

ally wading through the mud, rivalling Grip's celebrated cartoon of the Winnipeg streets.

It was so mild that for a week at the beginning of January four or five of us were blockaded in the house of the Hon. Gilbert McMicken at Queenston, owing to the depth of mud and cut up as the only street was by the military operations going on. But our worthy host was a neutral, or as our friends on the other side would say a copperhead in those days, and we had no scruples about quartering upon his well-filled larder. Although from that day to this Canada has had no more loyal subject than Mr. McMicken. Our hostess was my good cousin, and to this day I have visions of her splendid pies and tarts so generously given us with every thing else that was good.

By the way I see that this worthy couple have just been keeping their golden wedding in Winnipeg, and are both in the full enjoyment of health and the many blessings with which they are favored, and I sincerely hope they may yet be permitted to see many happy returns of this gracious anniversary.

For some days too we were on a schooner in the Niagara river, the "Rose," Captain Graham, R. N., above Navy Island, and a rough time we had of it—straw for our beds in the hold of the ship and cartouch boxes for our pillows. Under a "spring cable" we used to get opposite the Island and exchange shots with the batteries, but nobody that I remember was hurt on our good ship. Rifled Armstrongs and Henry-Martins were not the go in those days. Before the evacuation of the Island many of us dissatisfied with what was considered too inactive a state of things on the frontier left for home, and Col. MacNab had been relieved of his command, when the Island was taken possession of by our men on the 14th of January. This closed my campaigning life, but one recalls with a shudder the rough experiences and exposure of the young volunteer—the feather bed soldier wholly unprepared for war's rough duties. I may instance some of these. I was among the first volunteers in the City of Hamilton under Col. MacNab—and one of the 56 men of Gore who went down that night by the steamer "Gore" and saved Toronto. How we were welcomed! "A man of Gore" was a countersign anywhere and gave us a "passpartout" throughout the city. That night I went on guard at the City Hall where I found The Hon. Chief Justice Robinson and The Hon. Mr. Justice Macaulay, both under arms and doing duty. This was my initiation into the romance of the volunteer and the luxuries of fat pork and dry bread. I can never forget the beauty of the day and the brilliant appearance the forces

made that December morning as we marched out of Toronto up Yonge street to "Montgomery's," nor shall I forget being so blistered and cut up in my feet that I was forced to take off my boots and walk a part of the way in my stocking feet on our return.

Apropos of this blistering, which I am told is the greatest obstacle to the regular infantry, I remember its leading to an acquaintance and intimacy on my part by which I have felt honored all my life. On marching from Hamilton under Col. MacNab to dislodge Dr. Dunscombe, who was then in Norwich, London District, we found the roads between Hamilton and Brantford fearfully rough, and on getting to Brantford I was almost unable to walk. Major Welby, formerly of the Dragoons in India, being at a friend's house where I was, came out to the kitchen to see me and then told me what would give me relief, viz.: soaping the foot with a lather; this he made in a shaving mug and taking the brush went down on his knee and lathered one of my feet himself. And when we turned out that night at three o'clock to resume our march, I felt the good of the Samaritan's skill. O what an act of kindness and condescension it was. The Major subsequently entered the church, became the Incumbent at Sandwich and stayed in our house for several months. He is now and for many years past has been Bishop of St. Helena; is the representative of one of the oldest families in England, going back beyond the Conquest, and was the highest type of the Christian soldier and gentleman I ever met. His memory is still warmly cherished by his old parishioners of Sandwich, and his endowment of the Parish with a fine parsonage on the bank of the Detroit River has been a blessing to it ever since. I shall never forget in connection with that march, the effect of music upon jaded and worn out men. When about a mile out of Ancaster the band of that town came out to meet and welcome us and the effect of their gay tunes was magical, it seemed to lift us right out of the ruts and make us forget our sufferings. I have often read of the inspiring effect of music, but it is when you are about six inches down between the clay walls of one of our old-fashioned earth roads, carrying a good pack, that you can appreciate it.

On reaching Norwich we found that the Dr. had evidently learned that

He who fights and runs away,  
Will live to fight another day.

We made the most of our disappointment which was not as great however as that of Sir Garnet Wolseley and his brave volunteers on reaching Winnipeg, after 1000 miles march to find no Riel, and as he may yet do on reaching Khartoum.

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