fellow, and his reply was: "Well, Colonel, I am not very particular, you might put me down to whatever church you think would be most to the credit of the corps." I

said: "Very well, you will go to church with me," and I put him down Church of England. After that a number of the men said that they had been in the habit of attending other churches, but to put them down Church of England.

CHAPTER XXI

THE NORTH SHORE TRIP

We leave Toronto—Biscotasing—Detraining horses—Magpie River—Exposure to cold—Gravel Trucks—Arrive at Port Munro—Lecture on wastefulness—March of thirty-five miles on the ice—Novel experience for cavalry—Difficulties of journey—Crust ice—Threatened blizzard—Intense Cold—Track almost impracticable—Arrival at Jackfish Bay—Meet Colonel Arthur Williams—March to Winston's—Train to Nepigon—March on the ice to Red Rock—Beacon fire—Passage of the Alps compared.

THE North Shore trip, as it has always been called, was to the north of Lakes Huron and Superior from near Biscotasing to Red Rock, some four hundred miles, in which there were four gaps, amounting altogether to one hundred and ten miles, rail being laid for the remaining two hundred and ninety. This was through four hundred miles of an almost unbroken wilderness, uninhabited with the exception of the gangs of workmen on the railway at five or six places. It was virtually winter, with four feet of snow upon the ground. It was in many ways an unique experience in moving troops, and I shall on that account describe it fully.

We left Toronto at 1.30 a.m. on April 7th, 1885, arrived at Biscotasing in the afternoon of the 8th and reached the end of the track on the 9th about noon.

From this point, what is known as the North Shore trip commenced. When the infantry reached this place they disembarked and were conveyed by sleighs to the next point where a part of the track had been laid, but with the cavalry it was very different. We first had to unload our horses, and we were now practically away from civilization and there were no platforms or gangways by which to detrain the horses. The men were, therefore, obliged to gather railway ties or sleepers and build up an inclined plane to the track alongside of which the cars could be moved, and down which the horses could be led. The snow was from three to four feet on the level all over the country, and the wooden ties were icy and slippery. To give the horses a sure footing we were obliged to spread blankets on this improvised gangway. When the horses were unloaded they had to be fed and watered and then saddled. Our stores had to be loaded on sleighs. All this took us nearly three hours and then we marched to Magpie River, where there were two or three tents, and a log shelter or two in which we put our horses. The corps arrived there at 11.30 p.m., having marched about thirty miles that day. Here we got supper about midnight. There was no place to sleep, so we only rested a few hours, the men sleeping a little in the sleighs and in the open, on a very cold night. I had half an hour's sleep sitting on a bench at the kitchen table, which was in a tent, with my head on my arms on the table.

I arranged for a hot breakfast for the men, had the horses all fed and saddled, and we set out again on our journey at 6 a.m., and marched some fifteen miles or

more to the end of the next piece of track, which we reached at 10 a.m. Here the horses were again fed, the men ate what they had with them, and we then loaded our horses upon flat construction or gravel cars, which had no shelter but a rough fence around each to break the wind somewhat. The men were put on the same kind of car, fenced the same way, with crevices between the boards, through which the wind whistled. We started from this point about noon on the 10th. There was a conductor's car or caboose, a small place with a stove in it, which was assigned to the officers. The exposure and fatigue had caused two or three men to be pretty well played out, so I had them brought into that car with the officers.

When it came towards night the weather became colder and snow began to fall. My men were lying down close together on straw in these partly open cars, and it was a dismal outlook. I knew the men would be pretty well depressed with the cold and fatigue, and I felt I would rather share their hardships. I picked up my blankets the first chance I got and climbed over the fence into one of the cars where the men were lying, and said: "Lads, have you got room for another fellow in there?" They said: "Yes, Colonel, there is plenty of room for you." "All right," I replied, "that caboose is so hot I cannot stand it," and I got down in the straw among the men, and, wrapped in my blankets slept as soundly as I ever did till nearly 4 a.m., when we arrived at the end of the track near Port Monroe. It had snowed nearly all night, about six or eight inches falling. Our saddlery, which was also on open cars,

was covered with snow, so that one could not tell what was on the cars.

As soon as the train stopped I walked on about a mile to Port Monroe to wake up the people in the tents and camps, where the gangs of men were living who were working on the track, and get them started at preparing breakfast. I then went back to the train, got the men roused, and began the work of unloading the horses, clearing the snow away from the saddles, and feeding and saddling the horses. The baggage was loaded in sleighs. The unloading of the horses was accompanied with the same difficulties that we had every time it had to be done. The hind shoes had all been taken off before we left Toronto to prevent injury by kicking on the cars, and even with that precaution, on the second night after we left Toronto, a fine black horse had his leg broken by a kick and we had to shoot him. This lack of shoes on the hind feet caused the horses to slip about much more than if they had been properly shod. We started for Jackfish Bay from Port Monroe about 8 a.m., or perhaps a little later. When the men were drawn up before moving off, I noticed a piece of bread, a chunk about a pound in weight of good fresh bread, that some man had thrown away. Having just had a good warm meal he thought he would never be hungry again. I had noticed this failing, common to green troops, of wasting food, and had lectured the men once or twice already about it. When I saw this piece of bread lying in the snow and mud on the ground, I asked a man to hand it up to me. I lectured the men again upon the subject, and said it was

a poor soldier who had thrown that away. I brushed off the snow and mud as well as I could with my glove, and put the piece of bread in one of the wallets in front of my saddle, and said I might want that before long.

We moved off then on what was the hardest experience on the campaign. We had thirty-five miles to go on the ice across a great inlet of Lake Superior, along the front of which, some ten or fifteen miles out, were one or two islands, which held the ice together and made a firm stretch of ice over which we had to march. After we had gone some twelve or fifteen miles we came to a point where the sleighs with our baggage stores and dismounted men left us, and turning to the right went up an inlet for some miles, to a place called McKellar's Bay, from which a short piece of track had been finished to Jackfish Bay. Here we halted for our mid-day meal. The horses were drawn up in a line facing the south, as there was a strong north wind. The horses were fed from their nose-bags, and the officers and men stood in the shelter of the horses, and with a chunk of corned beef in one hand and a chunk of bread in the other we made our dinners. A hole was cut in the ice and our horses watered from it, and we drank from the same source of supply.

When leaving Toronto the supplies were short, or the officers in charge thought anything would do for the cavalry, for we were issued blankets that had been condemned, in most of which there were holes more or less. I insisted on an extra supply and obtained three for each man, and, as the holes were not all opposite one another, they were of some use. We were issued

water bottles just as we were leaving, and when we got to Biscotasing I arranged to have tea made to fill them all. They were all filled, but would not remain in that condition, as they all leaked, and in a few minutes the men had got rid of their so-called water bottles. These also were condemned water bottles, but unfortunately we could not, by any means, turn them to any use whatever. As soon as we got a chance the men got soda water bottles, and made out to get along with them.

From Port Monroe to the point at which the sleighs left us to go to McKellar's Bay, the track along the ice was packed and clearly marked by the sleighs, which for some days had been plying between these points; but when we left the track to go some twenty miles across a vast prairie or desert of ice, with snow in drifts everywhere, there was no track and we had to pick our way. In the early spring there had been rain and thaw, and all over the solid ice there had accumulated some few inches of water. This had frozen to a depth of about two or three inches, and on this crust-ice several snow-falls had been deposited. The snow, as usually happens, had been blown by the wind, so that in places there would be smooth glare ice, and in others snow, from a quarter of an inch to perhaps a foot or even more in depth. The glare ice was, of course, strong and solid, but where the snow was deep it had protected the ice under it, so that it did not become nearly so strong. As we marched on the glare ice the horses without their hind shoes slipped about and travelled with difficulty. When the snow was deep, and the deeper it was, the

more certain the result, the horses' hoofs would go through the snow to the crust-ice, and through it down two or three inches to the solid ice below that.

Where the snow was deep the horses were almost mired, so to speak, their hoofs catching and tripping them in the crust-ice. We pushed on as fast as we could, trying all the while to pick our way, avoiding as much as possible the glare ice, or the deep snow. This made the distance longer, and the wind from the north kept constantly getting colder and stronger. A man on horseback had been provided as a guide to go with us. He was afraid a blizzard was coming up and got considerably alarmed, for we were miles from shore, and along the whole stretch and on the islands it was an absolute wilderness. He kept urging us on, and we kept moving as fast as possible. About four or five o'clock we came to where the snow on the ice seemed to have gathered much more extensively, and we could hardly move, the horses going through the crust-ice every step. I halted the column, and sent several men out like a fan to see if a place could be found where the snow was not so deep. William Hamilton Merritt, my adjutant, was one, and when he had got about a quarter of a mile off he signalled us to follow him, and we struggled through the deep snow and found a clearer stretch.

He and I rode on ahead after that, to pick the way. I think the spot where I halted was by some current of the wind much more covered with snow than other parts, for after that it was not nearly so difficult to find a way through the drifts. The wind, however, was very

high, the temperature, as we found out afterwards, about zero, and some flakes of snow began to fall. I was very uneasy lest a real blizzard should come on, which would leave us without food all night on the ice. Many lives would have been lost. Fortunately it was only a slight flurry of snow, which soon blew over, enabling us to see our way.

By six o'clock the exertions we had gone through made me at any rate, very hungry, and then I thought of my piece of bread I had picked up in the morning at Port Monroe. It was rather cruel of me, but I was determined to teach a lesson. I took it out of my holster, picked the mud off it carefully and commenced eating it. As I was doing it I dropped back and let the column pass me as I rode, slowly eating my supper. Every man in the command saw me eating it and they had all seen me save it. I did not have to complain of wastefulness after that.

We kept on marching and pushing on as fast as we could, but did not reach Jackfish Bay, then a small contractors' camp of tents and a few buildings, until about 8 p.m., just at dusk. Our men who had gone by McKellar's Bay had arrived many hours before us, and we found there the Midland Battalion, who were under the command of my old friend and schoolmate, Lieut.-Colonel Arthur Williams, M.P. They all came down to the shore to meet us and received us with loud cheers, for they had been very anxious on account of our delay, and the threatened blizzard. Colonel Williams came up and shook hands with me and said: "Supper is just ready and my men want your men to come and eat it,

and they will wait till another meal is cooked." We were much pleased at this evidence of kindly feeling, but I told him to let his men have their meal at once, as we would have to look after our horses before we had supper.

There was no stable, of course, and we had to look out for the most sheltered nooks we could find to place our horses, poor beasts, for the night. We got some in deserted lumber shanties, some in a tent, some in an empty root-house, and some under the shelter of buildings away from the wind. We did not get any supper that night till 11 o'clock. I had been in the car among the men in the snow the night before; the night before that had been an hour or two in the kitchen tent at Magpie River, and I had been up since about four in the morning, so I was rather tired. I slept on the floor of an upstairs room in an attic with Colonel Williams and some officers of the Midland, but I had both an overcoat and cloak, as well as my blankets, so I was warm and felt the luxury of being under cover, for I could have slept anywhere.

We were left at Jackfish Bay all that next day and night to rest. Colonel Williams and his regiment left in the morning in sleighs for Winston's, twenty-five miles off. I went down to the ice to see him off. I said "Good-bye" to him as he got into the last sleigh, and I never saw him again. In the evening the 7th Battalion from London, Ontario, arrived and stayed all night and all the next day.

The next morning, Monday 13th, was bright, clear and cold; thermometer about 8 degrees. We left at

8.30 a.m. and marched twenty-five miles over the ice to a place called Winston's and reached there at 2.30 p.m.; marched up the hill to the end of the track, where once more we had to build up arrangements to load our horses on flat cars and went by train to Nepigon, unloaded there and left about dark to march across the ice to Red Rock, which we reached about 11 p.m. This was a most dreary part of the journey; we were told to follow a track on the ice to a light shown us on the other side. We were told it was about three miles across. The light looked like a lamp in a station and we marched towards it; after marching an hour the light looked the same but slightly brighter. In about another hour of marching over a track full of ruts and holes, the light flickered and looked as if it were a torch. It kept getting larger and brighter and when, at eleven o'clock, we reached the shore and the end of the track, we found that what we had taken for a lamp was a large beacon fire of about half a cord of wood, kept replenished, with a flame reaching probably ten feet in the air at times. The distance was really about nine miles.

Here we got on the cars again, after feeding our horses, and left at 1 a.m. on the 14th. We reached Rat Portage at 4.30 p.m., and having fed our horses again we left at 6.30 p.m. for Winnipeg, which we reached at 1 a.m. on the 15th April, exactly eight days after we left Toronto, and we had travelled altogether a little more than fifteen hundred miles. A great deal has been said about the passage of the Alps in 1800, and there is no doubt it was a brilliant strategical oper-

ation, but as far as the hardships and difficulties and exposure to the men were concerned, I am satisfied that our trip was much the worst. The march of Napoleon's army was perfectly easy by a good carriage road as far as St. Pierre, with every facility for feeding the troops from supplies gathered for weeks beforehand. The only difficult part was from St. Pierre to St. Remy, about fifteen or twenty miles, which was crossed by Lannes' division in ten hours, the men getting a good meal of bread and cheese and wine at the monastery at the summit. From St. Remy the carriage road began again and the snow was left behind.

CHAPTER XXII

WINNIPEG TO HUMBOLDT

Arrive at Winnipeg—Camp at “Mud Flats”—Dampness of tents—Sickness among the men—Fort Qu’Appelle—News of Fish Creek—Send off force under Lieut.-Colonel Tyrwhitt—Leave for Humboldt—Commence entrenching—Joke on the cavalry—General Middleton criticizes me for entrenching—First day’s fight at Batoche—Lord Melgund arrives in camp—His news—Telegraph lines break down—Humboldt becomes end of the line—Obliged to take charge of telegrams—General Middleton obliged to entrench—Orders Colonel O’Brien up.

