

whole town and surrounding country seemed there. The Company "fell out," and mingled with their waiting friends, each dark coated Rifleman, the centre of sad and troubled groups, to whom in the peaceful quiet of their daily life, war had no thought or place, and its sudden call for their sons left them broken hearted facing unknown sorrows. The train whistled in the distance, the bugle sounded hurried farewell greetings, there was little cheering as the train pulled out, it was like the passing of a funeral, as friends and relatives alike were sure we should not return alive; and though we could not see it then the partings had also an amusing side, as this fear caused the farewells to be of an unusually friendly nature, and upon the company's return later, with no casualties, there were people who had indistinct recollections of the event.

With what saddened hearts and lowered spirits we entered the train, but few hours had passed before youth had sway, and the glamour of war again possessed us, while laughter and jest prevailed, though the set and still saddened faces of those who left wives and children behind, were seen bravely covering their grief.

We went through to St. Catharines by rail, where we were billeted for the night about the town, though I have no recollection of where we put up—And the next morning in heavy marching order we walked the twelve miles to Niagara. The country is low and level, while the weather was cold and raw, with a wintry wind that fairly ate its way through overcoats, while the "Gravel Road"—save the mark—never in those days good, was at this time in a bad state, frozen mud cut into deep ragged ruts that made terrible walking, altogether the march was an experience that will never be forgotten by those who participated, no later experience, and I have had many strenuous ones, quite equalled this, and it must be remembered the men were mostly new recruits and unaccustomed to such a strain. Captain McKenzie was a splendid soldier, as he afterwards proved himself in the "North West," he never spared himself or his men, but in this instance he was surely ill-advised as to conditions of the road at that time. However there was little grumbling, though much suppressed bad language when an occasional heavy fall tried the temper of a man beyond endurance. It was afterwards said, that what the Barrie Rifles thought of that tramp could not be fittingly expressed by appropriate English language, though it is admitted that many did their utmost to explain to their friends, but not for publication.

Upon entering the suburbs of Niagara I was at once among familiar scenes. The spire of St. Andrew's Church, an old friend was the first in view. Then the Niagara Grammar School, where