

Greenshield, and Ensign Oswald, and Capt. Muir's Cavalry, with Col. Lovelace as Lieutenant, and Cornet Lockerby, went on by train to Stanbridge Station, some miles further south, under command of Lieut.-Col. Osborne Smith, D.A.G. Before this force left St. John's the mail train from St. Albans arrived, the passengers by which reported the Fenians at St. Albans, 500 strong, in impatient expectation of giving effect to their cry of "on to Canada," before another sunset, and of reaching Montreal in a few days. The special train by which they went took a picket of the St. John's Battalion as far as Des Rivieres Station, as an outpost, to look after the safety of the track. The train reached Stanbridge Station soon after midnight. A hotel, a store and a few houses form the whole place, and a dance going on in the tavern, to the music of a half-witted fiddler, did but little to cheer the general dreariness, as in the pitchy black midnight the cavalry and rifles drew up in the square on which these buildings stand. So they were very soon started on a march of seven miles towards Stanbridge village, the baggage being left to follow by waggon, under protection of a guard commanded by Sergeant Massey, without the light of a star, over muddy roads, many of them having eaten nothing since their breakfast, we may now say of the day before, and many not having slept a wink. This, even without knapsacks, to lads unused to fatigue, was rather a trying introductory ordeal to the "Vics." They put it through manfully, however, and notwithstanding an occasional unlucky aberration into the ditch, they all safely reached the village of Stanbridge East at 3 o'clock on Wednesday morning, where the bare floor of the hall of a hotel afforded them welcome repose, the more facetious picking out the softer planks. There they soon got quite cool and uncomfortable enough to regard the blankets and knapsack pillows, which arrived about an hour later, as a very great boon. The troopers of Muir's Cavalry got equally good accommodation in three different houses. The sergeant's guard, who travelled with the baggage, were better able to study the varieties of the road, which were pointed out with much interest by the loquacious driver of one of the teams, who had lived over 50 years, that is, all his life, in these parts, and never seen Montreal. There was first a ruin of a woollen factory, then Bedford village, the county town, a pretty place on a pretty stream, with an academy, a dingy wooden court-house, a closed up cheese factory, some machine shops, and a foundry. After leaving this village, a buggy was met, and its passengers accosted with enquiries about the news from Stanbridge. The travellers not answering satisfactorily, the men were discussing the propriety of arresting them for Fenians, when the driver informed them that one of the persons in question was no other than His Worship the Mayor of Bedford.