WE unloaded from the train in Winnipeg at daylight on a dull day, with the snow falling, and were ordered to camp on a piece of vacant land, which we christened “Mud Flats.” We were put there because some railway contractor had built a shed for his horses, about one hundred yards long, and it was then abandoned and empty. This gave us a fairly good shelter for most of our horses. For the men it was not so pleasant. We pitched our tents in the snow, scraping the snow out of the interior, so that the floor of the tent was composed of a thick, clammy, greasy clay, the quality of which no one can understand who has not seen Winnipeg mud. We ordered a quantity of hay, and put that on the ground to prevent our sinking in the

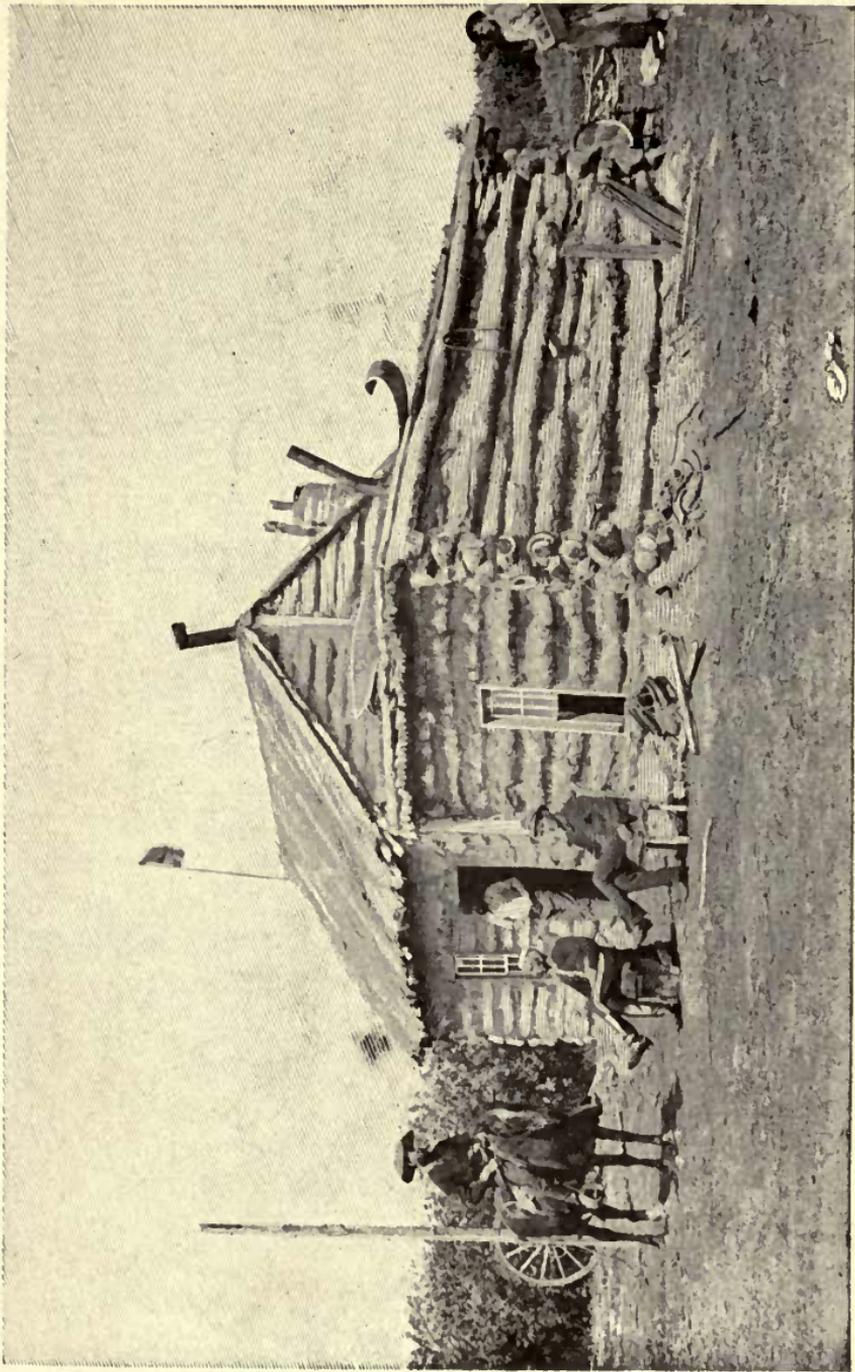
mud, and putting oil sheets, which we had, over the hay, we were able to lie down without getting actually wet. When we walked about the tent the mud would squeal out "chuck, chuck" every step, and the hay was damp all the time. We only expected to be there one night, but one day passed, and then another. In the first two days we had got all our saddlery and bridles mended and put in order for they had suffered a great deal of damage on the cars, loading and unloading, etc., during the North Shore trip. Before three days had elapsed the dampness and cold of this camp had commenced to have its effect on the men, one-third of them being broken down with rheumatism and diarrhoea. I rented an empty house, got a stove in it, turned it into a hospital, and filled it with the sick men. Every minute I was expecting orders to go on. At last I told the Brigade Office I would not stand it any longer, and that we must be taken out of the mud. Quarters were found for us, and we moved on April 22nd. In the evening we had got comfortably settled, and about 10 p.m. I received a message that I was wanted at the Brigade Office at once.

When I reached headquarters I found Lieut.-Colonel Jackson, commanding at Winnipeg, Lieut.-Colonel Turnbull, of the Permanent Cavalry, and Captain Knight, of the Winnipeg Cavalry, already there. Colonel Jackson told me that he had received orders that I was to move on to the front at once with my own corps, the Permanent Cavalry corps and the Winnipeg Cavalry, and he asked me when I could start. I said as soon as it was daylight, for I had had great diffi-

culty in loading in Toronto in the darkness. Colonel Turnbull said that he could not leave, that he was not ready, that he had to get some work done. He had arrived with his corps in Winnipeg two or three days after we had. He said, "I could leave the day after tomorrow." I replied, "The General says at once, so I will leave in the morning, and as the other two corps are not ready let them follow next day." Colonel Jackson approved of this, and on April 23rd we left for the West.

Just as the train was leaving I received a telegram from Lord Lansdowne, the Governor-General, saying that my brother Fred was dangerously ill with fever in the hospital in Cairo. This illness detained him for many weeks and prevented him from joining us in the North-West, as he otherwise would have done. The weather was much finer on this journey than we had been having, as the spring was fast coming on. We reached Troy at 2 p.m. on the 24th, and at 4 p.m. we left for Fort Q'Appelle, nineteen miles further on. Lieutenant Fleming and I rode on ahead, and arrived at the village at dusk, where we heard of the battle of Fish Creek, which had been fought that day.

Colonel O'Brien was stationed here with the 12th and 35th Battalions, and when I arrived, as senior officer I assumed command. He at once told me that he had received news of seventy-six carts having crossed the river Qu'Appelle at Racette's crossing, some thirty-two miles down the river, and it was supposed that they contained supplies for Riel. He had arranged to send Lieut.-Colonel Tyrwhitt, with sixty men to intercept them. I varied the arrangements, thinking it better to



HUMBOLDT, 1885.

The mounted figure is a courier; Col. Denison in uniform; Bill Scott, the civilian population of Humboldt, is the other seated figure.

send ninety infantry, and I added twenty of my own corps under Lieutenant Fleming. They left at 4 a.m. on the 25th. It turned out that the carts belonged to a party of plain hunters who had been wintering in the West and were getting back to their homes. Lieut.-Colonel Turnbull with the other two cavalry corps joined me that night.

The next night, Sunday the 26th, I received orders about midnight to march at once to Humboldt. We left at 4 p.m. on the 27th, having a great difficulty in getting transport wagons. I reached Humboldt on the night of May 1st, and found awaiting me at the telegraph station, which was the solitary house which formed Humboldt, one or two telegrams from General Middleton, who after the fight at Fish Creek, had halted near that place. My instructions were to remain at Humboldt and await further orders.

There was accumulating by this time at this post a large quantity of food and supplies of all kinds. I found a very large tent covering the perishable articles, the other things being piled in the open. These stores were in an absolutely indefensible position, and I saw at once that if they were to be guarded they must be moved. I went out on to the open rolling prairie, and about six hundred yards from the station I found two knolls or bits of rising ground, close together, about eight feet high, with a dip between them. On the higher or larger knoll I pitched my camp and in the dip I placed my picket ropes and fastened my horses, where they would be protected from fire.

The position I was placed in here was another joke

on the cavalry. I was on an open rolling prairie, open for miles to the north in the direction of the enemy, who were at Batoche, about fifty-five miles away by the Hoodoo trail. The General with about 1,000 men was at Fish Creek receiving his supplies from Humboldt by way of Clarke's Crossing, so that practically the enemy were nearer to me than the General was. And I was left with about ninety cavalry, all told, officers and men, to guard all the stores which were pouring in every day. I knew that cavalry could not act on the defensive mounted, and therefore would be forced to act as infantry.

I began the first night to dig rifle pits to shelter the men; I kept enlarging and connecting them and deepening the ditches in front, until I had a fairly good little earthwork around my tents. On the other knoll, on the far side of the horses, I had a sort of lunette field entrenchment, that was covered entirely from the other work. The stores, which were accumulating every day, were brought over and piled in a V-shaped pile, the point outward, so that each face could be enfiladed by the fire from the two works. In a few days I think I could have held my own against a respectable force, if they had no artillery.

As I saw my horses in the little valley eating hay that cost about \$600 a ton to transport, for the grass had not yet begun to grow, and my men working as hard as they could by turns, with the few spades I had thought would be sufficient for a cavalry corps to carry, I could not help smiling at the absurdity of the whole business. General Middleton, I am satisfied, had inherited the

tradition of the department against me, and did not want me up there at all, and so he left me on the prairie guarding stores with cavalry. I had never met General Middleton at this time, but I gave him credit for doing a very clever thing, if he really did this to make a fool of me.

Of course the news got up to Fish Creek that I was entrenching myself, and the news soon got back to me from the front that the General was ridiculing me for doing it, saying there were no enemies within fifty miles of me. As I had two hundred stand of rifles, and very large quantities of powder and cartridges among my stores, and the enemy, on their Indian ponies, could have left one evening and struck me in the early morning, I thought I was justified in taking care of my post.

So affairs went on until about May 8th, when we heard that the General was going to move on towards Batoche. On the 9th we received news from the telegraph operator at Clarke's Crossing that they had heard the sound of cannon down the river, in the direction of Batoche, during the day, so we knew that a fight had been going on. I had been sending a patrol out every morning about eight miles to the north, to the Spatinaw, a conical hill about two hundred feet high, close to the Hoodoo trail, from which, with powerful field glasses, the men could watch the country for miles.

I was sound asleep in my tent about 4 a.m. the next morning, May 10th, when I was awakened by hearing a voice saying to the sentry, "Which is Colonel Denison's tent?" The sentry pointed it out, but I was up before

he had done it, and pulling on my jack boots, which was all I had to do to be completely dressed, I unhooked the tent door and said to the officer, "Come in." As he bent his head to come in I saw a staff officer's cap, and thought it must be Captain Freer, the General's aide, but when he got in and stood up I saw it was Lord Melgund. A second time I was startled in the same way; the remembrance of Colonel Dennis' apparition at Bown's farm came at once to my mind. I knew Lord Melgund was Chief of Staff, and that a battle had been fought the day before, and it startled me to see the Chief of Staff fifty-five miles to the rear by the morning. All this went through my mind in an instant, and I said, "What news have you from the General?" He lowered his voice so that the sentry should not hear him, and said, "Well, it is not good." "What!" said I; "surely he has not been defeated?" "No," he replied, "but he has had a check. He tried to drive the enemy out but could not succeed, and he has fallen back a little way and formed a defence with his wagons, and there they are. Some thought he had better retreat, but it was considered that that would have a bad moral effect, and he has determined to stick it out."

He then said, "I want to send off some telegrams at once." The operator was away, trying to mend the line beyond us, but one of my sergeants was an excellent operator, so I wakened him up and we went down to the station. On the side of an old hayrack, leaning against the back of the log shanty which constituted Humboldt, with his cipher book before him, Lord

Melgund wrote out his dispatches. I walked up and down the grass, and saw the sun rise on a lovely May morning, everything looking beautiful, and I could not help thinking of the anxiety this news would carry to many a home in Manitoba and Ontario.

Lord Melgund came back to our camp where breakfast had been prepared. He then slept till about 1 p.m., when he had dinner, and I furnished him with a fresh horse to ride on towards Qu'Appelle. He never said a word about why he was sent down, but the impression was that it was to get up some regulars from Halifax.

I did not see Lord Melgund again for fourteen years, when, as Earl of Minto and Governor-General, he held his first reception at Toronto, when he reminded me of meeting the patrol of my men on their way to the Spatinaw. He met them a few miles away from our post in the early dawn. Lord Melgund was accompanied by an orderly, the Hon. Mr. Fiennes, one of French's scouts, a son of Lord Saye and Sele.

When the patrol met them, two men rode out rapidly to each flank and surrounded them, much to the amusement of Lord Melgund, who did not at first understand what they were doing. They showed him the way to our camp and then went on.

Lord Melgund told me that he was very much averse to leaving the front, but that General Middleton thought it necessary to send him, as he had important work for him to do. Just at this serious crisis of the campaign, the telegraph lines were constantly interrupted, and the events were thickening. Lieut.-Colonel Otter had been

defeated at Cut Knife on May 2nd, and for four days the General was entrenched about a half a mile from the enemy's advanced posts. During this period Humboldt became the end of the telegraph line, and as I was in command there, and the telegraph operator away for some days trying to repair the line from Humboldt to Clarke's Crossing, the whole work had to be done by Sergeant Harry Wilson of the Body Guard, who was an expert operator.

During those days, my time was principally spent in the telegraph station. Despatches came pouring in from all points, from General Strange, from Winnipeg, from Battleford, from Qu'Appelle, Swift Current, etc., all demanding attention from the General. It took about two days to get despatches to the General at Batoche, and a reply back. On May 9th, the first day of the fighting at Batoche, I had sent Trooper Scholfield with despatches to the General. He got into General Middleton's entrenchment safely, and some hours after he was sent back with a parcel of telegrams to bring to me, and on his return he reported that he had been fired at four times in getting away. A bullet was afterwards found imbedded in his horse's neck.

We were, of course, anxious about the General's position, and I asked Lord Melgund whether we should not bring out all the troops we could hurry up, and march to reinforce our comrades. He advised me to wait, and if I found that at any time I could not get in couriers to the camp and receive replies, that then it would be best to telegraph to the Government that, as senior officer near, I was going to order forward all the

troops that I could reach, and march to relieve the General. Fortunately, I had not to take any such responsibility.

