THE NORTH-WEST REBELLION.

A Startling Statement by Lieut.-Col. Houghton.

General Middleton's Veracity Called in Question—New Light Thrown on the Movements of the Volunteers at Batoche.

Lieut.-Col. Houghton, D. A. G., of Montreal, has addressed a very important and interesting communication to the Gazette, in answer to a recent article by Major-General Sir Frederick Middleton, in the United Service Magazine. The letter, which throws some new light on the history of the Canadian forces' movements in the North-West campaign, is as follows:—

General Middleton makes the following statement in the Magazine:—"Most, if not all, of my senior officers were of opinion that we were not strong enough and ought to retire to our last camp and await reinforcements. I differed from them. I considered, though I would have been glad of a few more men, that we were strong enough as we were, and a few days' delay before actually forcing the enemy's position would only render our men more fit and anxious for it, and we could afford to expend more ammunition than the enemy. Moreover, even if reinforcements were found to be necessary we could await them more advantageously where we were, for I felt certain that should we retire we would be followed upand our retirement might chance to become a rout. Even if we fell back unmolested, the fact of our retiring would be made the most of all over the North-West Territories, and a general rising would probably take place. So I determined to hold on at all hazards where we were, even to keeping with us the wounded, whom I at one time thought of sending back."

ORDERED A RETREAT.

On the day in question, May 9th, 1885, or the first day of the attack upon the rebels' position at Batoche, at about 2.30 p. m., I rode up to General Middleton, who was on horseback and alone, near the door of the church, with the intention of proposing to lead a couple of companies to a certain position whence they could outflank and enfilade some of the enemy, who were occupying rifle pits about from five to six hundred yards to our left front, in the vicinity of the cemetery, from which they were keeping up a desultory fire on our men. As I came up to him he appeared much excited, and told me to order an immediate retreat to our camp of the previous night, some eight miles distant. I took the liberty of remonstrating with him upon the inadvisability of such a step, pointing out to him the extremely bad moral effect such action would have upon our young soldiers, and what an opposite effect upon the enemy. I suggested to him that this would be doubtless claimed as a victory by them, and reported by signals for hundreds of miles in every direction over the country before morning, and that in all probability it would have the immediate effect of turning thousands of the then neutral Indians into "hostiles." He exhibited the greatest impatience during this conversation, and at length flew into a towering passion, and said: "I did not call you here, sir, to ask your advice or opinion. I have already consulted with all my officers with whom I desire to consult. You have got my orders, and I insist upon you carrying them out directly."

HIS PROTEST.

To this I replied: "General Middleton, I shall execute your orders at once, but before doing so, I desire to say that, as Deputy Adjutant-General, and second in command, I disapprove of and protest against this action, as I feel confident it will result in disaster, not only to this force, but also unfortunately, to the others acting in concert with us, and to the settlers generally throughout the country, and I desire to wash my hands of all blame which may attach to it."

I then galloped away to convey his orders to the proper quarters. In less than ten minutes the force was in motion, and the half of Boulton's mounted infantry, ordered to cover the front of the retreat, (the other half being directed to cover the rear), were fully half a mile from the main body, and in full and orderly retreat. As I passed the transport corps, I had given orders to Mr. Sinclair, who was in charge that day, to send twenty teams to the church at once for the conveyance of the wounded, of which there were then some ten or twelve, being attended to there by Brigade-Surgeon Orton and the other surgeons of the force. I had ordered these spare teams, feeling confident there would be a considerable increase to our casualty list, ere we should reach our destination. As I returned, I overtook and passed them, arriving at the church a few hundred yards ahead of them. I did not dismount, but called out at the door for Brigade-Surgeon Orton, who responded immediately, and to whom I then delivered the General's orders; telling him to lose no time in getting the wounded ready for removal to the waggons, which would arrive directly for their conveyance. He seemed quite thunderstruck, and asked me what I thought of such a movement. I replied that, personally, I highly disapproved of it, and that I had so informed the General. He urged me to again try remonstrance with him, but I positively declined to do so, relating to him my recent conversation with the General on the subject, and telling him that I would not lay myself open to a repetition of such gross insult as I had then received from him for any consideration whatever, adding the words "Not to save the whole force—myself included—from annihilation."