I found, however, that many of the telegrams to the General required immediate replies, and that great difficulty would be caused by waiting the two days or more necessary to communicate with him. It was my habit to sit at the desk close to the operator, who wrote the despatches on separate sheets of paper and passed them to me as fast as he could take them. I would read them and if they could await action I would put them aside to be sent by courier. If it was advisable to give a reply at once, I would write it at the bottom of the message. These replies always began "An answer from the General cannot be had for two days. You had better not wait. You had better do, etc., etc.," and I would give directions. Then these would go to the General with the others, and he would see exactly what I had done. I wrote to the General and told him what I was doing, and said I would continue in this course unless he told me not to do so.

On May 11th he wrote me thanking me warmly for what I was doing.

It was a curious chance that the fact of my being left to guard stores at a point in the line of communications should have been the means of causing me to render the General most important and responsible services. When he with 1,000 men was entrenched himself at Batoche, and the enemy as near to me as he was, it then struck him that I was in a very exposed position, and he at once sent me orders to bring up the 12th

and 35th under Lieut.-Colonel O'Brien from Qu'Appelle to Humboldt, and to move the 91st Battalion under Colonel Scott from Troy to Qu'Appelle. This, however, took time, for Lieut.-Colonel O'Brien had to march all the way, some one hundred and fifty miles. I heard afterwards that General Middleton had said more than once, "I am anxious about Denison. He is in an exposed position. I wish O'Brien was up to reinforce him." I knew then that he must have forgiven me for entrenching my camp.

The first message I got from the General after Lord Melgund's arrival was to bring up these reinforcements, and to send on to the front by the Hoodoo or Batoche trail as many supplies as I could get teams to take. I managed to get fifty-four teams and sent 110,000 lbs. of stores up with an escort of thirty-five men, under my brother, Captain Clarence Denison. This was a good illustration of the absolute necessity of strictly obeying orders. My orders were to send them by the Batoche or Hoodoo trail. As soon as the teamsters heard of it they began to murmur. They came to me and told me they could go by way of Clarke's Crossing and Vermilion Lake and past Fish Creek with much larger loads and very much faster, and that it would be safer in getting in to the General. I told them I had orders and they must be obeyed if the whole convoy stuck in the mud. My officers came to urge me, and no one could understand why the worst and most dangerous road should be taken, and I think there were considerable doubts for the time as to whether I exercised enough discretion for a commanding officer.

The convoy started and before they had gone more than about twenty-three miles it was found that the horses could not possibly draw the loads, so that about twenty-five per cent. was taken off each wagon and piled around a tent so as to make a barricade, and a small guard of a non-commissioned officer and four men left in charge. The men had named our camp at Humboldt, Fort Denison, and this little post they named Fort Dunn; it existed for some six or seven days. Afterwards I discovered that the General thought it possible that he might have to fall back, and if so he would have been obliged to fall back by this trail, and he very wisely wished to have some food upon it.

Had I disobeyed orders and had it turned out that the General had to retreat, he would have found no food to meet him as he expected, and the convoy would have gone right into the enemy's hands. This is a good example of the necessity of obeying orders, even in details.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE BATTLE OF BATOCHÉ

Proposal to retreat—Protest of Dr. Orton—Colonel Arthur Williams arrives—Is placed under Lieut.-Colonel Van Straubenzie—Militia officers decide to bring on general action—General Middleton plans a combined movement—Ludicrous failure to combine—Williams and Grasett ordered out to skirmish—Williams leads a charge—Grenadiers follow suit—Lieut.-Colonel Houghton's story—Gallant conduct of Williams—Complete victory—Williams harshly treated—His illness and death—General Middleton leaves Canada.

BEFORE the convoy reached Batoché the four days' fighting was over, and the rebels had been utterly routed. Of course we heard a great deal of what had taken place from numbers of those engaged, and after I came home I took considerable pains to learn all I could of the affair. No two people would give the same account, but by comparing them all, and weighing the evidence carefully, in which I have had some experience, I came to the following conclusions as to what actually occurred.

When General Middleton approached Batoché on May 9th, he found the rebels entrenched in rifle pits, at the edge of a wood where they were completely covered. At Fish Creek the General hesitated about allowing the

volunteers to endeavour to rush the position, fearing heavy losses, and it would seem that there was not that thorough confidence of the General in his raw troops, or of the troops in him, which is so important a part in the efficiency and power of an army. When they came to Batoche the first day, I am inclined to believe this want of confidence was increased, and the attack was made in a half-hearted way, and finding the rebels holding out firmly, Middleton fell back. It was pretty generally understood that the army officers on the staff wished to retreat, the militia officers did not. Dr. Orton, Surgeon of one of the corps, was a member of Parliament, and is said to have spoken very vehemently against the idea of retreat. General Middleton, however, decided to stay where he was and fight it out, and he deserves all the credit for so doing, for the responsibility of deciding was upon him.

They brought up the tents and baggage and camped, as I have said, about half a mile away. The main portion of the force was out skirmishing during the greater part of the next day, the 10th, and retired at evening into the zareba, suffering a few casualties during the day. The next day the same thing was repeated with more casualties. The rumour had also got about among the officers that the General had sent Lord Melgund to get up regulars from Halifax.

There were some strained relations in the camp from various causes. Lieut.-Colonel Arthur Williams was the senior officer in the camp next to the Major-General. He was gazetted Lieut.-Colonel shortly after the Fenian Raid, in which he had served. He was an

excellent officer, the man whom I had thought for years the best man to have been appointed to the command of the Canadian militia. He arrived at the General's camp on the Saskatchewan River with part of his regiment on the same vessel that brought Lieut.-Colonel Van Straubenzie to join the staff. According to the Militia Act the General had no power to give any officer a higher rank than that of Lieut.-Colonel, and Colonel Williams was ten years senior to Colonel Van Straubenzie and had brought with him from Ontario a splendid regiment four hundred strong. Colonel Williams was entitled to the command of the infantry brigade and should have had it without question, but Williams was a Canadian militiaman, while Colonel Van Straubenzie had been in the Imperial service in some junior position and, I understand, formerly knew General Middleton. It seemed absurd to General Middleton that a Canadian gentleman, who had never been in the service, should have any rights against an officer who had left the army, so he appointed Lieut.-Colonel Van Straubenzie to the command of the infantry brigade and put him over Williams' head. Williams was too good a soldier to make any trouble before an enemy, but had he lived to return to Ottawa there is little doubt that General Middleton would have been sent home within a week after Williams took his seat in the House—for the Parliament of Canada would never have allowed one of its employés to set its law at defiance to do injustice to a Canadian simply to favour an old comrade.

Lieut.-Colonel Van Straubenzie was, I think, a good

officer and a gentlemanly man, and was of course not to blame for the position in which he was placed. Lieut.-Colonels Houghton, Boulton and Grasett and Major Dawson, of the Royal Grenadiers, as well as several staff officers had also been in the Imperial service. The transport officer, afterwards Lieut.-Colonel Bedson, had been a Sergeant in the Imperial service, and on that account, and because he had lived some time in the country, he was the General's most trusted adviser.

Before the third day's fighting at Batoché was over, it seems clear from all I could gather at the time, and by careful enquiry afterwards, that there were two cliques or sets among the officers; the General and some of the old army men in one, and the Canadian militia officers, who had brought their men upon the ground in the other. The latter saw skirmishing going on, and no hope of any result. They thought the General had no confidence in them—they had very little in him. Their comrades were being killed and wounded every day, and they were indignant at the rumours that regulars had been sent for from Halifax. On the night of the 11th Williams said to some of his comrades: "The next time I am sent forward to skirmish, I will dash right on with the bayonet and end this matter, and I will want you to back me up," and this seems to have been agreed upon, as the result proves.

The next morning the General arranged for a great combined movement; he was to move out around to the north-east of Batoché with one hundred and fifty mounted men, one gun and the Gatling gun, and when he had got into action Colonel Straubenzie was to attack

the rifle pits to the south of Batoche. General Middleton marched out. Colonel Straubenzie had the remainder of the force drawn up and ready to move. He waited to hear the General engaged. The General, when he got into position, fired one or two shots from his gun and then listened for Colonel Straubenzie to open fire. Colonel Straubenzie kept on listening to make sure the General was engaged, and, not hearing any more firing, he continued waiting. The General did the same thing and, not understanding what had happened, he marched back the three or four miles and found the main body of his force drawn up, calmly awaiting events.

The story is that General Middleton's remarks were of a sulphurous description, and when his mind was unburdened by a flow of language, Colonel Van Straubenzie asked if the men should go to their dinner. The General replied: "They can go to their dinner or their supper, or wherever you like," and other phrases. The men got their dinner. The General walked out towards the enemy's lines as if to reconnoitre, was fired at, and had to take shelter in a rifle pit. When he came back he went to his lunch, and Lieut.-Colonel Williams, with about eighty or ninety of his men, and the Grenadiers about one hundred and eighty strong, were ordered out to skirmish, as had been done for the previous two days. They were to advance to the old lines, and as much further as they could. Colonel Williams was on the left of the line, the Grenadiers to the right.

Now, to understand thoroughly the exact state of affairs in view of the subsequent attempts to falsify

history, I will state exactly the position of Middleton's force at this time. The General, with Lieut.-Colonel Houghton, was at lunch. The 90th, the largest corps of the command, were lying about the zareba resting. The artillery were at the zareba, the horses unhitched. Boulton's scouts had their horses on the picket line, unsaddled and feeding; the other two mounted corps in the same position, or in other words two hundred and fifty men were out in front of the enemy, while the main body of the infantry, the artillery and the mounted corps, in all about six hundred and fifty strong, were about the camp as unprepared as they could well be.

Attempts have been made to detract from the credit due to Williams by trying to spread the view that he acted under the orders of the General and Colonel Van Straubenzie in bringing on the general action. But who ever heard of a General commencing an action with one-fourth or one-third of his men, with only thirty rounds of ammunition each, and with his artillery and cavalry unharnessed and unsaddled! I received, however, some further very direct evidence on the point. Lieut.-Colonel Houghton, D.A.G. for the North-West District, was second in command under General Middleton by virtue of the Act which gives the D.A.G. command of the militia in his district.

Lieut.-Colonel Houghton was sent back to Winnipeg a day or two after the fighting at Batoche. On his way down he stopped at our camp, had his dinner with us, and gave us his version of the last day's work when it was fresh in his mind. He said that he and the General were having lunch, when suddenly loud cheer-

ing was heard at the front. The General said "What is that? What can it be? Go and see, Houghton?" Colonel Houghton told us that he ran over to the corner of the entrenchment, got up on it and listened for a little while. The cheering and yelling came from the left, near the river, where Williams and his men were stationed. He said the cheering was manifestly the shout of men who were successful and it was moving towards Batoche, showing that our men were advancing. This took place through shrubbery so Houghton could not see anything. He ran back to General Middleton and said, "I think our fellows are into them with the bayonet." The General jumped up in excitement and said, "They will be all killed. Tell them to bring my horse. Get the goth out, Houghton, at once and bring them down, we must support them." The General got on his horse and galloped to the front and immediately sent back for the artillery, who were soon hitched up and on the gallop for the front. Boulton's scouts were ordered out. I believe the other two mounted corps did not wait for their horses or to saddle them, but just picked up their rifles and ran down to help their comrades. Captain French was one of the foremost with his dismounted scouts, and was killed on reaching the village.

In the meantime, Williams, carrying out what he had planned, had no sooner got his men down in the old position near the river, than he led a charge right at the enemy. In a few minutes he had turned their main line of rifle pits and then swung round towards his right in the direction of Batoche. The Grenadiers under

Grasett immediately pushed on and carried the main lines of pits in front of them and drove the enemy through the shrubbery till they cleared them out of it and they retired to the village. At the edge of the shrubbery the men halted to get their breath, the Midlanders on the left, the Grenadiers to their right. Colonel Williams went along the line and said to the men, "Now, lads, I am the senior officer here, and I will lead you and we will finish up this business at once. Will you follow me?" "We will, we will," was the reply, and he was to give the signal. He waited about fifteen or twenty minutes. I think he knew the others would be coming down to his assistance, and then he gave the signal and called to them to follow him. I have heard the story from men who followed close to him. He had his revolver in one hand, his cap in the other, and he ran about four hundred yards across the open under the fire from the houses in the village, straight at one of the central houses twenty yards ahead of every one, and never looked back to see if his men were following him, till he ran up to the side of the house between the windows, and leaning close against the wall, to be out of range of the windows, he looked back and stood to get his breath.

His charge was well-timed. The reinforcements came up just in time to take part in the final rush. Then they all went on through the village and drove the rebels for several miles in utter rout, and with heavy losses, but from the time the General ordered up the artillery, the whole force was out of hand and acted practically without orders. The General saw he could

do nothing, and he turned to some one near him and said, "D—n them, let them go, you can't stop them." The late Major Kirwan was in the charge; he had been through the Franco-German war, and had considerable experience in soldiering. He told me a day or two afterwards that it was a most brilliant little fight, but somewhat irregular.

That half-hour's work ended the rebellion, and the losses were not very heavy. There was no more talk about bringing up the regulars. Williams received a good deal of credit in the newspaper reports, but, poor fellow, he was in the bad books of the Headquarters staff and the army clique after that. His officers, when they came back, complained bitterly to me of the nagging and insolence he had to submit to. His regiment was a provisional one, made up of a number of companies from scattered rural battalions, so that there was not the *esprit de corps* or cohesion there would have been in an ordinary battalion, and when they came home they were scattered in country places, and there was no one to see justice done to Williams' memory.

I made numerous enquiries from the officers I met of the Midland Battalion, and many of them seemed to think that Williams was worried into the illness which killed him. He was exposed to cold and wet, and run down from hard work and poor food, and at the last became so weak and ill that in spite of all he could do he had to give up. He told his major, now Lieut.-Colonel Harry Smith, to take over the command, and write to Lieut.-Colonel Van Straubenzie to report that he had gone to the hospital on the steamer *Northcote*

lying at the wharf. He was assisted by his servant and another to the boat, and put in bed. The next day a letter came from Lieut.-Colonel Van Straubenzie to the effect that he had no right to leave the regiment without his permission, and that he must return at once. He read the letter, which I believe was addressed to Harry Smith, turned to his servant and said in a weak voice, "I cannot answer that insolent letter." He tore it through into two pieces and threw them on the floor, and said, "But I must get up, and go back." He tried to get up, his servant helping him, but fell back in a faint, and in a day or two was dead.

In this way, far from his home and family, this gallant officer, as true-hearted and loyal a gentleman as ever lived, finished his career within a month of his having won a campaign for his Queen and country. He won the campaign, and that was his reward. Sir Fred Middleton obtained promotion, the K.C.M.G., and \$20,000.

A fine statue was erected in Port Hope in honour of Colonel Williams, and his name will live in the history of Canada and be affectionately remembered by the Canadian people. Within a few years General Middleton had to leave Canada under a cloud, through the action of Parliament, which charged him with having appropriated a large number of furs belonging to a half-breed. The General was rather hardly treated in this matter, for he was only acting in accordance with a common practice in storming a place in the hands of an enemy. In this case, however, it was pretty clearly shown that the owner of these furs was not a rebel.

CHAPTER XXIV

STORIES OF THE CAMP

Dr. Baldwin—Appointed surgeon—Charles Mair—Liquor prohibited—Farrier sergeant—His slow race—His veterinary supplies—Sergeant Macgregor as an expert—Incident in Judge Barron's tent—Capture of Sioux Chief, White Cap—Newspaper criticism—Salt pork and hard tack—Description of prairie—The trumpet-major—Treatment of Indians—Poundmaker—File Hill Indians—Attack on Poundmaker's reserve—Lieut.-Colonel O'Brien's gallant conduct—"The Colonel's outfit"—White Cap sent to his reserve—His arrest—His release.

I NEED not refer to the further operations in pursuit of Big Bear. His capture, and the surrender of Poundmaker, ended the difficulty, and enabled the Government to bring the troops home, but I will mention a few anecdotes coming more under my own notice. In the North-West Territories in 1885, liquor was prohibited, and it was illegal for any one to be found with any in his possession. Being the Police Magistrate in Toronto, continually enforcing laws, I had acquired a facility for obeying them.

My surgeon, the late Dr. James B. Baldwin, was an old friend of mine; we were boys together, and he had served through the Fenian Raid with me as an acting cornet in the June affair of 1866. He was tall and thin (he stood six feet six inches in his boots). I remember a

blacksmith in Fort Erie, not knowing his name, describing him to me as seven by three. I asked him why he called him that; his reply was, "Because he looks as if he was seven feet high and about three inches broad." Baldwin left us before our outpost duty in the fall of 1866. He began to study medicine when he was getting on a bit in years, and did not pass as doctor till he was about forty years of age.

Some time, perhaps a year, before he passed he came to me and said he expected to pass as doctor before very long, and he hoped I would, as soon as he was qualified, recommend him for appointment as surgeon of my corps, which post was vacant at the time. I was very fond of chaffing him, for he was an exceedingly kind-hearted, good-natured fellow, and I said, "Certainly I will, Jim, for you know if any of us get sick we can easily send for a doctor." He laughed at my joke and as soon as he was qualified I had him gazetted. He made us an excellent surgeon during the campaign in the North-West, looking after any men who were ill with great care and kindness, and I think with much ability.

He was an extraordinary character; he was showing fresh sides of it every day. He had an innocent simplicity in some ways with streaks of remarkable shrewdness and ability running through it, so that you were constantly taken by surprise. Charles Mair, our Quartermaster, was a man of great ability, well read, a keen judge of character, with a sound judgment, as shown in his shrewd appreciation of the state of affairs in Batoche for two years before the Rebellion.

These two chummed together a good deal during the campaign. After the first few days Mair came to me and said, "Denison, what sort of a fellow is Baldwin?" "A first-rate fellow," I said. Mair went on to say that he was the most extraordinary character he had ever met. From day to day Mair would say to me: "Baldwin is astonishing. I am seeing new phases every day. I cannot make out whether he is exceedingly clever or simple. I am getting more puzzled every day." They had one thing they could agree upon, and that was that stimulants in reason were a very good thing. So when we were leaving Winnipeg for the prairies on the way up, Mair, as Quartermaster, had been requested to get a few things for the officers' mess. When the horses were loaded in the train and we were going off, I was watching the loading on of the stores, and I noticed a wagon come up with a number of packages. I enquired what they were and found they were some groceries that Mair and Baldwin had ordered for the officers' mess, and looking over them I found several cases of liquor. I knew I was going where it was forbidden, so I refused to allow it on the train and Mair had to go and get his money refunded and the liquor went back.

Baldwin, however, had some liquor in his medical stores, and as he had control of it the friendship between him and Mair was cemented. After we got to Humboldt, of course there were no more supplies, and whiskey or brandy, to those who cared for it, was worth its weight in gold. All sorts of tricks and devices were used all over the North-West to get liquor in. My

farrier sergeant was a Frenchman—a Count, I heard, in France. He was a curious specimen ; I think his mind was always occupied in scheming, and he would lie with such persistence and freedom that the front end of one of his lies would not fit the back end.

As an illustration of this peculiarity I will mention one incident. One lovely summer's evening just before sundown, the farrier sergeant came over to where I was sitting with a group of officers chatting, and asked me if I would allow him and Sergeant Watson to take their horses off the picket line to have a race, that they had been arguing as to the relative speed of their chargers and they wished to test it. I thought it would help to amuse the men and I said, "Certainly, but there must be two conditions ; you must race on the trail, for I do not want you to break your necks or your horses' legs by them stepping into badger holes or gopher holes, and do not make it for too long a distance, for there is no use riding the horses to death."

He replied, "Thank you, Colonel, the race is only to be for about three-quarters of a mile, and we intend to go slow." This absurdity slipped out before he thought what he was saying, and amid the roars of laughter of our group he went off to have the race.

He came to me one day with a requisition for some horse medicines, for I had no veterinary surgeon, as ours had left Canada just before we started. I looked over the list of things ordered, and forwarded it to Colonel Jackson at Winnipeg. The farrier sergeant told me to mention a particular druggist in Winnipeg, who had furnished us supplies before we left ; I did so. Before

the box, or large case of medicines, arrived I had a slight suspicion in my mind that he might have mentioned a particular druggist in order that he might send a little liquor with the medicines.

When the box arrived, addressed to me and marked veterinary supplies, I said: "Put that in my tent." Major Dunn was with me. I opened it and found some dirty-looking bottles marked colic drenches, regular horse medicine to all appearance. I drew the cork of one bottle, poured a little of the contents into a tin cup, smelt it, tasted it very carefully and passed it to Major Dunn. He tasted it, looked at me and said: "The d—d thief." I ordered a parade of all the men, put the farrier sergeant under arrest and the box in front of the line of men. I took the bottles one by one, opened them, generally by knocking the necks off, poured a little into a tin cup and called out the men whom I thought were experts and would know whiskey and not object to it, and would hand them the cup and ask them what it contained. They would say: "That is whiskey, sir," and I would empty the bottle out upon the ground. I went on for a number of the bottles, calling up different men and giving them about a glass each, so as to have evidence that it was whiskey. Among others I called Sergeant Patrick Macgregor, who had been in the 13th Hussars, and was a splendid swordsman, and an equally good judge of whiskey, from an experience gained by drinking all he could get.

I poured out a fairly good glass for him, he drank it solemnly and I said: "Well, Macgregor, what is it?" "Colonel," he replied, "if I am to take my solemn

oath before a court, I would not feel safe to do it on such a small taste as that." I poured out another good glass and he drank it slowly, looking up now and again and taking sips and evidently enjoying it, and everyone laughing at his wise and solemn expression, until he finished it. He then felt himself over the waist, straightened himself up with an air of satisfaction and said very seriously: "Yes, Colonel, that is whiskey, I am ready to go before any court and swear to it. And what is more, it is devilish good whiskey."

I poured out eighteen bottles in this way and also a gallon or two of alcohol which was in a tin case, and when all that was out, all the medicines left in the box could have been put into a teacup. The farrier sergeant begged me to let him leave the corps and not to have him tried for the fraud. I thought the simplest way to deal with him was to let him go, so we got him into plain clothes and started him back to the East.

The fame of this incident spread all through the North-West. Such a thing as spilling liquor was unheard of, except by the Mounted Police, and they were not keen to do it, and I am afraid my reputation in all that country was not improved by the story. I telegraphed to Colonel Jackson to stop the payment to the druggist, and wrote a full report. I am afraid that this sort of thing was done a good deal in the campaign, and that I only let in one little ray of light. The result of this was that I got the reputation of being very severe, and one who would destroy liquor like a fanatic if I heard of it.

A very amusing incident occurred through this

shortly after this affair. An old friend of mine, Jack Barron, son of the late principal of Upper Canada College, since member of the House of Commons, and now a County Court Judge, came up as a correspondent for one of the newspapers, and spent two or three days with us. He had a tent with him which he pitched close to our earth-work, and while with us he lived at our mess, where he was a most welcome guest. It appears he had brought up a small quantity of whiskey, which he had hidden in his tent. This was carefully concealed from me, for they thought if I heard of it I would spill it out.

I suspected it, for I noticed that Mair and Baldwin and one or two others had taken a fancy to Barron, and sometimes went over to see him. One evening, half-an-hour before dinner, I saw Mair going into the tent. I walked across, and when I came to the tent door I spoke to Barron and said, "May I come in." Just as I was coming in I saw Mair hurriedly put a tin cup about half full of something on the ground beside a pail half-full of water, which stood close to him where he sat on the grass. I spoke to them, sat down, and began chatting on general subjects, quietly waiting to see how long Mair would let the cup of whiskey and water stand without drinking. I had taken a seat on the ground on the other side of the tent. In a little while Baldwin came along humming a snatch of a song in great good spirits. He saw me as he came in, and his face dropped in a minute; this amused me very much. Baldwin lay down on the ground, took no interest in the conversation, and looked very dismal and un-

happy. I kept quietly waiting to see what Mair would do.

After chatting away, and while he was talking, he picked up the cup with a most nonchalant air, dipped it down into the pail as if to dip up a drink of water, and drank off the whiskey in the coolest way. I knew it was whiskey, for the bottom of the cup was quite dry as it turned towards me while he was drinking. By this time I had seen what I wanted, so saying it was near dinner time, I got up and went out. A minute or two after the bugle sounded, the other officers gathered, and as we sat down to take our frugal meal of pork and hard tack, I told the fellows of the joke of Mair pretending to dip the cup in the half-empty pail. There were shouts of laughter over it when Mair, Baldwin and Barron came up to the tent. They had just been saying that I had noticed nothing and had no suspicions. They got plenty of good-natured chaff over this.

A day or two after Batoche my patrol on the Spatinaw Hill saw an Indian coming over to the hill, evidently desiring to get a view of the country from it. The men kept concealed till he came close, when they took him prisoner, and in the evening brought him into camp. He turned out to be Wahisca, brother of White Cap, the well-known chief of the Sioux band of Indians, which had been forced into the rebellion by Riel. We gathered that White Cap and a portion of his band, escaping from Batoche, were trying to get away to the States.

The next morning I sent Lieutenant Merritt and Lieutenant Fleming with some twenty-five men to try

and capture the party. I gave the most careful instructions that there should be no fighting if it could be possibly avoided. I thought the Indians would be very glad to surrender, and if we could secure them without bloodshed all the better, even if it did not make as good a newspaper paragraph. My orders were carried out by Lieutenant Merritt with much ability. He was two days following their trail, chasing them, and at last caught up to them just before dusk. He sent in a flag of truce, and the little band surrendered. They all had supper together, off bear meat, for our men had run out of food, and the next morning the Indians were all brought into camp, where they were kept as prisoners for eight weeks.

I had been able to keep our corps out of the papers pretty well up to this time. Lieutenant Merritt thought that the public would like to know that White Cap's band, or at least he himself with part of it, had been captured, and asked me if I would allow a short account to be telegraphed to Toronto. I told him to write out a short report of the facts and he could send it. He brought it to me and I had it sent down to the *Mail* of Toronto. The telegraph company at once appropriated it and sent it as an associated press despatch all over the continent. The despatch was a short, simple statement of the facts. There was nothing effusive or elaborate about it, but it was the first time the Body Guard had shown its nose, and of course some one had to hit it and a Toronto paper knowing it had been sent down by Lieutenant Merritt attacked him rather severely for sending it.



WAHISCA AND HIS FAMILY.

If it had been an uncommon thing for any news to be sent down from the North-West by the corps engaged I would not have been surprised, but the papers were filled with letters, telegrams, etc., from every point, principally telling what certain corps or officers were going to do under certain contingencies, which might never arise, and every week or so there were bulletins referring to two young lieutenants, mentioning the condition of their health, where they were, what they were doing, etc., but no one objected to that. I told Merritt when this article got back to camp that the best way to do was to say nothing.

For three months at Humboldt our food consisted almost entirely of salt pork and hard tack. We were so far from the railway base and transport so expensive, that practically nothing could be got but the Government rations, and officers and men fed much the same. At first the officers had a few canned things, which we had brought up, and which were principally kept to entertain guests, but these ran out after a while and we had simply our rations. We had plenty of good tea and sugar, and I found the food all right. We had canned corned beef, but very soon we all tired of that and used only the salt pork. We had no bread or potatoes.

When the weather got very warm, in the end of June and beginning of July, the thermometer was often over eighty in the shade. The moment the weather began to get warm I refrained from eating pork. I remember one whole week eating nothing but hard tack soaked in tea, for three meals a day. I was accustomed to walk

about the prairie with a cavalry forage cap with no peak, in the middle of the day in the bright sun, looking for strawberries. After the fight at Batoche we were left with nothing special to do but eat our meals and speculate on when we would receive orders to go home. We drilled a couple of hours each morning, and the rest of the day there was nothing to do. There was not a house nearer to Humboldt than Clarke's crossing, some forty-five miles away. In other directions there was no house for over fifty miles. The country around Humboldt in this early summer was perfectly beautiful. The ground was fairly carpeted with wild flowers of every variety. The country on one side of us for twenty miles was rolling prairie, with clumps of trees dotted about everywhere, with small lakes and ponds, the grass in the open stretches clean and fairly short, so that the whole place looked like an enormous old country park.

If two or three thousand acres had been fenced in anywhere, and a house built in the middle, and a gravel road made up to the front door, one would think it had been a gentleman's country residence for ages. The heat and brilliant sun could not keep me off the prairie. Some of the other officers suffered a great deal from the heat. One day at the table they were speaking of it, Mair, especially, expressing his astonishment at my indifference to the sun. Dr. Baldwin said, "I have noticed the Colonel. The moment the weather got warm he cut off his pork, while you have all been eating fat pork. That is why he does not mind it while you do." And he went on to tell us that fat was very heating to the

blood, that in Arctic climates the people lived on blubber and fat. I am satisfied it is the habit of English officers retaining their custom of eating quantities of meat, and drinking beer and spirits in the East Indies, that is the cause of the breaking down in health of so many of them. I could drink ale in winter time, but I look upon drinking ale in really hot weather as a species of slow poisoning.