THE SURGEON'S REFUSAL.

Dr. Orton then stated that he did not see his way to moving the wounded over the terrible corduroy road lying between us and the last camp, especially in the rough, springless freight waggons which were all that were at his disposal for the purpose; and declared that he did not believe that one-half of them would live to reach their destination. The waggons by this time were just arriving at the church door, and Dr. Orton, looking at them, continued: "No, sir! my professional reputation is at stake, and I positively refuse to murder the patients under my charge by carrying out this order; so you may send the waggons away, and tell the General that I have decided upon remaining here with the wounded and taking my chances with the enemy, in preference to so doing." I suggested that as the General was close by, it might be better than he should interview him personally upon the subject, adding that it would be absolutely impossible for him to continue the retreat under such circumstances. To this Dr. Orton immediately consented, and walked up to where the General was still sitting on his horse—about fifty yards away—and told him his decision. I did not join in this colloquy, but could see and hear all that passed, as their dialogue was carried on in no undertone. The General was very angry, and spoke of the consequences of "disobedience of orders in front of the enemy," etc., but Orton stood firm and repeated what he had previously said to me upon the subject, adding that he had fully determined upon keeping the wounded where they were and remaining with them himself; also that he had no fear of ill-treatment at the hands of the enemy for either himself or them.

THE ORDER COUNTERMANDED.

"That simply means, then," cried the General, "that I must stay here," and turning to me, he continued: "Colonel Houghton, stop the retreat at once, and order all back to the positions which they occupied before the order for retreat was given." This, I need not say, was carried out with the greatest pleasure and alacrity, and in less than fifteen minutes afterwards, all were back in their places just as though the retreat had never been thought of, and happily without its having been perceived by the enemy. Now I defy General Sir Fred. Middleton, or any one else, to refute on single statement contained in this letter, and I am prepared to substantiate every word I have said, by my own affidavit, supported by that of Dr. Orton, and corroborated by the testimony of others who were present at the termination of this episode; and, indeed, I may say of the whole N.W.F. force, every member of which was aware at the time that a retreat had been ordered and actually commenced, though all may not then have been cognizant of the reason why it was countermanded.

AN EGREGIOUS ERROR.

It indeed seems strange to me that Sir Fred. Middleton should have committed such an egregious error as to have deliberately penned such an egotistical and fallacious statement as that contained on page 384 of the United Service Magazine for January, 1894. Is it possible that his memory is failing so fast that he has already forgotten the fact that the very matter to which I have here taken exception was the subject of both official and newspaper correspondence in the spring of 1886, the latter being between Dr. Orton and some of the General's inspired and expectant friends and that it was finally settled, both privately and officially, in favor of the former? Or, does he imagine that because, whilst occupying the high position of Major-General commanding the militia of Canada, he was permitted through the rules of military discipline and etiquette the privilege of making incorrect statements and garbled reports unchallenged, he will still be accorded the same license of speech and pen, and immunity from contradiction now, when appearing in the role of an historian and egotistical autobiographer combined? Or has he forgotten, that he no longer wields the baton in Canada? I think I have now said all that is necessary for the vindication of myself and others from the charge of incapacity or cowardice—which you will—laid at our door by Gen. Sir Fred. Middleton, who will hear no more from me until he either disputes the truth of any of the statements contained in this letter (of which I shall, of course, send him a copy), or makes some other libellous accusation—for his own aggrandisement or otherwise—against or to the disparagement of myself, or any of my brave Canadian brothers-in-arms, with whom I had the honour of serving in this my adopted home."

Curious Phenomena of Storms.

Among the most astonishing effects of whirlwinds must be reckoned the well-supported facts that, on their cessation, birds exposed to them have been found stripped of their feathers, and people with every shred of clothing torn from them. These effects cannot possibly be ascribed to the wind. The force necessary would have sufficed to transport the objects away bodily.