On our way up to Winnipeg, my trumpeter was taken ill, and had to be left in the hospital at that place, and I had been unable to bring another with me. I was therefore obliged to enquire for another in Winnipeg. I was applied to by a retired Imperial officer, a Major B——, a thorough gentleman, who had seen a great deal of campaigning, and had four medals for service in the Crimea and the Indian Mutiny. He was anxious to go to the front in any capacity, and offered to go as my trumpeter. He knew all the calls thoroughly, so I enrolled him and took him on. He was put in a tent with a few other gentlemen, who were in the ranks, one of whom was my cousin, and was as comfortable as the rest of us.

When Colonel O'Brien's regiment came up to Humboldt, Major B—— came to me the following day and said, "Colonel, I wish to lay a matter before you. The Bugle Major of the infantry came to call upon me yesterday. He is a boy about twelve or thirteen years of age. He asked me my rank and my pay, and when I told him that I was trumpeter, and that my pay was fifty cents per day, he said, looking up at me with a very superior air, 'I am a Bugle Major and my pay is

eighty cents a day.' To look at him, Colonel, the little imp, you would take him for a bugle minor." I said, "All right, B——, I shall put you in orders at once as Trumpet Major, and you shall have the eighty cents a day."

We had many long talks on military matters. He was an accomplished gentleman and an excellent trumpeter. We corresponded afterwards for some years.

It will be readily understood that it was a matter of great importance that the rebellion should not spread from the French half-breeds to the Indians. Riel had practically forced White Cap, and his band of Sioux, into alliance with him, by going down to his reserve and compelling him to go to Batoche. Big Bear had also become actively engaged in the outbreak. Pound-maker endeavoured to keep his band quiet, and the Government gave instructions that everything possible should be done to keep the Indians friendly, and to keep them on their reserves. The greatest danger of all was due to the natural fear that Indians would have at seeing large forces of armed men marching through the country and close to their reserves.

The Government issued a proclamation saying that all those bands of Indians which remained quietly upon their reserves, or who at once went back to them, would be protected, and if they had already committed any overt acts would be pardoned if they obeyed the proclamation. When Colonel O'Brien and I sent out the force to intercept the carts, which were thought to be carrying supplies to Riel, as already mentioned, it was necessary to march through the settlement of the

File Hill Indians, and Lieut.-Colonel Tyrwhitt, who commanded the party, was instructed to take every precaution not to alarm the Indians. When he came near their reserve, therefore, he sent in an intrepeter and explained what he was doing, and asked if they had any objection to his marching through their little village. The chiefs said that the women and children would be frightened, and asked Colonel Tyrwhitt to make a detour around it, which he did. He came back the same way.

A short time after that, at Battleford, Lieut.-Colonel Otter was, I believe, much urged by some of his officers to march out and attack Poundmaker, who, with his band, was upon his reserve about thirty-five miles west of Battleford. General Middleton refused permission to Lieut.-Colonel Otter to attack, but, after further pressing, said that Lieut.-Colonel Otter was on the spot, and must take the responsibility of acting as circumstances would direct. This is as near as I could gather as to what passed.

The result was that an attack was made upon Poundmaker. After several hours fighting, in which our men suffered the loss of eight men killed and fifteen wounded, they were outflanked and obliged to retreat to Battleford.

This news in some mysterious way was signalled to the File Hill Indians, who had already been alarmed by the apparently unnecessary march of Colonel Tyrwhitt's column through their reserve. They became much more alarmed, and at once went on the war path, seized some guns and horses and cattle from some settlers, and moved down into a coulee, or ravine, where they could defend themselves and began to make rifle pits. Lieut-

Colonel O'Brien was at once urged by his officers and men to go out and attack them. He would have been justified, as they had left their reserves, had pillaged one or two houses for arms and were entrenching. He knew the policy of the Government. He was satisfied that the Indians were simply afraid, and that fright and nothing else was the matter with them. He determined, therefore, to see if he could not reassure them. He sent a half breed interpreter to arrange for a conference. The chiefs refused to come near Qu'Appelle, and Colonel O'Brien agreed to go out and see them. He went alone with the interpreter. He left his sword and pistol behind and rode out some miles unarmed to the house where the conference was held. He reasoned with them, assured them that the soldiers did not want to quarrel with them, and that if they went back to their reserve, and returned the things that they had taken, they would not be interfered with. He succeeded in arranging this all satisfactorily and probably prevented an Indian outbreak. It was found out afterwards that the Indians suspecting treachery, were ambushed all about the house in which the conference was held, in order to defend their chiefs.

This act of Colonel O'Brien's was one of the finest things done by any officer in the North-West. It required the highest courage, both physical and moral. His men and some of his officers were much annoyed with him. They thought he had lost a chance to kill some Indians, and enable his subordinates to figure as heroes in a newspaper article. They said he had no "sand," that he should have given them a chance to

have a fight, and this was used against him by some in his next election for the House of Commons. He was one of the officers who was thinking all the time of his duty to his country. The Canadian Militia should be proud of him.

White Cap and a portion of his band were in our hands at Humboldt for eight weeks as prisoners. Wahisca, White Cap's brother, whom we all called Moo-sook, seemed to act as chief aide-de-camp or chief staff officer for White Cap. It was very curious the way in which White Cap, then an old man of seventy-two, preserved a certain kind of dignity. When he wished to speak to me about anything he would send Wahisca to me to ask for an interview, and then at the appointed time he would come across to my tent dressed up, wearing a great cap of feathers, with Wahisca and an interpreter in attendance, and would discuss matters with every formality. I found a tendency in the supply officers to consider that anything was good enough to issue to Indians. I did not believe in any such principle, so every forenoon I made it my duty to go over to the Indian tepees and call Wahisca, who would put an empty bag over his shoulder and follow me across to the stores, where I personally saw the food issued to him. There were some women and little children among them, and I wished them to have good food.

My brother officers seeing me walking over every morning with Wahisca following a couple of paces in rear, used to say: "There goes the Colonel with his outfit," and Wahisca got the name of "the Colonel's outfit." The word outfit in the North-West was the

most comprehensive word used. A man with a train of carts had an "outfit," a man with a horse and dog had an "outfit." I heard one man referring to General Middleton and his column, speaking of the force as General Middleton and his "outfit."

My Sergeant-Major, George Watson, a tall, powerful man, had worn up on the North Shore trip a pair of woollen drawers, of the most brilliant shade of scarlet. Soon after he got up to Humboldt, the weather being warmer, he threw them away and Wahisca pounced upon them, put them on over his trousers and tucked them into his boots. He wore a grey woollen shirt, and a gray round felt hat with a narrow rim, very old and battered, and with his scarlet legs he was a most striking and picturesque object. No one could fail to have his attention attracted to my "outfit."

General Middleton ordered me to gather all the information possible about White Cap, and especially on the point as to whether he had been forced to join Riel, and was to blame for his action in the Rebellion. I made all the enquiries possible from the settlers and all who knew anything about the matter, and reported to the General, who, when we were about coming home, ordered me to release White Cap and his people and tell them to go back to their reserve. I gave them a supply of provisions and released them. I was much struck with the grateful feelings shown by these poor people to us all for the kind treatment they received at our hands. When Wahisca said good-bye to us the tears were running down his cheeks, which astonished me very much, knowing the ordinary stoicism of the Indian.

We were much interested in these people. They were pagan Indians, and had been engaged in the fight where Custar and his men were all killed, but they were truthful and honest, and the most remarkable thing that we noticed about them was the extraordinary good conduct of the children. They played about all day together, and we never heard them cry or use an angry word to each other, but they were always kindly and cheerful. After we had come back to Toronto I heard that the legal authorities in Regina had sent out and arrested White Cap, and had taken the poor old man to Regina to be tried. I wrote at once to Sir Alexander Campbell, Minister of Justice, a vehement letter, protesting against this, saying that as General Middleton had ordered his release upon my report, he should have been left upon his reserve. Sir Alexander Campbell ordered a *nolle prosequi* to be entered, and White Cap was sent home again to his reserve.

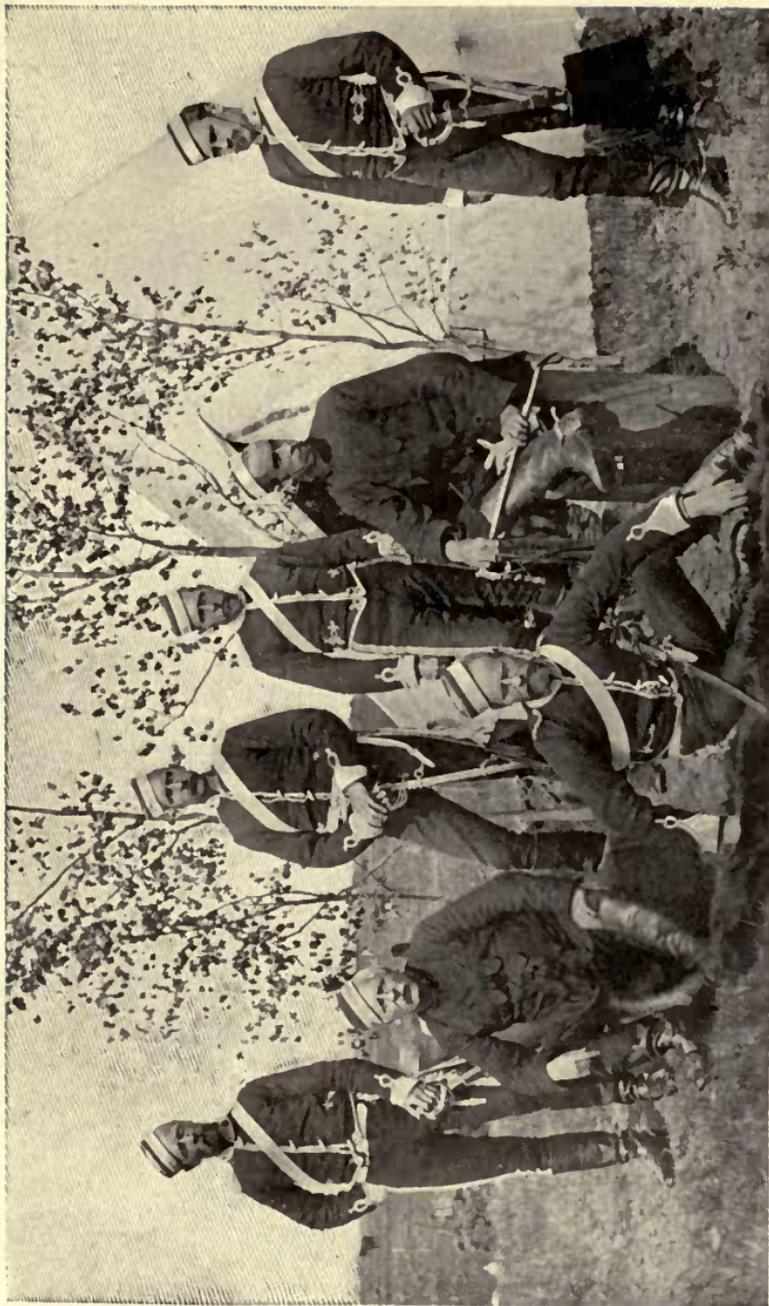
Poundmaker was tried and convicted on evidence that, in any ordinary trial would have ensured his acquittal without the jury leaving the box, but the prejudice against the Indians in the North-West was so great that he could not get a fair trial. He was sentenced to three years in the penitentiary. I wrote to Sir Alexander Campbell, and drew his attention to the great injustice that had been done. I received a letter from him shortly after, saying he would let Poundmaker out as soon as spring came, and that he should be well treated and have a comfortable winter. This promise was faithfully kept.

CHAPTER XXV

RETURN TO WINNIPEG

Merritt's transportation company—Mock trial—The foot cavalry—Fort Qu' Appelle—Horses called in by trumpet—Arrive in Winnipeg—Railway superintendent outflanked—Scenes in Winnipeg—Arrival in Toronto—Enthusiastic reception.

WHEN the campaign was all over, when Big Bear was captured, as well as Riel and Poundmaker, we thought we should get our orders to go home, but for some reason they were delayed. During the last few days before we left, the transport teams that had been working beyond us, began to stream down past us at the rate of about fifty a day. They were going down empty. I telegraphed the General about keeping some of them to take back our stores. He sent me positive orders that I was only to take so many wagons—I think five—and the infantry a proportionate amount. The General did not make any difference for cavalry, and we had the utmost difficulty to get our stores down, for we had to take some oats with us as well as food. The men were limited to a certain weight of kit and the officers to a very limited amount of baggage. The men's kits were weighed and they were ordered to take out what they could best spare to reduce what their horses were to carry to the proper limit. When we left, a great pile of underclothing was abandoned on the prairie.



Lieut. Merritt,

Lieut.-Col. G. T. Denison, Captain Denison.

Surgeon Baldwin.

Major Dunn,
Quartermaster Charles Mair,
Lieut. Fleming.

OFFICERS OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S BODY GUARD, HUMBOLDT, 1885.

Lieutenant Merritt, the Adjutant, had bought an Indian pony, and had been able to buy one of the Hudson's Bay carts in use in that country. He called it the "North-West Lightning Express and Transport Company" and carried down some surplus baggage for some of the officers. Dr. Baldwin had managed to capture a wild duck and had it in a coop made of a biscuit box. He was to pay two dollars for the conveyance of the bird as his share of the expense of buying the cart and harness. They brought the duck down about half way and Baldwin objected to the way in which it was being treated, and was able then to get one of the teamsters to find room for it for the rest of the way. Merritt is somewhat of a wag, and he delighted in teasing Baldwin. Baldwin offered one dollar, but refused any more. Merritt did not care a straw about it except for mischief, so on the train coming to Toronto when we had not much to do, Baldwin agreed that the whole matter should be left to the arbitration of Major Dunn and myself, and we amused ourselves all one forenoon on the train having a mock trial. We had counsel and witnesses, and argued and discussed the matter in every way.

When the discussion was finished, Dunn and I consulted privately, and I said: "Now we must decide this so that neither side gets any advantage," and our decision was that Baldwin was to pay Merritt one dollar only for the services, but that the arbitrators fees, which we fixed at two dollars, were to be paid in equal shares by the litigants, the result being that Baldwin had to pay two dollars, which was all Merritt wanted, and Merritt got nothing, which was quite satisfactory to

Baldwin, while Dunn and I gave the two dollars to the servant who looked after the car for the officers, which was satisfactory to him, so that everyone was satisfied and all the officers got an object lesson on the folly of going to law.

If General Middleton had allowed us the use of some of the empty teams that went down by hundreds, that famous trial would never have taken place.

We left Humboldt on July 9th, on a dull morning. The column consisted of the Body Guard and the provisional battalion, made up from the 12th York Rangers and the 35th Simcoe Foresters, under the command of Lieut-Colonel W. E. O'Brien. These two corps marched so well that I dubbed them my "foot cavalry." We left Humboldt at 8 a.m. on July 9th, and arrived at Fort Qu'Appelle at 11 a.m. on the 13th; a distance of about one hundred and forty miles, in four days and three hours. I was astonished day after day to see how those men marched. Of course it was in lovely weather, over excellent roads. There was no enemy to fear, and they were allowed to march in the easiest way.

At Qu'Appelle the people of the little village knew we were coming and had got a permit from the Lieut.-Governor, to get in a couple of casks of beer, and with that and some bread and cheese, they entertained the force with warm-hearted hospitality. We had not had any bread or cheese for many weeks, and of course, no beer, and there were speeches of welcome to which we had to reply. We all highly appreciated the kindness shown to us.

Lieut.-Colonel Dunn and I went down to our camp as

soon as we could get away, in order to send the few men in charge of the camp to the village to get their share of the refreshments. Major B——, the trumpeter, came with us. While at Humboldt we used to let our horses pasture on the prairie around us, and after a few days they learned the call for "feed," and would trot in to the picket lines when the trumpet sounded. We always brought them in in that way. At Qu'Appelle during the day, the horses had been given one feed of oats on the picket lines and had been turned out to pasture. There were only two or three men in camp, so I thought I would try the call for "feed" on the horses and see if they would come in to the new quarters. The call was sounded, and the horses, who were scattered for a mile away, turned towards camp and trotted in to their places on the lines where they were fastened one after the other and fed with oats. It was a remarkable instance of the intelligence of these animals.

We left Troy by the railway on July 14th. We arrived at Winnipeg in two trains. I went on with the infantry in the first train, as the General had ordered me to bring my whole command down together, and the Body Guard followed in a few hours in the other train. When the Body Guard arrived at 8.30 p.m., on the 15th, it was raining heavily, and I left the men and horses on the train waiting for the rain to cease. In the morning it was still pouring, and the railway authorities sent me orders to unload the men and horses. I waited, and a second order came.

I remembered an anecdote my father had told me in my childhood. He was then a young man about thirty,

was one of the aldermen for St. Patrick's ward in Toronto, and, as such, took his turn as magistrate in the Police Court. An English regular regiment was stationed in Toronto at the time. The colonel of this regiment, an old veteran of the French war, was rather easy with his men, and very much liked by them. The men were a wild lot, and they were continually irritating the citizens in small ways. Complaints came in to the magistrates, and it was decided that some one should be deputed to interview the colonel and endeavour to get his assistance in putting down the annoyance. My father was deputed to see the colonel. He went, and explained matters to him. The colonel expressed his regret, assumed a tone of great anger towards his men, put on his forage cap and said to my father, "Come with me." He took him into the men's quarters, told them that a magistrate had complained about them, scolded and swore at them furiously, said he would chain them up like dogs, etc., and would not let my father go till he had taken him around all the barrack rooms and given them all a most violent going over.

My father said he would never be caught that way again. He saw by the expression on the men's faces that they understood the colonel thoroughly, and that the whole performance was a trick of the colonel to stop complaints, and he got away as quickly as he could, often afterwards telling the story as a good joke on himself.

I went down to the superintendent, and asked him if he would just come up and see what we had better do.

With a little difficulty I got him into the train, where the men were comfortably settled in the colonist cars, and pointing to the men, who were warm and dry, I turned to the windows and pointed to the flat mud outside, swimming in water, with the rain pouring in torrents, and asked him if he would turn the men out to pitch tents in the slush. He looked at the men, and at the mud, and then at me, and laughed and said, "Is that what you brought me here for? Well, stay where you are," and he went out as quickly as he could, followed by the applause of the men. We received orders at 3 p.m. to go on by train for home.

Winnipeg was an interesting place that night of July 15th. Several thousand men arrived during the day, and there was quite a reception given them by the city, several arches being erected and the place decorated. The troops were all sun-burned and ragged, with the exception of the Montreal Garrison Artillery, which arrived after the difficulty was over, and never left the railway, but had comfortable quarters at the barracks in Regina. When I arrived at the station in Winnipeg, one of the first men I saw was the late Lieut.-Colonel Oswald of that regiment, in full uniform, with gold lace and gold belts, sabretache, etc., and a pair of spotless, white kid gloves. I was in my stable jacket and forage cap, with my clothes worn and patched, and showing signs of four months' roughing-it. I could not help chaffing Oswald on his splendour, for he reminded me of the certain lord who came to ask Hotspur for his prisoners at Holmedon, as Shakespeare describes him in Henry IV.

In 1884 I was in Montreal and was invited to lunch at the St. James Club by the late Lieut.-Colonel Walker, M.P., for London, Ont., and Lieut.-Colonel of the 7th Battalion. The party consisted besides of Lieut.-Colonel Oswald, Lieut.-Colonel Worsley and Mr. (now Sir) John Bourinot, Clerk of the Commons. Oswald at once commenced chaffing the two infantry men, Walker and Worsley. He kept at it continually, discussing the importance and value and precedence of garrison artillery over infantry. I did not interfere or say a word, and still the chaffing went on. At last Oswald appealed to me to back him up on the superiority of the artillery. I thought he had been rubbing them pretty hard, so I replied with an air of careless indifference, "Well, Oswald, when a man occupies the exalted position I do, as a Colonel of Cavalry, and from that height looks down upon the other corps far beneath, it is like being on a mountain, you cannot distinguish the difference between the relative heights of the little hills below." We all had a laugh over it, and did not argue any further on that point. The *esprit de corps*, which leads men to consider their own service, their own brigade, their own regiment, the best of all, is universal among soldiers.

The vacant lots in Winnipeg were covered with water, and the infantry regiments were sent to camp on them, but the tents and baggage were piled up and the men got into vacant buildings and in the doorways of the shops. The taverns were left open by order of the mayor all night, and the police were told not to interfere with the men. I never saw such a scene

as Winnipeg displayed that night. The streets were crowded with men of various regiments, all mingled together in the highest good humour, a great many good-naturedly drunk and singing and shouting. One man got up on one of the arches, and amused a large crowd in a comic speech which he addressed to them on the campaign, etc.

One group of men, well-filled with liquor, were passing a vacant lot in which they saw a young calf. One man suggested that he did not believe any one had thought of asking the calf to have a drink. It was decided that it was a shame to leave the calf out when everyone in sight was "full," so they led the calf down to Clougher's restaurant, bought a John Collins for it, put it in a bowl, gave it to the calf, and then took the calf again to the field. On the way back they met a policeman standing at the corner of the street, and they went to him and offered him a drink. He refused, they consulted together, then raised him on their shoulders and carried him also to Clougher's, got a drink for him, held it to his lips to let him drink it, for they had heard the police were not to interfere with them. He got his drink, and they then carried him back to his beat and left him there. I did not hear of any mischief or injury being done, only harmless fun.

A private in the 65th, a French Canadian regiment, was walking down a rather quiet street about midnight, with as much liquor as he could carry, when from the opposite direction a private of an Ontario battalion approached, also carrying all he could. They were both tacking from side to side of the plank sidewalk. The

Ontario man saw that there might be a collision so he halted and with a polite air said, "Might I have one plank?" The swaggering little French Canadian stepped aside to let him pass, and said, with an air of drunken gravity, "Yes sare, you may have von plank, but remembaire, I belong to de Sixty-five," and he straightened himself up, threw back his shoulders, and walked on with as much dignity as a drunken man could put on.

We left Troy station on July 14th, the men and officers in colonist sleeping cars; we left Winnipeg on the 16th, and we arrived in Toronto on the morning of July 23rd, being nine days on the train. On the evening of the 22nd I received several telegrams from Mr. Barlow Cumberland, Chairman of the Reception Committee of the citizens, and from the Mayor, expressing the wish of the citizens to give us a reception and desiring me to keep my men together for a few hours in order to make a public entry into the city, with our comrades of the Queen's Own and the Grenadiers, who were to arrive shortly after us. I was averse to doing this and tried to get out of it, and only acceded to the request when I heard that a very large sum had been expended in decorating the city, and that one or two arches had been erected specially in honour of our corps.

I told my officers of what was going on, and I remember saying, "We will have a great reception to-morrow and get to our homes. The next morning everybody will be at work falsifying history." It turned out as I predicted. I was very glad I had agreed to march through the city, for it was a very curious and

interesting study. I was in command of the force, and rode at the head of the column, and had an excellent opportunity of watching and studying the people. We marched through the streets for about four miles, and there must have been from 100,000 to 125,000 out to see us. What struck me most was the extraordinary enthusiasm of the people. We had only done our duty, we had been successful in what we were sent out to do, but some checks had been sustained and the enemy was weak in numbers, resources and everything. The hardships and distances marched and privations had been great, but if we had been returning from a second Waterloo, concluding a long and anxious war, we could not have been received with greater warmth.

I repeatedly saw both men and women cheering wildly, with the tears running down their cheeks with excitement. It was a most interesting study.

CHAPTER XXVI.

GENERAL MIDDLETON

His rewards—None for others—His recommendations—Injustice of them—Sir Adolphe Caron's comments—Merritt recommended—General Middleton's memo—My explanation—General Middleton's second memo—I withdraw my letter—Presentation of medals—Meet General Middleton in London.

WHEN the affair was all over General Middleton received the cross of Knight Commander of St. Michael and St. George, promotion to the rank of Major-General, and the Canadian Parliament voted him \$20,000, as a reward for his services. Some thought that a few other officers would receive promotions, but no recognition whatever was given to any, with the exception of the war medal, which every officer and man received.

Two or three years passed by and no promotions were made, no reward of any kind was given to the officers who had served in the campaign. It was a matter of little moment to me. I had served in the Fenian Raid of 1866, and had received my Lieut.-Colonelcy at that time, as I was about entitled to it irrespective of the services in the raid. Nineteen years had passed, and I had become so well up among the Lieut.-Colonels, as to be senior to all with whom I was likely to come in contact in case of being on service again. I was, therefore,

somewhat indifferent so long as no one was gazetted over my head, and as General Middleton had written, thanking me warmly for my services, and as I had heard he had expressed to one of his staff officers the highest satisfaction with the manner in which I had performed my duty, I never dreamt that he would do me an injustice, and attempt to put other men over me.

On May 11th, 1885, while he was camped in front of Batoche, he wrote me : " Many thanks for your letter and despatches, and for all the good work you are doing, and for the assistance you are giving me." On May 15th he writes again, " Thanks for your letter and telegrams, and for all the trouble you are taking for me. You will have heard of our crowning success in getting Riel." And months after the affair was over he referred to having every reason to be satisfied with the manner in which I had commanded my corps, and with the assistance I had given him in forwarding his correspondence.

At last General Middleton got into trouble over the taking of the furs, and the matter was investigated by a Committee of Parliament, with the result that he was obliged to retire from the command of the militia and return to England. He wrote a farewell address to the people of Canada, and in it he stated that he had recommended a number of Lieut.-Colonels to be given the Brevet rank of full Colonel. Some of these had entered the force after I had risen to the rank of Lieut.-Colonel, all of them were my juniors ; many were recommended for C. M. G.'s, but my name was omitted. I did not care about the C. M. G.'s. Those who had been in

action were very welcome to them ; but, I think, it would have been a great injustice to me to have passed a number of juniors over my head, some of whom had made grave mistakes.

Then we learned for the first time why no promotions or rewards were given. When General Middleton's address was published at the time of his departure, Sir Adolphe Caron, Minister of Militia, was interviewed, and his opinion asked in reference to the address. The interview appeared in the Toronto "Empire" of August 29th, 1890. In it Sir Adolphe is reported to have said, speaking of the rewards recommended: "It is not within the province of any minister or ministry to take the initiative in suggesting honours for Her Majesty's subjects. All such suggestions must emanate from the Queen herself. Now, if we had been notified that a certain number of C. M. G.'s would be bestowed upon officers who served in the rebellion, it would be our duty to select for such honours, those whose services entitled them to receive them, but even in that case we could not have followed General Middleton's list, in that he omitted from it several officers, like Colonel George Denison, and others, who would thus have had officers many years their juniors promoted over their heads. No, his list was faulty, and could not have been followed in any event."

This let the light in upon the whole affair and let me know how unfairly General Middleton had endeavoured to treat me. I was sorry that my comrades did not receive any rewards, but I could not help feeling that Sir Adolphe Caron had done but simple justice in

stopping what would have been a great wrong to me. I have never been able to find out why General Middleton treated me in this way. I had done him good and loyal service, obeyed his orders zealously and never given him the slightest trouble. I have sometimes thought that it had become a tradition of the Department to hit me on the head whenever I came in sight. This may be fancy or over sensitiveness, but I have noticed a great many things to lead me to believe, that it has been a persistent policy, and it all dates from the publication of my "History of Cavalry"; before that I was, sometimes, fairly and politely treated.

I would have resigned at once, twenty years ago, but that I have been in the militia force all my life, with only one object, viz., to be ready to defend my country in case of need. I was ready to give my time and spend my money freely, and I wanted nothing. There was no office in the militia, in the permanent staff, that I would have looked at. Since 1879 I have been in comfortable financial circumstances, quite independent of any such consideration. I would have refused every position from Major-General commanding, downwards. It would take a great deal more than a position, such as General commanding, to induce me to leave my native city, my comfortable home, with its spacious grounds and the old trees under which I played as a child, to go and live in Ottawa. Holding these views, wanting nothing, interfering with no one, I sometimes thought they might have treated me civilly and fairly.

In December, 1885, long after the General's recommendations had been put in, I was asked by Lieutenant

Merritt, my adjutant, to recommend him for promotion to the rank of captain. I did not know of any reason why I should not make the recommendation, and bring to the notice of the Major-General, the good service Merritt had done. I consequently wrote the following letter :—

TORONTO, December 28th, 1885.

SIR,—I have the honour to recommend Lieutenant William Hamilton Merritt to be granted the rank of Captain in the Militia in recognition of his services in the North-West Rebellion.