Numerous similar occurrences were observed in France in the tornadoes which prevailed there three years ago, and these were gradually brought under investigation. Over the whole region affected, trees were found rent in a manner which could not possibly have resulted from the wind. These were, first, oaks split down the centre for a length of twenty to twenty-five feet; second, poplars and beeches, for lengths of from six to twelve feet, were shivered into sticks of uniform thickness (for example, a beech tree, sixteen inches diameter, was split into more than five hundred sticks a centimeter thick, two centimeters bread, and three and one-half centimeters long); third, firs and other resinous trees had their stems cut clean through, leaving almost even surfaces.

These phenomena, and others of kindred nature, can be ascribed only to electricity. How else could we explain the case of two casks standing alongside each other, the one of which, the filled one, was completely destroyed (exploded), while the other, the empty one, remained uninjured —[Der Stein der Weisen Vienna.

The Esterhazys.

The Vienna correspondent of the London Standard announces the death of Prince Nicholas Esterhazy. He was 77 years old and the wealthiest man in Hungary. His property consisted of twenty-nine estates, twenty-one castles, sixty towns, and 440 villages. The heir to the title and property is the well-known sportsman Prince Esterhazy The Esterhazy family has deen celebrated for its wealth since 1238, when the estates of Solomon Estoras were divided between his two sons, who assumed the names of Zerhazy and Illyehazy. Francis Zerhazy, a descendant assumed the name of Esterhazy in 1584. The princely branch of the house was founded in the seventeenth century by the fourth Paul Esterhazy, who was raised to that rank for military services. His descendants have played a distinguished part in military, diplomatic, artistic, and social history. Nicholas succeeded to the estates in 1866 and married Lady Sarah Villiers, a daughter of the Earl of Jersey.

Dinks—"Was Smith's purpose of whipping the editor carried out?" Danks—"No; but Smith was"

YOUNG FOLKS.

THE GIANT'S SACRIFICE.

Ben's supper was never more than a thick slice of bread and jam, and a glass of fresh milk, but he talked so much between bites that it took him a long time to eat it. You see, Ben was 10 years old, and loved no better than other boys of his age to go to bed at 9 o'clock. He tried all means each night to delay the dreaded hour; his milk, fresh and cool from the icebox, was sipped as if it were scalding hot, while after each sip he coaxed and teased his mother to let him set up later, but she was unyielding.

One night, Ben, feeling unusually wide awake, chatted away until every subject was exhausted. He tried to interest his mother in the naming of his new puppy; but, having been rather more worried than usual that day, she refused to consider the question. He asked his father, who, in his opinion, would be the next President of the United States, and if he really believed that George Washington never told a lie; but talk as he would, supper was finished at least a half-hour before 9. Ben watched the clock despairingly. "Tick, tick, tick;" how fast it went. Twenty-five minutes—twenty minutes——

"It's a mean shame to send a boy of my age to bed at 9 like a baby. Not another boy in town's got to do it. Nicest hour of the day, too!" he objected under his breath.

The hard-hearted clock counted off five minutes more. Oh! if he could only stop it—if he could only set the hands back. But no, his mother would detect it; and, besides, that would be cheating.

"I could finish Robinson Crusoe to-night, if they'd let me. I declare I won't stand it any longer! I'll run away!"

The old clock sternly ticked off the minutes, and Ben, watching it, felt the idea gaining upon him. The time was short—it was five minutes of nine now. He looked around for his mother; she had left the room. Ben seized his hat, and without waiting for the second thought, which they say is always best, ran out of the door and into the street, never stopping until at a safe distance from the house; then turning he looked back at the cheerful windows of his home, and his mother's shadow crossing them, as she went about her household duties, waked the little sprite that we call Conscience.

"Ben? Ben! She'll be scared," said the little sprite. "You might bear a great deal for her sake!"

"No, she won't," replied Ben to himself, hesitatingly. "I shan't stay out long. I'm only going to run around and have a little fun like other boys, and then I'll go home—perhaps this very night."

"It's mighty dark," said the troublesome little sprite again.

"Humph! who's scared of the dark?" said Ben disdainfully; and this time quite audibly.

"It's lonely, too! Suppose you should meet robbers, or gypsies, or—or ghosts?"