In consequence of the absence of Lieut.-Colonel Fred C. Denison, on service in the Soudan, Captain and Adjutant Clarence Denison was assigned to command "A" troop of the Governor General's Body Guard, and Lieutenant Merritt was requested by me to act as adjutant. He was acting adjutant during the whole campaign, and performed his duties in the most energetic and efficient manner. For over two months I was in command of a brigade, and, as acting adjutant of my corps, Lieutenant Merritt did the duties of Brigade Major as well.

Shortly after the Battle of Batoche, I sent Lieutenant Merritt, in command of a detachment of the Body Guard, to pursue and capture the Sioux Chief, White Cap and a portion of his band. This duty was performed by Mr. Merritt in a most creditable manner, his energy and persistence in the pursuit being equalled by the tact with which he secured their surrender without loss of life. For all these reasons, I strongly recommend his promotion.

I have the honour to be, sir,

Your obedient servant,

GEORGE T. DENISON,

Lieut.-Colonel Commanding G. G. B. G.

To the Adjutant General of Militia.

It will be seen that I used the word brigade to indicate the force I commanded, viz., the York and Simcoe Battalion, and my own corps. At times I had also in

addition, under my command, the Permanent Cavalry Corps, the Winnipeg Cavalry, and at one time for two days the 92nd Battalion. In issuing all the necessary orders, Lieutenant Merritt performed the duties usually done by a Brigade-Major. I may mention that this was a common use of the term "brigade" in our force, indicating two or more corps brigaded under one commander. I was surprised a few days after to find my letter returned with the following remark on the margin in General Middleton's handwriting.

January 1st., 1886.

In the first place, it is not within the province of a subordinate officer to recommend another officer for promotion. In the next place, what brigade did Lieut.-Colonel Denison command? I know of none.

(Sgd.) FRED MIDDLETON,
Major General.

As this asked a direct question, and was sent to me I concluded he wanted my explanation. I sent the following letter :—

TORONTO, January 7th, 1886.

SIR,—I have the honour to acknowledge receipt of your memo enclosing remarks of the Major-General Commanding the Militia on my recommendation of Lieutenant Merritt for promotion. I see the Major-General censures me for recommending Mr. Merritt for promotion, and says he is not aware of my commanding a brigade.

In reference to this I wish respectfully to call the Major-General's attention to the fact, that it will be twenty-nine years on the 15th inst., since I was first placed in command of my corps, and that ever since then I have made recommendations for promotion of my officers, without ever being found fault with. Since I came down from the North-West I recommended the promotion of Lieutenant

Fleming and Assistant Surgeon Baldwin, and both were promoted without any fault being found with me for recommending them. However, now that I know the views of the Major-General, I shall not offend again, I shall make no more recommendations.

The Major-General's remark about my commanding a brigade, intimates that my statement was not true. The Major-General will remember that for about two months I was in command of the Governor-General's Body Guard and the York and Simcoe Battalion, and that his orders to these corps passed through me. On being ordered by him to take the force to Winnipeg, I asked if we should go independently, but I was ordered to take the whole force down together. I may have been technically wrong in calling a force consisting of a regiment of infantry and a squadron of cavalry, a brigade, but it has always been customary with us in this country, to speak of such a mixed force as a brigade, nor do I know now any other technical name that I could have correctly applied to such a force as I commanded. I certainly had no intention of deceiving the Major-General or of stating what was not true.

I may perhaps have been too zealous in looking after the interests of my subordinate officers, who had served me well and faithfully, but I did it from the best motives. As for myself, I have neither asked nor looked for any favour for a great many years.

On January 16th, 1886, the Deputy Adjutant-General, came to my house and read me a memorandum, which was as follows :—

D. A. G. 2nd Dist.

January 12th, 1886.

Be good enough to read the accompanying remarks to Lieut.-Colonel G. T. Denison, and return the whole correspondence to me after calling upon him to withdraw this letter.

D. A. G. No 2.

Remarks :—

The letter of Lieut.-Colonel G. T. Denison, commanding the Governor-General's Body Guard in answer to my memo of the 4th inst., is, in my opinion, a most improper one, and had it been addressed to me by an officer of the regular force I should have

placed him under arrest. As it is, I point out for Lieut.-Colonel Denison's information what I consider so improper in his communication, which I hope he will withdraw.

I did not censure Lieut.-Colonel Denison for recommending Lieutenant Merritt for promotion, unless the pointing out of a mistake to a subordinate officer by a superior, is to be considered as a censure. As regards promotion of Lieutenant Fleming and Assistant Surgeon Baldwin, I know nothing, having been away from headquarters when the recommendation came in, but in the case of Lieutenant Merritt, whose services I have no doubt were excellent, Lieut.-Colonel Denison steps in, and putting himself in my place specifies a certain reward for one of his officers in recognition of his services in the North-West Rebellion. I would here ask Lieut.-Colonel Denison if I were to recommend Lieutenant Merritt for promotion on account of his services in command of a troop of cavalry belonging to a squadron guarding my communications, and a depot where not a shot was fired in anger, or an enemy within fifty or sixty miles, what reward should I give to those officers who were constantly in presence of the enemy, under fire and wounded?

It would have been quite within the province of Lieut.-Colonel Denison to have brought forward Lieutenant Merritt's services, and I should gladly forward them, but it is not for him to name the reward. Lieut.-Colonel Denison goes on to state "The Major-General's remarks about my commanding a brigade intimate that my statement was not true." This is a most extraordinary statement for him to make. I am not in the habit of accusing my officers of telling untruths. My intention in making the remark I did was to show Lieut.-Colonel Denison that he was mistaken in his idea of what a brigade was. A brigade of infantry or a brigade of artillery are well understood in the Imperial service to be certain bodies of infantry or certain bodies of artillery, and in the drill-book it is laid down that a brigade of infantry consists generally of three regiments of infantry. Certainly Lieut.-Colonel Denison was technically wrong in calling a battalion of infantry and a squadron of cavalry a brigade. In the Royal warrant for pay, page 58, it is laid down that a regimental officer in the case of active operations to command a separate column of mixed troops, not less than five hundred strong, may be granted a special rate of pay of 5s. a day in addition to the regimental pay. Now Lieut.-Colonel Denison's

command did not, I think amount to five hundred men, nor could he be said to be appointed in case of active operations. In any case it was quite unnecessary to state that he had no intention of deceiving me or of stating what was not true, as I never dreamed or hinted at such a thing. I am the more sorry that I should feel it necessary to write as above, as though like other corps, the Governor General's Body Guard was not fortunate enough to be actually in the front line during the campaign, still, it had arduous and disagreeable duties to perform, which it did well, and I had every reason to be satisfied with the manner in which Lieut.-Colonel Denison commanded it, and with the assistance he gave me in forwarding my correspondence.

(Sgd.) FRED MIDDLETON,
Major-General.

Having read me the above remarks, the D. A. G. handed me a formal letter calling upon me to withdraw my letter. I sat down at my library table at once and wrote the following reply :

SIR,—In reply to your letter of the 15th inst., in reference to the Major-General's remarks on my communication of January 7th, 1886, respecting the promotion of Lieutenant Merritt, I have the honour to state that having heard you read to me the Major-General's remarks in which he states that he had no intention of censuring me, or of intimating that I had stated what was not true, I have great pleasure in withdrawing my letter of the 7th inst.

I have, etc.

This ended the controversy, but it seemed to me as if the General tried very hard to pick a quarrel with me. However, I accepted his apology and withdrew my letter, and gentle peace once more waved her wings over the scene.

In the spring of 1886, shortly after this little interchange of compliments, some of the officers of the Royal Grenadiers, I believe, suggested that the medals

that were being given to us should be presented on May 12th, the anniversary of Batoche, by Lady Middleton. I was notified to turn out my corps with the others on that day, to have our medals presented. It was, of course, an optional parade, so I was not obliged to turn out. I therefore declined, because I thought that Mrs. Robinson, the wife of the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, was the proper person to do it, and I wished to have it done on the Queen's Birthday, as it would be a public holiday and would not interfere with the men's business.

On May 12th the infantry turned out for Lady Middleton to present the medals. They were rather late in parading, and there were a large number to receive them. Lady Middleton pinned a few on the officers and the first that came up, and then she had to get the assistance of some lady friends, and a great many were just handed out to the men in the cases as they were received.

A day or two after this was over I called at Government House to see Mrs. Robinson, whom I had known all my life, and I asked her if she would kindly present the medals to my officers and men. She seemed very pleased, and said, "You dear, good fellow, of course I will. I did not think you would forget me," and then she said: "Do you know that the other corps never even asked John (her husband) to be present. He was sorry not to have seen them get their medals."

On May 24th, 1886, therefore, in the Queen's Park, Mrs. John Beverley Robinson presented the medals to my men. The Lieutenant-Governor made them a

complimentary speech, and expressed his regret that he had not been able to see the medals presented to our infantry comrades. Mrs. Robinson, with that charming tact for which during her life she was noted all over Ontario, pinned the medal on each man's breast herself, and did so with a kindly word for every one. Many of the men she knew, or their families, and for all she had a special remark, which each one cherished. One officer was so pleased with the remark she made to him, that he went straight to the telegraph office and telegraphed it to his wife. It was Charles Mair, to whom she said, "It gives me the greatest pleasure to pin this medal on the breast of our own Canadian poet, the author of Tecumseh."

I was not thrown into contact with General Middleton during his subsequent stay in Canada. I saw him again in 1897, not many months before his death, at luncheon at Lady Wolseley's. He seemed well and in good spirits, but very indignant at the way in which every one was paying attention to the visitors from the outer Empire, particularly at the great deference shown to the Indian dignitaries, who, when he was in India, he said, had to pay deference to him. I made the remark that it was the Colonial year, and that we were having our turn, that next year it would be somebody else. A gentleman present remarked, "I should think it *was* the Colonial year: I was at the British Empire League ball the other night, and I was cut by Lady Victoria —— in favour of a Trinidad nigger." General Middleton then told about his being at some entertainment where some third rate Indian dignitary was present,

who wanted to get rid of his outer coat or cloak. When a lady said to him, "Sir Frederick, won't you take his Highness' coat?" "Certainly not, Madame," said General Middleton, and he seemed very indignant that anyone should have made such a suggestion to him.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE JUBILEE OF 1887

Medals presented at Newmarket—Princess Louise' visit to Toronto—Precautions—Fenian designs thwarted—Prince George—Lord Carnarvon—Interview with him—Prince George's second visit—I go to England—Visit Lord Wolseley at Haslemere—He takes me to Jubilee review—Gathering of royalties—Introduced to Duke of Cambridge—His soldierly manner.

IN 1886 military matters were very quiet after the excitement of the active operations of the year before. The Body Guard put in their annual drill during the last few days of June. On July 1st I went with the Lieutenant-Governor to Newmarket, where he presented the medals to the 12th Battalion, who had been for most of the time under my command during the operations in the North-West Rebellion.

In 1887 I went to England to see the Jubilee celebration, and to have three months' holiday. Before giving one or two incidents connected with my visit to the old country on that occasion, I will go back to mention a matter which happened in 1883. On September 12th, of that year, the Marquis of Lorne, whose term as Governor-General had nearly expired, and her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, arrived in Toronto in the morning for the purpose of visiting the

exhibition, and of receiving the farewell addresses from the city. As a member of the Police Commissioners, with the Mayor and the County Judge, I was personally uneasy as to the danger of some Fenian outrage upon the Princess, or Prince George of Wales (the Duke of York), who was with the party. Not long before we had been obliged to send twenty-five of our police to Ottawa as a guard against apprehended danger.

I therefore made careful arrangements with the Chief of Police, and instructed him to have a large number of policemen in plain clothes in the crowd. We placed the guard of honour, so as to guard one side of the passage from the train to the carriage, and a strong force of police on the other, who were directed not to face the Princess or Prince George, but to face the crowd, as if asking them to keep back. On the far side of the carriage a number of policemen in plain clothes were stationed.

The party arrived and went to the Queen's hotel, where we had also taken precautions. As soon as they had gone in Colonel Sir Francis de Winton at once sent for Major Draper, the Chief of Police, and told him that the Government had received positive information from their secret service in the States (I afterwards thought from the well-known Le Caron) that three Fenians had been sent from New York for the purpose of assassinating the Princess Louise. The Chief of Police, Major Draper, told Sir Francis de Winton the precautions I had taken and he said it was fortunate, and he told the Chief to let me know what they had heard and to use every possible care. The Princess

Louise did not know of the danger, nor, I believe, did Prince George, so we had to take our precautions so as not to attract attention.

I picked out a number of the most active and powerful of the aldermen and directors of the exhibition association, all of whom wore badges, and told them we were anxious and that every man must be on the alert, and that no stranger without a badge was to be allowed in the group of officials following the Governor-General's party. We had a large force of detectives and policemen in plain clothes scattered among the enormous crowds through whom we had to pass, and as we passed, these men backed out and went on ahead to take up fresh positions. We had four policemen in front to clear the way, but the Princess did not like to see them there and asked to have them taken away. She was unconscious of any danger. We formed our group around the party in the shape of a horse shoe. I took the front place on one end and Major Draper on the other and behind us came in file the picked aldermen and directors, and behind the party a large group of officials, all warned to keep strangers out, and they were all on the alert.

We thought the Princess would like to see the pictures, so we had the picture gallery entirely cleared and policemen at the door. When we reached there the party came in with all the officials, and I told Major Draper to take charge of the door and allow no one else in. After we had been there a little while, and Colonel de Winton and I were taking our breath after the anxious strain we had been under, Major Draper

came to me and said that Colonel Gzowski was at the door wishing to get in. I went to the door and let Colonel Gzowski in. He said to me, "Denison, the Earl and Countess of Carnarvon are here." I said to the Chief, "Let them in, too," and I walked back to Colonel de Winton to talk over our further movements.

It will be remembered that I had been unsuccessful in my efforts seven years before to obtain an interview with Lord Carnarvon, and that I had been much worried and annoyed about it. Colonel Gzowski came over to me and said he wanted to introduce me to Lord Carnarvon, and he brought him over and introduced him to me. I bowed to him stiffly, when he said he knew Archdeacon Denison, and he was glad to meet me, or something to that effect. I said, "My Lord, if you desired to make my acquaintance you had an opportunity seven years ago, and you did not avail yourself of it." He said he did not know what I referred to. I told him I had taken a letter of introduction from Lord Dufferin to him in 1876, and that I had left it with his secretary, with a request for an interview, and that I had not received a reply. Lord Carnarvon seemed very sorry to hear that I had been treated in that way, and assured me he was not to blame, and that he regretted very much it had occurred. We had a short chat, and I met him again, two or three days after, at dinner at Sir Casimir Gzowski's, where we had further conversation. I am sure he personally would never willingly have had any one treated otherwise than with kindness and courtesy.

When we left the picture gallery the same arrange-

ments were carried out for the protection of the Prince and Princess, and to our great relief we got them safely back to the hotel. The newspapers next day commented harshly on the officiousness of the directors and aldermen who clustered around the royal party as if there was no one in the world who wished to see them but themselves, and regret was expressed that the selfishness of these men had prevented the people from having a good view of the visitors.

We had been afraid of a pistol shot or a knife thrust, and were watching for that, but about eight months after we heard positively from Fenian sources in New York, that three men had come to Toronto, that they had no intention of shooting the Princess, but that they were prepared to throw vitriol in her face. The men reported, when they went back, that they were unable to get near the Princess because there was such a large crowd of officials who kept about her. I noticed that Prince George, then a lad of eighteen, never left the Princess' side for one instant. I fancy Colonel de Winton had instructed him to that effect, so that we could guard both at the same time. We were very thankful that our precautions had been successful.

On September 24th, 1883, I received the following letter from Capt. Durrant :

CITADEL, QUEBEC, September 21st, 1883.

DEAR COLONEL DENISON,—I hope to arrive with Prince George at Toronto at about 11.20 by train on Tuesday next. Will you kindly meet me as I wish to take Prince George over by steamer at once to Niagara (Clifton House), where I propose remaining two days, then one day at Niagara town, and back by steamer to Toronto. We shall have Carpenter travelling with us, but I

would ask you to have another reliable man who could be at Niagara, and give me information of anything that was likely to be mischievous.

Yours very truly,

F. DURRANT.

I told the Mayor of it, and we went down together and met His Royal Highness and Captain Durrant and spent the few hours they had in the city with them, and saw them off for the Falls, sending Detective John Cuddy, of our force, with them.

I went to England in the end of May, 1887, for the Jubilee. I was fortunate enough to meet the Duke of Connaught at dinner at Lord Salisbury's. After dinner His Royal Highness came over and spoke to me, and asked me if I had a seat in the Abbey for the celebration. I said I had not, and never expected to get one. He said of course I ought to have one. Whether he took any action or not I cannot say, but I do know that I received two tickets a couple of days after, and my wife and I saw the brilliant scene from capital seats over the west door.

In June, 1887, I went down for a couple of days with Lord Wolseley to Haslemere Manor, where he was then living in a charming old house built about the year 1550, with very pretty grounds about it. The weather was perfect, and riding about the country I found the scenery some of the prettiest in England. Lord Wolseley asked me if I would like to see the Jubilee review in honour of the visiting royalties, which was to take place at Aldershot in a week or so, and offered to provide me with a horse for the purpose. I said I should like very much to see it. We came back to

London and nothing more was said about it. I did not hear anything further for some days, and should not have been at all surprised if Lord Wolseley, in the great rush of business which devolved upon him at that particular time, had forgotten all about it. A day or two before the review, however, I received a letter giving me full instructions as to the hour and the station, platform, etc., where I was to meet him on the morning of the day. I never supposed for a moment that I should be able to do more than ride about with the ordinary public outside of the lines, and went down in plain clothes, as I would have gone to ride in the park.

As soon as the train arrived at Farnborough station, Lord Wolseley hurried me out, called for my horse, which a trooper of the Royal Horse Artillery led up at once, and told me to keep with the group of the staff, not to get separated, but to ride up the lines and down with them, and not to get too far away from him. He told the Royal Artillery trooper that he was to act as my orderly, to ride with the other six orderlies who were in attendance on the Royal party, till the field day was over, and then he was to show me the way to the Headquarters mess of the Artillery, where I was to lunch. Then Lord Wolseley left me, to go and help the Duke of Cambridge to look after the Kings and Crown Princes, etc. In a few minutes they were all mounted and ready to start off for Aldershot. I understood there were four Kings, seven Crown Princes, and about ten or fifteen other royalties, and about an equal number of officials and staff. The brother of the King of Siam

was there, with a couple of foreign office officials in plain clothes with him, and I fell in with them and rode up and down the lines during the inspection, and kept with the party all day, for there were some very extended manoeuvres after the review, the regular force making an attack upon a position held by a number of militia battalions.

Once, as we were galloping from one point to another, I happened to come near Prince George, the Duke of York. He looked over at me, then looked again, earnestly, as we were galloping along, and waved his hand at me in a very friendly way, saying, "How are you, how are you?" I took off my hat to him in return and was much surprised that he should have remembered me after four or five years had elapsed.

I had been feeling all the time as if I were somewhat of an intruder in such a distinguished gathering, and, naturally, kept as much out of the way as possible, on the outskirts of the group. Towards the end of the day we were all standing upon a hill, commanding a splendid view of the turning movement of one or two brigades of infantry in the valley below. I noticed Lord Wolseley coming through the group looking about, at last he saw me at the edge of it, and beckoned and called to me. I rode over, and he said, "Come with me, the Duke wishes to see you." I had to go to where the Duke of Cambridge was sitting on his horse, with the Prince of Wales, and other Royal personages around them. When I came up, Lord Wolseley introduced me to him. I took off my hat and bowed to him. He spurred his horse towards me, put out his hand and

shook hands with me, and said, "How do you do Colonel Denison? You are a very keen cavalry soldier, and I have read your books. I know all about you. What do you think of our cavalry?" I said, "I think they are the finest in Europe, sir; certainly the finest I have seen." "Which regiment do you like best," said he. I replied, "Where they are all so good it is difficult to draw comparisons, but if there is any difference, I think the 5th Lancers the smartest regiment I have seen here to-day." "I think you are right," he said, "It is a very smart regiment."

I had noticed that the Horse Artillery had only four guns to the battery. I knew they formerly had six. I mentioned this to the Duke. He said: "I do not wonder you noticed it, the Government have cut them down from motives of economy." "But, sir," said I, "I thought we were short of guns in proportion to the other arms, as compared with other armies." "Of course we are," said he. I went on to say I could not understand it, that infantry might be improvised in a short time, cavalry took much longer, artillery longer still, and Horse Artillery the longest of all, and it seemed incomprehensible to me that the economy should strike in the very worst place. This pleased the Duke, and feeling that he had a sympathetic listener he went on for some time to tell me what difficulties he had, until he suddenly remembered the Kings around him, and he said: "I am glad to have met you Colonel Denison. I must just speak to the King of Denmark," and he shook hands with me and said: "Good-bye," and I rode back.

The Duke of Cambridge has a very gruff, blunt way of speaking, and glared at me almost when I came up, as if he were trying to look right through me, and then spoke to me very sternly, but it was only a mannerism. I thought him a straightforward, kind-hearted man, and I do not wonder that he is a great favourite with the army. Telling this anecdote when I came home to a friend of mine his remark was, "that was a strong hand the Duke had when you came up—four kings and a knave. It is a very hard hand to beat."

I lunched with the Royal Artillery mess, and met some most interesting officers, and afterwards went down to the station, where the party were all gathered to go back to London in a special train. Lord Wolseley came to me and told me to wait for a minute, that if the Duke of Cambridge went up to London in the Prince of Wales carriage, he would take me with him in the headquarters saloon carriage. This was carried out, and I met the senior officers of the staff. The whole day was an interesting experience. What has puzzled me ever since, has been why Lord Wolseley, with so much on his hands, should have taken the trouble to bother with me as he did. It shows what a loyal, true-hearted friend he is.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE JUBILEE OF 1897

*Newspaper report—Jubilee contingent—Visit to England—
Lord Methuen—Lord Roberts—British Empire League—
German-Belgian treaties denounced—Retired by time limit
—Appointed Hon. Lieut.-Colonel Governor General's Body
Guard—Age limit—Comments.*

IN 1889 two troops were added to my corps, making it a regiment, and each year since our annual drill has been performed in the most quiet and unobtrusive manner possible, and for several years nothing occurred of any interest.

In the spring of 1897, one morning at breakfast my wife read out of the paper, an item telegraphed from Montreal, stating, positively, that I had been chosen to command the Canadian contingent to the Jubilee celebration in England, and she asked me if it was true. My eldest son was present and also asked me. I said, "No, it is not true." They remarked that it was stated very confidently. I then said, "You can be absolutely certain of two things: 1st, That under no possible circumstances would the Department at Ottawa choose me, and, 2nd, that if such a thing could happen I would not accept it, but," I added, "this is to be kept secret, as it would look foolish for a man to refuse what will never be offered to him."

I had been empowered to go to England by the Imperial Federation League in 1890, and again in 1894, to agitate for the abrogation of the German-Belgian treaties, I was sure there would be another deputation sent that year to urge the same thing, and as Chairman of that deputation I would desire to be quite free of all Governmental control, and to have all my time at my own disposal for helping on that work. I considered this much more important than marching through the streets in a show parade, for which I had always had an aversion. All these thoughts, however, I kept to myself.

A large number of additional officers were sent over by the Government, but no suggestion was ever made to include me—although I was senior to any of them—and I am sure that had I desired to go I should certainly not have been permitted. I went therefore on my own account, and I think I was able to do a little work in the direction of getting rid of the treaties I have spoken of, and to my great gratification the notice to denounce them was given before I left England. I saw a great deal of all the Colonial Premiers, and discussed matters with one or two of the Imperial Cabinet Ministers.

I have mentioned being in England, in 1894, on Imperial Federation business. A deputation from the Canadian League were endeavouring to resuscitate the old League, or start a new one. I was dining at Lord Salisbury's one evening, when General Lord Methuen and Field Marshal Lord Roberts were both present. I had met Lord Methuen many years before, and he introduced me to Lord Roberts, who received me very

kindly; he said he had both my books, and had read them with much interest, and said he would like to have a long chat with me. We arranged to breakfast together at the Senior United Service Club a couple of days after, and Colonel Nicholson, Lord Roberts' staff officer joined us. After breakfast, Lord Roberts went with me at my request to the conference of July 20th, 1894, at Sir John Lubbock's, for which he had received an invitation, and there the British Empire League was founded. When I saw Sir John Lubbock (now Lord Avebury) in 1897, almost the first thing he mentioned to me was the excellent service Lord Roberts had rendered towards the cause of the League.

Lord Roberts was appointed to the command of the whole of the contingents for the Jubilee. I arrived in London a couple of days after the Canadian contingent, and naturally went up to Chelsea barracks to see my comrades. I met Lieut.-Colonel Evans, who commanded the Canadian cavalry of the contingent, and he told me that Lord Roberts had come down to inspect all the force, and when he came to the Canadian cavalry he asked: "Is Colonel Denison here?" Colonel Evans said: "No, sir." "Is he not coming?" said Lord Roberts. "I think not," said Colonel Evans. "I had hoped to have seen him," replied Lord Roberts. Hearing this I called on his Lordship and saw him two or three times during my visit. I was pleased to think he had not forgotten me. We discussed at some length the question of the precarious food supply of the Mother Country in case of war.

In 1897, a general order provided that all Lieut.-

Colonels over five years in command, should be retired on the same day of the month, in the year of 1898, as that on which they had been appointed. So, on June 14th, 1898, I was placed on the reserve list of officers, having sent in my resignation shortly before my time was up. An order was issued in 1898 that the officers of regiments could suggest Hon. Lieut-Colonels for their regiments. A number were appointed. When I was retired, my brother officers unanimously recommended me as Hon. Lieut-Colonel of the Body Guard. This was pigeon holed, as usual, for about six months. I heard a rumour that there was a scheme on foot to prevent my getting the appointment, but whether that be so or not I was, on February 1st, 1899, gazetted Hon. Lieut-Colonel of my old corps in which I had served for over forty-three years.

On November 9th, 1899, I received a notification from the Major-General commanding, that, having attained the age limit I would be placed on the retired list, this has been done, and so the military side of my life ends.

In looking back over the forty-five years which have elapsed since I first entered the Canadian Militia, I do so with great satisfaction. I was fortunate enough to be the senior cavalry officer in the only two campaigns in which, during that period, Canada required the services of her sons, and was able to do my duty so as to satisfy those under whom I served. I have made great sacrifices of time, energy and money in this work, but have done so willingly, as a duty I owed to my country, and to the memory of my people who had made still greater sacrifices in the past for the same idea of

Imperial unity. If at times I have not received encouragement, civility or fairness from those placed over me, it has been a matter of no moment, for I was able to get along without such encouragement and have been able to continue to give my best services to Canada.

I also look back with pleasant recollections to the loyal, hearty and friendly support I have invariably received from the officers and men who have served under me. It has been a great pleasure to have been surrounded by men of patriotism and loyalty—men willing to make sacrifices for their sovereign and their country, and to serve in a force where there could be no reward, no recompense except the consciousness of a duty cheerfully undertaken. The circumstances and conditions naturally drew to the ranks of the volunteers the manly, unselfish men, inspired by the highest public spirit, and, during my long service, I have made many friends in all ranks, whose friendship and good will I value most highly.

As to the force generally we have every reason to feel pleased at the progress it has made during the last fifty years. It is a great step from the secluded drillings of my corps in 1849, to the scene in this city in 1899, when the first Colonial Contingent to leave Canada to fight in an Imperial quarrel, marched through streets profusely decorated with flags and bunting, and crowded with scores of thousands of cheering citizens. These men were on their way to South Africa to fight side by side with the regular troops for our common Empire. The dream of our United Empire Loyalist fathers is being realized for a representation from our Canadian Army

has taken its place in the ranks of the defenders of the Imperial cause.

We have every reason to hope, that this war will consolidate and cement the British possessions into a firm and united Empire, and that, on its conclusion our military forces will be larger, better organized, more fully equipped, and more efficiently officered than ever before; that it will be a force which will be able to hold its own with the troops from any part of the Empire. This I trust will be followed by a complete federation of all the colonies with the Mother Country with equal rights, equal status, and an equal proportionate voice in governing a great and powerful Empire. Then the word "Colonist" will be obsolete, and English, Irish, Scotch, Canadians, Australians, etc., will be all Britons on a equal footing. Then the desire of the United Empire Loyalists of 1776 will be fulfilled, and the British Empire will be a consolidated and compact power, great enough to preserve peace, and strong enough to guard its interests in the most remote corners of the world.

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