"I don't care. I don't believe in ghosts, and if I meet the others I'll ask 'em to take me with them. I'll get some of the fellows to go with me. I reckon I'll meet some of 'em down town.

But the "fellows" seemed more dutiful than Ben, for not one was on the street. Even the newsboys seemed to have gone home for the night, and the only one Ben met was an impudent little negro, whom all the boys particularly disliked; or in his loneliness, he might have taken him along.

"If I go any further I may meet papa," he thought. "I might just as well go—no, I won't! I'll go to the river."

The river during the day was a scene of the greatest activity, and the levee swarmed with a bustling crowd, but to-night, to Ben's discomfiture, there was no living creature in sight. The great river lay a broad, beautiful sheet of gleaming silver, stretching further than he could see.

Oh! so lonely! It was very high, and he could hear the "swish" of the swift current as it hurried past, and watch the little silver waves playing leap-frog in the moonlight. It was so still that Ben felt

BEN SAT DOWN ON A HUGE LOG.

oppressed; not even the hoarse chatter of a frog could be heard, or the barking of a dog. With a heavy heart he sat on a log and listened to the sweet lapping of the water against the bank.

"Always going on and on!" said Ben.

"I wonder it never gets tired. It sounds like it's singing itself to sleep."

"No, it is singing me to sleep, you little rascal," said a terrible voice near him, "and here you come stepping all over me and making no more of waking me up than if I were a Hop-o'-my-thumb like you."

The log on which he was sitting began to move slowly, and Ben, catching hold of what he had supposed a ridgy piece of bark, scrambled down as best he could. He found himself standing before what appeared to be an immense nose and the nose of a great giant, whose face was so large that Ben could not see it all at once.

He followed the nose for a great distance until it ended near a pair of eyes—at least Ben supposed there was a pair, he could only see one, the other was so far away, and it was night. He looked straight into that one eye, like the manly little fellow that he was, and said politely;

"Excuse me, sir, I didn't know I was disturbing anybody, I hope I didn't hurt you, sir!"

The eye, considering that it was a giant's, was not a bad one, and lighted up very good-naturedly when its owner laughed, as he did now, answering Ben mockingly:

"No, you didn't hurt me very much. Thumbkins; I was just about to clap my hands down on you for a mosquito. Zounds! but that would have been the heaviest blow you ever got! What are you doing down here anyway? Lost?"

"Oh, no, sir," replied Ben, still with much poltiencss.

He was a little afraid of the great fellow,

"RAN AWAY FROM HOME," HE ROARED;

but thought it best not to show it, especially as the giant seemed disposed to be friendly.

"Oh, no, sir! I came away from home to have a little fun; and, if you please, I think I'd better go back now, for my mother might be anxious. She doesn't know where I am."

The giant, who had been lying flat on his back, raised himself suddenly to a sitting posture, and placing Ben upon the outstretched palm of his hand he held it so high that the boy could not jump off, even if he had not been too frightened to do so.

"Ran away from home," he roared; "ran away from home, I'll be bound, leaving your poor mother scared to death about you; thinks you're drowned, maybe—crying herself sick—thinks wild horses have run over you; she'd be better off without such a son!"

"On, no, sir!" said Ben again, "I don't think she'll be so badly frightened. She'll think I've gone down to papa's store."

"Did you ever do so before?" asked the giant sternly.

Ben trembled, and for a few seconds had some thoughts of saying "Yes," but, thoroughly scared though he was, he was too honest to lie, and remained silent.

"I haven't tasted boy soup in weeks," said the giant, thoughtfully. "I was thinking only this morning how I should enjoy some nice boy soup, with plenty of onions and garlic, and"——

"I—if you please, sir," said Ben, with a quivering voice, "my mother is waiting for me, and if you put me down, I—I reckon I'll go home and go to bed."

"——or a boy stew with potatoes," continued the giant, as if thinking aloud; "or roasted. Yes, he is so nice and fat, I think he'll taste better roasted; and with plenty of gravy——Hello! what's this?"

"Boo-hoo-hoo!" cried Ben, beside himself with fright. "Put me down. I won't be eaten like a fat pig! I wasn't meant to be anybody's dinner. I won't be stewed with potatoes! Put me down. I want to go home!"

"If you don't like to be stewed," said the giant pleasantly, "I'll roast you. I am very fond of roast boy anyway. Or make a fine hash of you, if you prefer that."

"Boo-hoo-hoo!" was all Bennie could answer. The poor little fellow was completely terrified, and shook from head to foot with great sobs as he lay helpless in the palm of that great hand.

"Now, if I deny my appetite this once,' said the giant, "and let this fat boy go for his poor mother's sake, how do I know but he'll be frightening her again by running away at bedtime."

"Indeed—indeed, I won't!" cried Ben, earnestly, sitting upright. "If you will let me go I'll go right home and go to bed every night at 9 o'clock, without waiting for mamma to tell me, and I'll never run away again. Never! never!"

"It's six weeks, at least—no, it is more than that—it must be two months since I've tasted boy soup," mused the giant, closing his hand doubtfully upon Ben, and drawing it slowly toward his pocket, as his appetite struggled with his generosity.

"It will kill my mother if I don't go home," cried Ben, working upon the giant's sympathy with his mother; "I'm a bad boy, sir, but I'm the only one she's got, and I don't think she could get along without me."

"Well, if his mother needs him, I think I must let him off this time," said the giant; "but just let me catch him again! Just let me catch him again!" he repeated as he gently placed the boy on the ground, "and if I don't"—

But Ben waited to hear no more. He flew home as fast as his feet would carry him, leaving the giant to finish his threat to the singing river.

As he stepped into the parlor and stealthily put his hat away he heard the clock strike, and his mother's soft voice whispered in his ear:

"Come, now, Bennie, it's time to go to bed; you've been sound asleep in the chair fully five minutes!"

Deaths from Carbolic Acid.

A Parliamentary return has been issued showing the number of deaths in England and Wales in the five years from 1887 to to 1891 caused by the taking of carbolic acid. In 1887 the total was 52, of which 27 were due to accident and 25 to suicide. In the following year the number had increased to 92, owing to the larger proportion of suicides, which stood at 64, while the number of deaths attributed to accident was the same as in the previous year. There was, too, one case of murder or man-slaughter. In 1889 the total fell to 68, and, curiously enough, the number of deaths attributed to carbolic poisoning by accident was again, for the third year in succession, 27, while the number of suicides was put at 41. The total for 1890 showed an increase of only one over that for 1889, the deaths from accident numbering 26, and the cases of suicide 43. In 1891 the total rose to 94, being made up of 31 deaths by accident and 63 by suicide. The total for the five years was 373, viz.:—Accident, 138; suicide, 236; murder or manslaughter, 1. Of the 375 deaths, 182 were those of males and 193 those of females; but it is somewhat remarkable that, while 84 males poisoned themselves with carbolic acid by accident, as compared with 54 females, the number of males who took it in order to commit suicide was 98, as against no fewer than 138 females.

When a good idea strikes a musician it is only proper that he should make a note of it.

ENGINEERING NOTES.

Labor-saving tools are being introduced rapidly in ship yards, and many of the old "tricks of the trade" are gradually disappearing, except as unprofitable attainments, before the increasing use of new machanical appliances. It was but a few years ago that the electric drill was introduced, which is now widely emploeyd. A few days ago an English correspondent of the Globe-Democrat wrote that pneumatic calking and chipping tools have received a flattering reception in that country, where they are used for the heaviest kind of work about boilers, ships' tanks and simflar objects. The tool weighs about 12½ pounds and is driven by compressed air conveyed to it in a small hose as air or steam is supplied to a percussion rock drill. An apparatus of this sort calks about 3 feet a minute on heavy work and operates much like some forms of steam rock drills, a piston driven back and forth by the compressed air striking heavy blows in rapid succession on the seam to be calked.

The superintendent of the water works at New Britain, Conn., has recently devised a novel method of obtaining an effective fire pressure at a hydrant on top of a hill up which a 6-inch main was laid. The head furnished by the gravity water works which supply New Britain is only great enough to send water to the top of the hill and a fire stream without an engine was impossible. According to a note in the Engineering Record the top of the hill was 140 feet above the base and about 850 feet from it in a horizontal line. It was too steep for the engines, as it took six horses to drag one up to the summit. An excellent fire stream was obtained, however, by placing a check valve on the main about 75 feet up the hill from the base, putting in a hydrant just above this valve, and then connecting an engine at the base of the hill with this hydrant by two lines of hose. At the top of the hill there is a relief valve set at 95 pounds, and the pressure obtained by the use of the combination of engine, hose and iron main has several times been enough to raise the valve.

The corporation of Manchester, England, has lately installed in one of its gas houses an apparatus for charging and drawing the retorts with but little manual labour. The cannel or coal is delivered into breakers erected in pits below the floor line. When the cannel has been reduced to a suitable size, it falls into the bottom of the pit and by an elevator, running in the pit, it is carried up to large overhead hoppers in the retort house, provided with two outlet doors in the bottom, which are opened and closed by hand levers. The charging machines pass under these hoppers and receive their coal from them. The machines run on rails up and down the retort house, and each carries a supply of coal in a hopper supported from the frame in such a manner that it can be raised or lowered to suit a retort at any height. The charger enters a retort with the coal, and consists of a scoop and carriage which by a double motion deliver the coal in two directions. The drawing machines are arranged to run on tracks in the same manner, and are also adjustable to retorts at any elevation. Both charging and drawing machinery are worked by compressed air.

An old "grasshopper" engine was recently presented to the University of Pennsylvania by the I. P. Morris Company, of Philadelphia, in whose shops it has been in operation for nearly fifty years. It was built from designs prepared by Oliver Evans, the famous old millwright, in 1801, and although it has been running constantly since construction at its full rate of thirty-five horse-power, the only repair necessary has been the reboring of the cylinder from its original diameter of 8½ inches to 10 inches. There are no cross-heads or guides on the engine, it being provided with a Watt parallel motion, which gives a travel at the point where the piston-rod is attached to the beam in a line with the centre of the steam cylinder. Projecting from the upper cylinder-head are two standards, to which are journaled the ends of two rods whose opposite ends are journaled to the beam. The end of the beam opposite the crank is held to the bed by two tie-rods journaled at each end. Some of the principal dimensions of the engine are: Diameter of shaft, 5½ inches; diameter of crank-pin, 2 inches; length of beam, 6 feet; diameter of cylinder, 10 inches; length of stroke, 18 inches; floor space occupied, 8x2½ feet.

Aluminum is being used regularly by many of the large steel companies in the States, according to Capt. A. E. Hunt, of Pittsburg. It is added to the steel in proportions from a half to several pounds to the ton of steel, the purpose of the addition being largely to prevent the retention of the occluded gases in the steel and give thereby the production of solid ingots. Aluminum seems also to give extra fluidity to the metal, which results in clearer and sounder steel castings. In the manufacture of open-hearth steel aluminum is often added to the ladle in small pieces of from a quarter to a half a pound weight during the operation of tapping. The aluminum melts instantaneously, as the temperature of molten steel is above the melting point of aluminum, and it seems to diffuse with remarkable rapidity throughout the entire contents of the ladle. The diffusion seems to be complete, and there appears to be no need for special agitation of the metal for the purpose, as no indications of a want of homogenity in the product have been found.

Aluminum added to cast-iron produces an effect similar to that caused by silicon, that is, it tends to convert the combined carbon in the iron into a graphitic state, thus causing the iron to be softer, freer from shrinkage, and lessens the tendency of the iron to chill. While it does not seem always to give marked advantages when used with good gray iron, its use in foundry work is noticeable and very satisfactory.

Strikes in Turkey.

Only two strikes were ever known to occur in Turkey. One was of dock-yard laborers in the government employ for their arrears of pay—they had received nothing for several months. The other was of cigarette makers in the government factories for the exclusion of women from the works. Both were successful. The dockmen got their money; and the women were turned out of the factories with the comment: "Allah: What does it matter? They are only women."